Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/catholicworld30pauluoft

7016

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

7664

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1879, TO MARCH, 1880.

NEW YORK:
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO.,
9 Barclay Street.

1880.

Copyrighted by
I. T. HECKER,
1880.

AP
2
C3
v. 30

THE NATION PRESS, 27 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

# CONTENTS.


A Day at Loretto, . . . . . 193
American Side of School Question, . . 515
An Episode in Russian History, . . . 653
Apprenticeship Schools in France, . . . 400
Avezzana Affair, The, . . . . . 854

Belgium, New Educational Law, . . . 481
Bernardo Tasso, . . . . . 742
Brébeuf Family, The, . . . . . 249

"Cain Patraic," . . . . . 785
Castlereagh, . . . . . 543
Christian Art, . . . . . 220, 530, 768
Church Architecture, Relation of to Plastic Arts, . . . . . 368
City of St. John the Baptist, . . . . 159
Civilizing by Force, . . . . . 353
Current Events, . . . . . 132, 280, 701
Catholic Emancipation and its Results, . . 104

De Vere's "Legends of Saxon Saints," . . 360
Dexter A. Hawkins, An Exhibition of Mr., .
Dickens' Life and Letters, . . . . 692
Dunciad, The Need of a new, . . . . 99

Educational Law in Belgium, . . . . 481
Encyclical, The Pope's, . . . . . 111
English Society Journals, . . . . 660

Fall, The, and its Transmission, . . . .
Follette, . . . . 201, 299, 449, 598, 753
Foundation of Morality, The, . . . . 811
Fanny Kemble's Girlhood, . . . . 334

Gospel of Hygiene, . . . . . 232
Gounod's Gallia, . . . . . 71

Hygiene, Gospel of, . . . . . 232

Ireland a Hundred Years Ago, . . . 36
Ireland within the Century, The Religious Struggle in, . . . . . 721
Irish Affairs in 1782, . . . . . 240
Irish Poverty and National Distress, . . 610
Italy's Reply, . . . . . 554

Journey of a Greek Patriarch, . . . 260

Learning the Type-Writer, . . . . 821
Leo XIII. on Scholastic Philosophy, . . 289
Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity Gone Astray, . . . . . 675
Light Literature, Polemics of, . . . . 462
Loretto, A Day at, . . . . . 193

Maguelone, . . . . . 21
Major's Manœuvre, The, . . . . 41
Man's Destiny, . . . . . 519
Minerve, Ruins of, . . . . . 55
Mount Melleray, . . . . . 389
Mr. Froude's Attack on Liberty, . . . 639
My Christmas at Barnakeery, . . . 412, 470

Napoleon I., The Court of, . . . . 796
Nature, The Religion of, . . . . . 64
Need of a New Dunciad, . . . . . 99
Noblesse Oblige, . . . . . 170

Our Christmas Club, . . . . . 505
Our Lady of Ostra Brama, . . . . 92

Pearl, . . . . . .
Perraud the Sculptor, . . . . . 272
Peter the Net-maker, . . . . . 780
Plea for Positivism, . . . . . 433
Polemics of Light Literature, . . . . 462
Pombal, . . . . . 312
Positivism, The Plea for, . . . . . 433
Protestantism, Novel Defence of, . . . 376

Religion of Nature, The, . . . . . 64
Res Italicæ, . . . . . 275
Ruins of Minerve, . . . . . 55

Sic Itur ad Astra, . . . . . 665
Sixteenth Century in France, Struggles of, . 145
School Question, American Side, . . . 515
Schools and Scholars, Winchester, . . . 79
St. John Baptist, City of, . . . . 159
Struggles of the Sixteenth Century in France, 145

The Republican's Daughter, . . . . 620
The Unknowable, What is? . . . . 577

Votive Church of Brou, The, . . . . 322

Washington and the Church, . . . . 491
What is the Unknowable? . . . . 577
Winchester Schools and Scholars, . . . 79

Year of Our Lord 1879, . . . . . 562

## POETRY.

A Little Flower of St. Francis, . . . 659
Christmas Thought, A, . . . . . 447
Legend of Dimas, . . . . . 502
Lost Seeds, . . . . . 595
Prayer of Love, . . . . . 231
Purgatorio, . . . . . 350
Rosary Beads, . . . . . 78
Sechnall's Praise of St. Patrick, . . . 737
Shadows, . . . . . 219
Tantum Ergo, . . . . . 54
The Beatitudes, . . . . . 561, 713

---

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Art of Reading, . . . . . 719
Bible History, . . . . . 287
Catholic Family Annual, . . . . . 431
Development of English Literature, . . 431
Drift from York Harbor, . . . . . 720
De Virtutibus Infusis, . . . . . 287
Emmanuel, . . . . . 717
Father Ryan's Poems, . . . . . 860
Five-Minute Sermons, . . . . . 426
Four Months in a Sneak-Box, . . . . 575
Historical Sketch of St. Louis University, . 288
L'Art de la Lecture, . . . . . 428
Life and Poems of Poe, . . . . . 720
Life and Works of Washington Irving, . . 718
Life in Common, . . . . . 143
Meditations, . . . . . 430
Moral Discourses, . . . . . 720
O'Connell Centenary Record, . . . 429
Once Every Week, . . . . . 143
Pearl, . . . . . 573
Preludes, . . . . . 718
Reports, . . . . . 719
Science and Religion, . . . . . 428
Shakspere's Tragedy of Hamlet, . . . 576
Short Instructions in the Art of Singing Plain Chant, . . . . . 859
St. Joseph's Manual, . . . . . 432
Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones on the Road to the Catholic Faith, . . 858
The Divine Paraclete, . . . . . 718
The Jesuits, . . . . . 427
The MacLaughlins of Clan Owen, . . . 143
The Metaphysics of the School, . . . 715
The O'Mahony, . . . . . 720
The Roman Breviary, . . . . . 857
Uncrowned Heroes, . . . . . 143

Legislative Library Ontario

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXX., No. 175.—OCTOBER, 1879.

## PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING OF RAOUL AND LEON.

PEARL read on to the end; was it possible that, with that silent presence so close, she could feel a thrill of joy run through her as she read? The sweet, warm breath of love that came to her from the paper was like a living breast that she might lay her aching head upon. She was so horribly alone, now that Mrs. Monteagle was gone! If only Raoul had been there! Plead his cause? Yes, she would have pleaded it—loving, indulgent friend, whose sympathy reached out to every sorrow, to every foolish young hope of her whom Raoul truly called her adopted child.

Pearl read the letter again, her tears flowing afresh, but with less of bitterness in them. Then she rose, and was turning back into the room to look once more on the dear, dead face, to press a last kiss of thanks upon it; but Parker, who had left her alone with the letter, came back just as she was at the door, and stopped her.

"Miss Pearl, they are come, those horrid men; but you needn't see them. There's a doctor come, too—the one from the mayor; but Adolphe will go with them in there —" pointing to the room; "only, if you will send the telegram to Mr. Danvers, miss. You know his address, I suppose?"

"I know his club—the Carlton," said Pearl, rousing herself with an effort to meet these material claims on her attention. "Give me a pen and I will write out the telegram."

It was soon done, and then Parker entreated her to return to the Rue du Bac.

"You can't do anything here, miss; and if you were to fall ill only think how dreadful it would be! Go home like a good child," she added, patting the young girl's shoulder. "The doctor will come and find you, and he'll be so angry! You had much better go before he comes."

Copyright: Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1879.

Pearl was too worn out to resist. Besides, Parker was right: there was nothing more for her to do, and the atmosphere of the house was suffocating her; the large, blue salon with its closed windows oppressed her like a tomb; the tables with their books and knick-knacks, the pictures that stared at her like faces that she had known living and that were now dead, the chairs that held out their wooden arms to her—they were all so many dumb creatures wailing round her for the lost one.

Parker led her down-stairs and put her into the little open cab, and she drove away, crying pitifully. But it was a lovely summer's morning, and she was young; the balmy air stroked her hot cheeks with velvet kisses and revived her, and the blessed sunshine was comforting—it always helps us, if we only let it. If only there were some one within reach that she loved, and who loved her, and who had known and cared for Mrs. Monteagle! If Raoul had been there! She felt for his letter in her pocket, and crushed it into her palm as if it were a live thing with some responsive instinct. How was she to answer him? He must be wondering all these days not to have had a line from Mrs. Monteagle. Perhaps he would take her silence as a dismissal, and assume that she had asked Colonel Redacre, and that he had rejected his proposal with contempt. If he thought this he would never try to see Pearl again; he would go away and give her up in despair; he said he would go to Africa, if she wished it; the only thing he would not do was to cease to love her.

"He knew very well I would not ask him to do that," thought Pearl, and a smile of love stole over her tear-stained face. Why did he not trust her and come to her? She had been pining for a sign from him all this time, but now she wanted to see himself; nothing less would satisfy her. Would it be very wrong to write and tell him what had happened? It was against French *convenances*, but what of that? Were not all those poor fanciful barriers swept away by the coming of that awful leveller, Death? How puerile and small the prim proprieties looked in the presence of that dread reality! Surely Raoul would not be so cruel as not to come to her if he knew of the sorrow that had fallen on her; he would write, at any rate, and assure her of his sympathy. But he might not hear of it for a long time. Léon and he had quarrelled; and, besides, Léon was not in town. There was not a human being in town, it seemed to Pearl, and yet the streets were crowded, people were coming and going in the sunshine, loungers were sitting in the shade, cabs were crawling along in the heat. The city was full of life and noise; but to Pearl it was as empty as a desert. She felt sick with a sense of loneliness, of misery. She must go home. She wanted to see her mother. Percy would come and fetch her. But first she would write to Raoul. There was no need to allude to the letter that she was crushing to a pulp in her hot, ungloved hand; she would only send a few lines to tell him of her loss. There could be no harm in this; but, whether there was or not, she could not help it. She was not going to leave France without a sign, as if he were Captain Léopold or any other human being. He was Raoul Darvallon and she loved him.

"Oh! yes, I do, I do," said

Pearl, as the cab stopped before the wide courtyard. "I love him, and I won't lose him for all the proprieties of France and Navarre together."

Captain Léopold had arrived from Gardanvalle by the mid-day train. He went first to his father's house to change his travelling dress for his uniform, and, after presenting himself at the War Office, drove straight to the Rue du Bac. Mme. Mère had given him a basket of fruit and flowers to take there, with a message to the effect that she would be in Paris in a day or two. Mme. Mère was playing a traitor's game with "le petit," for she was under the impression that Pearl had left the Rue du Bac and gone to Mrs. Monteagle's some days before. She knew nothing about Mrs. Monteagle's illness; the doctor had not mentioned it when he wrote a hasty line to report how Pearl was going on; so when Léon left Gardanvalle he had heard nothing that could prepare him for the final catastrophe.

Captain Léopold drove up to his grandmother's house in a state of pleasurable excitement. Blanche nad stood up for him womanfully, and Mme. Mère in her heart was on the side of the rebel, and Darvallon was out of the way. But what chance had Darvallon, even if he had been domiciled across the street and seeing Pearl every day? He had not a penny but his pay, and he had no expectations and no name; this last would have been an insuperable obstacle in Colonel Redacre's eyes, Léon concluded, even if the utter impecuniosity of both Raoul and Pearl had not made a marriage between them impossible.

He had promised his mother not to see Pearl before he left Paris for Brest, and he had kept his word; there had been no stipulation about his not seeing her afterwards. Of course this was miserable casuistry, worthy of a dozen casuists rolled into one. But Léon was no straitlaced Puritan to turn his back on a lucky opportunity.

"Parbleu! Quand on aime, on n'y regarde pas de si près!" was his reflection, as he carried the little basket with its sweet-smelling contents up to the door and rang.

Pierre flew to open it with an exclamation, which he checked on seeing who the visitor was.

"Bon jour, Pierre! How is mademoiselle? I have been charged to convey this to her from Mme. Mère." And he walked on towards the drawing-room rapidly, as if he suspected Pierre meant to bar the passage.

But Pierre's mind was busy on other thoughts. Where had mademoiselle gone to! She had disappeared, no one knew when or where; they had only missed her a few minutes ago; the concierge had not seen her cross the court, and declared Pearl could not have gone out without his knowing it. Marianne was in a frantic state of mind lest her charge should have given them all the slip and gone off to see Mrs. Monteagle, which would certainly kill her, for she would learn the truth without any preparation, the truth that she was dying—for her death was not yet known at the Rue du Bac.

"I will run off myself, and see if the petite is gone there," Marianne said when the fact of Pearl's having gone somewhere out of the precincts was made clear. She hurried away on her search, and came down the Rue St. Florentin just as Pearl was driving up the

Rue Royale; the nearer street being inaccessible to carriages owing to repairs that were going on.

Pierre, hearing a cab stop and a loud peal follow quickly, thought it was Marianne bringing back the truant.

"Mademoiselle is not at home," he said, making no attempt to stop hasty Léon.

"Oh! but you expect her in soon? She has not gone far, I suppose?" he said, looking back, disappointed.

"I hope not, monsieur; I don't really know."

"What does the idiot mean by staring in that stupid way?" thought Léon; and he passed into the salon, merely observing that he would wait.

There was the *Journal des Débats* on the table. He flung himself into a comfortable chair and began to read; but he had not got through a dozen lines when the bell sounded again, and Pierre flew to the door with another exclamation. This was mademoiselle for a certainty!

The ring made Léon start to his feet and get into position. This must be Pearl. But why this long conference with Pierre? That was not her voice; it was a man's voice, metallic, strong. Léon knew the tones well. He opened the drawing-room door and stood face to face with Darvallon.

Darvallon raised his hat, and the two men exchanged a formal bow. Pierre, who was now in mortal terror of seeing Pearl brought back on a stretcher, his nerves being completely upset by the shock of these two disappointing rings, began to mumble something unintelligible to Captain Darvallon, who gave a different interpretation to the man's confusion and distress. He passed on haughtily, and looking Léon full in the face, "I wish to have a word with you," he said.

"I am at your orders," said Léon, moving aside to let him pass, and then closing the door.

"First let me inquire for your father. How is he?"

"Thank you, he is better."

"All danger is past?"

"If it were not so I should not have left him."

"Naturally. I ought to have known that. I am glad to hear it."

There was a pause. Darvallon was the first to break it.

"Léopold, what does this mean? Do we stand here as rivals, as enemies?"

"You know as well as I do."

"If I did I should not ask you. I am not given to idle questions. What brings you here in the absence of the mistress of the house?"

"What right have you to ask? What business is that of yours?"

"That is no answer, and you know it. You know that, as a man of honor, you have no right to be here. Your presence is an outrage to one whom you are doubly bound to treat with respect. How come you to intrude yourself upon her presence?"

"Ma foi! you take it with a high hand," said Léon, with an angry movement that made his regimentals ring; "but, for reasons that you will appreciate, I will so far humor you as to explain that I am here, in my grandmother's house, on an errand from her to a young lady who is under her protection. There is my passport. Perhaps now you will show me yours."

"You gave your word, as a man of honor, not to see her again.

Did Mme. Léopold free you from that promise?"

"Are you my mother's confidant? Has she appointed you as a spy over my actions? Et alors, je vous en fais mon compliment! I had no idea you occupied that post of honor in my family," said Léon in a tone of biting sarcasm.

Darvallon's eye burned fiercely as it fixed on the dark, sneering face of the man whom he had loved with a tenderness passing the love of woman.

"Léopold, have a heed what you say! We two have been brothers. We have fought side by side. I would fain bear from you all that man may bear from man; but there is a point beyond which I cannot go. Don't push me too far."

"You forget that other people's forbearance has its limits, too," said Léon, involuntarily softened by the tender touch. "You attack me as if I had committed a crime, and that you had the right to judge me for it. I deny your right to meddle in any act of mine. I am my own master; I decline to be called to account by any one. But, as you say, we had better not push this conversation too far. I invite you to withdraw before words escape either of us that we should both repent."

"I refuse to leave this house at your bidding."

"And on whose authority do you remain? What are you doing here?"

"I am waiting to see a lady whose name we both hold in too great reverence to mention in a quarrel. If she desires me to leave I will do so at once."

Léon felt the delicacy of the answer, but he was in no mood to do justice to it. He knew that Darvallon had all the chivalry of a crusader in his plebeian soul, and he hated him for it; for did it not constitute his strongest claim on the admiration of such a woman as Pearl? What chance had he beside this man, whose greatness made him feel so small—this lover with the strong, pure heart, who had hoarded the vintage of his manhood to pour it out at the feet of the only woman he had ever loved? The worst, because the smallest, passions of Léon's nature, jealousy and vanity, woke up and stung him beyond self-control.

"You are waiting for Pearl Redacre," he said, moving a step nearer and hissing out the words savagely. "*Is it by appointment?*"

The blood rushed to Darvallon's face, swelling out the veins of his forehead like thick cords. There was one moment's hesitation, and then he lifted his hand and struck Léon on the cheek.

As the blow fell a cry rang through the room—a piercing cry in a woman's voice—and Pearl rushed in between them.

"See! it is gone! It is washed out!" And with a wild impulse she flung back her veil and kissed the smitten cheek.

When Darvallon raised his hand Léon had instinctively grasped his sword, and he stood, still clutching the hilt, as if the touch of Pearl's lips had turned him into a statue.

But Pearl was not looking at him; she was looking at Raoul. It was to him she had appealed. He returned her gaze steadily for a moment, then bowed low and turned to walk away.

"Raoul! Raoul!" cried Pearl, putting her hand to her forehead with a moan of pain; and she fell forward and was caught in his outstretched arms.

Léon dropped his hilt and flew to the rescue.

"Ring the bell! Call for help! Is there no woman in the house?" said Darvallon, lifting Pearl tenderly in his strong arms and bearing her to a sofa.

Léon pulled the bell-rope violently, and flung open the door and called to Pierre.

"Tell the maid to come—the cook—any woman within call!"

But before Pierre could call anybody there was another ring at the door, and he ran to open it.

"M. le Docteur! What luck!"

Léon was beginning to tell him what had happened, but the old man needed no explanations; he had come from Mrs. Monteagle's house and was prepared for it all.

Marianne had just returned as Léon's loud peal sounded in the kitchen, and she flew to answer it.

"Ah! monsieur, I knew what would happen. But it was not my fault," she began, expecting that he was going to attack her as the cause of the disaster.

"Yes, yes; I know all about it," said the medical man, cutting her short. "It is most unlucky. The shock would have been severe at any time; but in her present nervous, exhausted state there is no foreseeing— Go, my good woman, and bring me some sal-volatile and some cold water. And you, messieurs, you had better retire; you can be of no further use, and my patient must not find a crowd about her when she recovers. Open that window, please. Thank you. Now you may go."

Darvallon was standing at the head of the couch, his eyes fixed anxiously on Pearl's pale face; Léon at a little distance, anxious too, but menacing, his eyes full of dark suspicion. "What shock do you allude to, doctor?" he said, before he moved a step to obey the old man's order. The doctor had known him since he was a child.

"You have not heard it? Mrs. Monteagle is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Léon, aghast; and at the sound of that dread word his anger fell. Jealousy, bitterness, revenge—everything was swept away by a momentary thrill of awe.

"Yes; it has been sudden, and I fear I did wrong in keeping the danger so completely a secret from this poor child," observed the doctor, telling in a few words how it had all come about, while he applied the cold water to Pearl's temples. "And now the position is more embarrassing than ever," he continued. "She is quite alone here, it seems, without a friend of any sort who can come to her; not a member of her family within call."

"I will telegraph to Colonel Redacre," said Darvallon in a low voice, without taking his eyes from Pearl's face, while the doctor went on sponging it.

Marianne brought the sal-volatile, and, while the doctor and she were exchanging some remarks, Léon took the opportunity to say to Darvallon:

"You speak of telegraphing to Miss Redacre's father. Permit me to suggest that, as the friend of the family, it might be more fitting for me to communicate with him."

"Just as you please. I don't for a moment contest your right to do so, but neither do I resign my own."

"Your right?" repeated Léon with an insolent note of interrogation.

"The right of Miss Redacre's affianced husband."

"Ha! That is indeed an incontestable one."

And bowing stiffly, without casting even a parting glance at Pearl, Léon walked out of the room. Darvallon turned back and took up his watch near Pearl again. What was this he had dared to say? Her affianced husband? Affianced in his own heart; but what higher sanction had he for the bold words? He must have been mad. But in truth it was not he who had uttered them; his soul had slipped from under his hand, and some force within him, an impulse stronger than his free-will, had spoken. Well, he had said it, and he could not unsay it; he must look to the future to justify the inspiration. She had called him by his name—*Raoul! Raoul!* How beautiful it had sounded on her lips! She had turned an imploring look upon him when he was moving coldly away, and—was there no lingering ray of consciousness in the movement with which her head dropped upon his breast when he held out his arms to catch her? And what was it that goaded her to that wild impulse of kissing the rival whom he had insulted?—she, who was so proudly reserved in her bearing to all men! Dropping on one knee beside the couch, he bent over Pearl, as if seeking an answer on the sweet, placid features, still locked in the immobility of death. How he yearned to take her to his heart and keep her there for ever!

Marianne was lifting up her voice in a loud whisper of lamentation when the doctor raised his finger. "Hush! she is coming to," he said.

There was a pause of expectation. Pearl's lids quivered; she opened her eyes, and met Raoul's fixed on her with a gaze of ardent love that called the pink blush slowly up into her pale cheeks.

Marianne, with an exclamation of relief, seized the eau-sucrée that she had in readiness for this crisis.

"Quel bonheur! I thought mademoiselle was never going to wake! Mon Dieu! what an emotion she has given us all!" And she held out the glass to Pearl, while the doctor helped her to sit up.

"You have had a great shock, my poor young lady," said the old man kindly. "I thought we should have been able to break it to you gradually."

"You could not know—it was not your fault," she answered, drawing her hand across her forehead, as if to put away a pain. "I can't believe it yet; I feel as if I were waking from a bad dream. "Did you know?" she said, looking up at Raoul.

"I heard it an hour ago. I returned from Vienna this morning, and drove there at once. They told me you had just gone. What would you like me to do? Shall I telegraph to your mother? or to Lady Wynmere, and ask her to give the message?"

He sat down beside her and took her hand, and she let him keep it, not returning the warm clasp, but resting in it with a sense of protection, of tender trust, that was very sweet and comforting.

"I don't know," she said dreamily; and then, as if remembering: "Oh! no, don't telegraph; it would only frighten them. I have telegraphed to Percy Danvers; he will be here to-morrow, and I can go back with him when—when it is all over!"

She burst into tears and hid her face in her hands.

"That is well! Weep freely; it will relieve the nerves," said the

doctor, taking a professional view of the solacing flood.

But Darvallon had started on hearing Percy Danvers' name coupled with Pearl's announcement that she would go home with him.

"Mme. de Kerbec is not in town, is she?" he inquired.

"No; they are at Carlsbad, or somewhere. There is no one in town; but it does not matter," said Pearl in a tone of weary despair. "Mr. Danvers will be here to-morrow; he will take me home."

The doctor and Marianne stepped aside into the deep embrasure of the window, and were holding a consultation concerning their patient, too much absorbed in tonics and tisanes and other mysterious agencies to pay any heed to what was going on in the room behind them.

"Tell me," said Raoul, lowering his voice, "why did you telegraph for Danvers? Would not Kingspring be a more suitable person to take you home, if your father can't come to fetch you?"

"Oh! have you not heard? Mr. Danvers is going to be my brother-in-law. He and Polly are engaged! I thought you knew—"

"How should I know? Who was there to tell me?"

"Of course not. I forgot. I thought you might have heard it from—"

"From our poor friend? She never wrote to me, although I wrote to her, and have been waiting for her answer as a man waits for a verdict of life or death."

"It was not her fault! Your letter came a day too late," said Pearl, thrown off her guard, and thinking only of acquitting Mrs. Monteagle.

"Too late! Then you know—you saw that letter?" said Raoul eagerly.

Pearl crimsoned to the roots of her hair, and tried to draw away her hand from his passionate pressure; but he tightened his grasp of it, and, drawing closer to her, "Pearl," he whispered, "give me the answer now. One word, dearest. May I write to your father? Are you brave enough to trust my love to make you happy? I will work for you with all the energies of my soul and body. I will love you as no woman was ever loved before. Pearl, answer me—"

But Pearl could not answer, only trembled and blushed, and turned away shrinkingly.

"Then I may write; I may ask you for my wife—my own."

Raoul forgot the doctor and Marianne, and all the world except themselves two. He stole his arm round Pearl; she felt his breath upon her cheek.

"Eh, bien, mam'selle, M. le Docteur dit," cried out Marianne, emerging from the window; and the lovers started asunder as if they had received a slight electric shock.

Captain Darvallon stood up and coolly advanced to meet the doctor, while Marianne finished her communication to mam'selle and then departed.

"We had better be going now," said the medical man. "This naughty young lady has made me late for a consultation. I shall be severely scolded by three of my confrères."

And with a friendly good-by to Pearl he hurried away, and Captain Darvallon followed him. Just as they were on the stairs Raoul discovered that he had forgotten his gloves in the drawing-room, and he ran back to fetch them. Pearl was standing at the window, waiting to see him pass.

"Your gloves?" And she turned to look for them.

"Here they are!" he said. "Pearl, ma fiancée, ma femme—" He opened his arms and caught her to him, and held her in a close embrace. "You kissed Léopold; give me back that kiss."

Pearl hid her face in his breast; but he forced it round and looked pitilessly down at the burning cheeks.

"How dared you do it, up to my very face! Weren't you afraid I should murder him on the spot?"

"I was afraid he would murder you," said Pearl; "but you won't fight now, will you?" And, her shyness banished by a return of terror, she looked up at him, her eyes full of beseeching, terrified love.

"I fear I must—"

"O Raoul!"

"I must indeed. It is my duty to kill him to get back that kiss, unless you give it to me."

Whether they compromised it, or that Pearl surrendered, I cannot tell; but he gave her his solemn promise that he would not kill Captain Léopold.

No wonder Pearl was ill next day. Percy Danvers arrived to find her in bed, the doctor in alarm, no one near her, no one within reach whose presence in the sick-room would have been of any use or comfort. Mme. Mère was to have returned that day or the next, but the chances were she would delay a few days longer, and neither Marianne nor Pierre had thought of telegraphing. Percy had come straight to the Rue du Bac before going to the house of mourning, to which he had been summoned, and this was the news that met him.

"You had better let her know that I am come, at any rate," he said to Marianne, who was loud in self-commiseration about the *épouvantable* load of responsibility that had fallen upon her. "Her mind will be more at rest when she hears that I am come; but I will telegraph to Mme. Léopold. Give me her address."

He was in the act of writing the telegram when Darvallon came in.

"I sent one this morning to Gardanvalle," said Raoul; "you may be sure some one will be here to-day. I also telegraphed yesterday to Mme. de Kerbec. She is away in Germany; but it is right that she should know, in case she wishes to come and can arrive in time."

"And what about writing to them at the Hollow?" said Percy. "I suppose her father ought to come over, ought he not?"

"Can he come? I saw Léopold this morning, and he tells me the boys are ill with small-pox; if it were not for this we should of course send a despatch to the colonel immediately."

Danvers corrected this version of events at the Hollow. Colonel Redacre could quite well come, as far as the boys were concerned; but something had happened which called him back at the last moment, just as he was starting to attend the funeral. No one as yet knew what this was; but nothing short of his wife's death or dangerous illness need prevent his coming, if Pearl's condition made his presence necessary. But would he be of any use? It was the mother who was wanted; and poor Mrs. Redacre had had so much fatigue and anxiety these last few weeks that it seemed cruel to make this fresh demand on her strength, if it could possibly be avoided. They

agreed to wait till the doctor came, and to be guided by his advice.

"Meantime I want to have a little conversation with you," said Raoul. "Shall we stay here, or take a turn in the garden?"

"We shall be freer out of doors," said Percy; they had been talking in low tones, because of the proximity of the sick-room.

The two gentlemen took their hats and went down to the cool, untidy garden.

Percy Danvers was about the last man to sympathize with such a love-story as Darvallon had to tell, with the violent breach of worldly law and wisdom that both parties concerned displayed in it; but there were fine chords in his nature, and these were stirred by the nobleness which it revealed. Since they loved one another, and were mad enough to fly in the face of Heaven by marrying on an income barely fit to keep a gentleman in cigars, by all means let them do it. It was one of those deeds of desperate daring which the gods are said to admire; and, if so, they would prosper it. Darvallon himself was a first-rate fellow; Percy could not resist the contagion of his chivalrous passion. His love was so pure, so manly, so grandly scornful of material impossibilities; it swept away obstacles like dust; it burned up every impediment as the flame burns paper; with that one glorious word, "nous nous aimons," he cast every mountain into the sea, and was absolutely unable to understand Percy's wonder at the feat.

"I can't for the life of me see how you are going to make it square," said the man of the world, when Raoul had poured out his soul and unrolled the splendid programme of the future; "but if I can be of any use in making her father see it you may trust me to do my best. She's a girl worth making a fight for. But, my dear fellow, just think a minute: do you know how much it takes to dress a woman nowadays?"

"How much?"

"How should I know! I am going to find it out one of these days; but I tell you what, I don't believe your pay would keep her in bonnets."

"Not your wife's; but mine?"

"By Jove! How you do come Don Magnifico over a fellow! I suppose your wife will wear petticoats and bonnets like other people's; they may not be so smart nor so many of them, but they will cost pots of money. And then it's all very fine to come swelling it over Polly in that way; the two sisters have been brought up together, they have the same tastes and habits, and one knows no more about patching and cheeseparing than the other. Some girls are brought up to wear cotton gowns, and that sort of thing; but not these girls. I tell you Pearl won't know how to manage a bit; poverty is all very well in poetry, but in practice its the most deucedly disagreeable thing under heaven. Fancy Pearl Redacre mending your socks and sewing buttons on your shirts!"

"Man of little faith! Je vous dis qu'elle m'aime!" said Raoul, laughing and shaking Danvers violently by the shoulders.

What was the use of talking to a lunatic who met every argument with the same unanswerable answer, "Je l'aime; elle m'aime; nous nous aimons"? who could do nothing but conjugate the verb *aimer* in all its moods and tenses? Most hopeless!

"Go your way," said Percy; "you are the most hopeless case I ever met in my life. And the worst of it is, the madness is catching, for here am I ready to aid and abet you in carrying it out to the bitter end. Halloo! I hear a carriage. That will be the doctor."

They walked quickly into the house to meet him. He was with Pearl by the time they reached the drawing-room.

They had not long to wait before he came out.

"I would not telegraph," he said in answer to their inquiry. "I see no need to do that, especially as her mother is not very strong; a telegram is always a shock. Write and tell her it is advisable that she should come over as soon as she can. Say we are taking every care of her daughter, but it is not well for the poor child to be without some relative near her. It is bad for the *morale*."

"Then you are not uneasy, doctor?" said Darvallon.

"No, I am not uneasy, but I want some one to come and look after the *morale* while I am doing my part. It is all on the nerves; there is nothing else the matter so far."

So far. But there was no saying what might follow on this collapse of the nerves, coming on a frame already severely tried.

The two young men sat in council after the doctor had taken his departure, and they decided to wait till the afternoon train should have arrived from Gardanvalle. If it brought Mme. Mère back there was no need to hurry Mrs. Redacre over. Raoul was to go to the station to meet the train, which was due at 3.30, and if there was no Mme. Mère he would write to the Hollow. Meantime he and Percy left the house together and drove on to the Faubourg St. Honoré. There were many things to be done there which Percy understood nothing about, so Darvallon's help and interference were invaluable. He took all the trouble, all the painful details, off the Englishman's hands; he wrote out the faire-part letters and saw that nothing was forgotten. The funeral ought to have taken place the following day, according to the French law; but Darvallon applied to the authorities for a day's delay, so as to allow of absent friends arriving—and everybody was absent just now, as Pearl said. Danvers had telegraphed to his aunt's lawyer before he left London, and he expected him to appear at any moment.

"Of course she made her will and left everything in order?" said Darvallon.

"I hope so," replied Danvers; "but really I should not be surprised if there turned out to be no will."

"She was a most unlikely person to neglect making one," observed Darvallon.

"People always do the most unlikely things about their will: either they make it and hide it away and lose it, or they don't sign it, or they leave their money to the wrong people—to the people, that is, who don't expect to get anything."

"Your aunt was too just to let caprice actuate her in anything, especially in a matter of this kind."

"Oh! as to that, we English have very independent notions about what we do with our money," said Percy. "And my aunt, as you know, was the very type of independence; she did exactly what she liked all her life, and I dare say she has done what she liked with her money. And as far as I am

concerned, whatever she did with it will be well done."

"But you are her natural heir, and you were always good friends?" said Darvallon, whose French mind was unable to contemplate the possibility which Danvers alluded to so coolly.

"Excellent friends; but that would be no reason for her leaving me her money. I have enough of my own to live on—though it will be a tight fit for two—besides being heir to my uncle. I should not be surprised if my aunt hasn't left me a penny."

"I should be greatly surprised, I confess."

"What do you bet?"

"Nothing," said Darvallon, rather shocked at such a proposal under the circumstances; but Percy made it quite innocently, prompted by the life-long, second-nature habit of referring a disputed point to this simple test of a bet. Darvallon drove off to the railway station at the appointed hour, and, to his great relief, the first head he saw protruded from a window was Mme. Mère's. She was thankful to have him to meet her, and, leaving the maid behind to see to the luggage, she drove straight off with him to the Rue du Bac. On the way he contrived to make her hear the story of his engagement, and nothing could exceed the dear old lady's satisfaction. She was fond of Pearl, and Darvallon was loved and respected by them all; but, over and above all this, their marriage made an end of the difficulty about Léon, and vindicated Mme. Mère's character for vigilance, sagacity, and all the virtues proper to a duenna, in the eyes of Mme. Léopold.

"But, mon cher capitaine, what will you both live on? Ce sera la faim épousant la soif," she observed, when the first burst of feminine enthusiasm had subsided and the instinct of the Frenchwoman thrust the practical realities of life back upon her.

"She does not mind," said Raoul, laughing; "but it won't be as bad as that, chère madame. I am promised an excellent appointment on the foreign military mission—to go and drill the sultan's troops—and that will make us as rich as Jews."

"But it will only be for a few years? What will you do when the time is out?"

"I shall get another appointment. And by the time that is out—well, they must make me marshal of France, I suppose."

"Tête folle! Who would ever have believed it?" said the old lady, looking at him with wondering but complacent incredulity.

They reached the Rue du Bac, and Raoul went up with her to hear the latest news about Pearl. Marianne announced that she had fallen asleep, and this was an excellent sign.

After a consultation of all three it was settled that no letter should be written to Mrs. Redacre by that post; they would wait and see how Pearl was after this long sleep. Raoul was to come back at seven to dine with Mme. Mère, and to bring Percy Danvers with him, if he was to be found in time.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TWO WILLS AND TWO WEDDINGS.

THE funeral was over, and the few relations and friends who had come from a distance to attend it were assembled, in that blue drawing-room that we know, to hear the will read. Sir Archibald Danvers had been prevented by a violent attack of gout from paying the last tribute of respect to his sister; so Percy, who had taken the lead as chief mourner, now represented him as head of the family. Mr. Kingspring had come over with Mr. Splint, the lawyer. Colonel Redacre, who was still in London, was on the point of starting with them when he received a despatch from his wife calling him home immediately. The cause of this sudden summons will be explained after the reading of Mrs. Monteagle's will. Raoul Darvallon was present to hear it, greatly against his inclination; but Danvers had made such a point of his being there that it was impossible to refuse.

"You are as good as one of the family already. I shall feel it unkind if you don't stay," Percy said when they were returning from the service, so Darvallon reluctantly yielded.

The opening of a will is a dismal ceremony; everything connected with it is mournful, depressing, the reverse of comic; and yet there is no incident in human life which so often produces a chapter of high human comedy. The breaking of the seal of the dead man's last testament is often the breaking of the seals of all the hearts around him and the revealing of the secrets thereof—pitiable secrets: low, sordid motives hid beneath a show of disinterested affection; dead loves turned to vindictive hate; jealous spites carefully concealed under a mask of cringing sycophancy; mean, rancorous grudgings patiently held in check with a view to this day's reward. And now the day has come, the seal is broken, the stone is rolled away from the whited sepulchre, and all the ugly dead things come up and show themselves, to the great surprise of many.

The group assembled in Mrs. Monteagle's drawing-room presented only a mild edition of these painful and shameful comedies. There was a certain hungry expectation amongst the few relatives present; but none of them were near enough of kin to justify strong hopes, or grievous disappointment if the testatrix had overlooked them. Danvers, of course, did not count. He was the heir, and it was assumed that his aunt had left him the bulk of her fortune, as well as the plate and jewels, which were of considerable value. Percy had said that he did not expect anything of the kind, and when he said it he meant it. He had seen so many extraordinary surprises befall people who had been waiting for dead men's shoes that he had sworn never to let himself expect anything from anybody, except what the law ensured their leaving to him. And yet—and yet, as the moment approached, he could not conceal from himself that he was growing nervous, that expectation was high within him, and that the suspense was becoming painful.

"She hasn't left me a penny; I

bet you anything she hasn't, and I don't care a rap," he had said to Mr. Kingspring the evening before; and he was mortified to find how much he did care, now that the sentence was about to be delivered.

"Everybody is present?" said Mr. Splint, looking up from the table; and then he proceeded to read the contents of the will.

There were pensions to her servants and legacies to some few relations, bequests to several charities, the largest being one thousand pounds to the Blind Hospital; the jewels and plate, the pictures and furniture, she bequeathed to her nephew, Percy Danvers, together with the bulk of her property, which amounted to the sum of fifteen thousand pounds when all the foregoing charges had been paid off. This will was dated three years back; but there was a codicil which bore the date of June 20, not six weeks ago. By this the testatrix bequeathed the sum of one thousand pounds to her old friend Mr. Kingspring, and to Miss Margaret Redacre the sum of twelve thousand pounds, thus leaving Percy a residue of two thousand. There was a general movement through the room, a murmur of surprise, and every eye turned to Percy. He was sitting with his back to the light, his hands between his knees, and still bent down in the attitude of quiet attention which he had maintained while the will was being read. He changed color perceptibly at the reading of the codicil, but made not the slightest sign of surprise or discontent.

When the lawyer laid down the document, as a sign that the ceremony was over, Percy stood up and said:

"As my aunt thought fit to change her will, I am as satisfied with her disposal of the money as I could be, seeing it has not been left to myself. Kingspring, I am glad she thought of you; she was always fond of you. I wonder she didn't think of leaving something to Colonel Redacre."

"She did enough in leaving twelve thousand pounds to his daughter," observed a cousin who had been left five hundred.

"It is the most unjust, the most absurd will I ever heard in my life," said another, who had been left a thousand. "If I were you, Danvers, I should dispute it. It is clearly a case of undue influence. Your aunt could not have been of sound mind when she added that codicil. I should dispute it."

"You will allow me to be judge in my own affairs," said Danvers stiffly, drawing up his handsome figure to its full height. "My aunt was of sound mind to the last day of her life. She had a great affection for every member of Colonel Redacre's family, but particularly for his eldest daughter. I am quite satisfied to abide by her wishes. The will, moreover, is a perfectly valid instrument, and any attempt to dispute it would, I presume, be perfectly useless?"

"Perfectly, I should say," replied the lawyer, to whom this last remark was addressed, not for information, but with a view to silence the discontented parties and put an end to further discussion.

Captain Darvallon was not sufficiently fluent in English to follow the technical wording of the will, read out in the sing-song, professional tone of the lawyer, but he had heard Pearl's name, and gathered that money had been left to her, and that the family were displeased; he understood, moreover,

by what Percy had just said, that there was an intention of going to law about it.

"I want to speak to you," he said, touching Danvers on the shoulder.

"Come in here," said Danvers; and they went into the dining-room.

Darvallon asked for a clear explanation of what had happened.

"What! She has defrauded you of your lawful rights, and left three hundred thousand francs to Pearl? Is that what I am to understand?" said Darvallon, whose first feeling was one of shocked surprise at an act of gross injustice to the family.

"Don't use hard words about my aunt, or else I shall have to go to law with you," said Danvers, whose better instincts were once more in the ascendant, his passing vexation having been shamed away by the covetousness of his disappointed relations. "My aunt has defrauded no one; she had a clear right to do what she chose with her property. Try and get that English dogma into your French head."

"But it is a crying injustice! Don't tell me any one has a right—a moral right at any rate—to leave their money out of their family. Justice is the same everywhere, though law may differ."

"What are you driving at? What do you want to prove?" said Danvers. "That my aunt was an unprincipled woman, or that she was mad, as her grateful legatees would make out?"

"I want to prove nothing; but as Pearl's affianced husband I have a right to an opinion in the matter. If Pearl were here, or in a state to learn what has happened, both you and I know what she would do. In her absence and in her name I may speak for her—privately, of course—to you, mon cher."

"Well?" said Danvers.

"Well, you don't suppose she will accept this money? You don't suspect either of us of doing anything so unjust as to take advantage of the kindness of Mrs. Monteagle, of her—her—"

"Her insanity? That's what you want to say, is it not? Don't say it. I'd rather any day lose the money than have it believed that my aunt died imbecile or mad. She has left a good bit of money to Pearl, and nobody deserved it better. Be thankful to your stars or to Providence, and let me hear no more nonsense about this."

"Mon cher, it is impossible," persisted Raoul. "Pearl never would consent to take the money; she is too honorable, too high-principled. I can't interfere further in the matter; but I protest in her name against this legacy, and I am certain she will bear me out in refusing to accept it."

"Darvallon," said Danvers, very coolly, "I found out yesterday that you were mad, both yourself and Pearl; but if you persist in playing the fool in this fashion I'll call a conseil de famille (is that the word?) and have you both locked up as a pair of dangerous lunatics! Upon my soul I will!"

"You mean her to take this enormous sum of money that she has no right to whatever?"

"She is the only person alive who has any right to it. Why, man, what are you going to do with an English wife, if your French crotchets are so thick that you can't see right from wrong when you are amongst us? Don't be an ass; I can't stand a brother-in-law who is an ass."

He was turning away with this complimentary remark when Raoul, yielding to the natural impulse of

a Frenchman under the circumstances, took him by the hand and kissed him on both cheeks.

They found everybody gone, except Mr. Kingspring and the lawyer, when they returned to the drawing-room. There were many details yet to be settled, arrangements to be made about the house and its contents, and Darvallon and Mr. Kingspring were useful in advising and directing the two uninitiated Englishmen. The servants, however, were trustworthy and intelligent, and the practical carrying out of all that remained to be done might safely be left to them.

"We had better go to Mme. Léopold's now," said Danvers, "and tell her about Pearl's inheritance. She will be glad to hear it."

He and Darvallon went out together and walked across the river to the Rue du Bac. Mr. Kingspring and the lawyer returned to their hotels; both were leaving by that night's mail. Mme. Mère was thrown into great excitement by the wonderful tidings.

"Why, she will be a small heiress! Mon cher capitaine, I congratulate you heartily!" cried the old lady. "What a pity the dear child cannot know of it at once! It would help to console her for the loss of her kind friend, though, in one sense, it will deepen her regret. Who would have thought of it? But we are making wonderful discoveries these times; are we not, monsieur?" she added to Percy, with a knowing little nod at Raoul. "Who would ever have suspected him of being such a tête folle, with his quiet airs of superiority and sense?"

"Madame, there is a proverb in our country which says that smooth waters run deep," said Percy; but it took a great deal of roaring in his doubtful French to convey the point to Mme. Mère.

The doctor came in while they were talking, and reported so well of his patient that Danvers expressed it as his private opinion that she was not ill at all, and only wanted change of air to be as strong as a young bird.

"I cannot myself understand the turn the case has taken," remarked the medical man, who began to suspect there was some more potent agency at work than his drugs. "Considering the state mademoiselle was in when she received this sudden shock, I should at least have expected an attack of brain fever; but the *morale* is surprisingly *remonté*, and there are none of the feverish symptoms I looked for."

"Doctor, I am sorry you should be disappointed," said Mme. Mère playfully; "but the *morale*, as you say, is a wonderful physician. It plays tricks sometimes that disconcert the faculty; does it not?"

The two young men were laughing, and the doctor, naturally concluding that Mr. Danvers was the guilty person, looked at him with a countenance full of sly humor.

"Monsieur," he said, "if you possess the secret of these tricks of which we poor practitioners are the victims, I congratulate you, and I extend to you my personal forgiveness."

"Monsieur le Docteur, I am deeply sensible of your generosity," replied Percy, bowing low with his hand upon his heart.

And so, amidst the laughter and general content, the medical man took his leave.

"You both dine with me, of course," said Mme. Mère; "but don't lose your time here till then. You have probably something to

do, and it wants a couple of hours yet to dinner-time."

Darvallon chose to stay; but Percy went back to write some letters. He found several awaiting him at the hotel, amongst them one from Polly:

"WYNMERE PARK.

"DEAREST PERCY: I have only just time to scribble one line to tell you what has happened. I am so excited about it all that I hardly know where to begin. But I must begin at the beginning, and tell you why mamma called papa home so suddenly when he was starting off with you to poor Mrs. Monteagle's funeral. I am so sorry about her! Pearl was so fond of her, too, and she was so kind to Pearl! Well, there has been a fire at the Hollow, and it is a miracle that the place was not burnt to the ground. It has been the luckiest thing that ever happened. I mean the fire. It broke out on the Wednesday night in the boys' room, which is over the dining-room. Fortunately the boys were here; Lady Wynmere had insisted on their coming over while the Hollow was being cleaned and fumigated. It was the fumigation that brought about the catastrophe—I mean the good luck. They had lighted a charcoal fire in a pan, and poured aromatic stuff over it, and left it in the room to smoke away all night—it was Mrs. Mills' idea, bless her for it!—and about two in the morning the nurse—one had remained to rest herself for a few days, and was sleeping in our room—was awoke by a strong smell of burning. She got up, and went out to look, and the boys' room was full of smoke; and when she opened the door the flames burst out. Fortunately there was nothing to catch fire quickly except a sheet that Mrs. Mills laid on the floor under the pan, or else the whole house would have caught the flames and we should never have found it. She rushed out and rang the great bell, and called to Jacob Mills; and soon the lodge people at the Park heard the noise and woke up the servants here, and they all flew to help, and we got up and hurried out. Jacob behaved like a fire-brigade—so clever and energetic—it was wonderful! If it had not been for him I believe the dining-room would have been completely burnt down, and we never should have found it."

"What the deuce is she driving at?" exclaimed Percy, out of patience with the long puzzle; but there was nothing for it but to go on to the end and possess his soul in peace as well as he could.

"There was so little to feed the flames in the boys' room, and the water being close at hand—thanks to the dear old dean, who carried the pipes up-stairs—and the people were so quick and helpful, that the fire was got under before it spread beyond those two rooms. But now I have to tell you the wonderful thing that has come of the accident! Dear Percy, you can fancy how happy we are, and what a blessing it will be to dear papa, and the boys, and all of us. You know the dining-room and drawing-room were hung with crimson paper. It was a fancy of the good old dean's to have all the rooms he occupied hung like that; they were done fresh only six months or so before his death, poor man! Well, the fire heated the wall of the dining-room on the north side—opposite the fire-place, you know—so dreadfully that all the paper blistered and curled off, and, lo and behold! underneath it we discovered a large cupboard; it was locked, but we found a key that opened it, and what do you think we found in it? The box in which the dean had put his will! We telegraphed for papa, and papa telegraphed for Mr. Jervis, who came down at once and opened the will, and we found that the kind old dean had left us everything. You can fancy what a joy it was. Mamma nearly fainted. I can hardly believe yet that it is true. It seems too much happiness coming all together. I mean to be very good. I will write to Pearl to-day, if I can make time; but you can't think how much I have to do, writing letters for mamma and looking after the boys, who are just well enough to be up to every sort of mischief and imprudence if they are not watched like babies. Dear, darling Pearl! Percy, if you don't love her and make a good brother to her I will bring you into the divorce court for cruelty and incompatibility of temper. I will tell you all about it some day, and you will see what an angel Pearl is.

Go at once and tell her the news, and give her a kiss from me. And bring her home the moment you can get away, and you may flirt with her as much as you can on the way. Come back quickly to

"POLLY."

Then came a postscript:

"I forgot to tell you that the dean left thirty thousand pounds, all to papa for his life, and then to be divided equally between us, except five thousand pounds which he bequeathed to Pearl, to be handed over to her on her marriage or her twenty-first birthday. I am so glad about this!"

"By Jove! Darvallon is in luck," was Percy's exclamation; and then he added to himself: "I don't grudge it to him; fortune favors the brave, and he is not half a bad fellow."

The news was received with hearty rejoicings by Mme. Mère and Raoul. Percy said nothing about the five thousand pounds to Pearl; he left that for her to announce herself.

Mme. Léopold arrived from Gardanvalle two days later, and chimed in with her congratulations on the turn of the wheel for her old friends at the Hollow. She was perfectly sincere in saying that she rejoiced at their good fortune, and that she knew no one who better deserved to be happy than they did, every one of them. But her tenderest sympathies were for Pearl.

"You know, ma mère, I always loved and admired the dear child," she said, "and if other things had fitted in I should have opened my arms gladly to her as a daughter; but whatever my faults are, no one will ever accuse me of being a bad mother, of sacrificing the real interests of my children to my own feelings or to any other consideration. Pearl will bless me some day for having thwarted her wishes as regards Léon. And so will he, though he can't own that now."

"Ma chère Sophie, if you will persist in that delusion I can't help it," said Mme. Mère. "But she never had any wishes concerning notre petit, except that he would leave her alone; she never would have married him under any circumstances; she has been attached to Raoul Darvallon almost from the first days of their acquaintance."

"We won't discuss that, ma mère," replied Sophie, with her bland smile. "I am very glad that she cares now for Darvallon, and I am sure he will make her an excellent husband; but don't try to persuade me that you believe, any more than I do, that la petite would have taken him if she could have got my son."

"If! Why, Léon would marry her this minute, if she chose to take him! He is crazed about her. I ought to know it; I have suffered enough with his despair and vexation, pauvre petit! But Pearl never liked him."

"Ma mère! You can't say that to me!" And Mme. Léopold held up her hand and shrugged her shoulders with a smile of fond incredulity.

"Then why on earth did she so positively refuse him?" demanded Mme. Mère, losing patience.

"Ah! mon Dieu, why? She is a girl of spirit; she felt that her position would have been too humiliating, coming into the family without a penny. But things have righted themselves, so we need not discuss what might have happened if they had not. I had a letter from Blanche this morning; she is coming up to town to-morrow or next day. The old marquise is very ill."

"They say her son's marriage has been a great blow to her; if she dies they will say it has killed her," observed Mme. Mère.

"They may say what they please. She is a narrow-minded old bigote, who always tried to mar her son's prospects, putting her own prejudices before his happiness. I have no sympathy with such egotism and stupidity. A mother's first duty is to sacrifice herself for her children."

Mme. Mère made no comment on this remark of her daughter, but said good-morning and returned home to look after Pearl.

Pearl had rallied so wonderfully during the last few days that the doctor thought she might undertake the journey to England by the end of the week. But Pearl herself was in no hurry to go. The interval of rest was very soothing here in deserted Paris, with the hot young August sun beating down on the ragged garden and streaming in through every slit and crevice in the closed persiennes. Then there was the afternoon drive in the Bois, with Raoul sitting opposite, the sleepy horse snailing through the black shadows, the silver lake gliding on, the waterfall splashing and gurgling in the heat, wafting its cool breath to them in the shade, while they ate ices and listened to the murmurous hum of the boughs overhead. Was it real? Were they floating down some river in Dreamland, with music echoing from beneath the water? Was it real, this wonderful life of joy, so full of promise fulfilled, of richer promise telling of the day when soon, like blended rivers "that take in a broader heaven," her life and Raoul's would make one, with no more fear of separation, of mistrust, of possible misunderstanding? She heard from Percy the story of the fire, of the two wills that had turned her into an heiress, and it all sounded like the closing chapter of the fairy-tale she had been reading these last few days. The fairy herself was gone; but this must needs have been, for there is no happiness on earth without a flaw.

Mme. Mère was very kind, and put many obstacles in the way of her departure; but the day had to be named at last. Mrs. Redacre was coming over to fetch the fairy's godchild home, and Percy and Raoul were going to attend upon them both—a pair of loyal knights in the suite of their ladies.

The morning before they left Blanche de Cholcourt walked in, trailing her cool silk skirts with the airy majesty of a grande dame as she was.

"Ah! ma chere," she exclaimed, opening wide her arms and folding Pearl in a sisterly embrace, "you have given me a cruel disappointment. I made so sure we were going to be sisters! But never mind. I forgive you, because you are happy. I should have been miserable if you had made a *mariage de raison.* But that you would never have done. And now you and Polly will come and pay me a visit at Cholcourt; will you not? How nice it will be to meet, we three friends, with the husbands of our choice! Ah! chere amie, how one pities people who marry for anything but affection."

It was a joyous home-coming—such a one as Pearl had never dreamed of. Cousin Bob, and the colonel, and the boys, and Fritz fresh from the tub, with a tail as big as three, were at the station to meet the travellers.

It was a hot summer's day, but the country was as green as in spring-time, and the birds woke up and sang a welcome to them all as they wended up the hill, some on foot, some in Lady Wynmere's open carriage.

Pearl gave a cry of delight when the Hollow came in view, nestling into the green pillow of the woods like a bird hiding itself from the white blaze of the sunshine.

"How gay the masses of white roses look!" she cried.

"Yes," said Polly. "Don't they look as if they were shaking with laughter?"

And so they did, tossing and bobbing all over the veranda, and scattering their petals on the lawn as the breeze shook them in one of those tender peals with which mother Nature loves to celebrate her joys.

"Mother," said Polly that night, when Mrs. Redacre went to give them a last kiss in their room, "I have had a secret on my heart ever since the dean died, and I want to tell it to you now. Mother, Pearl is an angel!"

"My child, we found that secret out long ago," said the mother tenderly.

Pearl tried to silence Polly, but it was no use; she had resolved to speak, and Pearl knew that it was best so. Through tears and bitter self-upbraidings, intermingled with words of passionate love for Pearl, she told her story—the letter written in self-willed defiance of her sister's warning, and the terrible result which she believed it had led to; her own remorse and Pearl's generous silence as to the cause of their ruin and misery.

They all three wept together, and it was late when the mother left them and went to rest, happier than she had expected ever to be again in this world.

Before the white roses had done laughing there were two weddings at the Hollow, and the silver-footed chimes rang out from the village church and drowned the silent laughter of the roses.

THE END.

## MAGUELONE.

A WALK of two leagues south of Montpellier across stagnant marshes that border a dull lagoon brings you to a desolate isle on the sea-coast connected with the mainland by a causeway. There is nothing here to bespeak the enchanting shores of the Mediterranean Sea as we, far away, imagine them, covered with silvery olives and fragrant groves of the orange and citron. The coast here is anything but luxuriant or joyous. You could not imagine this barren isle ever enlivened by the song and the dance, and the softer pleasures of life. No one here ever sacrificed to the Graces. No Venus ever rose on this joyless shore, fresh and dewy, from the foaming sea. No laughing Winds would blow her to this flowerless island. If Pan ever piped among yonder tall reeds, only the wild waves danced to the music. The very Hours, in flitting by, must have always slackened their speed to a graver march. The inexorable Fates, or the sterner Virtues, have always reigned here. Only those driven by remorseless destiny, or who despise the softnesses of life, would dwell in such a place. The arid soil yields only a short, scanty herbage. Here and there are some tufts of samphire. And there are a few stunted trees bent by the fierce Cers which the ancients sought to propitiate by their altars. Landward the eye rests on nothing but pale sands, black pools, and reedy swamps, which, though not so stern and threatening as the rough coasts of the north, are inexpressibly dreary and monotonous. In the distance can be seen the mountains of Cévennes, sometimes whitened by the snow. At the south the sea, often wild with storms, is the only perspective. There is nothing to break the outline of the low, flat isle but the gray walls of what at first looks like a dismantled fortress, but in reality is a half-ruined church of the twelfth century, which only adds to the sadness of the landscape. It is as strange to come upon so imposing an edifice in this deserted isle as to find the melancholy church of St. Apollinare among the marshes of Ravenna. This is all that remains of the old *Civitas Magalonensium*—the ecclesiastical city of Maguelone—once an episcopal see, and a port of considerable importance when Montpellier was only a hamlet, but is now remembered among the *villes mortes*—the many extinct places on the shores of this storied sea.

Who would think it? Coming from fair Montpellier, throned on a gentle hill, surrounded by a smiling country covered with vines, olives, and wheat-fields, who would think that Maguelone, sitting widowed, desolate, and ruined on the sea-shore amid a few poor trees shrinking from the blast, with nothing left of her glory but this old basilica beaten by the winds and waves of so many centuries, could be the foster-mother of so fair a child? But so it is. Fifteen hundred years ago the island of Maguelone was peopled and fortified, and for ages enjoyed a considerable maritime rôle on the Gulf of Lyons. In its soil is mingled the dust of

Phocæans, Greeks, Romans, Visigoths, Saracens, and Gauls. Christian bishops and canons, barons, knights, and serfs, all lie in this spot once blessed by the vicar of Christ as a burial-place of special sanctity and grace. For five hundred years it was occupied by men who gave themselves up to devotion, study, and the exercise of a charity only to be found in the annals of monasticism. Some suppose Maguelone to be the ancient Mesua spoken of by Pomponius Mela. How early it became a see is not positively known, but in a letter written by the bishops of the province to Pope Leo the Great in 451 is the name of Ætherius Episcopus Magalonensis, and there are some who go so far as to say the first bishop was commissioned by the very apostles, and that the name of Maguelone is derived from Mary of Magdala, whose legend is so dear to Provence. At all events it was inhabited at an early age by refugees. When Gaul was overrun by the barbarians of the north it became densely populated. The people of the interior fled to the sea-coast before the Vandals and Huns, just as those on the shore escaped inland when the coast was invaded by the Saracens. As Venice rose to be a place of safety among the lagoons of the Adriatic coast for those who fled before the fury of Attila, so Maguelone served as a refuge to the people of Narbonnese Gaul. Those who escaped from the Arian Visigoths were of course fervent Catholics. Here on the coast they could hold free communication with Rome, and the see became of importance. Maguelone was already a city when Wamba, King of the Goths, came by sea to besiege it in the sixth century, but not strong enough to resist his attack. The episcopal chair was then occupied by Bishop Gumild, who is mentioned in history as joining Duke Paul in the revolt against King Wamba. But a worse enemy was at hand. The Saracens, at that time masters of Spain, were desirous of obtaining a foothold on this coast, and Maguelone was a convenient post from which communication could be held with Spain, Africa, and the Balearic Isles. They took the island, enlarged the harbor for their fleets, made it a centre of trade on the Mediterranean and a place from which to ravage all Occitania. Hence it acquired the name of the Portus Sarracenorum, by which it was so long known. To escape slavery and death among the Moors the clergy and most of the people took refuge at Sextantio, or Substantion, on the Domitian Way, near the village of Montpellier. But vengeance awaited the Saracens. Charles Martel, determined to root them out of the land, not only swept them into the sea but razed Maguelone to the ground, that they might not re-occupy it. The cathedral alone was left standing. For more than three hundred years the island remained a mere heap of ruins, and the church a shelter for corsairs and sea-birds.

All this time the bishops of Maguelone and the attendant clergy remained at Substantion. The number of people who also took refuge in that vicinity gave the first start to Montpellier. New churches became necessary. One of them was built on the ruins of an ancient temple of Vesta to enshrine a revered Madonna brought by the refugees, that afterwards became famous under the name of the *Magestat antiqua de Nostra*

*Dama de Taoulas*, or Notre Dame des Tables, so called from the numerous tables set up by the bankers and money-changers in the vicinity of the church. The counts of Maguelone contributed largely to the construction of this edifice, and it was consecrated by Bishop Ricuin about the year 817. Notre Dame des Tables became, as we shall see, the most popular place of devotion in this region, and the *Magestat antiqua* is to this day one of the glories of Montpellier.

Meanwhile the bishops of Maguelone did not wholly forget their deserted isle and the church bereft of its pastors, and about the middle of the eleventh century Arnaud I., one of the greatest of them, resolved to restore it and make it once more the episcopal residence. He obtained the sanction of Pope John XIX., who issued a bull of indulgences to all who would aid in rebuilding the place. The walls were restored and flanked with towers. An immense levée, divided by a series of bridges, was built across the lagoon, connecting it with Villeneuve on the inland shore. The old *grau** by which the Saracens entered the harbor was closed, and a new one opened that could be more easily defended. A college of canons was attached to the cathedral after its restoration, and from that time the island remained under the exclusive control of the bishop and chapter. It was, in fact, under them that Maguelone played its chief rôle. Bishop Arnaud, after accomplishing his design, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, dying at Villeneuve on his return, was buried in the cathedral of Maguelone, of which he was considered the second founder—*sedes pater et auctor*, according to the inscription on his tomb. This restoration of the see took place in 1037.

The old counts of Maguelone, said to be descended on the female side from the Goths, likewise removed to Substantion. At least Count Aigulf, father of St. Benedict of Aniane, lived there, as well as his two successors. At a later period they took the name of Counts of Melgueil, from the castle in which they finally established themselves. They seemed to reign like independent sovereigns, coining money, waging war, and ruling over their vassals. To this family belonged St. Fulcran, Bishop of Lodève. It was his two sisters who gave the bishops of Maguelone the fiefs of Montpellier and Montpelliéret, which contributed so much to the importance of these prelates. They ceded them afterwards to the Guillems of Montpellier, but reserved certain rights, especially over the churches. The counts of Melgueil were uniformly generous to the church. They not only gave up all their claims to Maguelone, but sold the lagoon to the bishop and canons for the fisheries, so important to a religious community with numerous days of abstinence. Nor was this all. Count Peter de Melgueil made himself a vassal of the church by resigning the suzeraineté of his domains to the Holy See, declaring that he and his successors would henceforth hold them as a fief by the annual payment of an onza of gold. This was not an uncommon thing in those days. About the same time Raymond Bérenger II. of Barcelona made over his patrimonial estates, particularly the city

* A road or passage from the sea to the lagoon—derived from *gradus*.

of Tarragona, to the Holy See, promising to hold them as its vassal by the annual payment of twenty-five libras in silver.

The memory of Count Peter de Melgueil was always held in great veneration by the church of Maguelone on account of his generosity, as well as this act of devotion to the Holy See, and he is believed to be the hero of the mediæval romance of *Pierre de Provence et la belle Maguelone*, once so popular in Southern France, written by Bernard de Tréviès, a canon of this cathedral in the twelfth century. "Who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona," says Don Quixote, "since to this very day is to be seen in the king's armory the peg wherewith he steered the wooden horse upon which he rode through the air?" *

This romance is supposed to be typical of the count's love for the church of Maguelone. Petrarch is said to have retouched it in the flush of life, and perhaps made it more romantic than the old canon intended. The original disappeared in the fifteenth century, and it is only known now by a poor translation; but there is a strange satisfaction in reading it, such as it is, among the ruins of this deserted isle where Count Peter himself was buried, trying to imagine one's self

"Sitting by the shores of old romance."

One of Count Peter's sons, Pons, succeeded St. Hugo as abbot of Cluny. He was the god-son of Pope Pascal II., who placed him early in life under the care of St. Hugo. Count Peter's sister Judith, after the death of her husband, Robert II. of Auvergne, also consecrated herself to God in a monastery near Grenoble.

Pope Urban II. came to visit his new domains in 1096, on his way from Toulouse, where he had been to consecrate the church of St. Sernin and bless the banners of the Crusaders. He arrived at Maguelone the 28th of July, and had an interview with the Countess Almodis, sister of the powerful Raymond de Saint-Gilles (who had just taken the cross at Toulouse), and widow of Peter de Melgueil. The pope extolled the devotion of her husband, whom he styled "*Bonæ memoriæ comes*"—the count of pious memory. The following day—that of SS. Peter and Paul, the patronal festival of the cathedral of Maguelone—Pope Urban preached to an immense crowd with the archbishops of Pisa and Tarragona, and the bishops of Segni, Albano, Nîmes, and Maguelone, around him. Among the nobility present were Raymond II., the young Count of Melgueil, and Guillem V., lord of Montpellier. The pope afterwards solemnly blessed the whole island, and accorded indulgences to all who should be buried hereon.

Count Raymond II. of Melgueil, afterwards resuming some of the rights his father had renounced in favor of the church of Maguelone, was excommunicated by Bishop Godefrid, who at once set out for Rome. Raymond hurried after him with an escort of knights to beg the pope to remove the sentence. The affair was tried before the pope, and the count, convicted of having violated his father's will (to which he had given consent), re-

* It will be remembered that Don Quixote supposed himself on this very horse when he and Sancho Panza made their journey through the air to disenchant the Countess Trifaldi and her twelve afflicted duennas. This horse, Clavileno by name, was the workmanship of the sage Merlin, who lent it to the valiant Peter of Provence that he might carry off the Belle Maguelone.

newed his homage to the Holy See, promising to desist henceforth from all illegitimate claims. He afterwards made a pilgrimage to Santiago, and then took the cross for the Holy Land with his cousin Bertrand, Count of Toulouse. Bishop Godefrid also went to the East and never returned to Maguelone. He died at the castle of Mons Peregrino, which Count Raymond IV. of Toulouse and Guillem V. of Montpellier had recently built near Tripoli, in Syria.

Pope Gelasius II. came to Maguelone in 1118, and remained a fortnight, when, falling ill, he was transported to the castle of Melgueil till able to pursue his journey. He died two months after at Cluny. Abbot Suger thus alludes to the condition in which the pope found the island—a valuable testimony in spite of its brevity: "He landed at a small island on the sea-shore, fortified on account of its being exposed to the incursions of the Saracens, and solely under the control of the bishop and clergy—a rare family of uncommon excellence, leading a retired life and despising the world."

Bishop Galtier then occupied the see. By virtue of a bull from Urban II. he had been elected by the canons of Maguelone from their college. He is described in the old Maguelonaise Chronicle as:

"Doctus et astutus, percomis, clarus, acutus,
Magnus consilio, magnus et eloquio,
Corpore sincerus, et religione severus,
Impatiens sceleris, compatiens miseris."

He repaired the cathedral, built the tower of the Holy Sepulchre, a refectory for the canons, and a dormitory with two rows of cells divided by a corridor. He moreover gave vestments and sacred vessels to the church. He used to sign himself *Magalonensis Ecclesiæ servus et episcopus*—servant and bishop of the church of Maguelone—but he was only a servant with respect to his subordinates. When Guillem V., lord of Montpellier, in order to raise money for his expedition to the Holy Land, made some encroachments on the rights of his neighbors, particularly the bishop of Maguelone, his suzerain, Bishop Galtier defended the rights of the church with so much ability and tact as to secure Guillem's confidence and friendship. The bishop also reconciled him to Bernard IV. of Melgueil, and cemented the peace by marrying his daughter Guillemette to the count. The bride had seven thousand sols of Melgorian money for her dowry—about two thousand dollars, but four or five times as much if we consider the relative commercial value of money in 1128. The acts relating to this marriage are in rhyme, and very curious. They begin thus:

"Cum Dei sapientia
Mundo daret primordia,
Cosmique necessaria
Jam perfecisset omnia,
Virum creavit, omnibus
Quem pretulit terrestribus,
Et his donavit muneribus,
Ut de coste visceribus
Sociam suis usibus
Mereretur ylaribus.
. . . . . .
"Proinde, dilectissima,
Mihi amantissima,
Ego Bernardus, Mergoriensium comes,
Dono tibi, Guillelme,
Alias uxori mee,
In sponsalio tuo
Castrum de Balasuco," etc.

This Count Bernard IV. was the grandson of Peter de Melgueil, and had been brought up under the tutelage of the Countess Almodis, who was still alive. He had the sterling qualities of his ancestor. At one time, however, he assumed some rights over the lagoon, but afterwards renounced them, promis-

ing to defend them against all attacks, and, by way of reparation, to furnish the canons of Maguelone an excellent repast every year on the festival of the Assumption. He was a benefactor to the churches in his domains; among others, to that of St. Jacques de Melgueil, one of whose former clergy was about to receive the tiara under the name of Adrian IV. When Count Bernard's end drew near, desirous of dying under the monastic vows—not an uncommon thing in the ages of faith—he received the religious habit from the prior of St. Chaffre in Velay, and ordered himself to be buried among his new brethren, to whom he bequeathed five thousand sols, besides an annual rent of one hundred and twenty more.

In 1130 Pope Innocent II. came to Maguelone, where he was received by Bishop Raymond I. and Guillem VI. of Montpellier, who escorted him to the abbey of Saint-Gilles. He afterwards recognized this attention by taking Guillem's fief under his protection and proclaiming him the special knight of St. Peter—*specialem B. Petri militem.* Guillem was particularly devout to Our Lady, and built the votive chapel of Notre Dame du Palais adjoining his own castle, and had it consecrated by Bishop Raymond. Successive popes conferred great privileges on it. In 1162 Alexander III. exempted it from all interdict, so that the Holy Sacrifice could always be celebrated therein. It had so great a number of relics that it became known as the Sainte Chapelle of Montpellier. Louis XII. gives it this name in a document of 1510. Don Jayme el Conquistador established a college of canons there for the daily celebration of the divine office.

Guillem VI. first distinguished himself on the battle-fields of Palestine. Later in life he covered himself with new glory in the Spanish crusade against the Moors. He became the guardian of Beatrix, the only child of Bernard IV. of Melgueil, whom he gave in marriage to Bérenger Raymond of Provence. Her daughter Ermessinde married Raymond VI. of Toulouse, which made him, as we shall see, afterwards claim the domains of Melgueil.

Guillem VI., at length feeling the emptiness of all human glory, embraced the monastic life in the Cistercian abbey of Grand-Selve, near Toulouse, leaving his son an unusual example of piety and valor.

Raymond I., at this time bishop of Maguelone, did not neglect the improvement of the holy isle. He built a chapter-house, a tower for the kitchen, a large cistern for general use, a lavatory in the cloister, and a new high altar in the cathedral. Behind this altar was the episcopal chair, according to the custom of ancient times. He also gave books, vestments, and rich ornaments to the church, built a wall around the public cemetery, and erected the Domum Molendi, which contained lodgings for the lay brothers and stables for the horses of guests.

In the year 1162 Pope Alexander III., constrained by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to leave Italy, landed at Maguelone on Wednesday of Holy Week, and while here consecrated the new high altar in honor of SS. Peter and Paul. Jean de Montlaur I., who was then bishop, accompanied him to Montpellier. The pope was clothed in pontifical robes and mounted on a white palfrey. Guillem VII., lord of Montpellier, came

forth a mile to meet him with many barons and armed men, and served him as esquire. The pope remained three months at Montpellier as his guest, and while there held a council.

Guillem VII. was a chivalric knight and an able ruler. In advance of his age, he renounced what were then considered the rights of shipwrecks on the coast. He distinguished himself against the Moors in Spain, and maintained the rights of Pope Alexander III. in spite of the offers of Frederick Barbarossa to induce him to betray the pope into his hands when he re-embarked for Italy three years after. The pope did not forget this, and not only granted him many religious privileges, but obliged the Genoese to cease infesting his shores. It was at Maguelone Alexander embarked. The small vessel he sailed in was attacked by the Ghibellines of Pisa, and he was obliged to put back and await the arrival of the Sicilian galleys, which enabled him to regain his dominions. After his return to Rome he wrote a letter to the canons of Maguelone expressing his gratitude for their hospitality :

"Alexander, bishop and servant of the servants of God, to our beloved sons, the provost and canons of Maguelone, health and apostolic benediction.

"The extraordinary devotion and generosity you have constantly manifested towards the Roman Church and to us from the beginning of our pontificate, and especially after the misfortune that forced us to take shelter anew among you, is always present to our mind, as well as the recollection of your fervent lives and the purity of your faith. Therefore, cherishing you with the singular affection merited by all who are consecrated to God and devoted to us, we wish not only to express our sense of your merits, but to promote the prosperity of your church.

"You are too interested in our success not to rejoice at the happy results wrought by divine grace through your prayers and the piety of the faithful everywhere. We arrived safely at port after many dangers, not only from the sea but the snares that had been laid for us, and entered Rome the ninth of the kalends of December, at the urgent prayer of the senators, nobles, clergy, and people. We doubt if any of our predecessors were ever received with more honor and respect, or more peacefully. After a welcome repose of seven days at the palace of the Lateran we solemnly proceeded with an immense procession to the church of St. Peter, where, thanks to divine grace, we were magnificently received. We have, therefore, every reason to hope that God will soon bestow on us and his church the desirable benefits of peace.

"As for us personally, we cannot thank you too warmly for the liberal attentions lavished on us at a time they were so much needed. We earnestly desire to make you some return as soon as circumstances permit, and will endeavor, according to the obligations of our state, to testify our gratitude by covering you and your church with our protection, as well as the rights with which you have been invested.

"Given at the Lateran, the second of the nones of December."

Jean de Montlaur, at this time the bishop of Maguelone, belonged to a proud family distinguished for the valor of its knights. One of them accompanied Raymond de

Saint-Gilles in the first Crusade. There is something chivalric in the device the bishop himself assumed: "*Labora sicut miles Christi.*" He kept up the state of a *grand seigneur*, and had his esquires, couriers, and a great train, for which he seems to have been reproved by Alexander III. He appears, however, to have won the confidence of his flock. He made peace between the Count of Melgueil and Guillem VII. of Montpellier, and the latter by his will left him guardian of the young Guillem VIII. and the administrator of his estates.

Guillem VIII. proved to be one of the boldest barons of the south, and, faithful to the religious traditions of his family, became the defender of the church against the Albigenses. But his daughter Maria married Pedro II. of Aragon, who unfortunately allied himself with Raymond VI. of Toulouse and was killed in the glorious battle of Muret.

These old lords of Montpellier had become powerful in proportion to the increase of their capital, and their piety equalled their valor. They placed Montpellier under the protection of Notre Dame des Tables, and the city arms bore her image with the legend:

"Virgo Mater Deum ora,
Ut nos juvet omni hora."

It was under them that this ancient sanctuary acquired fresh celebrity. In times of public danger the consuls came here to lay the keys of the city at the feet of Our Lady and confide its destinies to her care. They founded a daily Mass at her altar for its prosperity, with a special collect for the welfare of the inhabitants.* In the time of a great plague they had a wax taper made, long enough to extend around the walls of the city, and, after it was blessed, rolled it on a cylinder and bore it to the church of Notre Dame des Tables, where it burned night and day, and in proportion as it was consumed the plague was stayed. When the pestilence reappeared thirty years after they had a gigantic candle made, a finger in diameter, and thrice the circuit of the city in length, which was likewise burned at Our Lady's altar. A perpetual light called the *Raisench* was kept here from time immemorial, maintained by the contributions of the faithful. A gentleman named Michael Teinturier, in bequeathing a sum for this purpose in 1485, said the care of this sacred light had been in his family for two hundred years, and he conjured his descendants to be always ready to make up any deficiency in the sum requisite for its support, that it might continue to burn for ever. So great was the confidence of the public in the protection of Notre Dame des Tables that there were more than a hundred foundations for perpetual services in her church. The old knights came here to make their vigil and be armed. The faculties of theology, medicine, and civil law here received the doctor's cap and took their oaths. Nine popes visited this church, and numerous kings and princes. Under its shadow the glorious St. Roch was born, in a house that almost touched it. Sir Louis de Sancerre,* one of the great marshals of France, founded herein the chapel of St. Sauveur

* Ut populum Montispessulanum sub Beatissimæ Dei genetricis Mariæ tutela, quondam a suo domino temporali commissum, ipsius Virginis meritis et precibus, in sancta et concordi unitate custodias, in consiliis dirigas, et continua tuitione defendas.

* This great knight was so devout to the Blessed Mother of God that, according to Sir John Froissart, his very battle-cry was: "Our Lady for Sancerre!"

out of gratitude for his recovery from an alarming illness. Here Don Jayme of Aragon was brought as soon as he was born, to be offered to Our Lady, and all his life it was his favorite sanctuary. When he fell seriously ill at Montpellier he had himself transported to this church that he might pray, and, being suddenly healed, he presented it with a votive picture to commemorate the event. Jean de Montlaur II., Bishop of Maguelone, established the Fête des Miracles in thanksgiving for the numberless cures wrought here. It was celebrated on the 31st of August, and in connection with it was a solemn novena in which all the guilds of Montpellier took part. On the eve the vestibule of the church was illuminated, and the *pélissiers*, or fur-dealers, opened the festival with music and the singing of hymns till a late hour. This was called making the joyous *véjolade*, or vigil. The next day the *pébriers*, or grocers, came in procession, and in another direction the consuls appeared with minstrels and a vast train. On the first of September all who had the keys and guardianship of the principal gates, towers, and fortresses of the city, those who presided over the interests of commerce, and all the subordinates of the consulate, made a procession through the city with lights and music. The *Magestat antiqua* was devoutly borne under a canopy by a confraternity specially consecrated to the service of Our Lady, and the streets through which they passed were brilliantly illuminated. There was a particular office for this great festival, which the people all joined in singing. And the sail-makers, silk-workers, linen-drapers, *cambiadours* or money-changers, butchers, etc., all had their part in the novena. These guilds presented a magnificent reredos of pure silver for the altar of the Madonna, on which was represented in bold relief the coronation of the Virgin surrounded by saints —a work of immense value.

The church of Notre Dame des Tables, founded by the ancient bishops of Maguelone, endowed by the counts of Melgueil, and favored by the lords of Montpellier, was ruined by the Huguenots of the sixteenth century, and again by the revolutionists of the eighteenth; but the antique Magestat was saved, and no one should visit Montpellier without going to honor it in the ancient chapel of the Jesuits, where it is now preserved.

But to return to the counts of Melgueil. The male line being extinct, Raymond VI. of Toulouse laid claim to their domains on the part of his wife, Ermessinde, granddaughter of Count Bernard IV. In 1209 he thought it advisable to beg Pope Innocent III. to receive his homage as Count of Melgueil. This would be obtaining the papal sanction to his pretensions, though he thereby acknowledged himself a vassal of the Holy See and gave the pope a right to proceed against him in case of disloyalty. The pope did not see fit, however, to accept his homage. When Count Raymond received absolution at Saint-Gilles for his crimes, he consented, among other things, to renounce his rights to the Comté of Melgueil should he ever violate his oath of fidelity. Having broken it afterwards in the most flagrant manner, his vast estates were confiscated, and Pope Innocent, at the petition of the nobles and people, who formally declared themselves subjects of the Roman pontiff, took possession of Melgueil, and in 1215

made it a fief of the bishops of Maguelone, who henceforth bore the title of the counts of Melgueil, or at least till the end of the eighteenth century. But this was not without repeated attempts on the part of the French monarchy to dispossess them. The domains of the Count of Toulouse having reverted to the crown, even Queen Blanche and Louis IX. were persuaded they had a right to Melgueil. But such was St. Louis' faith in the justice of the Holy See that he took the pope himself as arbiter. Clement IV. then occupied the chair of St. Peter. He was noted for his knowledge of civil law. He was, moreover, a native of Saint-Gilles, and had been archbishop of Narbonne. He therefore knew everything concerning the south of France and the affair in question. His reply is still extant, dated September 16, 1266, and contains an outline of the whole case, showing that Melgueil lawfully belonged to the church of Maguelone.

About the same time Clement IV. made a very curious and grave accusation against the bishop of Maguelone (Bérenger de Fredol). He reproaches him for "outraging the King of Glory" by coining money *cum titulo Mahometi*—with the ensigns of the false prophet. "In vain can you entrench yourself behind custom as an excuse for your fault," says he to the bishop. "Instead of justifying yourself, you would only incriminate your predecessors, for such a custom would be a proof of corruption. If it is a love of gain that has given rise to it or perpetuates it, such speculation only serves to lessen the consideration due the episcopal dignity, and we would not tolerate it even in a mere cleric."

The bishop of Agde was also reproved by Pope Clement for the same fault. St. Louis, too, reproached Alphonse II., Count of Toulouse, about the same time, for allowing money to be struck in the territory of Venaissin with a legend giving Mohammed the title of "Prophet of God." Similar money was likewise struck by King Jayme I. of Aragon.

This was the money called *millarès*—a fraction of the silver bezant—struck for commercial purposes, a trade being kept up all along the coast with the East, and even with the Moors, in spite of the wars in Spain. This money disappeared rapidly after it fell under the condemnation of Clement IV.

Philippe le Bel harassed the bishops of Maguelone in his time, hoping to induce them to renounce their hold on the domains of Melgueil; but they appealed to the popes, who, after they took up their residence at Avignon, could more easily afford them protection. Boniface VIII. and John XXII. both checked the royal pretensions. It was not till the religious wars of the sixteenth century gave the King of France authority over the whole country that the bishops were left with the mere title and a remnant of their fief. During those disastrous wars the ancient castle of Melgueil, though of great strength, was destroyed. The present château is of the seventeenth century, with a remnant of the old walls encrusted here and there.

Nothing concerning the island of Maguelone is more interesting than the glimpse of ecclesiastical life here during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as revealed by the Statutes of the collegiate corps, a copy of which on parchment, dated

August 26, 1333, is still preserved in the archives of the department of Hérault. They are full of details concerning the habits of the canons, and are well worth studying as a picture of mediæval times, but we can only glance at them here and there.

The religious community of Maguelone constituted a little republic, the bishop being chosen by vote from its members—*primus inter pares*—a privilege accorded by Pope Urban II. It was composed of the regular canons who follow the rule of St. Augustine. There were over sixty who had a voice in the elections. Besides these there were many lay brothers, and also *donati*, or laymen who gave themselves, and sometimes their property, to the community, that they might participate in the religious privileges of the house—a kind of devotion perpetuated in the diocese as late as the eighteenth century. They occupied a group of buildings surrounded by fortified walls that were pierced by several gateways defended by ravelins—the principal one by a drawbridge. These could only be entered at stated times, and the canons who were detained from home till a late hour were obliged to remain in an outer house till morning. Besides the residence of the bishop and canons, the walls enclosed the cathedral and adjoining cloister. This group of buildings constituted a regular fortress with every means of defence. There was a tower in front of the church, on which sentinels kept watch day and night, and announced the hours with a trumpet. Their lodgings were also on the top, which was reached by a ladder, and there was a cord with a basket at the end for the purpose of sending up their rations. The cathedral itself was one of the best-fortified churches on the coast. The walls were of enormous thickness, in order to support the roof, which was flat and paved with stones so that engines of war could be set up for the defence of the island. This roof was surrounded by battlements, and between the immense buttresses were machicolations. The windows were deep, narrow, and few in number. Everything was stern, massive, and military, as if in honor of the God of Battles. The choir of the canons was an upper gallery at the west end of the church, where they could see everything, and yet not be seen themselves. The Blessed Sacrament, or, as it was called in the Statutes, "the Body of Christ," was suspended for safety above the high altar. It was the custom in ancient times to preserve the sacred species in this way in a gold or silver vessel in the form of a dove or tower, or in a shrine-like coffer artistically wrought. Incense of a superior quality was burned in a silver censer at the altars of Our Lady and St. Peter, and on the latter were kept *chasse-mouches* of peacocks' feathers, likewise an ancient custom, and doubly necessary here on account of the numerous flies. The pavement in winter was covered with straw. At Christmas time it was strewn with myrtle and rosemary. At Easter the walls were decorated with laurel, and the pavement was strewn with laurel and reeds. The latter alone were used on St. Pancras' day. There was a great affluence here on certain festivals, particularly the Pardon of SS. Peter and Paul. Four canons were annually chosen to receive the guests on this great occasion and supply their wants.

Outside the enclosure were the dwellings of the dependants and the church of St. Blaise. The latter was appropriated to what was called "the family"—that is, those in the employ of the canons, such as the boatmen, fishermen, masons, shoemakers, tailors, bakers, cooks, scullions, etc. This church was always to be kept suitably ornamented. A lamp was to burn there day and night, and it was provided with torches for the elevation of the Body of Christ at the daily Mass of the chaplain. Here the dead were deposited if brought too late to be carried into the cathedral. No excommunicated person was employed on the island, and every one was obliged to observe rigorously the fasts of the church. There were four men at the bakery, where all the bread consumed on the island was prepared, and there were mills to grind the wheat. Three gardeners were employed in summer and two in winter. The tailor and shoemaker had each an assistant. A barber was in attendance to shave and bleed, another man to bind and repair books, and a scribe to copy. The number of men employed by the canons must have been very great, for the island was the ecclesiastical centre of the diocese, vast numbers were brought here for burial, a crowd of poor people came daily to solicit alms, and the transportation of provisions, and the neighboring harbor, all caused a constant flux and reflux that required numberless servants.

The bridge connecting Maguelone with Villeneuve was the object of constant supervision, as it was the only way of communicating with the interior except by water. Sometimes, however, the winds were so violent as to make crossing the bridge perilous, and there were barks on the island to convey provisions and take people across at such times, and bring the dead to be buried.

The canons owned nearly all the shore as far as Cette, besides numerous lands and livings in the interior. These were, in part, remains of the ancient fiefs given by the sisters of St. Fulcran, and partly acquired by inheritance. Pope Gregory IX. enumerates them in a brief from Perugia in July, 1288. They consisted of the isles of Isclion and Fleix, towers and mills on the Lez and Mosson, the hills of Montseau and St. Bausille, the forest of Aresquier (where the canons obtained their wood), the castles of Lattes, Maureillan, and La Moisson, lands, vineyards, pastures, and meadows around Villeneuve, the villas of Lauret, St. Brès, and St. Sauveur, the Mas of Londres with its Baume or cave, and about thirty churches in the diocese (including Notre Dame des Tables), with many glebes and other dependencies from which the canons received tithes.

The major canons had generally some office apart from the service of the choir. The *chanoine ouvrier* attended to the repairs of the buildings. The *pontanier* superintended the bridges. And there were the infirmarian, librarian, and *aumônier*—then literally the almsgiver. The provost was at the head of temporal affairs and exercised the duties of a magistrate. They had a magnificent library for those days. In it Alban Thorer, or Torinus, discovered the treatise of Apicius, *De Re culinaria*, in the sixteenth century; but this by no means proves the canons to have been epicures, though they seem to

have had all the comforts of life. The Statutes say their bread was always to be of pure wheat well bolted and sifted, without any mixture of barley or other substance to affect the color and savor. This bread, however, was not only given to the canons but to the servants and all who received hospitality, whether Jew or Saracen. The *cellérier* was forbidden to open a new cask of wine for the household except in presence of the claustral prior. In the refectory there were benches or stools around the tables, a pulpit with a cushion for the clerk who read during meals, a brasier in the centre, chandeliers of wrought iron, shelves for dishes, a mortar to pound salt and spices, towels on the walls, a lead pipe to carry off slops, and fans to drive away flies, so numerous on this coast. When the bishop ate in the refectory a lighted candle was set before him.

At Christmas there was high cheer. At dinner there was good wine, *pain de Miséricorde* of Lammas wheat, salt meat, beef with *sauce piquante*, rabbits, pancakes with sugar (five for each person, and more if he wished), cheese, wafers with nectar, all in abundance for the guests as well as the canons. At supper they had ham, cheese, and fruit—that is, each one had an apple, half a pear, two dates, besides figs, nuts, filberts, with nectar and wafers.

There were also generous repasts at Easter, Whitsunday, St. Augustine's day, and the feast of the provost. On the Sundays and Fridays of Advent and Lent twenty figs apiece were given to the canons, served on a large brass platter, and on other days nuts and filberts.

In the course of the year there were several *Miséricordes*. These were, strictly speaking, services for the dead for which funds had been left, providing, moreover, a repast for the celebrants; and the term in a secondary sense was given to the unusual supplies at the table. On St. Agnes' day there was a Miséricorde for the soul of Guillaume Gaucelm, on which occasion the cook was provided with six sheep, six goats, and two hams. (We must not forget the immense number of retainers to consume them.) In the month of March there were two Miséricordes, one of which was for the soul of Dame Ermessinde, who had given the canons the castle of Puéchabon, on which occasion a similar supply of "funeral baked meats" was furnished forth, but not coldly.

The personal habits of the canons, who for the most part belonged to the noblesse, is indicated by the numerous lavatories, the injunctions as to cleanliness, and the order to keep the herbage that grew in the pathways and cemetery always cut, that their robes might not be soiled when they walked out. Their outer garment was always to be long. They could wear no robes or shoes that were green or red. They must have no gilded spurs or bridles; no hawks or falcons for hunting or to carry on their wrists. They were not to lend money at usury. Each canon had a bedstead of polished wood, with three mattresses, two feather pillows, two good coverlets, and the necessary linen. And there was a mattress in the choir for the little canons to sleep on, if they were overpowered during the nocturnal offices—an almost maternal provision for those of tender years consecrated to a religious life after the manner of the times. Lanterns

made of parchment, or skin, were also furnished them.

The canons of Maguelone have not escaped the accusation of becoming relaxed in their discipline, but only one grave charge has been brought against them, and of this, we believe, there is nothing more than circumstantial evidence. It would be surprising, however, if in the course of five or six centuries nothing occurred to be deplored in this little sacerdotal world. However this may be, it is no small glory to have so long maintained a house of prayer on this coast infested by corsairs everywhere else pillaging and murdering, and to have kept a Christian hostelry in the largest sense of the word, where the poor, the infirm, and the leper were welcomed and fed with the most delicate charity.

The brother who served the guests was to be modest, discreet, and cordial, able to discriminate character and condition, in order to meet the requirements of all. He was to be affable in manner and language, and eager to render service, so as to give satisfaction to the guests by his attention and charity, and afford them no cause to complain of the servants of God or spread abroad any report of which they would be ashamed; showing more kindness and thoughtfulness toward pilgrims and strangers than to the friends and relatives of the canons, for it is they who particularly represent Jesus Christ, and in view of whom he said: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." The guests' hall was to be furnished with napkins, towels, plates, glasses, etc., which were to be kept clean. There was to be a sufficient supply of fresh bread and wine always on hand, especially at night. Another servant prepared the chambers and kept them clean. Thirty beds were to be kept always ready for poor clerics, and the aumônier was to see they were well treated. However numerous they might be, supper was always given them, and a dinner the next day, but they could not return under a week. At Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide they could remain two days.

The aumônier distributed alms every day after Vespers to all the poor who came to Maguelone, and a supply of bread was laid by every night after supper for any poor person who might arrive hungry after dark. And when the winds rendered it unsafe to traverse the bridge the aumônier used to send provisions to the poor at the other end, where a porch was built to shelter them. If any one died on the island, cleric or layman, without means to pay for his burial, the aumônier was obliged to furnish everything necessary.

Lepers were not allowed to come further than the gate of the Orme. There they received half a loaf apiece and a measure of wine, but no one could return under eight days.

The very animals of the guests were not forgotten. They were furnished with hay, oats, or fresh grass, according to the season.

The canons daily performed the pious ceremony of washing one another's feet, according to the injunction of our Saviour to the disciples. They likewise washed the feet of the poor at stated times. Warm water was always kept ready for this purpose, and shoes were given to each one, with a portion of food equal to that of a canon. On Holy Thursday, in particular, there was

a Mandatum for the poor, who, after their feet were washed, were taken into the refectory, where the bishop, or whoever the officiant might be, kissed each one's hands, gave him a dernier (about ten cents), and after dinner a loaf of bread and some wine. There were six of these poor men for the bishop, four for the provost, and one for each canon.

When one of the canons died all the bells on the island were tolled, and alms given to the poor for the solace of his soul. If he died at Montpellier, where the patients were often sent for medical advice, the bells of three churches there were tolled, and his body was taken to Notre Dame des Tables, where it was covered with cloth of gold and surrounded by six burning torches. When it was transported to Maguelone all the church bells along the way were tolled, and the canons went out to meet it with torches at the gate of the Orme, and carried it to the cathedral, where candles were placed around the bier, and incense was burned to neutralize any offensive odor.

A great number of laymen were also brought to Maguelone to be buried. Barons and knights were borne hither with banner, armor, and steed. The banners were suspended in the church, and the bucklers in the cloister. The horses were given to the provost. All the members of the cortége, were they even a thousand in number, were furnished with bread and wine and the same portion as the canons, but they took their food standing. Those who served in the kitchen, bakery, infirmary, or almonry were not allowed to aid in burying the dead. This duty devolved on the boatmen, fishermen, herdsmen, and those employed at the laundry.

The highest prosperity of Maguelone was in the time of the Crusades, when Southern France naturally had maritime supremacy. But when navigation made progress, and harbors were required corresponding to the greater size of vessels and the increased commercial activity, the insufficiency of this small port became apparent. Besides, the place was unhealthy, its population decreasing, and the situation too isolated for the residence of a bishop. Accordingly Pope Paul III. authorized Bishop Pélissier* to transfer the see to Montpellier in 1536.

The Huguenots took possession of the island in 1562 and repaired the fortifications, and again in 1572. It was hazardous to leave the place to be occupied by domestic or foreign enemies, and Louis XIII. had it dismantled and all the buildings destroyed but the cathedral and one or two houses. The ruins became a quarry for builders. The canal connecting the lagoons along the coast from Aiguesmortes to Cette was built in a great measure from the ruins of Maguelone. Even the old tombstones were carried off. But the cathedral walls seemed to defy the hand of man as well as the elements, and what the Huguenots spared might well be respected. This church is interesting to study on account of its military character, and there is a sombre majesty about it that is impressive. It is of the style that marks the transition from the round arch to the pointed, and is cruciform in shape. SS. Peter and Paul still stand at the western portal with key and sword, where they have stood seven hundred years

* Bishop Pélissier's learning was proverbial, and he was so devoted to the study of antiquities that he scarcely took time to eat or sleep.

faithful to their trust. The main altar is to the east. At the right of it is the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, which, after the tomb of Cardinal de Canillac was erected here, took his name. Several tombstones of the Canillac family are still to be seen. It is here that popular tradition, more poetic than true, points out the tomb of the Belle Maguelone, the heroine of Bernard de Tréviès. It is of Pyrenean marble. Its sides are covered with arabesques, but not in the highest style of art. It was Bernard de Tréviès who in 1178 composed the Latin inscription in leonine verse to be seen as you enter the church:

"Ad portvm vite sitientes qviqve venite.
Has intrando fores, vestros componite mores.
Hinc intrans ora, tva semper crimina plora.
Qviqvid peccatvr lacrimarvm fonte lavatvr."

For seven centuries these lines have been read and pondered—a permanent sermon in stone, a memorial of the faith of the olden time which must always touch the heart that feels a thirst for the higher life—feels the need of expiation!

The pavement of the church is covered with sepulchral inscriptions, spread out like a vast scroll, on which are graven the names or emblems of those who will rise from beneath when the island gives up its long-buried dead.

There are several figures of bishops in pontifical robes, with mutilated faces, and high up on the wall is the epitaph of Gaucelm de Deaux, Bishop of Maguelone from 1367 to 1373. Everywhere are scars and marks of the shameful orgies of the Huguenots.

The cathedral and adjoining house were occupied by Mehemet Effendi, ambassador of Sultan Achmet III., while in quarantine during the plague at Marseilles. Strange destiny! The place that had been destroyed by Charles Martel for harboring the Moors now became an asylum for the Turks in the reign of Louis XV.

---

## IRELAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In 1788 there was published in London a work entitled *The Compleat Irish Traveller*. The writer preferred to remain anonymous, but his remarks on the people of the green isle, their manners and their customs, are couched in so fair a spirit, and exhibit such a striking contrast to those of many other English writers of his own and later periods, that one can hardly help regretting his resolution. He visited Ireland imbued with many prejudices and prepared to find a people displaying characteristics very different to those which he really found. He tells us in his introduction that "the inhabitants, in general, are very far from being, what they have too often and unjustly been represented by those of our country [*i.e.*, England] who never saw them, a nation of wild Irish; since I have been in Ireland I have traversed from north to south and from west to east, but more particularly through the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, and generally found them civil and obliging, even amongst

the lowest class of the natives. Miserable and oppressed as by far too many of them are, an Englishman will find as much civility, in general, as amongst the same class in his own country; and for a small pecuniary consideration they will exert themselves to please you as much as any people, perhaps, in the king's dominion. Poverty and oppression will naturally make mankind sour, rude, and unsociable, and eradicate, or at least suppress, all the more amiable principles and passions of humanity. But it should seem unfair and ungenerous to judge of, or decide against, the natural disposition of a man reduced by indigence and oppression almost to desperation. Let commerce, agriculture, and arts but call forth the dormant activity of their genius, and rouse the native spirit of enterprise which now lies torpid within them; let liberal laws unfetter their minds and plenty cheer their tables, they will soon show themselves deserving to rank with the most respectable societies in Europe."

As a matter of course the first portion of the country described by our traveller was Dublin and its vicinity. The metropolis appears to have fully satisfied his anticipations and to have impressed him favorably. He justly remarks that "to expect many works of the fine arts in a country but just recovering from an almost uninterrupted warfare of near six hundred years would be to look for the ripe fruits of autumn in the lap of spring." He visited Trinity College, where in the museum they showed him the skeleton of a so-called "ossified man," and that of an unhappy boy whose stature the notorious Bishop Berkeley claimed to have increased to seven feet high at the age of sixteen by the adoption of certain treatment; "but so disproportioned were his organs that he contracted an universal imbecility both of body and mind, and died of old age at twenty."

The visitor found hackney carriages much used in Dublin, owing chiefly, in his opinion, to the badness of the streets, and "sedan-chairs everywhere as common as about St. James'." He had heard much of the drinking habits of the Irish, but was "happily disappointed; the bottle is circulated freely, but not to that excess we have heard it was, and I, of course, dreaded to find." He experienced the wonted hospitality and was received with the renowned geniality of the Irish people. The mist of his prejudices fled, as have those of many other strangers, before the sunshine of the nameless charm which, spite of wrong and misrule, pervades Irish social and family life. He never found, he tells us, in his intercourse with the merchants of Dublin, "a stinted dinner at two o'clock, with a glass of port after it; but you find a table not only plentifully but luxuriously spread, with choice of wines both at dinner and after it; and which gives the highest zest to the entertainment, your host receives you with such an appearance of liberality, and indeed urbanity, as is very pleasing. Here they betray no attention to the counter, discover no sombrous gloom of computation, but display an open frankness and social vivacity of spirit."

The first provincial journey made by our traveller was one through the southeastern portion of the island, during which he saw and duly described the far-famed beauties of the County Wicklow; passed through Wexford, Tagh-

mon, and other towns to Waterford—a city which made a favorable impression on his recollection. From Waterford he returned to Dublin via Carlow, anent the county of which name and its inhabitants he notes that "the soil of this part does not promise much; but the hospitable tables of the inhabitants are furnished with the utmost plenty and elegance. Their principal joy consists in entertaining those who visit them. As soon as any company come to their houses word is sent to most of their relations, who join and make the sweetest concord in the world. After two or three days spent in innocent pleasure you are all invited to another gentleman's, with the same agreeable round of mirth; and so on till you have gone through the whole race. The day of parting is the only day of grief or discontent." He visited Mount Leinster and the "round church called Drimesen, much esteemed by the Roman Catholics. . . . Whenever any of that race expire they leave it in their wills that they shall be buried in Drimesen churchyard; and some corps have been brought seventy miles to be interred here."

After our traveller had returned to the capital and "reposed for a few days," he started upon a tour through the south and southwestern counties, and *en route* visited Kildare, where he inspected the ruins of the cathedral and those of St. Brigid's Convent. From Kildare he proceeded to Kilcullen Bridge, and on his way thither "visited the seat of —— Eustace, Esq., which is a fine, large building, with a noble court before it, that bore the face of antiquity; but yet no decay appeared in any part. The situation is on the summit of a hill, and the front looks down from a high eminence into the river Liffey; but what charmed us beyond imagination was a vast body of water in an artificial bed of a large extent, where we saw a ship completely furnished, as if ready to make a long voyage by sea: her sails spread, her colours flying, anchors weighed, guns firing, and the sailors neatly dressed, every one at their proper function, with their usual sea-terms." The visitor was conducted on board this "ship," and there he found realism carried so far that part of the repast placed before him by the "worthy owner" consisted of "sea provisions and biscuits." At Kelly's Town he saw "a large ruined church dedicated to St. Patrick, and, as we were informed, built by that saint; if true, the foundation must be near fourteen hundred years old. It formerly belonged to the ancient family of the Cummins, a name still surviving, and numerous in this country. There are several of that name interred in the church, whose vaults are still remaining; yet we could find but one whose inscription was intelligible, as follows:

HOC JACET SUB LAPIDE HUGO MAC CUMMINS, 1603.

I only mention this to let you know that Protestant and Papist mingle together in the grave here." Near this church he was shown a well dedicated to St. Patrick, surrounded by a stone wall and shaded by large trees. His guide related to him the following legend: "A prophane wretch, who wanted wood for firing, repaired to this well to cut down one of these sacred trees. The first stroke he gave he imagined he saw his cabin in flames, and ran with the utmost speed to quench the fire; but when he came

there he found everything as he left them. He returned to his work again, and, giving another stroke, saw the flames rise higher than before, which obliged him to repair home a second time, when, finding all things safe as at first, he returned to the tree, and by his repeated strokes brought it down to the ground; but before he could drag it home he found his cabin and furniture entirely consumed to ashes. We were shewn the very spot where the cabin stood, and no one will venture to errect another in the same place, nor contradict the truth of this tradition."

The traveller visited Kilkenny, its castles and notable places, its marble-quarries, etc., and speaks in commendation of it generally. He tell us that "Kilkenny values itself upon its superior gentility and urbanity. It is much frequented by the neighbouring gentry as a country residence, has a stand of nine sedan-chairs, and is not without the appearance of an agreeable place. I went last night to their weekly assembly and was soon given to understand by one of my partners that Kilkenny has always been esteemed the most polite and well-bred part of the kingdom." He adds that "this was the seat of the old Ormond family. Here the last duke kept a court, as several of his predecessors had done, in a stile much more magnificent than any of the modern viceroys. The people imbibed the court manners; and manners remain long after their causes are removed. At present the inheritor of the castle and some of the appendant manors, a Roman Catholic gentleman, affects the state of his ancestors; his wife receives company as, I am told, the old Ormond ladies used to do; she never returns visits; and people seem disposed to yield her this pre-eminence."

The personal appearance of the people of the county won the writer's admiration, for he adds: "I am not singular in remarking that the peasants of this county are a most comely breed of men. They are generally middle-sized, and have almost universally dark-brown hair and eyes of the same colour. Their complexions are clear, their countenance grave, and their faces of that oval character which the Italian painters so much admire." He found the counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Carlow "overrun with lawless ruffians called Whiteboys"; and although occasionally some of them were taken prisoners and executed, and though, as he tells us, "excommunications are likewise read against them by their priests from the pulpit, yet they are so numerous it is not likely they will be soon extirpated."

Passing through the Golden Vale, he found the people of gallant Tipperary worthy his commendations, for he met with none "of that simplicity attributed by poets to the shepherd state; nothing like that surly awkwardness of our English clowns, who have one general answer, 'I don't know,' to almost every question a stranger asks." Arriving at Cork, he was agreeably disappointed, for he tells us he found it "a city large and extensive beyond my expectation. I had been taught to think worse of it, in all respects, than it deserves." "The inhabitants are hospitable and generous; they are rich and deal largely in provisions." "Before the Reformation there were no less than fifteen convents of religious belonging to this city." "It must, too, be observed that,

though the monasteries are destroyed, the monks remain to this day, and have regular service in their distinct houses as in the parish Mass-houses; in all of which they have a succession of services, on Sundays and holydays, from early in the morning till late at night, for the accommodation of their numerous votaries." After leaving Cork he proceeded to Kinsale, and thence to Bandon, whose people he found as stanch opponents of Catholicity as in the days when, according to tradition, they inscribed over their portals:

> "Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
> All may enter here,
> But not a Papist,"

for he records that "the inhabitants are such staunch Protestants that they will not let a Papist dwell among them, which proceeds from the ill-usage they have formerly received from them. They will not suffer a bag-piper to play in their hearing, or let one of the Popish religion, if known, though a traveller, lodge there one night."

After visiting some other places the tourist proceeded to Dublin, whence, after a short sojourn, he started upon a third journey. Visiting Leixlip, he viewed "Castletown, the seat of Mr. Connolly, the greatest commoner in the kingdom, whose house is fitted up in the most elegant modern taste, and whose mode of living is in the highest style of hospitality. He has a public news or coffee-room for the common resort of his guests in boots, where he who goes away early may breakfast, or who comes in late may dine, or he who would chuse to go to bed may sup before the rest of the family. This is almost princely." On this trip the writer, again entering Tipperary, visited Cashel, gazed with admiration at its famous Rock with the memorials of its former greatness and of the homage of its rulers to the Great Ruler of all. He writes: "You would be amazed, considering how thinly the country is inhabited, at the number of Romanists I saw on Sunday assembled together. Round the altar were several pictures, which being at the distance of a very long nave of an old monastery, I went round to the door of one of the transepts, in order to see them more distinctly." From Cashel he proceeded to the town of Tipperary, where he learned that "in this neighbourhood lives the descendant of him who gave the last and fatal stroke to the unhappy Charles. He had been a common dragoon in Cromwell's army, and for this service the usurper rewarded him with a captain's double debenture." On this journey also he visited Kanturk and saw the famous castle of the olden lords of Ealla, or Duhallow—the MacDonoghs. This castle was represented to "the virgin queen" as being such a formidable fortress that instructions were sent to the lord-deputy to prevent its completion. On this journey, too, he visited the old abbey of Kilcrea, and saw the bog of the same name, "formerly very incommodious and unprofitable, the middle of it being woody, bushy, and very deep, quite inaccessible, and edged on the east and west with red bogs, and, till about thirty years ago, frequented by wolves, to the great annoyance of the adjacent inhabitants." Passing on through Kerry, the traveller visited Ventry, and, stopping at Smerewick, viewed the remains of the fortification erected by the Spaniards in 1579 and called Fort del Ore. "The country people say that

the Spaniards buried the pope's consecrated banner somewhere near this place, with a considerable quantity of treasure. It is certain that a few years ago several croslets of pure gold were discovered on the lands near a small chapel which the Spaniards had erected about a mile from the fort." Calling at Castle Island, he found "a decent parish church, a good parsonage-house, a foot barrack, a session and market house, with a handsome assembly-room for dancing"; he adds: "There are, too, some tolerable inns here." From Castle Island he proceeded to Tulligarron, near which place Saunders, the Papal Nuncio, "died miserably of an ague and flux, brought on him by want and famine, in the wood Clonlish, in 1582."

The tourist describes one more journey, made through the northern counties, but the reader will probably consider that the extracts already made are sufficient to give a fair idea of the social and natural state of Ireland when the *Compleat Irish Traveller** was published.

---

## THE MAJOR'S MANŒUVRE.

### III.

THERE was a silence, during which Mr. Stonleigh was enabled to discover that his story failed to convey the slightest clue to that which he was desirous of uttering; and yet Miss Bridgebanke gazed at him in a strangely earnest way, as though she would read the innermost chapter of his thoughts. Could she have struck his meaning? Pshaw! Impossible! Would it not be better to deal openly, and, instead of beating about the bush, come straight to the point? He would. Fred Stonleigh grew very red in the face as he blurted:

"Miss Bridgebanke, may I—that is—my cousin—I mean the story—"

At this particular moment Mrs. Bridgebanke appeared at one of the glass window-doors, leaning upon the arm of Major Bagshawe; and as the worthy lady entered the apartment she observed in an angry whisper, directed to the gallant warrior's left "mutton-chop" whisker:

"Upon my voracity, major, I've done with your nephew. He shall not trifle with the feelings of *my* child. She may have a liking for him, but she's not completely enamelled, I can tell you, sir."

An awkward silence ensued. Marguerite was silent, puzzled by Stonleigh's manner. Mrs. Bridgebanke was silent, her feelings of indignation surmounting and stifling her utterance. The major was silent as he furtively glanced from his nephew to the winsome girl, whose distant manner bespoke an earnest pre-occupation. And Fred

* The full title-page of this work runs as follows: *The Compleat Irish Traveller*, containing a general Description of the most Noted Cities, Towns, Seats, Buildings, Loughs, etc., in the Kingdom of Ireland, Interspersed with Observations on the Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Curiosities, and Natural History of that Country. Illustrated with Elegant Copper Plates. London: Printed for the Proprietors and Sold by the Booksellers, price 14*s.* bound, 1788. The frontispiece represents "The Proprietors of the *Irish Traveller* presenting a Copy of that Work into the hand of Futurity to be preserved from the devastation of Time."

was silent, chagrined that his chance had slipped from him.

Luckily, Mr. Bridgebanke appeared upon the lawn, attired in a piscatorial costume that would have caused old Izaak Walton to rub his eyes for very wonder. His hat was a veritable hornet's nest, bristling with flies, and hooks, and spores, and artificial minnows. His body was encased in a wicker-work frame composed of fishing-baskets. His legs were thrust into india-rubber boots that reached up to his hips, while in his hands he carried a couple of fishing-rods, a landing-net, and a gaff that would have stranded a shark.

Immediately following him was a little man attired in a tattered overcoat ten sizes too large for him, the tails reaching to his heels. A well-browned *caubeen* sat jauntily upon his flaming red hair. His frayed shirt-collar stood boldly and defiantly out from his neck—a sort of linen *chevaux de frise*. He wore the remains of a once costly flowered-silk vest, while corduroy small-clothes, gray stockings, and brogues completed his *bizarre* costume. His eye was cradled in drollery, and as he glanced at the ex-tea-merchant's "get up" he shook his "gory locks," muttering: "It's frightenin' the crows he ought for to be, insted av payin' Larry Fogarty two shillins a day for bawlin' himself hoarse."

Mr. Bridgebanke, thrusting as much of his person as his basket-armor would permit into the room, and addressing Fred, exclaimed: "Now, then, I'm ready, my young friend. I think we'll get a rise, at all events. The trout is generally sulky about this 'ere hour, and keeps in the weeds; but we'll, ha! ha! weed him, sir, we'll weed him. Mr. Stonleigh, this is Barney Higgins, my fisherman. A regular character, sir, but a fine fisher. He lives in a little lodge that I had erected for him near the pond, for fear poachers might come and try the nets for that trout. Come here, Barney!"

"Arrah, what's delayin' ye?" was Barney's retort as he lounged over to the window. "I'm roasted in the sun here like a herrin', an' I'm dhrier nor a roach," adding upon perceiving the ladies: "I ax yer pardin, ma'am; I didn't know the quollity was in it."

"Did you see the trout to-day, Barney?" asked Marguerite, rising and approaching the window.

"Seen him? Troth, thin, I did, miss, lukkin' rosy an' well."

"Was he feeding?" demanded Mr. Bridgebanke anxiously.

"Dickins a feed. It's just divartin' himself he wor, the thief! an' the minit he seen me he giv wan luk wud his gimlet eye, as much as for to say, 'Don't ye wish ye may ketch me, Barney Higgins?' an' he was gone like a dhrink."

Mr. Bridgebanke rubbed his hands in ecstasy.

"I'm delighted he was in such good spirits, Barney. This ought to be a good day."

Barney looked up at the sky, glanced all round, ere he replied:

"We'll take a hait out av him, anyhow."

"He ought to be easily caught," observed the major.

"Aisy ketched!" retorted Barney with a disgusted air. "Wisha! but *you* wudn't ketch him, nor all the fusiliers and bombardiers in the British army wouldn't ketch him, nor th' ould boy himself wudn't ketch him. He's as 'cute as a pet fox, or the whale that swallied Juno."

A roar of laughter followed this

irate expression of Barney Higgins' feeling with reference to the feasibility of capturing the famous trout, in which Barney joined by an explosive grin.

"Trout are easily deceived," observed the discomfited major.

"That depends upon the bait," said Barney authoritatively. "Av yer bait 's infayriour yer bet up at wanst."

"What do you consider the best bait, Barney?" asked Fred, intensely amused.

"What soart?" Then, after a slight pause: "Worms is choice afther a flood, dough is shupayriour whin the fishes is leppin' lively, but av all the baits that iver consaled a hook there's none to aiquil corbait; it's the gayest decoy goin' now. A throut wud make a grab at a corbait av the rattles was in his throat an' a fourteen-pound pike grippin' him be the tail."

"I thought that flies—" began the major.

"Aisy, now, aisy, sir!" interposed Barney. "Flies is good enough whin ye know how for to tie thim yerself—whin ye can ketch a daddy-longlegs an' spit him like a lark, or a moth, or the tail-feather av a thrush, or the short wing-feather av a gray wran; but a fly isn't worth a rush on a pond like the masther's here."

"This *is* a character," said the major aside to Mrs. Bridgebanke.

"Isn't he, major? A genuine Hibernium."

"I'll draw him out again. Ahem! Where do you come from, Barney?"

"Faix, thin, it's not where I cum from that's thrubblin' me, sir, but it's where I'm goin' to."

"You're a Connaught-man, Barney, aren't you?" laughed Marguerite.

"Yis, miss, thrue for ye."

"What part of it?" demanded the major.

"Och, it's contagious to the Atlantic Ocean."

"Poor quarters, eh?"

"It's a bad billet, there's no denyin' it."

"Moist, eh?"

"Moist! Wisha, it's always under wather; the very snipes has the new-ral-gy. Sorra a Christian man cud live in it, barrin' he was a saygull or an ould army vetheran—an' they'll live where another man wud starve," with a glance of malicious drollery at the major.

"We'd better be moving to the pond," exclaimed Mr. Bridgebanke hastily. "Lead the way, Barney; and here, take an additional rod. You'll find one in my study."

"Peter," said Mrs. Bridgebanke, "I wish to commune with you."

"My dear, I couldn't speak to anybody just now," responded her husband, rapidly retreating.

"But it is of the highest irrelevance."

"It must keep. Come along, Mr. Stonleigh; every minute lost while this breeze lasts is worth a Jew's eye."

## IV.

Mr. Fred Stonleigh, on his return to Dublin, sought his kinsman, and, still under the impression that Marguerite was the daughter of the house, resolved upon giving the weak-minded young officer a piece of stern counsel akin to ordeal by court-martial. Missing Jimmy Byecroft at the United Service Club, he took an outside-car and drove straight to the Richmond Barracks, where he found his man engaged in the act of dressing for mess.

"Halloo, Fred! What's up?" demanded the youthful warrior, while he completed the knotting of a

white tie, and glancing at his cousin through the medium of the mirror.

"I want you to give me ten—"

"Pounds? I haven't a blessed bloomer; I—"

"Pshaw! listen to me. I want to talk to you—"

"Like a father," laughed the ensign.

"I must ask of you to be serious," said Stonleigh in a severe tone, as he flung himself into a camp-chair. "Sit down, Jimmy. What I have to say to you is of the gravest importance."

"A *mitrailleuse* of grave importance opened on me and I can't get out of range," observed the other, hustling on his red jacket and seating himself on the edge of his iron bedstead. "By Jingo! Fred, now that I look at you, you seem as well stuffed with grave importance as a queen's counsel's bag."

"It is your habit, *mon ami*, to fling aside any thought that does not suit your humor. You will permit no shadow to cross your mind, no color but *couleur de rose*."

"Shadows become fixtures, if you let 'em rest, Fred," retorted the other. "But come, what's up? Let me hear the boom of the first gun."

"The Bridgebankes—"

"Oh! sets the wind in that quarter?" cried the ensign, flushing to the roots of his carefully-parted hair, and fiddling uneasily with the quilt with both hands. "*Cherchez la femme*, eh?"

"Yes, I come to speak to you of Miss Bridgebanke," said Stonleigh, his eyes riveted upon his kinsman.

"What have you got to say?" asked the other in a tone one half curious, one half *hauteur*.

"This: Your conduct in remaining away from their house under a shallow and shabby pretext has compelled me as your kinsman to act, and to snatch you from error, if not from dishonor."

"I—I don't mix myself up in *your* affairs, Fred," observed the ensign, clutching the brass foot-rail of his bed, "and, by Jove! I can't see that you have any right to busy yourself with mine."

"You have won the affections of a young and lovely girl, and—*you know it*," said Stonleigh with emphasis.

"Well!"

"A victory of which you should be greatly proud; and yet I find you—*you*, calling yourself a gentleman—"

"You are carrying this—"

"About to commit an act worthy of a trickster, a cheat, and a coward."

Byecroft sprang to his feet, crimson with anger and shame.

"Fred Stonleigh," he palpitated, "no man shall dare apply that word to me with impunity."

"Then why court it?"

"I do *not* court it, sir."

"Jimmy," said the other in a softer tone, "your heart is sound, I know it, and a little reflection will bring you face to face with yourself, old fellow; a little reflection will tell you that you would treat as a toy that which you should revere as a relic; that you would wantonly pluck a beautiful flower to let it wither and—die. You are about to fling aside a fair young girl, and leave to her but the bitter mockery of the memory of a blighted past."

Byecroft made no reply, but plunging his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers, and bending his head till his chin almost rested upon his chest, proceeded to pace the room with hasty and uneven strides.

"Should you yield," continued Stonleigh, every word cold, clear, and distinct, "your life will be clouded with the shadow of a remorse that will never fade, and you will hate, with a bitter hatred, the girl whom you cheated into a hollow marriage; whilst the fond remembrance of the old love will cling guiltily to you like the fragrance of a delicious but deadly perfume."

Byecroft still paced the room, Stonleigh following him alike with his gaze and with his words.

"You are playing for the highest stake that can be risked upon the board of life; lose it, and *you lose all.*"

Byecroft suddenly ceased striding up and down the apartment, and, stopping opposite Stonleigh, flung out his hand.

"Forgive me, Fred," he said. "You are right, old boy; you are straight, old fellow—straight as Sir Galahad. There 's a screw loose in my nature, Fred, and I can't say where it is. I'm awfully 'unfit to say no.' I'm not a bad lot. I'm not an ungrateful beggar. I shouldn't have acted as I did if the major—"

"Do you mean to tell me, Jimmy," interposed the other, "that you are a piece of wax for the major to mould at will?"

"No; but, you see, he said that love was putty, and that women's affections were as unreliable as shilling gloves, and that Miss Bridgebanke was caught by the glare of my red coat; and that if I married her I would be called 'Congou,' in allusion to the tea business, and that the mess would declare I was suited to a 'T.' You wouldn't care to be called Congou, would you?" naïvely demanded the ensign.

"Pshaw!" was the other's reply, accompanied by a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"Besides, Fred, I wasn't quite game for marrying, and—however, I acted like a cad, and I would like to do the correct thing, old fellow; but, per Bacco! you must help me. It will be an awful business to have to face the family, to run the gauntlet of the whole lot, and turn 'em round as if I was dancing Sir Roger de Coverley or a Virginia reel."

And the expression of dismay on Mr. Byecroft's face as he uttered his imaginings was ludicrous to behold.

"See what's before me, Fred," he continued after a pause. "First of all comes the old man. Unless he has caught that trout he'll stick a harpoon in *me*. Secondly—ah! I say, Fred, there's another staggerer in the business. I allude, and of course in the most respectful way, to the old lady. Isn't *she* a very remarkable specimen?"

"Well, she's—"

"For one woman isn't she a remarkable woman?"

"I cannot—"

"Isn't she a caution? I ask you as a man and a brother, isn't she a caution?" persisted the ensign.

"She's good-natured and hospitable, and from what I have seen of her I like her," said Fred stoutly.

"Would you like her for a mother-in-law?"

"You are not marrying Mrs. Bridgebanke."

"Won't she astonish some of our swell female acquaintances? Would it be a proper thing to spread a report that in early life an irate schoolmistress had rapped her on the head with a Johnson's dictionary, and that this rap has since set her words a little astray?"

After some further conversation of a more serious nature Jimmy Byecroft absolutely pledged himself to shake off the evil counsel of the major, to act as a gentleman by asking forgiveness at Assam House, but on the condition that his cousin should prepare the preliminaries of peace with Miss Bridgebanke.

"I don't want to have any crying, Fred. If she cries I'll cry—by Jove! I will. I could not help myself; and then she'll treat me as a fool for the rest of my life. Say what you like to her; *you* can make my peace in a few of your bang-up words. It would take me an hour's stammering before I could say 'Forgive me.'"

Fred Stonleigh, having pledged himself to see Miss Bridgebanke and to make his cousin's peace, resolved upon swallowing the bitter cup with all possible haste; and the next morning found him *en route* to Assam House, accompanied by the quavering warrior.

Stonleigh knew full well the influence the major possessed over his weak-minded kinsman, and that delay meant danger. And it was a dreary task which he had undertaken to perform—to plead another's cause when he would have pleaded his own; to utter words for another when whole passion-laden sentences were leaping from his heart to his lips.

Love seldom parleys, never reasons. Love had descended upon him in a rose-colored cloud, and he could no more resist its influence than that of the air which he breathed. He had seen this girl but twice, yet he felt as if he had known her for ever. She was a stranger to him, yet his life seemed welded to hers. Her loveliness was with him sleeping or waking, and her sweet, low voice sounding like music in his ears.

And yet she was not for him. His life should be led apart from hers. Her heart had gone from her to another, and the impossible sternly confronted hope at the very outset. His the grim, narrow path of duty; and yet—could he have won her had she been free? Something in her earnest eyes, something in her dulcet voice, something in her shy reserve beckoned to him in an unreal, dreamy way; but he never allowed these thoughts, rapturous though they might be, an instant's vantage-ground; he pushed them sternly aside as though with a mailed hand.

What a change can come over a man in a few hours! How the spirit of his life-dream alters! Fred Stonleigh, who had led that lazy, good-for-nothing life which ever whispers "Go with the tide"; who cared not for the morrow, since it was sure to bring its allotted measure of pleasure; who never permitted his mind to agitate itself save on such questions as pilling a man at the club, a bet at Punchestown, or the health of a horse or dog as the hunting and shooting season approached, suddenly awoke to find his existence dull, dreary, unbearable, giving nothing save gray ash, bearing nothing but Dead-sea fruit.

With the resolve to aid his cousin came the resolve to aid himself—to do something that would kill the gnawing that had already commenced at his heart. Work! But what work? Travel! Yes, he would seek in change of scene to efface all memories of Marguerite Bridgebanke. This is the resolve of many a love-sick swain, and it has cured many a man ere now.

Up the ribbon-bordered carriage-

way that led to Assam House Fred grimly stalked, followed by his cousin, who kept the stalwart person of his kinsman well between him and the house. A turn in the avenue revealed Marguerite Bridgebanke to Fred, who, turning to the ensign, briefly whispered, "She is here."

Marguerite sat upon a garden-chair, reading, her back to the two men.

"You go on, Fred," urged the ensign in a low, nervous tone. "Give me a few moments here to pull myself together. Say that it was all a mistake, and that I'm howling with shame. You can call me when the ice is strong enough to skate upon."

"Why can't you be a man and—"

"It's all very well, Fred, but I'd rather lead a forlorn hope than face a girl with tears in her eyes. Remember your promise—stand by me."

With a contemptuous and angry gesture Stonleigh strode forward, and, stalking across the velvet grass, came up to where Marguerite was seated, and exclaimed with a forced laugh:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Bridgebanke."

The girl started, crimsoning violently as she exclaimed, "Mr. Stonleigh!"

"Pardon my abruptness. It was awfully stupid of me," said Fred, as he bent over her gracefully-extended hand.

"Your voice startled me, Mr. Stonleigh; for, by a strange coincidence, I was actually thinking of you at that particular moment."

"Thinking of *me*, Miss Bridgebanke? What a chance for so poor a wayfarer!"

"I was wondering if you would think it worth your while to visit us again."

"Worth my while!" he exclaimed. "This is too bad; it's shabby. If I were remaining in Ireland you would see a great deal too much of me."

He fancied she paled a little as she asked:

"Are you going away?"

"Yes, going away," he laughed. "Luckily my coming or going affects no one upon earth. It is 'Good-by, Fred; I suppose you'll look us up when you come back?' or 'Halloo, Fred! when did you turn up?' Stay, I am wrong," he added. "I have a dog, a veritable cur, that whines when I leave as if his heart would burst—a cur that is voted an intolerable nuisance by everybody within ear-shot of him."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Marguerite compassionately. "Who takes care of him whilst you are away?"

"He is left to the tender mercies of an elderly female who lives, moves, and has her being in the barley-bree."

"*Do* give him to *me*," urged Marguerite; then, ashamed of her own earnestness, she added: "I mean—that is, the people here are so fond of dogs that he will be treated right royally so long as it may please you to leave him with us."

"He is a cur with no redeeming point save that he loves his master, not wisely but too well," laughed Stonleigh, seating himself beside Miss Bridgebanke.

"And is not that a sufficient recommendation? Consider his passport *visé*, Mr. Stonleigh," merrily retorted the girl.

"I fear he is not for gentle treatment, Miss Bridgebanke; luxuries do not lie in his way. I shall be-

stow him upon an old pensioner of mine, and bid him a long farewell, as the chances are that when I return he will have repaired to the happy hunting-grounds of his race."

"You speak as though you meditated a prolonged absence," observed Marguerite, nervously crumpling the leaves of her book.

"'It may be for years, and it may be for ever,'" he gaily exclaimed, digging his heel into the grass. "Seriously, Miss Bridgebanke, I am weary of an existence which is utterly aimless, of a career without a noteworthy incident, save, perhaps, one. I must endeavor to create new interests, new impulses, new hopes. At present there is no light in the east for *me;* I am dry ash, a withered leaf, with every symptom of becoming an old fogy before my time, and of making my stand-point in life the centre window of the Stephen's Green Club. It won't make any difference if I drop out of the ranks. Smith or Jones steps into my place, and the march of life goes on uninterruptedly." Then he stopped, to exclaim with startling suddenness: "I am really ashamed of speaking so much of the miserable *ego*. What a gossiping imbecile to speak so much about myself, and forgetful, too, of my mission to your serene highness!" the undercurrent of suppressed excitement being so strong as to cause Stonleigh's manner to appear jocose, if not flippant.

Marguerite crushed down the leaves of her book as she slowly exclaimed, her thoughts travelling in another groove:

"A mission to *me*, Mr. Stoneleigh?"

"I earnestly trust that you are in the most gracious of all moods; for a forlorn knight is hieing hither to throw himself at your feet and cry for grace."

"A knight at *my* feet! Is this another fairy-story, Mr. Stonleigh?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "I know of no knight willing to break a lance in my behalf, and I know of no knight authorized to wear my token in his helmet."

"He wears your favor, fair ladye, and is faithful and true."

Marguerite gazed at Stonleigh in considerable surprise. What did all this metaphor mean?

"Miss Bridgebanke," exclaimed Fred desperately, "the fact is that my cousin, in a moment of—I mean my uncle—you see my uncle does not believe that such a thing as true love exists, and, for a half-second only, persuaded Jimmy that his affection was only a passing sensation which would fade away like the 'snow-drift on the river.' Jimmy has discovered to his bitter cost that the major's theory is false, and has implored of me to see you."

"To see *me?* Mr. Byecroft and I have very little in common, I assure you."

"Coldly contemptuous," thought Stonleigh, adding aloud: "Do not be too severe upon him."

"*I* offer no opinion on his conduct. There are others to whom explanations are not only due, but imperatively due."

Could Asmodeus have lifted the mansard-roof off Assam House at that particular moment he would have beheld Louisa Bridgebanke gazing, through eyelids inflamed from weeping, at the photograph of a British officer in full uniform, which she would ever and anon press passionately to her lips. Moth-like she had been caught by the glare of the red coat, and the silly, stupid, wavering Jimmy Bye-

croft was as great a hero in her eyes as was Wellington to the Fighting Fiftieth or Napoleon to the Old Guard.

For a second Stonleigh wondered what Marguerite meant by "others"; but still mistaking her for the daughter of the house, and the Comedy of Errors playing with uncommon smoothness, he set these "others" down as her parents, and exclaimed: "If he wins the sunshine of your favor he can easily hope for forgiveness from the others. *You* are the only person to be considered after all."

Marguerite was about to put a question to Stonleigh that would have led directly to a *dénouement;* but it was not to be. Mr. Bridgebanke, followed by Barney Higgins, turned out of the house, and upon perceiving Fred he uttered a shout of recognition and welcome, hurrying across the lawn as rapidly as his *entourage* of fishing-gear permitted.

"Why, it is indeed a treat to see you, Mr. Stonleigh," he exclaimed. "You have come to help me to square accounts with this plaguey trout. I've been watching him all the morning."

"An' he's been watchin' you," observed Barney Higgins, who had joined the party, with a grin; adding under his breath, as he glanced from Stonleigh to Marguerite: "Faix, we come in at the wrong time, as the peelers sed to the coiners. It's billin' an' cooin' they wor, good luck to thim!"

"You can go to the pond, Barney; I'll follow you in a few minutes. Keep well under the shadow of the laurestinas," said Mr. Bridgebanke.

"Troth, thin, av ye'll be sed be me, ye'll come at wanst," with a sly glance at Stonleigh. "This sky won't hould long."

"I'll be there as soon as you, Barney."

"There's some ould min mighty conthrairy, anyhow," growled Barney in an undertone, without moving; "an' here's wan that was reddy for to knock sawdust out av me a few minits ago whin I demanded av him for to wait till the cool av the evenin'." And seeing that Mr. Bridgebanke was engaged in speaking to Marguerite, Barney crept close to Fred, and exclaimed in a confidential whisper right into his ear: "Long life to ye, sir! She's a rale beauty. It's not *me* that's keepin' the masther. It's not *me* that's spilin' sport. Now's yer time, sir, an' don't reneague it. Sorra a betther chance ye'll ever get, for they seldom lets her out av their sight."

"What *is* this fellow driving at?" thought Stonleigh.

"Would you mind taking a turn at the trout now, Mr. Stonleigh?" demanded Bridgebanke anxiously.

"Arrah, can't ye lave the gintleman quiet an' aisy?" interposed Barney.

"Go to the pond at once, sir," said Bridgebanke majestically.

"Oh! sartinly, sartinly, av coorse," adding as he moved away: "I'll brain that fish wud a lick av a stone as shure as me name 's Barney Higgins."

## V.

Mr. Byecroft, growing weary of waiting, resolved upon facing the enemy. Anything was better than this hoping and fearing. As he approached he was infinitely disgusted and disappointed to find that it was Marguerite and not Louisa Bridgebanke with whom Fred had been in conversation all this time, and wondered why his

kinsman had so signally failed in the fulfilment of his promise.

Mr. Bridgebanke's reception was cold in the extreme.

"This visit is *unexpected*, sir," he said; "and as I conclude it is to me, I shall return with you to the house in a moment."

As for Marguerite, she merely responded to his salutation by an icy salute, Stonleigh watching her every movement with eager eyes.

"Nice weather, Miss Bridgebanke," spurted the miserable warrior, pulling a disengaged glove into rags.

"Very."

"Warm, Miss Bridgebanke."

"Very."

"In—ah—fact, sultry."

"Very."

"I hope Lou—your cousin is all right."

"My cousin is extremely well."

"*So* glad! Awfully glad! I—the fact is," casting piteous glances at Fred, whose gaze was riveted on Marguerite—"you see I've not been able to get here for some days, and—but—you see I am here now. I have an explanation to make that—"

"I would suggest your making no explanations to *me*, Mr. Byecroft," interposed Marguerite glacially.

"Quite so. I shall see Mrs. B.," gasped the discomfited officer, flinging a look of pent-up ire upon his cousin, who now rose to take his leave.

"As I have particular business to get rid of this afternoon, I—I shall say good-by, Miss Bridgebanke," said Fred, taking her hand, which was cold as ice, "and with it to wish you—" And then he stopped short, a whirlpool of misery eddying round his throbbing heart.

"*Au revoir*," said Marguerite coldly, albeit her lips quivered as the words left them, and her cheeks were pale, and her eyes full of an ill-suppressed sadness.

"You must come round by the pond and have a look at the trout," exclaimed Mr. Bridgebanke, taking Fred's arm as he spoke; then, turning to Byecroft: "Be good enough not to leave until I have seen you, sir." And the pair swept out of sight.

As soon as they had disappeared Marguerite, burying her face in her pocket-handkerchief, moaned under her breath: "He has gone, gone! I shall never, never see him again."

When Mr. Byecroft reached the house he asked to see Mrs. Bridgebanke.

"I'm to do all the fighting single-handed," he growled. "Fred has led me into an ambuscade, and I must cut my way through as best I can."

He flung himself into a scarlet satin easy-chair and awaited the onset of the enemy.

In a few minutes Mrs. Bridgebanke, very red in the face and an angry cloud upon her brow, swept into the room, fanning herself so violently as to bring the ribs of her ponderous Seville fan into disagreeable contact with her somewhat bulbous and prominent nasal organ.

"Mr. Byecroft, I believe," she coldly observed, raising a gold-rimmed glass to her left eye, and surveying the ensign from his varnished boots to the centre parting of his hair.

Considerably awed by this singular mode of reception, Mr. Byecroft could only muster two words, and these words were, "Mrs. Bridgebanke."

"The major has been giving you a character, young man," shaking her fan at the abashed ensign.

"I beg of you, ma'am, not to believe all that the major says."

"The major, sir, is a most incredulous witness, and his voracity is impeachable," retorted the indignant lady.

"I assure you, madam—"

"Your assurance is too much, sir," she burst in. "My daughter has plenty of spirit, and wouldn't give a brass farthing for any whipper-snapper who wouldn't think it worth his while to behave like a proper chevalure."

"I must throw myself on your good-nature," urged Byecroft.

"Good-nature, indeed! And is this all you have to say for yourself?—you who were hopping about at balls and parties like a tomtit while my daughter sat like Patience on a muniment."

"Circumstances—"

"It is no question of circumstances, Mr. Byecroft," she interrupted. "Yours is bad and Peter Bridgebanke's is good. He *would* have stood handsomely to you, but now his back is up, and all the rubbing and shampooing in Turkey or Asia Minor won't get it down. He won't stand your playing at rooge and nore here, young man, nor will I." And here the fan flapped like the sails of a windmill.

Byecroft vigorously twisted his moustache and remained silent. The moment he attempted to speak Mrs. Bridgebanke was down upon him.

"Do you know, sir, what you've done?" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Bridgebanke—so suddenly as to cause the ensign to start violently. "Ah! I see you wince. Do you know that you are consigning my child to an early catacomb, sir? That she is mopping like an owl, and fading like the base fabric of a vision?" And Mrs. Bridgebanke fanned herself red-hot.

"Please, 'm," said a pert English maid, flinging open the door as if she was desirous of sending it into the middle of the room, "Major Bagshawe wishes to see you."

"Show him in here, Stubbs. Stay; show him into the pink drawing-room, and say I'm coming."

"Yes, 'm." And the young lady disappeared with the same violent rapidity with which she came upon the scene.

Byecroft saw that he must conciliate the old lady now or never. Once again in the major's clutches, and *adios* to his chances of doing the "correct thing." As a matter of fact, the worthless youth was not a little enamored of Louisa Bridgebanke. His vanity was tickled by the conquest, and he was one of those persons who so thoroughly believe in themselves that homage, however slender, renders them slaves. Louisa was what novelists like to term madly in love. She was as yet but eighteen; and while in the teens Love is horribly imperious. A little later on we can parley with the urchin, if not reason with him, but at eighteen he rules absolutely.

The ensign, quitting the *fauteuil*, advanced to where Mrs. Bridgebanke was seated, and, flinging himself on a chair beside her, blurted:

"Mrs. Bridgebanke, I have only one request to make, and that is that you will permit me to see Louisa and ask her forgiveness. If I am lucky enough to succeed, will you let by-gones be by-gones and give me another chance? Every fellow ought to have two chances, you know—one for himself, the other for luck."

The worthy lady was silent for a moment, the fanning gradually becoming less violent. Then, suddenly extending her hand, which the young officer clasped in both his own, she exclaimed:

"I'll bury the 'atchet and smoke the calumny of peace. This is for Louisa's sake, who has shut herself up like a penniwinke in its shell, and rejects all confluence with the outer world."

"Hoity-toity! what's this?" cried Miss Patty, who had entered unperceived. "*You* here?"—this to Byecroft.

"I am glad to say that I am, Miss Patty."

The angry lady, raising her hand and directing her forefinger to the portal, exclaimed:

"Do you see that door? On the other side of it is the hall, the hall leads to the avenue, the avenue to the gate, the gate to the highroad—Go!" And Miss Patty snorted again in the paroxysm of her anger.

"Tut-tut, Patty," interposed Mrs. Bridgebanke; "he has cajoled his offence."

"I have no patience with you," rigorously retorted Miss Patty. "After allowing this idiotic creature to snub your daughter and the whole lot of us, you forgive him for merely holding up his little finger. It's monstrous! He ought to be ducked in the canal," casting an annihilating glance upon the abashed officer.

"The gentleman has made a copious apology, Patty, and has acted in the highest decorum. Mr. Byecroft, you may go and look for Louisa. You'll find her in the garden, I dare say—like Niagara, all tears. If she's not there Stubbs will find her."

Byecroft, but too glad to escape, hastily thanked Mrs. Bridgebanke and bounded through the open window.

"'Pon my word," snorted Miss Patty, "if you had the spirit of—"

"Ah! I have come to the arcadian bower—the grotto inhabited by the goddess," exclaimed Major Bagshawe, popping his head into the room. "The spider-brusher told me that you were here, and I have come with the devotion of a pilgrim wending his way to—"

"Moco," suggested Mrs. Bridgebanke, anxious to display her erudition.

"Precisely, madam," said the obsequious major.

"What rubbish!" exclaimed Miss Patty. "It's Mecca; and *you*," turning to Bagshawe, "know this right well."

In an unhappy moment the major endeavored to cough away the embarrassment occasioned by this *contretemps;* but the counterfeit cough was instantly assailed by a genuine one, and the gallant son of Mars, in his efforts to subdue both, became purple in the face.

"A glass of water!" cried Mrs. Bridgebanke in alarm.

"Hut-tut! leave him to me," exclaimed her sister-in-law, seizing Bagshawe by the coat-collar and slapping him violently on the back.

"Thanks! tha-a-a-nks!" gasped the major, retreating with considerable nimbleness behind a buhl-table, while he muttered, "Her hands are as hard as Connemara marble. I'm in luck if my back teeth are not all loosened. To cough here is as much as a man's life is worth."

"Your nephew is here, major," said Mrs. Bridgebanke with a preparatory cough.

The major started. What did this mean?

"Fred Stonleigh, ma'am?"

"No."

"N-not Jimmy?"

"Yes, Mr. James."

"What the—I beg pardon. Jimmy *here?*" And the major's eyeglasses went up on his forehead, while his jaw fell back for support on his year-one scarf.

"Mr. James has expressed an oleagenous desire to conciliate Louisa, and I hadn't the heart to refuse him. I was young once myself, major, and it's not so easy to quench the vital spark of senility," playfully tapping the back of Bagshawe's hand with her fan.

Here was a revelation. What did it portend? How was it brought about? Byecroft had never acted thus on his own volition. Whose doing was it? The girl's? No. Ah! he had it. It must be Fred Stonleigh's work; and the major ground his teeth in impotent rage. But he was not going to be foiled—to have his plans set aside, his cherished hopes blasted. Jimmy Byecroft should marry Miss Flint, and there was an end of it, and the Bridgebankes might go to Hong Kong. As these thoughts flashed through his mind he suddenly perceived Fred Stonleigh crossing the lawn.

"Excuse me a moment," cried the major, bounding to his feet; and ere Mrs. Bridgebanke could interpose by so much as an ejaculation he had darted through the open window.

"So, sir, this is your doing," he panted as he came up with Stonleigh.

"What is the matter, major?" asked the other in a provokingly cool tone.

"Matter, sir! What business have you to meddle in *my* affairs, sir—my affairs?" said the major, crimson with rage and puffing like a grampus.

"*Your* affairs, major?"

"Yes, sir, *my* affairs—Jimmy's affairs."

"Oh!"

"You needn't look like an owl, sir," panted the other. "What do you mean by bringing your cousin to this house, sir? Answer me that."

"Simply because his stopping away was the act of a scoundrel, a coward, and a poltroon."

"I tell you, sir, that you'll have to undo what you have just done. *I'm* not going to see a hundred thousand pounds go out of the family without striking a blow for it. Jimmy shall marry Miss Flint, and you may take this young tea-plant, if you have a mind to, since you *are* so chivalrously inclined."

"Thanks," said Fred in a low, harsh, grating way.

They had reached the turn leading to the gardens, and right in the pathway stood Jimmy Byecroft with Louisa Bridgebanke leaning lovingly on his arm, her face wearing an expression of radiant happiness.

"Step this way," hurriedly whispered the major. "I don't want to meet the girl."

But Jimmy had espied his uncle and cousin, and came smilingly forward. The major, however, stiffly lifting his hat, turned upon his heel, while Fred stood staring at Louisa.

"He's awfully disgusted that I've spoiled his manœuvre, Fred. But I say, have *you* nothing to say to Miss Bridgebanke? By Jove! I believe you never met."

"Miss Bridgebanke!" stammered Stonleigh, becoming very pale. "This Miss Bridgebanke?"

"Why, who else would she be?"

Fred clutched his cousin almost fiercely by the wrist as he asked:

"Who, then, is Marguerite?"

"She is my cousin," said Louisa, replying for her *fiancé*.

The little town of Bray was *en fête* on the occasion of the double wedding, and Miss Patty presented Marguerite with not only her trousseau but a sum of five thousand pounds. The major did not attend—nor was he missed. Report says he is about to marry Miss Flint. Mr. Bridgebanke still fishes for the famous trout, and Mrs. Bridgebanke still piques herself upon "a nice derangement of her epitaphs."

---

## "TANTUM ERGO."

'Tis now the Vesper hour; glad sunlight streams
In golden radiance through the casements high,
Staining the marbles with broad opal gleams
Brighter than drifted flushes of the sky.

Upon the altar starry tapers shine
With happy radiance, while the lilies slight
Hang brimming o'er with slumberous golden wine
Poured by the sunbeams in each chalice white.

Slowly the circling mists of incense rise,
Fading serenely 'mid the lapses dim;
Far through the jasper gates of Paradise
Float chords Æolian of seraphic hymn.

Adown dim aisles the long, gray shadows creep,
The organ sigheth on the languorous air,
Till one by one the sweet tones fall asleep,
And silence hovers o'er us like a prayer.

The tabernacle portals open wide,
The kneeling priest awaits his kingly Guest,
Who cometh in the purple eventide
Just as the day drifts down the beauteous west.

Hark! hark! Divinest music breathes around,
And every head bows lowly at the cry;
Earth's guardian spirits echo back the sound:
"Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus passes by."

A silence falls like dew; the kneeling throngs
Cast down the heart's palm branches at his feet;
Voices celestial chant triumphant songs,
And angel harps rain silvery echoes sweet.

We know the King hath gone upon his way.
Lo! as we lift our dazzled eyes in prayer,
A dreamy glory gilds the shadows gray;
A *something* tells us that he hath been there.

Now gently fade, O thou divinest light!
Veil thy rose gleamings 'neath a starry pall,
Still thro' the solemn lapses of the night
Our hearts shall feel God's benedictions fall.

---

## THE RUINS OF MINERVE.

WHENCE have ruins their strange attraction, their mysterious charm, whether their past be chronicled in history and depicted in poetic legends, or whether their story were forgotten centuries ago? Is it not because their silence, telling of a world of energy, life, and action now no more, touches one of the deepest chords of the human heart? —a silence eloquent of times whose grave the ages, as they pass with measured tread, have ceased to name. Yet pitying and beneficent nature decks these gaunt tombstones of an ancient population with all the tender transformations wrought by her gold and silver lichens, her velvet bosses of thick moss, her nestling ferns or closely-clasping ivy, climbing to throw its garlands round the topmost towers, while the wandering bee is wooed by odorous wall-flowers springing from the crevices of hoary, weather-beaten stones, and many a timid creature and wild bird find in base or battlement an undisturbed abode.

If it be fitting that the grave of the past, though sombre, should be fair, we nevertheless find it sometimes under a sterner aspect.

Among the most imposing ruins that we know are those of Minerve, the ancient capital of the Minervois, occupying the centre of the immense valley extending from Castres to Narbonne. These gloomy remains appear in the distance like a cemetery of forgotten tombs abandoned centuries ago. The archæologist finds there but little scope for anything but conjecture, since the mutilations effected by the hand of man as well as that of time have effaced every trace of architectural ornamentation. The painter and historian will, however, find abundant material to work upon; the former in the reproduction of their desolate grandeur, and the latter in the dramatic elements and varied reflections furnished by his subject.

To this pile of ruin is attached one of the most terrible memories of the middle ages. Its history is one of those pages which one would fain efface from the book of humanity, and which appears to darken the more the further we remove from it, who, amid the ideas of modern times, are less able to appreciate the intensity as well as the supreme importance of the struggle in which the event it records took place.

This is the tomb of the Albigenses—a tomb befitting those formidable heretics, many of whom fearlessly met destruction by plunging into the very jaws of death. When we visited this ruined city, on whose doom Heaven seems to have set the seal of perpetuity, it was beneath a sky charged with dark and stormy clouds, amid whose masses gleams of red lightning flashed at intervals, while the roll of distant thunder heralded the coming storm. From the extremity of the bare, inhospitable plain by which it is approached the old decapitated capital (if we may be pardoned the expression) stands out in gloomy desolation on the rocky heights towering above its encircling fosse, and brings forcibly to mind the fulfilment of ancient prophecies against rebellious cities of old times: "We have heard of the pride of Moab: . . . his pride and his arrogancy, and his indignation is more than his strength. . . . The lords of the nations have destroyed the vineyard of Sabama." "Thy proud walls, O Moab, shall be cast down: thorns and nettles shall cover thy palaces, and brambles shall grow in thy strongholds. . . . I have made thee a desolation."

All these houses, mostly roofless, pierced at rare intervals with windows, where no human face is seen, appear as if soldered together, forming one mass with the vast rock which forms their base, and whose granite plunges below the bed of the Cisse—a torrent whose furious and unequal course has hollowed a subterranean archway forming a natural bridge. On the sides of the ravine, which cleaves the rock into strange and varied forms, is a deep grotto, in which have been discovered numerous skeletons of bears exceeding in dimension any living specimens. Judging from a tooth of one of these animals which we found in the soil, it would be easy, without being a Cuvier, to reconstruct a bear of from five to six feet high.

The impression left on the mind by this subterranean cavern still further disposes it for a visit to the ruins, themselves the skeletons of an extinct state of society. On issuing from the grotto we soon find ourselves facing the city, though separated from it by the chasm which surrounds it, giving it some resemblance to the antique Cirta, now Constantine, and which also bears the traces of more than one siege.

An imposing stronghold, as well as a singularly favorable position, is indicated by these sloping battlements, these ascending and descending parapets, these hollowed passages and covered ways from which we can imagine the besieged watching the movements of the enemy, these blackened ramparts engirdling the city like a belt of iron, their portcullises disjoined or fallen; plainly great strength has here been dominant. But now here is a fragment of wall which seems to hold to nothing; there the colossal angle of a dismantled donjon, still rising to a majestic height; while, amid heaps of ruin at its base, wild figs and vines climb through the windows and luxuriate on the ruined threshold. Everything seems to retain the mark of a terrible chastisement, as if the breath of the divine displeasure had passed over the city.

This donjon formed part of the citadel of Minerve, occupying the southern portion of the rocky peninsula (so to call it), and connecting the defensive works with

the apex of a gigantic angle. By crowning the tower with its strong battlements, and raising the vast length of wall now thrown down, we should have the front of the fortress. We can picture to ourselves the lowered portcullis, the drawbridge raised, the armed multitude thronging the ramparts, pennons and weapons gleaming in the sun, while from the topmost turret floated the emblazoned banner of Guirand de Minerve, the commander of the garrison.

Before describing the taking of Minerve, that great defeat which might be called the Waterloo of the Albigenses, it will be well to say a few words on besiegers and besieged, and why they were there, each burning to exterminate the other. And, firstly, what were the Albigenses? If it be answered that they were sectaries separated from the Catholic Church by certain differences of faith, the answer, though a true one, is insufficient. In a state of society organized on this faith, which formed its basis, and in a country like France, "made by its bishops as a honeycomb is made by its bees," errors of faith were also *social* errors. Waldo, who gave his name to the Vaudois and his spirit to the Albigenses, began by allowing everybody, men and women, the right to preach and teach; hence arose those fanciful doctrines of which the imagination of these people produced so plentiful a crop, and which had for their basis independence of authority and contempt of property—that is, of the property of other people.

The leaders of this sect affected an austere life, that they might with a better grace hold forth against the splendor of churches and the lands and endowments of monasteries. Their denunciations, whether explicitly or otherwise, were an incitement to pillage; and pillage, therefore, they practised whenever they found a safe opportunity, and opportunities were never wanting. Their theological doctrines were a mixture of Arianism with the errors of the Manicheans. They taught that the eldest son of God was Lucifer, who, with his angels, had produced the visible world; but that God, seeing in it nothing but disorder, engendered another Son to restore order to the world; and that the mission of these sectaries was to work in concert with God for the attainment of this end. Thus, as always the word *reform* has been the pretext, the catch-word to win success, and hence the appellation, modestly appropriated by these sectaries, of the "Good Men," the "Humble," and the "Perfect."

One of their most popular leaders was a certain Henri, who, after beginning as a mendicant friar, turned preacher against the church, which he designated as the "*congregation of hell.*" He was followed by crowds who hoped for a share in the spoils of the convents—a booty which he did not fail to promise them. In an account given by St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius III. the saint describes this Henri as a man who, "when he can extort money from the simple, spends it in gaming with women of evil life." But these circumstances did not hinder the man from pretending to extraordinary rigor in the way of virtue, knowing that, in order to attract the multitude, an outward austerity is useful, however loose and accommodating the code of morals may be which it is designed to cover. It was Machiavel who said that "the appearance of virtue leads to success, but that

virtue itself is an obstacle in its way."

Honest men called these self-called teachers "the false coiners of the Gospel"; this Gospel, which refused to have either pope or church, was preached, as we have said, by men and women, but the women appear to have been in the majority, whether as preachers or hearers of the new doctrines.

We have already mentioned the illustrious founder of Citeaux. Long before the time of which we are speaking his zeal and eloquence had done their utmost to lead back the Albigenses to religious unity and show them that to rise against the faith of a nation was to rise against that nation itself, its existence and security, and so to provoke the use of all means of lawful self-defence.

Many had yielded to the arguments and entreaties, full of truth and charity, of the saint, and had abjured their errors; and yet we find them not long afterwards unmindful of all their promises and penitence alike. A council was therefore held, at which they were again declared to be heretics, and Pope Paul III. sent missionaries among them, besides solemnly admonishing them himself. Books and treatises were written for their benefit; they were entreated, they were threatened, but almost wholly in vain. Some were influenced by persuasion, and still more by fear; but as soon as the occasion of their alarm was withdrawn they quickly returned to the discourses of their seducers, or, as men said, "to the sweet speeches of the presidents of the devil's mercy."

The heresy began to take vast proportions, and was spreading in all directions; bands were organized for pillage, and Christendom took alarm in presence of the actual and impending evils. Innocent III., intent on saving France, sent commissioners into the southern provinces, with orders to the bishops and nobles of the localities they visited to aid them by all the means in their power. The danger was imminent, and, where needful, must be averted even by excommunication and confiscation; and this for two all-important reasons—to save souls from eternal perdition, and society from threatened destruction. It was in those days held to be a worse crime to kill the soul than the body, and heretics were regarded as the worst kind of assassins, whom consequently it was necessary to separate from the society which they endangered, and for this reason to seek them out and obtain information respecting their lives, acts, and tenets; this was the duty of the commissioners, and this duty, this function, was the Inquisition.

This formidable word is in fact more formidable than the thing itself, which, reduced to its veritable function, corresponds to the office fulfilled at the present time by the *Juges d'Instruction* in France, and in England by the lawyers in the new Court of Judicature, presided over by Lord Penzance, aided by (pseudo) episcopal assessors, for the judgment of ecclesiastical causes. For care must be taken not to fall into the very common error of confounding this with the *Spanish* Inquisition, the political creation of Philip II.

The task to be fulfilled by this commission was of the greatest difficulty and importance, requiring not only that they should reconcile the penitent, after ascertaining who were such in truth and

not in pretence, but also requiring them to punish the irreconcilable, to anathematize the persistent perverters of the people, and, besides allaying a wide-spread revolt, to restore tranquillity to the storm-tossed minds of men.

The pope, in his quality of guardian of the faith, was bound to use the powers recognized to be his by the whole Christian world. His envoys, whether missionaries or commissioners, had at first satisfied themselves by questioning, admonishing, and instructing, and it was only when these means were of no avail that they resorted to threatening, then to separation from communion, and lastly to confiscation of property. This last proceeding more than any other irritated the sectaries and produced loud complaints.

We meet at this time with another great name — that of St. Dominic, who is accused of being the promoter of this inquisition. This accusation is erroneous. The founder of the Preaching Friars had accompanied the bishop of Osma, who had come from Spain into France on a mission from his sovereign, Alfonso IX. Another mission attracted him on his way —that of winning back by gentle means those who were sought out for punishment. He persuaded the legates to lay aside their pomp as the papal ambassadors, to leave their horses and train of followers, and make themselves poor and humble like the apostles. They consented, for they were men of God; and this preaching by example (they walked barefoot and girt with ropes) had great success—so great that the most eminent leader of the heretics, Arnaud de Campranhan, acknowledged his errors and made his abjuration to the bishop of Osma. This took place at Pamiers, the inhabitants of which followed the example of their chief. Thus St. Dominic was in no sense an inquisitor; the promoters of this too much caluminated inquisition were the brothers Guy and Raynier—a fact which should not be forgotten.

But though in some places good was accomplished, in others the evil increased. One of the pope's legates having been assassinated, Innocent III. required those princes who remained faithful to the church not to let his death go unavenged, and engaged Philip Augustus himself to undertake a crusade in defence of religion, threatened in so large a portion of his dominions. The monarch willingly consented, and sent an army of 15,000 men. It was high time. The counts of Toulouse, Foix, Comminges, and Bearn were pillaging the churches and monasteries in every direction, driving from their homes the clergy and religious, and shedding the blood of the Catholic laity. Castles were taken, and burnt or razed to the ground, and villages devastated. The pope promised indulgences to whomsoever should take the cross in this cause, the cause of God and of order, and soon 300,000 warriors, the cross on their shoulder, came surging from all parts of the realm, headed by the bishops of Autun, Clermont, Nevers, Lisieux, and Chartres.

We can form but a very imperfect idea of those battalions, commanded by mitred and crosiered generals. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the chief of the Albigenses—the most deeply compromised in the revolt, and consequently the most alarmed—came to meet the army, whose commander-in-chief was an abbot of Citeaux, only to

simulate the most profound submission and to offer abundant apologies and promises, which latter he would not fail to break on the first opportunity. This man had to consult the caprices of four women whom he had, more or less, married, and the abbot of Citeaux, who judged of a man's sincerity by his morals, and his words by his deeds, remained deaf to his advances and professions of conversion.

Simon de Montfort, who was the personal enemy of the Count of Toulouse, would not willingly have lost this opportunity of attacking him. De Montfort had at his disposal an imposing force from the number of troops which had joined his own, and before which the rebels (to call them by their right name) were already giving way, though not without violent struggles on both sides. St. Dominic did not spare his admonitions to any, but went from one camp to the other, speaking plain truths to Catholics and heretics alike; for both sides were guilty of acts of the greatest barbarity, the fruit of "*ces haines vigoureuses*"—that "vigorous hate" regretted by the *Alceste* of Molière. Thus, a certain Seigneur de Pépieux, to whom Simon de Montfort had sent ambassadors, sent them back to him without their lips, ears, and noses. De Montfort, by way of reprisal, taking prisoners a hundred of De Pépieux's men, sent them back to their leader blinded, and led by one of their number, to whom he had left one eye.

The Albigenses, being eventually dispersed before the army of the Count de Montfort, assembled in the Minervois, and there, fortifying themselves in the citadel of its capital, which was held to be impregnable, prepared to sell their lives dearly.

Let us glance into the camp of the besieging army, animated by the imposing presence of its leader. De Montfort was the greatest captain of his time, and the one who was served with the most devoted affection. He had gained several victories over Don Pedro of Aragon, over the counts of Foix, Comminges, and Toulouse, and also over the English and the Germans. The Catholics called him the Christian Machabeus, for, together with the qualities which make the orator and the soldier, he had also those which make a man beloved. "No man," said St. Louis, "could have a livelier faith than his." It may be partly owing to this that he earned the reproaches of historians for "treating the Albigenses with great rigor," because, in his eyes, "heretics were bad and dangerous citizens." Opinions change with the times. One may nowadays be a good citizen and at the same time an unbeliever in anything, so it is said.

It would be less difficult to reconstruct a mediæval citadel out of its own ruins than to picture to one's self as they really appeared those two armies of besiegers and defenders—those without the walls and those within. There was not then among them that discipline which assigns to every one his place and ranges every soldier in the rank he is to occupy; in which the combatants are but so many figures of addition grouped together, making certain numbers to be opposed to certain other numbers—a mathematical calculation which deals with human lives, a geometry which deals with cubes of flesh and blood; the whole made out beforehand and set down on

paper like an architect's plan, neither less nor more. There, on the contrary, every personality played its part with perfect liberty of initiative and individual impulse. What variety of aspect and what apparent disorder were presented by the movements of those troops, levied from day to day!—men who had come to fight for the space of forty days, and then return to their harvests and vintage; for the pope had only asked of them this term of service for the chastisement of the seditious. Moreover, it is just to add that, before calling upon Montfort to interfere with an armed force, the Holy Father had sent at different times no less than *fourteen* legates to bring the sectaries to reason by gentle means, but without success. It must also be remembered that the promised *Indulgence* was the only payment of the crusaders—a fact which of itself impresses an honorable character on their expedition.

Each noble, as well as every man-at-arms, had his own particular costume, varied according to circumstances of place and condition. Women were also admitted into those checkered ranks, bivouacking like soldiers, or marching, and even fighting, at their husband's side.

But those ladies could not go to battle like their lords; they must have pages and varlets, women attendants and falconers; their tents were so arranged as to form a suite of apartments, with boudoir and chapel complete; and all these things accompanied them from place to place throughout the campaign.

Of these portable palaces, which the Crusades had brought into fashion, we may form some idea from the description left us by Maimbourg of the famous tent presented by the Sultan Saladin to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, which at the same time gives some idea of the industrial arts as practised at that period.

"There was," says Maimbourg, "in the covering of this admirable pavilion the sky so perfectly represented that one there saw the spheres of the sun and moon, turning, as of themselves, all around it, and by a learned artifice observing accurately the same measure in their regular movements as that prescribed by nature in two diverse manners to these two heavenly bodies which, by this same well-regulated diversity in their course, make all the harmony of the world; in such sort that all the hours of the day and night were marked in this tent by the artificial course of these globes." The rest of the ornamental arrangements seem to have corresponded to this scientific decoration.

To the varied effect of the military habiliments was added that produced by the garb of the ecclesiastical dignitaries—the resplendent vestments which have retained that antique character so suitable to the dignity of worship. Every morning the tumult of arms was preceded by the offering of the Most Holy Sacrifice, and the prayer of bishop and priest invoking the benediction of the "Lord of Hosts" on the arms of the faithful.

From time to time long processions passed round the camp, chanting litanies or the psalms of the prophet king of Israel to encourage the ardor of some and temper that of others.

During the intervals of repose Alix de Montmorency might be seen riding through the camp with

her husband, Count Simon de Montfort, on her right, and on her left the legate, Arnaud, Abbot of Citeaux. "The countess," say the chronicles of the time, "was beautiful both in body and mind, and her lord noble in countenance and stature, with long hair, affable, courteous, eloquent, and also full of piety." Their young son, Amaury, followed them among his young comrades-in-arms—those who were one day to be witnesses of his valor and misfortunes on the plains of Gaza.

In seeing thus united beauty, courage, and virtue (De Montfort had just signalized himself in Palestine, and was soon to gain fresh laurels by the victory of Muret) a contemporary chronicler asks: "Who would not have ranged himself beneath their banner without regard to its color?" Indeed, if we were to judge the two causes by their respective chiefs, the right would assuredly be awarded to the side of honor and morality—virtues which were notoriously lacking to the Count of Toulouse. Nor is he by any means in this an exception to his class; when we examine the accounts of the unfrocked monk, or the heretical and sectarian leader, we almost invariably find that their fall is traceable to, or at least connected closely with, woman.

It is true that another historian charges Simon de Montfort with being often "unjust and cruel to the Albigenses"; but the following passage may contain no inconsiderable matter for his justification:

"The Narbonnese," writes Dom Vaissette, "had already for a long time past complained of the inroads and ravages made on their lands by the people of Minerve, composed chiefly of Albigenses who had fled before the arms of De Montfort. Many of these, having been driven from their part of the country and deprived of their goods, joined the roadsmen (*routiers*), or bandits who lived by plunder, and took refuge in this stronghold, which was considered impregnable and from which they ravaged the surrounding country, pillaging monasteries and churches, burning homesteads and villages, carrying off flocks and forage, and devastating what they could not take away." The Vicomte Aymery de Narbonne joined his urgent entreaties with those of the Narbonnese in seeking the powerful aid of De Montfort to rid them once for all of their intolerable neighbors.

De Montfort, already invited by the pope, did not hesitate to hasten before the walls of the fortress whose strength made the Minervois and Albigenses so arrogant. He was accompanied by the knights Robert de Mauvoisin, Pierre de Richebourg, Guy de Lucé, Jehan de Monteil, Perrin d'Issy, Guy de Lévis, Ancel de Caëtivi, etc., and was joined there by the bishop of Riez, the papal delegate, and the abbot of Vaux-Cernay, whose fervent eloquence had been successful in reconciling many of the disaffected.

All that charity could do had first been done; nothing now remained but to satisfy justice—the justice of those times, as impassioned as their faith.

Formidable engines of war were raised against the citadel of Minerve, one of which was a *mangonneau* constructed by the Gascons. This gigantic apparatus was a species of Trojan horse, by means of which armed men were concealed until introduced within the walls, when

they suddenly dispersed themselves in the city and surprised the besieged. A terrible carnage followed on both sides. When two foes meet their one idea is to annihilate each other; they are no longer men, but wild beasts athirst for blood. Warriors who, on the point of hacking one another in pieces, feel the wish to make an harangue, are not to be found out of the *Iliad*.

Of this there was proof at the siege of Beziers, exactly a year before (1210), when the famous words are said to have been uttered: "Kill all! God will know his own"—words which, we will observe, are related by a single contemporary only, though since repeated to satiety by the enemies of the Christian name. Everything may be explained, we do not say justified, in these moments of fever. An expression equivalent in naïve ferocity is attributed to Robert de Mauvoisin. In the midst of the raging combat the Minervois cried out for quarter, and it was not denied them; they implored the clemency of the conqueror, who proved that he was not inexorable by granting them their lives on condition that he should remain master of the city. It was then that Robert, at the head of his knights, exclaimed that he was come "to exterminate the rebels, and not to show them grace!" The terms, however, being accepted, the besieging army, preceded by the cross, and followed by the banners of De Montfort, entered Minerve in order with shouts of triumph. The church was "reconciled," and on one side of its spire was fixed the crucifix and on the other the arms of the conqueror.

The "Perfect Men" would, however, have belied their appellation had they accepted the granted grace. It is for the guilty to receive pardons, but to those who claim perfection a pardon is an insult. These fierce logicians, therefore, fortified themselves in two separate houses, the men in one and the women in the other; for they lived apart, on account of the horror in which they professed to hold marriage.

The abbot of Vaux-Cernay attempted, but in vain, to reason with them, exhorting them to return to the unity of the church under the paternal authority of the pope; they refused to hear him, exclaiming that they would rather die than own any authority but that of God. In vain it was answered that the pope was his earthly representative; in vain the conqueror himself entreated them to submit; they would listen to nothing, and this in spite of—or it may have been because of—the pile of wood and faggots set alight to receive them if they persisted in their heresy and rebellion. There was no need to lead them to the stake; no less than a hundred and eighty threw themselves into the flames, and perished with a courage worthy of a better cause.

An eye-witness relates that three of these voluntary victims were dragged, half-stifled, out of the flames by a Catholic woman, who hid them in her house, and by her ceaseless and intelligent care obtained their recovery. During their convalescence, which was slow, these persons were led by the humble devotedness and holy example of their deliverer to exchange their imaginary "perfection" for the faith of Christ.

One grand result of the Crusades was their obtaining the freedom of

the serfs, since in taking the cross they gained their liberty, even if it were against the will of their lord; the laws of the church, in this and many similar cases, taking precedence of the civil law. We would further observe that what we disdainfully call "the fanaticism of the religious wars" might be something more worthy than the wars of modern times, which have for their object mere territorial interests, since it is more noble to fight in defence of one's religious faith than in order to obtain a parcel of earth, if, as even Cicero declared, it be true that "Man is man, as distinguished from the brute creation, only by the religious sense."

---

## THE RELIGION OF NATURE.

It would seem as if in our day the horror of anything positive and unelastic, of anything that might suggest rules and trammels to the imagination, were so great that it concentrated in itself all the strength of that worldly opposition which of old warred only against certain given dogmas. It is no longer from one sect or the other that the church expects to see her enemies proceed; it is from the loose mass of floating infidelity resolving itself into seemingly beautiful and utterly false axioms.

Of these none, perhaps, is so attractive to an æsthetic mind as the fallacy known as the "religion of nature." It is a religion without a moral code, which yet enables its votary to speak in exalted language of the duty we owe to the Infinite Being; it is a deification of self which cloaks itself under the appearance of a most reverential and exclusive consciousness of the nothingness of man; it is a form of pride wearing the garb of self-abasement, and is specially adapted to allure those souls who long after the emotional experiences of religion unaccompanied by its inconvenient discipline. The beauty of the outer world is indeed a religion, but not to beings of a higher order whose faculties can control and bring change on this very beauty; yet the idea that it is so is not only fascinating but flattering, and lifts human dignity to delusively god-like heights. In such a system a man walks the earth a conscious king, feeling a wondrous kinship with all things beautiful and good, feeling as though all that was fair in wood and prairie, in star-sown sky and phosphorescent water, had in it a part of *his* soul, and cried out in the accents of his own voice. That all things should be *within* the God of his imagination, and that outside of that one Essence should be naught but soundless void, seems so entirely to dignify all things that he feels any other philosophy to be a slight on the beauty and perfection of creation. He would have all creatures god-like, and to have their organization separate from the Creator's would seem to debase them to the rank of menials. That a God should exist, as it were *alone*, because creatures are not *other* than himself, seems a theory so royal and befitting a God's omnipo-

tence that the idea of a Creator surrounded by servants appears, by contrast, like a lowering of that all-sufficient Godhead. Can he want anything? Can any one outside of himself do him a service? Can any one beyond himself glorify him? The thought seems profanation, seems the limiting of the Boundless, seems the doubting of the All-Powerful.

What wonder, then, that that man should turn to Nature, and, thinking to exalt God, proudly exalt her and himself? The more we think, and frame suppositions, and paint pictures to our own mind concerning this beautiful fallacy, the more do we understand how noble hearts are led astray by it and mistake this Aurora Borealis for the true light of day.

They long to have and hold the true belief; they look round the world, and see the reigning formulas of faith scattered abroad, breeding unknown growths of angry disputations, leading to estrangements between brethren, secession among churches, abuses among the ministry. They see the human handiwork that ruins what it touches, and they turn away in shuddering horror, refusing to seek any further aid from human co-operation, unwilling to believe in any more abiding vitality or God-given though man-obscured truth. Impulsively they pass by the Rock of Salvation, perchance because they have tried other strongholds that called themselves rocks, and were only banks of treacherous weeds, floating islands more dangerous than the fabled mermaid's hair that drew the mariners down in its slender meshes by the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis.

Wearied with the conflicting roar of religions veiled in human weaknesses, they look to nature for a new religion, and aspire to worship nature's God in temples "not made with hands." So, unknowingly, they add one more to the mass of human faiths, and clothe it, even as the others are clothed, with their special human weakness. It may seem a more pardonable one, a fairer one, but it is truth we should seek for; and could it be that truth were not also and in itself necessarily beauty, yet should we be bound to embrace it and take our stand by it, despite all the beauty that might be beckoning us away. And now, if we look at the faith of Jesus Christ, the faith of the Bible and the church, the faith of nineteen centuries of acknowledged Christianity, and of twenty centuries of preparation and promise before it, we shall see that we are taught a religion of nature and a Christian pantheism far more beautiful, far more dignified, far more comprehensive than any the dreamiest poet has ever imagined. When Christians cast their eyes on the manifold beauties of creation, they see every creature in its own order, in its distinct and separate existence, following the particular path traced for it by God, and fulfilling his will and praising his greatness in its own way. The language of nature is a hymn of everlasting praise to God; no poet-mind can fail to hear its chords swelling up to heaven on the voice of the wind and the waterfall. But, grand as it is, is the tongue of inanimate creation meant for the use of man? How can we help knowing that ours is another organization from that of the wild fawn, the branching oak, the sparkling mineral? And another organization must suppose another tongue. When have we ever heard

the thrush sing the song of the lark, or seen the palm-tree bear the leaves of the maple? More than that, and more conclusive, when has man, with all his ingenuity, ever succeeded in rivalling the song of the birds and the murmur of the brook? We cannot pray or chant in the tongue of our inferior fellow-creatures, for God has given us another speech and taught us himself in another language. He, like ourselves, would have us God-like, but not in our human way, not according to our human pride. To make us God-like he came down from heaven and made himself man. He deified and glorified our life in all its sinless relations, and exalted our speech, among our other attributes, in a way we dared not have thought possible.

Not only did he use it as the vehicle of his teaching, but he even prayed to his Father in it, and taught us a prayer that embraced in its beautiful comprehensiveness every petition that ever could and ever would rise from the desolate earth to heaven. We might have thought that in his moments of extremest agony he would have spoken to his Father in a tongue unknown of angels and of men. But no; in every instance his prayers were to be lessons to us; in every circumstance were they to be a guide and a model; in no place and at no time was he to utter one syllable that had not a special reference to the human nature he had assumed in order to save.

Christ knelt in a temple "made by hands"; he was offered there according to the imperfect rites of the old dispensation; he taught there because it was the sacred place which gave authority to all sanctioned teaching. The Jewish faith was encrusted with superstition and marred by bigotry; the priesthood had fallen away, the curse was nigh, the downfall of Jerusalem at hand, and yet in all things Christ "fulfilled the law." Many times he said that he came not to destroy, but to fulfil.

It is difficult for a refined and intellectual mind to refuse belief in the Godhead of the Saviour. The dogma is too beautiful, the mystery too tender, for such a mind to disbelieve. The heart most inclined to the vague tenets of the so-called "religion of nature" would be just the one most open to receive the impression of this truth. But even were it otherwise, no mind of this stamp could at least refuse to admit how immeasurably superior to any other man that ever lived was this historical personage of whom such strange and holy wonders are recorded and proved. Thus, upon either showing, Jesus of Nazareth, God-man or wondrous prophet, is a guide to all generations and a teacher to all schools. If he conformed to the waning system of Jewish belief, if he prayed in human speech to the invisible God, if he bent his knee and bowed his head to the Creator and made himself lowly before men, so that he was taken and condemned to death in silence, and yet drew men to him in his very abasement and speechlessness, how can we justify ourselves in going apart and having an altar of our own, standing erect before our Maker, and refusing him the prayer of our human lips?

We cannot join the concert of nature, if we would; our voice would be a discord; we can be listeners only, not partakers. Our way is as plainly traced as the way of the brute creation, and we cannot

swerve from it, unless we choose to go aside into the region of defiance and self-support. To choose to worship God our own way is as much rebellion as to refuse him worship altogether.

It may be objected that, as we have free-will, we are at liberty to choose. But to allow that we have free-will is to allow that there is a difference between us and other orders of God's creatures; and, if a difference of reason, does it not follow that there should be also a difference of worship? To pay adequate and fitting homage to God we must employ the most perfect means we know; the language of a less perfect nature than ours is therefore clearly not the right one to use. We have free-will to choose the vehicle of our homage, true; but to choose the most imperfect means at our command, when the more perfect is also the more natural, would be an irrational act more calculated to reflect a doubt on our reason than to throw credit on our judgment.

Besides this moral obstacle in our way of joining the worship of nature, there is also the physical impossibility of any such thing—which, by the bye, is hardly sufficiently considered by our own forward-striding civilization in the notorious case of the so-called "woman's rights" and of female equality with man. This serious bar, which we forget, simply makes the "religion of nature" a sham, so far as man's part in it is concerned, and it seems strange indeed that we should insist upon a participation against which Nature herself mutely protests.

But, on the other hand, when we turn to the Christian faith and to the Book of books, what do we see but a true natural religion, a harmonious whole of which man is the crown and glory; a continuous hymn of praise in which all tongues blend and all organizations have a voice; a canticle in which "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.

"Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge.

"There are no speeches nor languages, where their voices are not heard.

"Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of the world.

"He hath set his tabernacle in the sun: and he as a bridegroom coming out of his bride-chamber,

"Hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way:

"His going out is from the end of heaven,

"And his circuit even to the end thereof: and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat" (Psalm xviii. 1–7).

Here is the true joining of the voices of the reasoning and unreasoning creatures of God; here the reality of which the vague sentimentality of the pantheists is but a colorless shadow. And not only are the strains of nature blended with the cry of our prayers when a Christian roams through the verdant cathedrals of forest and ravine, but also in our petrified forests of vaulted trees, with their carven leaves and fruit and sculptured birds, where on the altar flowers and shrubs and blossoming plants are placed as the very incense-cups of angels. The imperfect and inferior worship of these lovely creations supplements, without daring to replace, our own; and we feel that, when we have poured

out our prayers, we could willingly offer to God the unconscious fragrance of our flowers. But to dream that he could be satisfied with any save our "reasonable service" (Rom. xii. 1) would be like the doubtful hospitality of a steward who should content himself with allowing his servants to wait alone upon the guest who is also his lord.

Beyond the intense consciousness of beauty which is everywhere the mark of the church we also find the real pantheism, if we may so call it, underlying all her doctrinal teaching. We have not to look to dreaming philosophers for a theory sufficiently exalting to the Creator; we do not need to merge all individuality in *One* to make that One sufficiently supreme. We esteem the Divinity too perfect to be communicable, too awful to be shared by mortal man. But everything that tends to exalt one of God's creatures necessarily reflects tenfold glory on the Creator. So much is God the greater the more each of his creations is proved to be absolutely perfect in its way. Everything "lives, and moves, and has its being" in God, and "without him was made nothing that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it."

Here we have the clue to all human wanderings from the truth. The life that was in God shone and shines now upon man; but the darkness of man's heart shrinks from the light, or rather does not comprehend it, and so either turns away and strikes a lesser and uncertain light according to its own standard, or else takes the light he could not understand, and distorts it into moulds and shapes entirely foreign to it. The light that declares all life and being to be an integral portion of the Deity itself, thereby practically denies the fact of creation, if it does not border on the negation of the creative power; for to have drawn all things from his Essence would imply that to have drawn them from nothing would have been a more difficult, even if not an utterly impossible, task. The glory of God's omnipotence would thus be shorn, even if the creative faculty were conceded, as these beings to whom God has given life would be not created but evolved, not made but developed. Again, if all being were a part of God, all things, being God, would be necessarily existent; God would have done an act, in evolving all things from his Essence, which he could not help but do; between these visible and material forms of himself and his own personal existence there would be no duties, no relations of any sort; the earth and her children would have had an eternal right to be, the necessity of worship would not exist, the idea of it would even be irrational and absurd.

Again, if the universe were but a form of God, the Deity would be a passible being, subject to improvement, transformation, decay. A passible is an imperfect existence; therefore there would be no absolute perfection anywhere in or beyond creation. Thus we see that a philosophy which professes to exalt the Supreme Being, and thinks the channel of Christian faith too narrow for the majesty of the Godhead to flow through in trying to enlarge the field of God's omnipotence, simply swamps his immutable and infinite Perfection, the very archetype of all visible creation. But when we return to the revealed

faith of the Man-God we find in manifold ways the mysterious union between nature—especially *human* nature—and God strongly insisted upon and explained, as far as it may be, by the most beautiful comparisons imaginable. Conscious of man's tendency to deify the beautiful in whatever shape it presents itself, the church has made all beauty emblematic of truth, all nature one symbolical mirror of heaven. She has knit close ties between the fruits of the earth and the virtues of man; she has called in husbandry to testify to the soul's immortality; she has ingeniously made use of opposite arguments, drawn from the relation of man to the lower creation, to demonstrate the varying aspects of an unchanging truth. She says to man: "See, thou art lord of the elements, thou canst control the brutes of the field and the forest, thou canst count and classify the inaccessible stars; and why? Because to thee alone is given reason, which lifts thee above these thy slaves; and if to thee alone is reason vouchsafed, remember that from thee alone will an account be demanded and responsible action expected." Thus, having lured his pride as the acknowledged king of the creation, she then uses his fears as the most helpless weakling on the face of the earth. She says: "But see what thou art before the use of reason comes or after it has left thee; see how puny and how fearsome thou art; thou canst not herd with the moose nor live among the lions; thou canst not share the nature of the evergreen, that laughs at the useless burden of snow its unstained leaves fling off again; thou canst not stand in unmoved majesty, with limbs bare and unprotected, as stands the forest oak through the white waste of winter; useless *as man*, thou hast no power, and *as man* only canst thou reign. All things else are below thee; God alone is above thee. If thou wilt not bow to God as vassal thou shalt be more miserable than his irresponsible creatures that are beneath thee."

This is the true pantheism. Not all *in* God, but all *with* God; not nothing possible *outside* of him, but all things impossible *without* him. How much more dignity is there in this belief, which makes everything dependent upon his slightest breath, than in the faith which would make everything a necessary and independent part of God, a sovereign aspect of his own majesty which he would be powerless to alter or destroy!

We cannot find one human aspiration that is not fully satisfied by the revealed religion of Christ, nor one that is not perverted and strained to absurdity by the handling of alien and anti-Christian philosophies. The "religion of nature" was the religion of Eden, but it was identical with revelation. After the fall it retained its beauty, though it wore a saddened and clouded loveliness; but still revelation claimed it for her own, and through all ages it has remained true to the church which clothed it with such dignity as to make it actually a messenger of truth, a minister at the right hand of the altar of God. But its name has been taken in vain, a deceitful likeness of it has been erected into an idol, and weak-minded men have been drawn to its standard by its pretended sympathy with their vague cravings. It, or rather its false image, has thus become the peculiar refuge of feeble, pruriently sentimental intelligences, who seek

after the consolations while they would fain elude the duties of religion, and whose so-called æsthetic aspirations are neither more nor less than manifestations of a moral sybaritism.

But in its original form the "religion of nature" is the most cherished child of the church, and is only a name for the divine inspiration which during long centuries has run like an heirloom through countless generations of Christian artists. Need we recapitulate the well-known roll of holy names, each one a watchword of poetry or art, whose bearers showed their deep appreciation of the beauties of the material creation? Need we point to those who in our own day are lovers of nature and natural symbolism? Need we say how a feeling which this century has marvellously developed is everywhere fostered and turned to precious account by the church? If natural wonders are the lure most adapted to this our latest phase of civilization, and if the ungodly expositors of science will ingeniously torture this innocent lure into a sinful snare, is it not the church's duty to remind us of the consecration first bestowed by her upon natural beauties, and to point out how her inspired prophets have been the first to anticipate and satisfy this latent yearning of our hearts?

Yes, it is true that mountains seem as altars, and oceans as floors of crystal; that forests are cathedrals, and the blue dome of night is like to a vast and vaulted temple; true the stars and meteors and lightnings flash as torches in the midst, and that avalanche and cataract and mountain echo furnish forth the minstrelsy of the God-made tabernacle. But when all these things had been created in the beginning, and God "saw that it was good," he made yet another creature, and made him "to his own likeness," and gave him "dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth" (Gen. i. 26).

And why? Because he wished to give him a commandment and impose a duty upon him; because he wished to treat this last creation of his in an entirely different manner to the irresponsible recipients of his former favors. Not only so, but, to mark the immeasurable distance between the reasonable man and all other beings, he said of him: "It is not good for man to be alone; let us make him a help like unto himself," thus implying that notwithstanding the presence of the lower creation, beautiful though it might be, man was utterly separated from it, and could find in it no companionship nor sympathy.

Material and natural beauties were soon shown, however, in their proper relation to man's worship of God; for we read that Cain and Abel offered sacrifice to the Lord of the "fruits of the earth" and "the firstlings of the flock." So it has ever been since those first days even unto our own, when nature, in every aspect, has been sanctified and consecrated by religion.

But to break away from this blessed harmony of the created universe at the feet of its immutable Creator, and pretend to reconstruct from its broken fragments a system more gratifying to overweening human pride—what is this but to lift our weak voice against the changeless decrees of eternity, to hurl our feeble protest against

the demonstrations of four thousand years of proven history, and to prove nothing after all save our incompetence to use the gift of reason so gratuitously bestowed upon us by God?

---

## GOUNOD'S *GALLIA*.*

RELIGION has ever been the source from which artists have drawn their noblest aspirations. The mind rises upward to contemplate God, faith glows with enthusiasm, and thus the artist is enabled to produce with less unworthiness some glimpses of the Eternal Beauty. What are not even the transports of Pindar when, above the commonplace victor in the Olympic Games, he seems to behold the radiant form of Apollo, invisible to eyes profane! What is not the enthusiasm of Phidias when, with Homer, he perceives the terrible glance and lightning-gleaming brow of the ruler of the gods! It was from Jehovah himself that the prophets of the Old Testament learned the sublime language which, through a long course of centuries, has come down to us. It was the enthusiasm of faith which in the middle ages inspired monks, for the most part unknown, with the bold conceptions of those magnificent cathedrals which are the living images of the heaven into which their purified vision was permitted to gaze during their hours of ecstasy. Later on, when painting was freed from the trammels of ignorance, the Christian faith carried the ideal of art to heights hitherto unknown, and inspired the most wondrous masterpieces. The Immaculate Virgin Mother of God became the type of grace, benignity, and purity; her Divine Son the type of power and love; faith encircled the brows of the saints with the mysterious and touching aureole, expressive of the glow of divine love which enkindled their souls. And, further, even in those schools which make the reproduction of carnal and material beauty and coloring their principal study—as, for instance, those of Venice, Germany, and Holland—the true *chefs-d'œuvre* are still to be found in the paintings of religious subjects, such as Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," the "Assumption" of Titian, and the "Virgins" of Holbein and Albrecht Dürer.

What, then, does not music, the most ideal of the arts, owe to religious feeling? The childlike, simple faith of Palestrina, Carissimi, and Vittoria becomes religious enthusiasm in Marcello, Bach, and Handel. Haydn, the sweet symphonist, attains a wondrous power when he sings of the greatness of the Eternal (first *finale* of the *Creation*). Mozart, amid the blasphemies of the most irreligious and dissolute of centuries, preserved the glow of faith, and his *Requiem* seems to us perhaps the most pow-

* This is the translation of a criticism by M. Arthur Coquard, of Paris, to whose pen THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been indebted for other musical critiques.

erful work ever inspired by Christian feeling as expressed by musical genius.

In our own times, which are a prey to incessant political and moral convulsions, artists have turned their thoughts by preference to unrestful subjects; and the expression of philosophic doubt has taken the place of the Christian *Credo.* With the exception of some few really fine works—amongst which we would give the first place to Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, *L'Enfance du Christ* of Berlioz, the *Requiem* of M. Brahms, and *Ruth*, by M. Franck—sacred music has of late years produced nothing which can bear comparison with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of secular music.

The terrible disasters which recently fell upon France have been attended by a revival of religious feeling in many hearts, and more than one composer has sent up to God a song of faith, and penitence, and love.

M. Gounod has the signal honor of having been the first to take the lead in this concert of supplications, and it was fitting that it should be so. No musician in France enjoys so general an esteem or has created for himself so solid a reputation. The friends of religious art felt a thrill of deep emotion when they learned that M. Gounod was composing his Hymn of Expiation, and from the first day of its existence the name of *Gallia* stirred the heart of the true sons of France.

One day, when Paris was a prey to the flames and her burning palaces were crashing to the ground, M. Gounod opened the Bible at the Book of the Lamentations of Jeremias, and read the words: "Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo." By a coincidence at the same time terrible and consoling Jeremias appeared to be addressing France and her capital in these moving and prophetic words: "O Jerusalem, thou that wert heretofore the queen of cities, how art thou overcome and condemned to pay tribute! They who called themselves thy friends now hate and despise thee." And further on the solemn warning, "Jerusalem is desolate because her children have forgotten the law of her God. . . . What sorrow is like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his anger? Behold, O Lord, and look upon my humiliation, and the pride of mine enemy." And when Jeremias has described the woes of Sion he cries out with strong entreaty: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord thy God!"

How sublime is the lament! And M. Gounod's idea of applying to the misfortunes of France the sacred words addressed to Jerusalem was worthy of a great artist. But this is not all we have to consider. It remains to be seen whether the inspiration of the musician has been equal to the greatness of the subject.

The talent of M. Gounod is not easy to analyze. An impressionable composer, he writes according to his mood; and, according to the state of his mind at the moment, he is by turns poetic, tender, sensuous, meditative, mystical, religious. He has written in all these styles. One day he sings his love-song; the next, rivalling Haydn, he celebrates the different seasons. Then, again, moralizing with La Fontaine, he reposes his wearied Muse with the grand and tranquil words of the immortal fabulist:

"Ni l'or ni l'argent nous rendent heureux."*

* It seems probable that the idea of setting these words to music may have occurred to M. Gounod

At another time we find him, in *The Valley*, a meditative philosopher. He then undertakes religious music, and just after a serenade sings an *Ave Maria;* a *Jesus of Nazareth* after a gallant sixteenth century *chanson;* and between two acts of *Sappho* he composes a Mass.

Such is the artist. But what are we to say about *Gallia?* Alas! we would fain be silent. It is so cruel to criticise a work from which anticipation led us to expect so much! Why, then, blame that which critics have admired, and which the multitude, moved by deep emotion, acclaimed with transport? Why? Because we firmly believe that the public has been mistaken, as also M. Gounod himself, and that the success of *Gallia* is attributable to other causes than the intrinsic beauty of the work. We will explain our meaning.

Imagine a magnificent festival. On the ruins of one of their palaces five hundred voices are singing *Gallia*. The auditory is immense: a whole people is listening in absorbed silence. Well, this audience may be divided into two classes, which will be moved more or less profoundly, and which, for different reasons, will not be in a state to appreciate the real value of the music. In the first place, there will be those who love the arts without discernment, and whose enthusiasm has no solid basis; and this class, unfortunately, is a very large one, thanks to the musical ignorance of the great proportion of the most intelligent audience. Others, again, will be won by the subject itself; this title of *Gallia*, the thought of their suffering country, has already prepared their minds for emotion. The first chords from the orchestra, were they of the feeblest and the poorest, give them the thrill felt by true musicians at the first murmurs of a symphony of Beethoven. From the first words, given in a low voice by the chorus, "La voilà seule, vide, la cité, reine des cités," their reason is no longer under command; emotion has conquered them beforehand, and, unless evidently ridiculous in its treatment, the patriotic composition must appear to them sublime. In vain may they be told that the opening is not well chosen, that its harmonies are very careless, that the whole of the introduction is valueless except on account of a rhythm borrowed from Mozart. They do not hear you. What do I say? They have not heard a note of *Gallia!* They have seen on the ruins of Jerusalem I know not what prophetic shade; they have heard I know not what accents of desolation, and they exclaim, with the best faith in the world, that *Gallia* is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Such we believe to be the veritable cause of the success obtained by *Gallia*. On the one side ignorance, on the other the religious sentiment, has saved the music.

Before dealing with the details of this composition we will make a few observations relative to the work as a whole. *Gallia* includes four parts, which, though somewhat short in themselves, are perfectly independent. These four parts are in the same movement—*andante maestoso*. This, most probably, is not the effect of chance. M. Gounod has doubtless wished to preserve the same movement from beginning to end, because the expression of grief continued the same, and because the supplicat-

under the influence of one of the checks unjustly inflicted on him by the public at the commencement of his glorious career.

ing appeal, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," which closes this lamentation ought still to retain the solemnity of sorrow. If this be the idea of M. Gounod, we have nothing to say; but in this case, instead of throwing off, one after the other, these four short portions between which there is no connection beyond the identity of the movement, would it not have been better to build up one grand composition, and, instead of these four constructions, without strength and without elevation, to have raised a fair cathedral, marvellous in its unity and inspiration? We leave it to artists to answer.

Let us now examine each one of these portions in detail. The first is very vague in character, and we should not think of complaining of this had M. Gounod faithfully observed artistic proprieties. The opening of the *Heroic Symphony*, the first page of the *Symphony with Chorus*, are both assuredly very uncertain in feeling; the strophes of *Sappho*, now become celebrated under a new name, as well as *Evening*, have the same want of character. Why, then, in spite of this vagueness, if not because of it, do we like the opening of the *Heroic Symphony* and *Evening*, by M. Gounod? It is because, if the sentiment is vague, the forms are clearly marked out; it is also because the richness of the harmonies or the depth of the melodic phrase in some sense completes the thought of the master. In short, it is necessary that the vagueness should be luminous: we want the radiant vagueness of the Infinite and not the gloomy fogs of the Thames or Seine. And, unfortunately, in this first *morceau* of *Gallia* all is vague, except the sentiment, which is simply colorless. All is vague, or, rather, poor in ideas and poor in form. We wait long for the light, and light does not appear.

For a moment we begin to hope. The outburst in "Reine, flambeau du monde," is striking, and there is a charm in the phrase which follows, on the words, "Plorans ploravit in nocte." M. Gounod seems to have become himself again, moved at last by the sublime words of the prophet and the story of the woes of Sion. Alas! no. Inspiration abandons him, and he falls back into the languishing tone and the negligent style which we have, with much regret, already noticed. Only towards the end, when the voices repeat for the last time, "Omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam," we hear a truly heartrending cry; but after four bars we fall again into emptiness. Patience! The first part is ended.

Next comes a *cantilena*. The word is not particularly suitable, but let that pass. The soprano solo sings, therefore, a couplet of a hymn. Perhaps we might find it pretty in a collection of popular *cantiques*, such as those of St. Sulpice and the Père Lambilotte; but this phrase appears to us misplaced in a work of such importance as *Gallia*. A more pleasing and original movement, and at the same time not less simple, might easily have been found. To the soprano solo the chorus answers, repeating the same phrase with an orchestral accompaniment of a somewhat unmeaning character. The *cantilena* is ended by the soprano solo alone, and we listen with pleasure to some really moving accents. The melody becomes deeper and the harmonies richer on the words, "Virgines ejus squalidæ, et ipsa oppressa amaritudine." Here at last we recognize M. Gounod, and learn that

the artist who has known how to express the sobs of Marguérite and Juliet's despair can rise to nobler subjects; but still how far it is from hence to the sublime beauties of the great masters! To be convinced of this it is enough after this *cantilena* to read the air in *Iphigenia in Tauris:* "O malheureuse Iphigénie, ta patrie est anéantie!" The situation is the same; the one and the other mourn over the afflictions of their country amid their faithful companions; but what a difference between Gluck and M. Gounod! The woe of Iphigenia has grandeur in it; powerful feeling inspires the anguish of her voice, and imparts to the musical phrase a marvellous amplitude. The mourning Israelite has not this power; a couplet of twelve bars is made to suffice for the expression of the prophet's grief. The difference is no less considerable in the part given respectively by the two composers to the chorus. That in *Iphigenia* is only heard for a moment—namely, when her sorrow reaches its climax—and then it utters the cry: "Melons nos cris plaintifs à ses gemissements" (Oh! let us mingle with her sighs our tears). After this outburst of grief it is silent, and the priestess finishes her plaint alone—one of the most sublime, perhaps, to be found in the music of the drama. In *Gallia*, on the contrary, the chorus repeats the twelve bars previously sung by the soprano solo; this is a more simple but not a more probable, and especially not a more artistic, proceeding.

And we should carefully note the words, "il chante." In *Iphigenia* it is a strong cry; in *Gallia* it is a singing phrase which has about it nothing majestic except the movement indicated by the author—*andante maestoso.*

Now that we arrive at the third part our pain redoubles; for we shall have to point out examples of feebleness and negligence inexplicable on the part of so eminent a composer. The commencement, however, is expressive:

"O mes frères, qui passez sur la route." *

These opening chords are characterized by an antique sadness. We should have nothing but praises to bestow on these first pages, and would forget even that the cry, "O mes frères," which breaks the march of the chorus recalls, without equalling, the sublime cry of Gluck's *Orpheus*, "Eurydice, Eurydice!"—in a word, we should enjoy these three pages without reserve, if we did not know M. Gounod's opera of *Romeo and Juliet.* Unfortunately, all the most pleasing portions of these first pages of the third part are borrowed from *Romeo.* The phrase, "Voyez mes larmes," and the passage, "Quelles larmes peuvent égaler mes larmes," are almost exactly copied from that opera. For some years past M. Gounod has had the habit of reproducing himself. Certain of his musical forms have been repeated until they have become formulæ; the splendid prelude to Romeo and Juliet has already undergone two or three regrettable metamorphoses. M. Gounod must be on his guard, or people will finish by saying that he is come to the end of his ideas; and we, who do not believe this, shall have some trouble in proving the contrary. But if the merit is small for the author of *Gallia*, and is due in great part to the author of *Romeo*, at least the charm remains, and what follows makes us regret that M. Gounod, poorly inspired, has not

* All ye who pass by.

continued to have recourse to M. Gounod in his moments of higher inspiration.

We start with a *crescendo* which might suitably find its place in the most carelessly-written Italian opera, to end in a *fortissimo*, very sonorous, but at the same time very empty: "Grace, Dieu vengeur, pour tes enfants sans armes! . . . Contre l'insolent vainqueur, arme ton bras!"* The musician who, for the benefit of youthful artists, shall give a complete course of instruction on musical criticism will not fail to devote a chapter to the study of the grandiose style. Well, we predict that, after quoting one of the powerful pages, full of simple grandeur, which are met with at every step in the works of Handel, he will assuredly point out as an example of the bombastic style the deplorable fanfarronade of which we are speaking; just as, in a course of lectures on literature, after quotations from the energetic verses of Corneille, certain examples of high-flown, meagre lines are given by way of contrast—for instance:

"Ah! voilà le poignard, qui du sang de son maître,
S'est mouillé lâchement; . . . il en rougit, le traître!"†

We trust that M. Gounod will pardon us for speaking the truth without disguise. It is only much to be regretted that such a composer as he should lay himself open to such criticism.

The phrase of the *finale* has a certain grandeur, but is absolutely wanting in depth; and in a work with M. Gounod's signature we cannot resign ourselves to admire beauties so doubtful. And then what a close! The great composers have accustomed us to powerful developments. From Mozart and Beethoven, Weber and Méhul, to Meyerbeer and Rossini (in his best days), to Berlioz and Wagner, the very word *finale* brings with it the idea of the completion of a noble edifice; it was, in the hands of those masters, like the lofty vaulted roof closing in a Gothic cathedral. M. Gounod himself, though power is not the distinctive character of his genius, was magnificently inspired in the *finale* of his *Sappho*. Elsewhere also, in the "Choral des Epées" (*Faust*) and in the *finale* of the *Bleeding Nun*, he has attained an amplitude, in some small degree, it must be allowed, imitated from Handel, but which still we should be very glad to find again in the *finale* of *Gallia*.

But M. Gounod refuses us this time any musical development. The soprano solo sings simply a phrase of sixteen bars, which the chorus repeats very loudly, without adding to it anything but a conclusion, in twelve bars, of irreproachable insipidity. And there the work ends! This sublime ode, this profoundly moving lamentation, which should stir our souls and lead them back to God, after being born in vagueness, dies and is buried in mediocrity.

Let us now ask what it is that has misled the author of *Gallia*. We should never for one moment dare to suppose that an artist so eminent and so conscientious could do otherwise than treat his subject seriously, or that, like a certain Italian composer, he could have intended to "laugh at the worthy public." It would be a calumny against M. Gounod to im-

*O God of vengeance! spare thy defenceless children. . . . Against the insolent conqueror stretch forth thine arm.

†Ah! behold the dagger which, like a coward, has imbrued itself in its master's blood! It blushes —the traitor!

agine him capable of sentiments so vulgar. He belongs to a class of composers who may very well be mistaken at times, but who would never dream of treating their art with contempt, or of suffering it to pander to a public eager for unworthy sensations.

What, then, is it which has led him astray? Let us frankly say it, that, depending on great choral and instrumental masses, he has thought too much of effect. To obtain a more sonorous fulness he has wished to be simple at any cost. But inspired simplicity is by no means common; and M. Gounod has failed this time to find it. His thought is mediocre and its expression slip-shod. We have, in Bach and Handel, choruses of a noble simplicity, to which doubtless a mass of five hundred voices adds prodigious effect, but which, despoiled of all extraneous elements, are still admirable in themselves. In *Gallia* the fulness of the choral mass is indispensable, and if you have but fifty voices the work betrays its meagreness. Read *Gallia* at the piano; this trial, under which true musical beauties are proof, is fatal to M. Gounod, and the poverty of the composition becomes painfully evident.

Have we been severe? No; we conscientiously believe that we have only been sincere; and we are, moreover, inclined to think that, should these pages ever have the signal honor of meeting the eyes of M. Gounod, that eminent master, after a first moment of surprise, may acknowledge to himself that we are not entirely wrong in refusing to find in *Gallia* a work worthy of the author of *Mireille*.

The sublime ideal of which we spoke at the beginning of this notice, and which M. Gounod, in spite of his immense talent, has not been able to approach, another artist, unknown a few years ago, but whose fame increases daily—M. Franck, the author of *Ruth*—has pursued almost simultaneously, and we venture to say that he has attained it, so far as it is given to human power to reach towards the infinite.

Struck with the truth that France, like Jerusalem, owes all her misfortunes to forgetfulness of God, and that she can only be saved by returning to him, a poet, M. Blot,* has written a poem in two parts, of which the principal idea is identical with that of *Gallia*. The scene is laid at the manger of the Divine Infant at Bethlehem; the personages are men and angels—men, who complain of the miseries and crimes of the earth; and angels, who answer that the Eternal Son, who lies a feeble Babe before them, is come below to save them and teach them the way of virtue and happiness.

It is not our intention now to speak fully of *Noël*,† which merits careful study. We only observe that *Ruth* is now surpassed. After the cruel disappointment given us by M. Gounod it is no small compensation to find in *Noël* the masterpiece so ardently desired, the worthy expression of patriotism and of religious enthusiasm, which will live as long as the memory of the sorrows and the hopes of France. And since we have been compelled to speak with apparent severity of one illustrious musician, it is a consolation to render to another, who

* His *libretto* on the "Cup of the King of Thule" was "crowned" by the Académie Française.

† This work is not analogous to the *Noël* of Adam, or to M. Gounod's *Jesus of Nazareth*. It is a sort of oratorio in two parts, or rather a series of sacred scenes. If we had to give a name to this work we should call it *Redemption*.

is assuredly no less so, a just tribute of admiration. In fact, that which stamps *Noël* as a work in the highest degree original and inspired is its expression of the celestial accents which reach us like an echo of the songs of heaven. No one has ever learned, like M. Franck, to reproduce the voices of the angels; none more than he has enabled us to listen to those notes of purity and sublimity which descend from above upon suffering humanity like dew upon the thirsty ground. We do not hesitate to say that, could Mozart return among us, he would find no purer songs nor voices more divine.

---

## ROSARY BEADS.

I.

From loving fingers drop the Ave beads
White as the lilies Gabriel doth bear
Greeting the angels' Queen whose maiden prayer
Pleads with Jehovah her loved Israel's needs:
White as the snow that lieth Christmas morn,
Unbroken yet by footstep falling o'er:
White as the doves the humble Mother bore
Unto the Temple with her pure first-born:
White as her soul to whom we trustful call,
Mindful of life that sudden perisheth,
"Ave Maria," hold us dear in death,
Loosen with thy pure touch from earthly thrall
Our struggling prayers so poor and faint of breath—
So each white bead grow perfect act of faith.

II.

Drop one by one the beads of malachite
By martyr-pontiff blessed—"Cross of the Cross,"
Brave hope uplifted in night's hour of loss,
Strong light unfailing in wrong's night of might.
Thoughts steeped in tears fall with each rounded gem—
The bitter chalice of Gethsemani,
The rabble's choice of Cæsar's sovereignty—
Rome seeming shadow of Jerusalem,
Saint-trodden city still more blessèd grown
Through gentle presence of a wounded Heart—
Of Heavenly Model earthly counterpart—
Bearing the Cross 'mid mockery from its own.
Blest Cross, that shineth in tear-clouded eyes,
E'er budding hope of opening Paradise.

III.

And, last, from lingering fingers fall the prayers
Of triumph, on blood-red carnelian told,
Of love, that doth its heavenly glow unfold
To light the Cross the Lamb redeeming bears
The shadow of the prisoned souls to break;
Each prayer enkindled by the touch of love—
The Fire Divine descended from above
True life to give, pale embers to awake;
Each bead a blossom of that marvellous bloom
That filled its Mistress' barren place of rest;
The stony petals, with her dear name blest,
Breathing sweet charity's most rich perfume,
Burning with love of tender soul bent down
To kiss Christ's Cross his Mother's roses crown.

---

## WINCHESTER SCHOOL AND SCHOLARS.*

WINCHESTER School, or St. Mary Winton College, as its official title runs, founded in 1373,† is the oldest of the great public endowed schools at present peculiar to England. It supplied the model on which Eton and Westminster schools were founded, as well as others of no less interest, though on a smaller scale, such as Ipswich, founded by Wolsey, and Merchant Taylors', by Sir Thomas White. It is famous for its scholars, for its discipline, for its conservatism. Under all the changes which years have wrought, the greater or more sudden change which the Reformation brought about, and the subtler changes which each decade of the present century carries to a temporary development, to be displaced by its immature successor, one type of human character has alone been prominent and permanent at Winchester and other English schools. Common speech terms this the John Bull type. The qualities that make an explorer perfect a scholar; the energy that wins a battle is the same ingredient which masters the difficulties of study. According to the present standard of education, the English public schools are deficient. English conservatism is slow to add to a school curriculum, much more to substitute "new-fangled" studies for those appointed by our "pastors and masters" four centuries ago; innovation has yet to receive a social sanction, and decorum of form is still more thought of than the quality of the substance; in a word, English education on the whole, and speaking technically, is backward and unsatisfactory.

It is in vain to instance the legion of well-known scholars, and the larger number of obscure

* This term is used in its common, not its academical, acceptation.

† The first agreement was signed that year; the charter of foundation dates from 1382, and the first stone of the building was laid in 1387.

scholars, in England as a refutation of this assertion; one must judge by the average rather than by the literary cream of the nation. Again, the men who represent English intellectual influence in this half of our century are for the most part not college men; or, if they are, the kind of knowledge which has gained them their influence has not been imparted by the academic portion of their career. Englishmen look upon public schools as something besides institutions for the teaching of Greek, Latin, mathematics, geography, and history; to them they are miniature worlds where, according to the favorite phrase, boys "find their own level." They are social, and even political, training-schools, intensely democratic in essence, even when, as usual, hedged in by time-honored customs based on social differences; for boys scorn to do what men are often persuaded into in later life. A boy stands on his own merits: in a few months he will overcome any prejudice consequent on his father's position, provided his own personality is frank, manly, and independent, and his instincts those of a gentleman; while a "sneak," if he happen to be the son of a peer, will never get over the stigma of his character during all the years of his school-life. Beyond personal discrimination, however, the boys' political economy does not pretend to go; it does not teach them to make allowances for the influence of lower associations, or to excuse present failings on the score of defective hereditary traditions. A boy's standard is not scientific but natural, or rather aboriginal, and his judgment deals only with visible effects. Morally speaking, the schools, in this respect, are ahead of the universities. In the middle ages mere children went to Oxford and Cambridge; at present youths seldom go before they are eighteen, and already the shadow of a precocious manhood gives them a touchy and ludicrous sense of dignity, with which are mingled many germs of the temptations of grown men. There is far more toadyism in the universities than in the schools; more unhealthy aping of elders, leading to dissipation and disease; more fashionable *blasé*-ism, leading to a sickly infidelity and cynicism. If the ruder instincts of the Anglo-Saxon did not provide a balance to all this in the shape of a fanatic devotion to athletic sports, in favor of which even sobriety and self-restraint are willingly practised, the love of learning or the measure of knowledge as meted out at the universities would scarcely counteract this baneful influence. It needs all the boy's traditions, and a heavy weight of the man's after-responsibilities as father, master, landlord, to strangle the evil which the youth's career often brings to an alarmingly sudden development.

In Wykeham's age, and in each successive one, as the injunctions, prohibitions, and records of visitations at Winchester School and New College, Oxford, show, men were certainly more decorous, pious, and perfect than they are now, though the average Englishman was much the same, with the same temptations, the same needs, the same mischievous yet not ill-natured tendencies. Unseemly practical jokes, rude assaults, insubordination, insolence that was sometimes witty but too often ribald, are mentioned in the history of these foundations of the bishop of Winchester. The quaint

phrases that are still in use in the school, dating, with part of the dress, from the fourteenth century, and often derived from customs that ten centuries ago were already long disused, do not conceal the little-changing boy-nature of the scholar. Only one important change is marked, and that, in spite of the ecclesiastical forms still prevalent everywhere in English schools, cathedrals, and universities, is a fundamental one. Even independently of the Reformation this change would have occurred, as it has in Catholic European countries—*i.e.*, the preponderance of the lay element over the clerical in public and political life. Wykeham established his two colleges rather as seminaries for priests (the "black death" which raged in his time having thinned the ranks of the clergy to such a degree as to cause abuses in the too hasty and indiscriminating ways taken to fill the vacant places) than as schools for laymen, as was natural in an age when the clergy had the monopoly of learning. Priests and bishops were statesmen, ambassadors, lawyers, builders, artists, poets, county members and magistrates, teachers, professors, authors, while laymen of high birth, as a rule, were only soldiers, and the commonalty unskilled mechanics. Wykeham's earliest title to the favor of Edward III. was his skill as an architect and engineer. He was entrusted with the main part of the building of Windsor Castle, where there is still a tower called by his name, and where the cloister of St. George's Chapel is wholly his work; and he built the fortified castle of Queenborough, which took six years to complete. Besides being for many years "surveyor of the king's works," he was at various times ranger and forester, having the care of the royal parks and chases, herds of deer and packs of hounds. Later on he was chancellor, as so many great English churchmen before Wolsey, and several times mediator or arbiter in internal and foreign disputes, civil and ecclesiastical. His life in this respect is a fair specimen of the customs of the age; also with regard to the holding of several benefices at the same time, and the frequent exchange of one benefice for another. In 1365, when Pope Urban V. issued a bull against pluralities, and a papal visitation was held in England by the legate Cabrespino to set a limit to this abuse, Wykeham resigned all the cures that were incompatible with the archdeaconship of Lincoln—a post necessitating occasional residence and periodical visitations in the diocese. It was natural that, under the circumstances, schools and colleges should be almost wholly ecclesiastical, and the inmates bound to enter priests' orders after having attained a proper age and spent a certain time in study. Boys were to enter Wykeham's colleges between the ages of eight and twelve, though the rule was not always observed, even in the earliest times of the foundation. By the time they were sixteen they were required to receive the first tonsure. As commoners, however—*i.e.*, students taught at their own expense—laymen availed themselves, in small numbers, of academical advantages even in the fifteenth century, when we find King Henry V. studying at New College under Cardinal Beaufort, Wykeham's successor in the see of Winchester. The last historian of the foundations, Walcott, does not mention when lay students became

the majority among those supported by the Wykehamist endowments. The famous royalist, Viscount Falkland, and the great physician, Sir Thomas Browne, the author of *Religio Medici* and so many other works that he figures largely in the history of English literature, are mentioned among distinguished lay Wykehamists in the seventeenth century, but they were commoners. Medicine, indeed, occupied a large place in the after-studies of several scholars of Winchester during that century, but these studies were mostly completed abroad. Wykeham may be called the founder of the public-school system that still prevails in England, but has been perverted by the Reformation, as well as of the particular colleges that bear his name.

Walcott says in his *Wykeham and his Colleges* that the annexation of a college in the university to a dependent school; the institution of college disputations (in Oxford), external to the public exercises of the university, in the presence of deans and moderators; the contemporaneous erection of a private chapel; the appropriation of fellowships for the encouragement of students in neglected branches of learning, were among the more prominent signs of that which must be viewed more as the creation of a new system than as the revival of literature in its decline. The plague had reduced the thirty thousand students of Oxford to six thousand, and the field was open for a new kind of college life, less disputatious and random, more decorous and profitable to students themselves. Walcott goes on to say:

"Halls, mere houses for the reception of students, abounded in the university. Walter de Merton had sketched the dim outline of a larger prospect, but it remained for the master-hand of Wykeham . . . to exhibit students living under the immediate control and discipline of tutors, and lodged in the chambers of a single college. Wykeham confirmed and established the collegiate system. . . . His predominant idea was to furnish a perpetual patronage of poor scholars, whereby they might overcome the barriers set up by fortune or low estate. . . . This he determined to do by way of assistance, but not, it appears, by the provision of a complete maintenance independent of the aid of their friends for their support."

His archdiaconal visitations had taught him how often the will of the founders of institutions was neglected and their intentions ill carried out, and this suggested the idea of not only founding but of personally superintending his own colleges during his lifetime; still, he had been bishop of Winchester twenty years before he found time and opportunity to carry out his plans, and the building of the school in his episcopal city occupied seven years more. The college of the same name in Oxford, commonly called New College, was founded earlier, but took nearly as many years to be completed. The number of inmates in each was almost the same, and is thought by writers of the sixteenth century (Harpsfield, himself a Winchester scholar, being the first to say so) to have been symbolical, the warden and ten fellows of Winchester School representing the apostles exclusive of Judas; the two masters (*Informator* and *Ostiarius*) * and the seventy scholars the disciples; the three chaplains and three clerks the six faithful deacons, and the sixteen choristers the four greater and twelve lesser prophets. At Oxford the college was to con-

* Sometimes spelt Hostiarius.

sist of a warden and seventy fellows, fifty of whom to be students in arts or philosophy and divinity, though two might study medicine and two astronomy, and the remaining twenty to be learned in the law, ten as civilians and ten as canonists, all to be in priests' orders within a fixed period, except in cases of lawful impediment; ten chaplains, three clerks of the chapel, and sixteen choristers. One of the chaplains was required to learn grammar and be able to write, that he might help the treasurers in transcribing Latin evidences. Winchester School the founder called "the cradle and source of our college in Oxford, or the well-watered garden, the budding vine, whose fruits, transplanted to our college in Oxford, bring forth abundant sweetness in the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts." He instituted the school as a place where "grammar, the foundation of arts and liberal sciences, the door unto, and fountain of, all other arts and sciences," should be primarily taught, and the "true knowledge of the mysteries of Scripture" should be imparted. Charity and mutual forbearance he called the golden rule of the school.

The buildings, as at first distributed, were beautiful and orderly; only the great quadrangle remains at present intact, but the scenery around the school has hardly changed. The valley in which the old city stands supplies the "meads" so often mentioned in the school chronicles; the heights known as St. Giles' and St. Catherine's are the "evening hills" which, in the old-school parlance still in common use, is the term corresponding to the modern recreation; the Itchen River runs by the school boundaries, luring the boys with promises of trout. The nucleus of the building was a grammar-school of the time of Alfred, long decayed, but known as marking the spot of the Roman temple of Apollo, and the land belonged mainly to the priory of St. Swithin, whose chapter was the electing body of the see of Winchester, and one of whose shrines, dedicated to Our Lady, had been the first place where Wykeham as a child had knelt at Mass.* Besides gifts of vestments, church plate, books, etc., the founder settled on the college the revenues of various manors, priories, farms, tenements, and "cells" (dependent houses of clerics or monks belonging to foreign abbeys, chiefly in the French possessions of the kings of England); and the king, Richard II., as well as other benefactors, gave similar grants and charters, besides spiritual immunities and privileges raising the college to the rank of an abbey or deanery. There was also a warden's hostel, in Little Trinity Lane, Queenhithe, for the use of the members of the college when they had business in London; at another earlier period the college rented a house for this purpose, and the account-books have entries of carpet-bags bought for the wardens when they went up to Parliament or Convocation.

Strype says that the course of studies was so arranged that after the scholars "be once perfect in the rules of grammar and versifying, and well entered in the principles of the Greek tongue and of rhetoric, [they] are sent to the universities." The addition of ten commoners to the numbers of the school had been provided for; sons of noblemen and gentlemen in good circumstances, especially patrons of

* MS. History of Wykeham.

the college, were to be allowed to join at their own expense in the studies of the scholars. The number was soon increased. The commoners lived at first in the old college of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which was pulled down in 1547. The latest building known as Old Commoners' was a picturesque Jacobean house, demolished in 1839–41. The dress of the college in Wykeham's time was a gown of cloth or serge, generally russet, with a plain hood or cowl, and was issued at Christmas. The fellows, masters, and chaplains wore fur trimming, the width varying according to their respective rank, and the dress was not to be sold till five years after its issue. The present gown is of black cloth, buttoned at the neck in front, and has a full sleeve looped up at the elbow; the waistcoat is single-breasted. The prefects (senior boys) have on their gown a broad facing of black velvet. Until lately (the beginning of this century) the meals were at ten, at a quarter to one, and at six; the first consisting of bread and butter, the second of beef, bread, and cheese, and the third of mutton and bread and cheese, and beer at each meal. (In most English schools tea or coffee is at present the common beverage at breakfast and supper.) The plates were wooden trenchers. The hall is a magnificent room, wainscoted and tapestried, with windows of stained glass, and an open roof of carved oak lately restored. The "tub," a massive iron-bound chest, stands between the doorways, and into it are cast the fragments after dinner, to be given to the poor; fixed benches and tables are ranged along the sides, and at the upper end is the dais, or high table, raised two steps above the floor level. Every day before and after dinner the long and beautiful grace, dating from the earliest year of the foundation, is still chanted by the choristers. On the six last Saturdays of the "long half," just before "evening hills," the peculiar Winchester *Domum* is sung in memory of a scholar who, having been left to spend his holidays at school, pined away and died of homesickness. The incident is said to have happened nearly four centuries ago, and was also commemorated by the words "*Dulce Domum*" (sweet home), carved by the forsaken boy on a tree now replaced by a young sapling, the third of its race standing on the same spot. The *Domum* used to be sung, till 1773, at the Domum Wharf on Blackbridge—a bridge over the river Itchen, replacing a former one of black timber—and at the college gates. Another old custom still kept up is the singing of the hymn, "Jam lucis orto sidere," in procession round "the Sands" on the morning of "breaking up," both in winter and summer, after chapel. The "circum," or daily procession through the college before vespers, one of the original customs, has been discontinued, but only within a century. Selections from the Psalms were sung during the procession.

In the sixteenth century the boys rose at five, and swept out their chambers and made their beds (from which service in the next century they were exempted), and Matins were said at six. Seven Masses—some for the dead—were said every day in chapel, and the Canonical Hours were sung by the fellows, chaplains, clerks, and choristers. In hall the Scriptures or the Lives of the Saints were read,

and the former continued to be read long after the Reformation. At present the only remnant of the custom is the reading, by the senior scholar, of the Gospel for the preceding and coming Sunday, during dinner, between the courses, on the two first days of election-week, one on either day. The "prefect of tub" in the early sixteenth century served the "prefect of hall" with "dispars" of beef (portions so called from an old custom of leaving the food in shares on the hall tables, when the strongest boys would take more than their share, and leave the weaker a "dispar," or unequal part; and so with the breakfast and supper portions, still called "sines," because the weaker boys had to "go *sine*"—without—) and then walked up and down between the tables and saw that the dishes were properly issued to each mess of four boys, and the "jacks," or leathern vessels for beer, set on. The choristers and servants took their dinner after. The boys often acted Latin and Greek plays (the custom survives only at Westminster School, where a Greek play is acted once a year), and the ceremony of enthroning the boy-bishop on the 6th of December, St. Nicholas' day, was observed, the day itself being one of the "gaudy," or "Pie Gawdy," * days mentioned in the statutes. The origin of the ceremony, already too much forgotten in Wykeham's time, was the desire to encourage diligence in learning and progress in virtue, whereof the mitre was generally the reward; but the practice itself was a mere buffoonery, the boy-bishop, like the mock king of Twelfth Day, aping throughout the day the episcopal functions according to the Use of Sarum, excepting, however, the mysteries of the Holy Mass. The account-books of the college in 1421 mention the purchase of a gilt copper crosier for the feast of the boy-bishop.

The boys' amusements in remote times were much the same as at present: they went to shows and hunts and had picnics; Christmas "waits" and minstrels came to the college to sing tales of chivalry and Arabian legends; and one entry notes that one of the "king's servants brought a lion to show" and was given twenty pence. Over the windows and in the walls of the quadrangle are carved symbols referring to the use of certain chambers or merely encouraging scholars to proficiency in certain callings; a psaltery and a pipe adorn the refectory door; the master and the scholar, the iron-bound chest, the soldier and the clerk, fill places in the walls. Three canopied niches in the quadrangle represent the Annunciation, and the founder kneeling in prayer; and almost the same grouping is reproduced in three niches over the gateway of New College, Oxford. In the old audit-chamber are Flemish tiles and tapestry with Tudor devices; at the entrance of the kitchen is the famous wall-picture of the "Trusty Servant," with the episcopal arms of Winchester and the motto of the college, "Manners makyth Man" in the corner and a landscape in the background, while the principal figure has a pig's head with a padlock through the lips, and deer's feet. He wears a blue and red livery, and has several domestic utensils in one hand. An inscription in Latin verse explains that he is not dainty in his food, he is silent as to his master's concerns,

* From Latin *gaudium*, joy. There were five of these days, Christmas, Twelfth Day, and Easter being the three "great gaudies."

swift to do his bidding, and ready to turn his hand to anything.

The chapel, now spoilt by wainscoting which, though rich, is incongruous, was originally adorned with artistic lavishness; an ambulatory or passage led to it, and a rood-screen, on which stood the organ, divided it. Curtains of red velvet hung on each side of the altar, and a stone carved reredos towered above it, while the stalls were peculiarly rich in detail. Both stalls and reredos have disappeared, but the vaulted roof of Irish oak with fan tracery, the invention of Wykeham, and afterwards imitated in stone at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, still remains. There were two altars west of the rood-screen, one, doubtless, the Lady altar, though it is not known positively what its dedication was. Thurburn's oratory or chantry * was once part of the chapel, and on its roof are carved, according to the taste of the times (1480), the rebusses of benefactors—a thurible for Thurburn, a capital C with tapers in a row for Chandler, three sugar-loaves for Hugh Sugar, and a beacon and tun for Beckington. Fromond's chantry, a small chapel with richly groined roof, stands in the cloister enclosure; a modern floor has spoilt its proportions. The school-room, which is only two hundred years old, is the finest specimen of the kind in England; over the doorway stands a bronze statue of Wykeham, the gift and handiwork of Cibber, the father of the actor, Colley Cibber, whose younger brother found it his passport into the school. Within the wainscoting rises as high as an ordinary room, and meets the foot of the deep windows. Fixed forms in rising tiers for the boys, and seats for the masters occupy some part of the walls, but the scholars during study sit in the centre of the room at the "scobs" (box spelt backwards) which serve as desks and receptacles for books, and are fixed on four parallel ranges of oak benches. The walls are adorned with memorials which no Wykehamist can think of without raising associations almost as dear as those of home: the "*Aut disce*," a tablet on which are painted a mitre and crosier, the rewards of learning; a pen and inkhorn and a sword, symbols of the military and the civil professions; and a Winton rod, the famous quadruple birch invented by Warden Baker in 1438. Under each symbol is a device, "*Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia, cædi*" (Either learn or go—a third choice remains; the birch). And under this is the flogging-place; the tablet bearing the school rules in Latin—a version not unlike Wykeham's original instructions in the statutes (the directions for behavior in the bed-rooms include a prohibition to throw anything out of the window or stare at any one in the court beneath); the "nail," or middle sconce for candles in the west wall, under which grave offenders are placed; Old Commoners' table, where practical jokes were generally originated or some such challenge agreed upon as occurred late in the eighteenth century, when a dozen of the best boxers in the school started surreptitiously "off Hills" to fight the boys of Hyde Abbey, a famous private school in Winchester. Often, too, a barring-out was settled in excited whispers at this table, as when, on an order forbidding the boys to go to the cathedral close to

* Mortuary chapel with endowment providing for the support of a priest who should say Mass daily for the repose of the soul of the founder.

hear the military band play, and one boy being found there, the whole school was punished, a really formidable rebellion broke out, and the aid of the military had to be invoked by the warden. This was in 1773.

The other room most memorable to scholars is the election-chamber, oak-panelled to the roof, where, according to the founder's instructions in the statutes, the warden and two fellows of New College called posers, and the warden, sub-warden, and head-master of Winchester School, elect scholars once a year to what vacancies there may be. The Oxford electors are received on a Tuesday with three Latin orations, and then sit on any case reserved for their decision. The next morning they examine the list of candidates for admission to the school, and then of a certain number of senior boys as candidates for scholarships at New College. On Thursday evening the rolls are made up; two of the "founder's kin"* are set at the head, and are not "superannuated" until twenty-five years of age, and, if elected to New College, are at once actual fellows; the rest of the candidates follow in order of merit, and, though superannuated at eighteen, may succeed to New College if a vacancy falls in during the following year, and remain scholars two years after their admission. The number of vacancies is, on an average, nine in two years. For admission to the school two of the "founder's kin" are first elected by a majority of votes; the rest are nominated in order. Nearly eight thousand scholars have been elected since the beginning of the school. The number of boys has never exceeded two hundred at any given time. Wykeham's conditions for election (they have been modified in detail, and singing is, for instance, no longer a *sine quâ non*) were poverty, good behavior, modesty in speech, eagerness for study, and a sufficient (*competenter*) acquaintance with reading, plain chant, and the Latin grammar.

A very curious list of the books of the school gives an idea of an average mediæval library. The missals, ordinals, psalters, antiphonaries, graduals, etc., we should in our day ascribe to the sacristy; but in the list given by Walcott they are classed with the rest of the books, all of which have the special interest of being direct gifts of the founder, or bought with his money, left for the purpose, within one century (1474) after the foundation. St. Augustine is the most prominent of the Fathers, and besides the two full-text Bibles (New College, Oxford, had five) there were a versified paraphrase of the Bible and a dictionary of Bible terms, with several commentaries, patristic and contemporary, of portions of the Gospels, prophets, Psalms, and the Apocalypse, and a treatise on "the accents and the doubtful or unexplained words in the Bible." Some of the quainter entries run thus: "A book containing Hugh of St. Victor's *De Sacramentis*, with a treatise on the Nature of Animals, and the Chronicle of Merlin" (these incongruous neighbors being several manuscripts bound together); "A book containing Innocent on the Misery of Human Nature, with the Numeral of Master William of the Hill, and the Chronicle of Merlin, the Trojan War, The Clergy's Itinerary, by Gerald of Cambridge, a treatise on

* Colley Cibber was of Wykeham descent, through his mother, but did not find the recommendation sufficient for admission.

things to be admired in England and Wales, a treatise on the punishment of Pilate and Judas Iscariot, with a treatise in praise of Origen"; "The Morals of St. Gregory, with most accurate chronicles of the Kings of England, and with moralizations [fables?] of birds and beasts, called *Bestiarorum"*; "Tales of the Blessed Virgin and others; tales of her Mother; treatise on Vices and Virtues, and one on the game of Chess"; "*Pars Oculi"* and "*Pupilla Oculi"* (whether these were really works on the eye, and its structure and diseases, or only fantastic titles of philosophical works, the list gives no hint). The catalogue of New College library was altogether of theological books, including the "Sybil's Prophecies," and notes one hundred and thirty-six works, besides nearly fifty for chapel use. A still more interesting list is that of the school expenses, the homely details bringing before one the common life of early days with the same vividness as our own. The catching of swans in nets is an unusual item, but most of the entries are such as are familiar to housekeepers and school-teachers of the present day, even to the item of "two men riding after runaway scholars." Another time the master, Booles, and warden, Chandler, rode to court with two servants to arrange some thorny matters concerning the complaints of scholars. Bell-ringers on occasions of national rejoicing, gardeners with their tools, masons, farm-hands, arrow-makers, figure as receiving wages; "twelve thousand short boards" during the plague suggest coffins; beer and wine occur plentifully in the lists, and school furniture and clothing furnish many entries, though till the seventeenth century the only "beds" were straw bundles with feather pillows in ticks.

New College, when first built, resembled a fortress, and, including (as it does to this day) a part of the east and north walls of the town, through which two posterns were made to facilitate a municipal inspection by the mayor and bailiffs once in every three years, might truly be called one. The domestic arrangements were in almost all respects similar to those at Winchester, and the statutes, prohibitions, etc., nearly identical. The sleeping-rooms all bore special names—we have *heard* that the practice has been adopted sometimes in our own day by private individuals much pressed with business, and that, for instance, the study was called Brooklyn, the bed-room Philadelphia, the parlor Chicago, etc., so that intrusive visitors were disingenuously got rid of by being told Mr. So-and-so was in Brooklyn, etc. — though whether the rooms bore any device relating to the name is not told. There were the Star, the Vine, the Baptist's Head, the Conduit, the Crane's Dart, the Vale, the Cock, the Christopher, the Serpent's Head, the Green Post, and the Rose, while two were simply called the Chaplains' and the Chamber of Three. One of the public rooms below was called "the Chequer," and in the bursary's room was a rebus—a small bird, the peewit, meaning "pay it," with the motto in Latin, "Pay what thou owest." The arrangements for meals were the same as at Winchester, the quality of the food and its quantity very satisfactory, especially during the seventeenth century; "warden-pies" appear now and then, and remind one of the story told of a fellow imprisoned during the Commonwealth, by

one of the wardens, in the bell-tower of the college, who, having lost his appetite for all else, desired a warden-pie * with only two wardens baked in it, those of New College and Winchester School, as "such a warden-pie might do me and the church good, whereas other wardens of the tree can do me no good at all." The scholars and fellows were forbidden by the founder to keep hounds, hawks, or ferrets, to use arms or play at games of chance, or even ball, and especially to abstain from the "horrible and contemptible game of shaving beards, common on the eve of the installation of a Master of Arts." Foppishness in dress was forbidden in detail, and red and green were both proscribed colors, being then "the rage" among dandies. Some of the customs of monastic life long survived in the college; for instance, the porter knocked on the lower door of every staircase at first and second peal in the morning (seven o'clock and half-past) to summon the fellows to college meetings, and at dinner and supper two choristers went along the quadrangle from the chapel door to the garden gate, crying, "*Tempus est vocandi; mangez tous, seigneurs*" (It is time to call; my lords, eat). Until the Commonwealth the fellows, says Peshall in his *Oxford*, used to walk on Ascension day † to St. Bartholomew's chapel, which was "decked and adorned with the seasonable fruits of the year," and a selection from the Psalms was read, after which the fellows sang a hymn or anthem, and so on alternately three times. "Then they went up to the altar, where stood a vessel decked with tuttyes (nosegays), and therein offered a piece of silver to be divided among the poor men." Then they walked in procession to a well in a grove adjoining (the path used to be strewn with flowers), and there sang part-songs, whatever was most in fashion at the period. The ceremony was gradually shortened until, after the civil wars of Cromwell, it was disused. Greek was a favorite study during the sixteenth century, and at the same time that Greek lectures were first established Leyton, the royal commissioner, says: "We fownde all the gret quadrant court full of the leiffes of Dunce [Duns Scotus, whose works the visitors had proscribed], the wynde blowyng them into evere corner. And ther we fownde one Mr. Grenfelde gatheryng up part of the saide bowke leiffes (as he said), therwith to make hym sewells or blawnsherres [scarecrows] to kepe the dere within the woode, therby to make the better cry with his howndes."

To go through the roll of distinguished or famous Wykehamists of either foundation is to peruse English history for the last five centuries. Waynflete, the first head-master of Eton and bishop of Winchester, is as grand a figure as Wykeham himself. He was chancellor to King Henry VI., and a faithful ally of Margaret of Anjou in her efforts to stanch the civil feuds of the kingdom. Like Wykeham, he consoled himself for the disappointments of public life by founding a college at Oxford—St. Mary Magdalen, still one of the most beautiful in the university. Chichely and Dene are less famous names, but borne by archbishops of Canterbury, the latter a chancellor in 1500. Chichely

* The warden, or *poire du garde*, was a fine large pear fit for baking. Shakspere alludes to it in his *Winter's Tale*.

† Evidently a reminiscence of Rogation days.

was a statesman and ambassador, but, better still, "the golden candlestick of the English church, the darling of the people, and the good father of his clergy," as the University of Oxford wrote word to Pope Martin V., and "the example of every public and private virtue," as the archbishop of York declared. He was the sole founder of All Souls' College, Oxford. Dene was primate only three years, but had before enjoyed many ecclesiastical and civil positions of trust in Wales and Ireland as well as England, though he died so poor that he had no "trental" (Masses for the dead for thirty consecutive days). Wolsey and Gardiner were his chaplains. Warham, also primate and chancellor, was Wolsey's immediate predecessor in the chancellorship; Erasmus, his friend, calls him the Mæcenas of scholars, and the judgment of his time was that his impartiality, penetration, and legal learning had never been surpassed. White, Bishop of Winchester, suffered imprisonment in the Tower under Elizabeth, ostensibly on a charge of treason, his personal attachment to Mary Tudor and his part on the Catholic side in the theological disputations at Westminster being, however, his real offences. His brother, Alderman Sir Thomas White, was the co-founder of Merchant Taylors' School.

Besides prelates and statesmen of mediæval days, Winchester and its sister institution gave England some of her best scholars in every century, from Thomas Arnold, the head-master of Rugby, Dr. Wordsworth, head-master of Harrow, and Sir Roundell Palmer, a famous English lawyer, in our own time, to Anthony à Wood, the historian of Oxford, in the seventeenth century, and Grocyn in the fifteenth, the tutor of Erasmus, and acknowledged the best Greek scholar of his day. The eighteenth century was marked for the Wykehamist colleges by Joseph Warton, the poet, head-master of Winchester School, the friend of Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one of the most voluminous authors in the English language, of whom a recent review says, "No men contributed so much as the Wartons to the reformation of English poetry"; Sydney Smith, of Holland House renown; Lemprière, the author of the dictionary; Dibdin, whose writings are all less known than his famous sea-songs; Whitehead, the poet-laureate, the baker's son, the best type of a poor, upright, and unflinchingly persevering scholar, who ended his life as secretary of the Order of the Bath, and died full of honors as of riches; and Stuart, a grandson of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The seventeenth century gave Winchester and New College Lord Ashley; Lord Falkland; Young, the friend of Pope and author of the *Night Thoughts;* Manningham, chaplain to Queen Anne, who, when requested to read prayers in an outer chamber while the queen was at her toilet, replied that he would not "whistle devotions through a key-hole"; Bishop Ken, one of the famous seven whom James II. and William III. alike quarreled with; Sir Thomas Browne the physician, and Wood the historian. The same names reappear from generation to generation, and some note of relationship is often appended to the name of some obscure scholar, connecting him with an uncle or cousin of better-known acquirements. During the last century the Wyke-

hamists were strongly represented in the army and navy, especially during the Peninsular War. But perhaps to a Catholic the most interesting century in the history of Wykeham's foundations is the sixteenth, when the Reformation divided their scholars into two camps. During the respective reigns of Mary and Elizabeth those who took the side opposite to the sovereign's belief were alternately ejected, deprived, and, in a few instances, executed. The best known among the Catholics was Father Garnet, of Winchester School, but scores of other names occur in the rolls—Owen, of New College, who became chancellor of Milan and bishop of Cassano in Italy, and lies buried in the chapel of the English College at Rome; Dr. Borde, a Winchester commoner, who to his rare skill in medicine added a singular austerity, wearing a hair-shirt and hanging his shroud at night on the foot of his bed, and who died in Fleet prison; the two cousins Harpsfield, the first of whom was chaplain to Bonner and high in ecclesiastical rank, besides being a poet of some merit, and the second a renowned canonist, and in later years controversialist, who was imprisoned for twenty years and spent the time in literary labors (both these men spoke in the public disputations on religion at Westminster Abbey); the friends Harding and Dorman, the first a good Hebrew scholar (he was professor of Hebrew at Oxford in 1541), best known as Bishop Jewell's opponent; the second who retired with him to Louvain and helped him in his famous controversy; Martyn, who sat in the commission that condemned Cranmer; Nelle, an eminent Greek and Hebrew scholar, a friend of Cardinal Pole and a chaplain of Bonner; he avoided both notoriety and danger by resigning his college and clerical positions after Elizabeth's accession, and living for twenty years in retirement; Saunders, a very able but intemperate controversialist, professor of theology at Louvain, theologian to Cardinal Hosius at the Council of Trent, and writer of several treatises on disputed points of doctrine; Fenne, an elegant Italian scholar, who on his deprivation retired to Italy and wrote a Latin history of the English martyrs; Stapleton, called "the most learned Jesuit of his age," who taught at Douai and Louvain, wrote many learned treatises, portions of which Pope Clement VIII. used to have daily read to him while he sat at dinner, and was called by Cardinal Perron the best controversialist of his party; his greatest work was an English translation of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of England;* Astlowe, a famous physician of his time, who suffered imprisonment for designing means for the escape of Mary, Queen of Scots; Fowler, who became a printer at Louvain, where he wrote and published several works, among them a *Psalter for Catholics*, and died at Krainburg, in Germany; Whyte, who taught theology at Padua and Douai, and wrote a history of England, quoted by Selden (he was created Count Palatine of the Holy Roman Empire); Rainolds, who from a violent Puritan became a Catholic, and naturally a vehement controversialist, but under the name of William Rosse (he was professor of Hebrew at Rheims, and is buried in the choir of the Béguinage at Antwerp); Father Garnet, too well known to require description, but whose fate was the same as that of the obscurer martyrs Mundyn and

Body, two priests first ejected from their fellowships and subsequently executed with several others, the one in 1582, the other in 1583; Pitts, a friend of the learned Stapleton, and himself a rarely accomplished man, who travelled much and studied in various foreign universities, taught Greek and rhetoric in the English College at Rome, and, while confessor to the Princess of Cleves, occupied his time writing a biographical history of English scholars and ecclesiastics, in which occur interesting details of the life at Winchester School during his boyhood. In the next century Winchester settled into a quiet and willing appendage to the Anglican Church, as it has remained ever since; but now and then some convert would leave his preferment and join the English Catholic exiles on the Continent. One of these was a New College man, Gawen, the friend of Milton, and a canon of Winchester Cathedral, a deep scholar, but a man inclined to peaceful pursuits, and who saw the danger of the Puritan school in the Anglican Church becoming, as it did under Cromwell, politically dominant. A royalist, he lost his benefices during the Commonwealth, but regained them at the Restoration. His foreign travels, however, had inclined him to the old faith, so lately that of his native country, and he gave up his preferments and became a Catholic and a servant in the household of the queen-dowager, Henrietta Maria. He wrote in English a *Brief Explanation of the Ceremonial of the Mass*, some *Meditations before and after Communion* and other works of devotion.

---

## OUR LADY OF OSTRA BRAMA.

It was in 1708. The soldiers of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, were quartered at Wilna, to the no small distress of the unfortunate Lithuanians, who suffered greatly from the harshness and exactions of their unwelcome guests. None of the vexatious annoyances which the towns-people had to endure were so painful to them as the coarse mockery in which the Russian soldiers indulged with regard to their religious practices. The character of the Lithuanians is, for the most part, gentle and confiding. The grand and touching ceremonial of the Catholic Church has a great charm for their meditative turn of mind, and their sufferings lead them earnestly to seek support from Him who alone has the will as well as the power to sustain them.

The difficulties of their existence are due in great part to the situation and also the nature of their country. Lithuania abounds in woods, marshes, and sterile tracts of sand; it is consequently so poor that its inhabitants can only with difficulty obtain the necessaries of life. Besides this, it is surrounded by Russian provinces, and, as a natural consequence, differences arise between the Catholics and schismatics, in which the latter have always the advantage.

Wilna, the capital, is placed in a special manner under the protection of the ever-blessed Virgin, to whom the inhabitants have a great devotion. This city possesses a miraculous picture of Our Lady, which takes its name from one of the gates, *Ostra Brama*, or the Pointed Gate, and over which is the chapel containing the picture. This painting is on oak, about two metres high by one broad. The face, of a beautiful oval, is remarkable for its sweetness. The head leans slightly towards the left, and the hands are crossed upon the breast. The whole figure has in it an expression of maternal tenderness and sympathy. The origin of the painting is unknown. No document has been discovered from which it can be gathered for how many centuries it has existed. All that is certain on the subject is that, long before the year 1626, it was held in veneration. The picture then occupied a wooden alcove or niche hollowed out of the gate itself, above which is now the chapel.

In 1626, after the foundation of the Carmelite convent, Father Charles, one of the monks, a very pious and celebrated preacher, considering that the place it occupied was not adorned in a manner worthy of it, placed it temporarily in the church, while with the offerings of the faithful he caused the construction of a handsome chapel in wood on the Ostra Brama. There the holy picture was placed with great pomp in 1671, in presence of the bishop, Alexander Sapieka, all the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and a multitude of people.

Numerous and signal favors had been obtained by praying to Our Lady before the picture of Ostra Brama, but an event which took place in 1706 greatly contributed to increase its celebrity.

On the 18th of May in that year all the portion of the city in the vicinity of the Ostra Brama was on fire. The convent and other buildings contiguous to the church were already burning. The monks, seeing the conflagration approaching the wooden chapel, hastened to secure the sacred picture, which was still uninjured, and which they transferred to the church. At the same moment the flames sank down on all sides, and the conflagration was speedily extinguished. From this day the aid of Our Lady of Ostra Brama was confidently invoked in case of fire.

These details are necessary to our narrative, to which we now return.

Not far from the Ostra Brama stood a small house in which lived a poor widow and her granddaughter, Vanda, a girl of eighteen years of age.

One day Vanda, who had been to fetch water from a neighboring fountain, returned to the house in tears. Her grandmother anxiously asked what had happened.

"I fear," said the young girl, "that some misfortune is likely to happen to Our Lady of Ostra Brama."

"Child!" answered the old woman with some severity, "do you not know that your fear is want of faith? Our Lady, believe me, will know very well how to guard that which she has taken under her protection. But what have you heard? Some fresh insult against her?"

"No," answered Vanda; "but I know now the true reason of the mocking railleries at which we have so often wondered, since the Rus-

sians, who profess a great veneration for their holy icons, ought not to consider our practice in this respect as anything extraordinary."

"My child, I do not comprehend. What is this reason?"

"You will soon see, grandmother. On my way from the fountain, as I passed by the gate, two of the sentinels were so absorbed in what they were talking about that they did not even see me. They were not this time railing at our Madonna, but speaking of the riches in her chapel, of the crowns of precious stones, and of the robes of gold and silver which are fastened on the painting on festivals; and I heard one of them say that it was a shame that all these treasures should be wasted on a Catholic Madonna. This one, who seemed intoxicated, went on to say that 'any man who could get hold of the silver robe or the crown of diamonds alone would be rich for the rest of his life!' 'Yes,' said the other, 'but who would venture? Holy things bring misfortune when they are touched with a bad intention, and the thief might die before he had time to enjoy his theft!'

"'Bah! It is only a Catholic Theotokos,' answered the first speaker. 'The icons of the Catholics are not like ours; they say themselves that they venerate but do not worship them. If you will do the thing with me we will go shares in the profit.'

"And then, grandmother," continued Vanda with animation, "I could not restrain myself. I went up to the men, and told them that the Blessed Virgin herself protects the picture of Ostra Brama, and that whoever should dare to commit such a crime would assuredly the punished."

char Gracious Heaven!" cried the old woman, "and you ventured to speak to them? And how did they take it?"

"I did not wait to see. I hurried away before they had recovered from their surprise."

Her grandmother suggested that the monks who served the chapel should be informed of what she had heard, that they might avoid exposing the precious objects to the cupidity of the soldiers; but it was already too late in the day for Vanda to see the fathers and she was obliged to postpone her communication.

The sentinels, as she said, had been taken by surprise at her sudden appearance, and especially at her addressing them, contrary to the custom of the Lithuanians, who as much as possible avoided speaking to the Russians. But no sooner had she disappeared than Ivan began to laugh, as he mockingly repeated Vanda's words.

"She is right," said his companion. "Strange things are told about this picture. I am no coward, but I would not venture to steal anything from the chapel."

"Bravo, Semenek!" shouted Ivan with a coarse laugh. "You are no coward; you are only afraid, that's all."

"Get to sleep, then!" replied Semenek. "You have drunk more brandy than your head can stand, and don't know what you are saying!"

Ivan growled, and, staggering towards a small chamber which served as a guard-room, stretched himself by the stove, and was soon sleeping heavily.

The thoughts of Semenek, left to himself, turned anxiously to his mother and his betrothed, whom he had left in his native village in the north of Russia. News had

reached him that many small towns and villages in the part of the country where they lived had been destroyed by fire, and he asked himself sorrowfully whether he should ever again see his aged mother and the dark-eyed Olga, who had promised to marry him when he should return.

Fire is one of the scourges of Russia. Most of the towns and villages are built of wood, and it is observed that every little town is almost wholly rebuilt in the course of five years; all the houses having, in this short space of time, become a prey to the flames, kindled either by negligence or with a criminal intention, and new ones rising upon their ruins, to await their turn for destruction.

Semenek was a type of the better class of Russian peasant. Intelligent and resolute, his open countenance inspired confidence and sympathy. Although not more enlightened than his comrades, he had good sense, and a certain delicacy of feeling which often preserved him from the vices to which the others were addicted, and even (wonderful as it may seem in a Russian soldier) rarely drank to excess. In this fact lay, perhaps, the secret of his superiority over the rest of his companions, brutalized as they were by the habitual and immoderate use of brandy, which, by deadening their moral faculties, left them completely under the domination of their material instincts.

Notwithstanding the difference of religion between themselves and the Lithuanians, the Russians, accustomed to venerate the sacred icons, could not help feeling a sort of respect, not unmingled with fear, towards the picture of Our Lady of Ostra Brama, and this feeling alone can explain how it was that, in spite of the cupidity excited by the riches contained in the chapel, no robbery had as yet been attempted there.

Semenek, who was an honest man, would have received with indignant disdain the guilty suggestion of Ivan, even if the theft had not also been a sacrilege. To this suggestion he attached, however, no importance, regarding it merely as the passing fancy of a drunken man, and one which he would sleep off, together with the effects of his potations. As for himself, his anxiety for his mother and Olga inclined him to seek aid for them from her whose intercession is so powerful with our Lord.

He rose, and went almost mechanically to the door of a gallery constructed on the left side of the chapel, and by which women were allowed to enter, as they could not be admitted through the principal entrance, which opened from the cloister.

When in the chapel he remained motionless at a little distance from the door, gazing on the heavenly face of the Madonna, and so would probably have remained for some time had he not been suddenly aroused by a half-suppressed exclamation of terror.

He turned quickly and saw the young girl who had so fearlessly spoken to Ivan. Vanda had that moment entered the chapel, and, recognizing one of the soldiers whose conversation she had interrupted, supposed that he was watching for an opportunity to commit the sacrilege she had heard suggested.

"Fear nothing," said Semenek, smiling at her alarm. "Do you think I would harm you?"

"You would rob Our Blessed

Lady!" said Vanda, made fearless by her generous indignation.

"I would? By Heaven, what do you take me for? God knows that never have I had this thought!" And he crossed himself repeatedly in token of his horror at the idea.

"And yet," resumed Vanda, half convinced by the man's expression of sincerity, "I heard you and your companion—"

"Not me, indeed!" he said eagerly. "You heard Ivan, who, as usual, had been drinking too freely, and who therefore uttered senseless words which he did not mean. I can, however, assure you that he would no more think of stealing any of the precious things surrounding the holy icon than I would myself!"

"No matter," said Vanda. "I am going, in any case, to put before the altar this candle which I have brought, and beg Our Lady not to let her chapel be profaned."

Semenek watched her while she lighted her taper and placed it by the side of several others which were burning there.

"You have great confidence, then, in Our Lady of Ostra Brama. Is it true that some Swedes insulted her about six years ago and were terribly punished?" he asked.

"Nothing is more true. I was twelve years old at the time, but I remember, as if it were yesterday, the terror and emotion caused by the miracle. King Charles XII., who had just taken Wilna, had placed sentinels at all the gates. The four Lutheran soldiers set to guard the Ostra Brama did not forget to scoff at miracles and holy things in general, and, while smoking and drinking, roared frantically the most revolting songs, lavishing their jests and insulting mockery on the sacred picture, and even on the most Holy Mother of God herself. When their orgy was at its height a dull, heavy sound like thunder made the ground tremble beneath them. The men, suddenly silenced, staggered to their feet, muttering imprecations, while they sought their arms; but before they had seized them the massive iron gates, wrenched by some unseen power from their hinges, fell upon the scoffers, two of whom thus met with instant death, whilst the two others were so severely crushed that, after a few hours of frightful suffering, they died in the hospital to which they had been carried."

As Vanda turned to leave the chapel Semenek said hesitatingly:

"One word more: You are certain that a fervent prayer addressed to Our Lady of Ostra Brama would be granted?"

"I am certain. I have already said so several times."

"Yes, I know it. But I, who am not a Catholic? If I call on Our Lady under this invocation may be she would not listen to me? And yet I wish to ask her to watch over my mother and Olga, my betrothed, whose homes, as far as I know, may be burning at this very moment!"

"And why should you *not* pray to her?" Vanda asked with animation—"you who, like ourselves, venerate her. Pray with confidence, and you will assuredly be heard. Shall I fetch a taper for you also to put before the altar?"

Semenek gratefully acceded to this proposal.

"If," he added, "you would also pray for my mother and Olga, perhaps Our Lady of Ostra Brama would the more readily listen to me?"

"Willingly!" she answered; "and you, on your part, must pray that

no sacrilege may be committed in this chapel."

"I promise!" said Semenek solemnly.

Both knelt and prayed fervently for some moments. Vanda returned, radiant, to her grandmother. Her fears of the morning were entirely dispelled. The old woman shared her joy, but with more reserve. The aged are less hopeful than the young, who have not, by the disappointments of a lifetime, learned to mistrust appearances, however promising.

Semenek, for his part, felt a weight taken from his heart. Firmly believing that Our Lady would not fail to protect those whom he loved, he was able, as soon as his watch was over, to enjoy a peaceful sleep—a refreshment to which he had for some time been a stranger.

The two tapers were burning slowly in the sanctuary. Vanda, in the simplicity of her faith, believing that as long as they were burning her fervent prayers were in some way continued, had been careful to choose them tall and thick enough to keep alight all night. The smaller ones around them had burned out, one by one, and these two alone still added their light to that of the lamp of the sanctuary, when the door leading from the cloister into the chapel stealthily opened, and the figure of a man appeared.

It was not one of the Carmelite fathers, but a Russian soldier, whose countenance, expressing at the same time ferocity and fear, sufficiently betrayed some evil purpose, while his torn garments and bleeding hands showed the difficulties he had met with in scaling the convent walls before penetrating into the cloister. His evident alarm, although arising partly from the fear of discovery, was chiefly caused by the thought of the profanation he was about to commit in the sanctuary of Our Lady. He looked cautiously around, starting when a breath of air made the flame of the two tapers flicker and the shadows move mysteriously among the pillars supporting the roof.

"Now for it!" he muttered. "I have not come here to make a fool of myself and take all this trouble for nothing."

He hurried into the sanctuary and climbed upon the altar; then, with a trembling hand, attempted to unfasten the silver robe attached to the picture, and succeeded in disengaging one side, which slid, with a silvery sound, down by the candelabra, while he proceeded to loosen the second fastening. But no sooner had he touched it than he was struck down at the foot of the altar. The soft light of the tapers fell on the corpse of the robber, on whom the divine vengeance had fallen before he had had time to complete his sacrilege.

On awaking next morning Vanda observed an unusual concourse and movement near the chapel. She was going to inquire the cause when her grandmother, who had been aroused still earlier by the noise, re-entered the house and said to Vanda: "You will know, child, in future how to trust the Russians! The fellow who was praying so well yesterday in the chapel has been trying to rob Our Blessed Lady, and is found dead at the foot of the altar!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Vanda. "He cannot be the same." And she hurried out, hoping to penetrate the crowd and ascertain who was the guilty person.

The monks, on entering the cha-

pel early, had been amazed to find there the dead body of a Russian sentinel; but the silver robe, which hung, half unfastened, from the sacred picture, showed at once the intended robbery and its immediate chastisement.

It is impossible to give any idea of the impression produced on the Russian troops by this miracle. All the men wished to see their dead comrade. They knelt by him, making innumerable signs of the cross after the Russian manner. Vanda vainly endeavored to approach. The crowd was so dense that she relinquished the attempt. As she slowly went away, repeating to herself for the twentieth time that it could not be Semenek, she turned and saw him hastening after her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I knew that it could not be you, who—"

"What! did you accuse me? Why should you judge me so hardly? My only fault was that I made light of the words of Ivan; for he it was who committed the crime for which he has been so promptly punished. Our Lady of Ostra Brama has heard your prayer!"

"Yes, truly; but it is terrible," said Vanda, clasping her hands. "I knew that she would hear me; but I hoped that your comrade would give up his wicked purpose."

"God has judged," said Semenek gravely, "and his judgment is just. But," he added, suddenly changing his tone, while his face brightened, "I came to tell you that *my* prayer is also granted!"

"Already?"

"Yes, already! A messenger who has arrived with despatches passed through my part of the country, and one of his suite brings news of my mother and Olga. They were not even in danger while the town was burning, for the wind blew the flames away from the house."

Vanda, crossing herself devoutly, fell on her knees to thank Our Lady of Ostra Brama.

Semenek did not fail to relate to his comrades all that had happened to him. This double proof of Our Lady's power and protection made a deep impression on the Muscovite soldiers, who from this time forth held in great honor and veneration Our Lady of Wilna. Vanda, profoundly impressed by the catastrophe which had followed her prayer, resolved to consecrate herself to God in the religious life, and on the death of her grandmother retired to a monastery.

## THE NEED OF A NEW *DUNCIAD.*

DISRAELI'S sneer, that the critics are those who have failed in literature and art, has been suffered to have too much weight with a class of littérateurs who should have the courage to exercise the censorship without which letters and art cannot advance. No one knows more clearly than the true critic the ungraciousness of his task. Sainte-Beuve, at the height of his critical fame, when a line from him made or marred a book, suddenly ceased noticing contemporaneous literature. His publisher remonstrated. For reply the great critic threw him a letter from an author, in which was the line: "You have damned my book. It was the only barrier between me and starvation."

"How can I write with this shadow before me?" asked Sainte-Beuve. The story is very Frenchy, but it is not improbable.

Thackeray said of the *Dunciad* that it tore the heart out of the writers of Queen Anne's day. It took decades for poetasters to recover from that fearful blow. Then we have Keats "killed by an article"; Chatterton perishing in his pride; Gerald Griffin saved from despair only by his divine faith; and Wordsworth fretting his serene soul over the *Edinburgh's* pompous dictum, "This will never do." What a sad story is the painter Haydon's, and no doubt that of many other artists who winced only in private!

But, on the other hand, how much benefit has the critic conferred upon the public, and upon writers and artists themselves! Not every critic has the satisfaction felt by the one who received a good ham with the following note: "DEAR SIR: I cannot sufficiently thank you for having cut to pieces a poem of mine called 'The Music of Tears.' Upon reading your criticism I destroyed the rest of my poetry and entered the pork business." Readers have no idea of the amount of positive disgust and tedium which a true critic saves them. He stands all the boring. It is his task to explain to Matilda that she must study the "unities"; though he may have a quiet feeling of gratification at the search Matilda must make through the dictionaries to find out what the unities are.

The writer is acquainted with a gentleman of fine critical acumen who would no more read and revise manuscript articles than he would touch a cobra. "Give me a job as a proof-reader, or let me write myself," he would say, "but don't ask me to 'look over' these MSS. The very appearance of some manuscripts is disheartening. Poetesses affect pale blue ink; writers on political economy and kindred heavy subjects make a display of a bold, reckless hand; and, indeed, there is a baseless and annoying idea prevalent among average writers that little accuracies of grammar, spelling, and punctuation are unworthy of a great mind. They have seen somewhere that authors in general are bad penmen. They do not reflect that the person practically interested is the printer, and that his wages may materially depend upon the legi-

bility of 'copy.'" Another disagreeable experience of a critic is that, if he ventures to change a word, reconstruct a sentence, or suppress a passage, he is likely to make an enemy. The changed word and the lost paragraph were gems; and there must be truth in the opinion that all critics are jealous. This will be said even in cases where a critic's wise reflection has been known to keep many a man from making a fool of himself in print.

Literary criticism demands a finer taste and broader judgment than any other kind. By broader judgment we mean the faculty of discriminating thoroughly between the matter and the form, to use an old scholastic phrase which exactly fixes our meaning. For example, a theologian, a philosopher, or a publicist has special expertness, and his judgment may be sound on the technical merits or defects of a book, yet wholly inconclusive upon its essential power. One book may defy all the canons of special criticism, and yet have a vital force. Another is of classical perfection, and yet it fails to impress any reader. When particular criticism is perplexed or unreasonably positive, literary criticism calmly pronounces. And this is the criticism which is the final judge. Nothing in letters is deserving of deeper attention, as we shall proceed to illustrate.

The special expert comes to a book with certain defined principles and conclusions. These he applies with a degree of positiveness proportioned to their strength and clearness to his individual mind. He has no eye for anything beyond them. There may be an exquisite description of Jerusalem in a book which denies the Divinity of Christ. It is looked upon by the theologian as an additional evil. But it may be that very description which keeps the book alive. The philosopher demolishes the speculations of Hegel, and regards his Christianizing as a sick dream, though it is this dream that sustains the Hegelian system. Historical critics discover countless inaccuracies in Gibbon, and count as naught the skill which rivals Livy's in the delineation of character. Now, the literary critic has nothing to do with the *conclusions* of a writer. He studies not the major or the minor premise, but only the illustrations and examples.

His method of work is synthetic. He reads a book backward. The first thing to find out is what the writer claims to have shown, proved, illustrated. If a book is stronger at its close than at its beginning it is worth reading. This is an evidence of power which is always deserving of study, if only for the beauty which is inherent in all power. Judged by this simple law, countless books fall out of notice. A weak writer puts forth all his might in the beginning by an inevitable necessity. No art can conceal this weakness. He may make a "spurt" at the end, but it is only a spurt. John Henry Newman is as fresh, clear, and buoyant at the goal as at the start. The author of *Ecce Homo* flags in the second chapter and limps after the third. Nothing but quotation drags him to the end. The three last books of the *Æneid* are incomparably the finest. We hardly know the Virgil of the opening verses. His sweetest tones and fullest harmony, his tenderest sensibility and the very sport of his poetic power, scarcely show before the sixth book. Garrick's transcendent dra-

matic power was not seen until in the farce which followed his *Lear*, although his personation of the demented king sent his hearers weeping to their beds. If you wish to know the worth of a book study well its end. *Finis coronat opus.*

Though art may do much to conceal and, in fact, to make up for mental deficiency, it lies perforce upon the groundwork of nature. How shall we gauge a writer's purely mental power? The obsolete criticism of Blair and Lord Kames advised the study of the author's "beauties." This is ridiculous. Just as a good reader or elocutionist is known by his reading of an advertisement, so a powerful writer appears well in a footnote. If you find a writer who, at regular intervals, presents a showpiece, lay his book aside. It will not repay perusal. Open a book anywhere, even in the middle of a sentence, and read on. Skip from place to place on the same page, and you will find if he has continuity of thought, or only a jerky, haphazard way of jotting down not thoughts but *ideas*. You will be surprised to see how many books will drop out of any worthy notice by this law. It is most certain and proved. A book that can stand this test will stand any, no matter if it appears to you to be wrong on certain points. A writer who has strength of mind to carry him through a long course of reasoning is not likely to go very far out of the road.

Examined by this law of criticism, the majority of essayists must fail. This form of writing is very popular in our magazine literature, and it is rather ungracious to animadvert upon it. Still, it happily illustrates our meaning, and very probably readers are more familiar with it than with its exhibition in more ponderous forms. Take, for example, most of the essays in the average monthly. The title gives you no clue. This is a trick to which even such a man as Lowell descended in *My Study Windows*. We find such a title as "Flume" or "Jamb," or some other word which may or may not have any meaning. A page is devoted to describing the sensations of the writer—dismal day; ink won't run; pussy is crying for cream; a big, hulking mule is looking at writer; wonder if a mule's soul is in his heels—and then a *farrago* of the most wearisome drivel, leaving on the mind no feeling but that of pity or contempt.

We pity the writer who has to break up his article to enable a distinguished engraver to show his skill in delineating a buzzard or a rail fence. We suppose it is done in this manner: "The placid flow of the Muskakitkatawatch River through the lordly pines (Fig. 3) is often disturbed by the buzzards (Fig. 4), that persistently avoid the simple trap of a rail-fence (Fig. 5)," etc.

If so large a portion of so-called literature must fail under the plainest laws of criticism, what are we to say of the pretentious class of books which critics, in sheer despair, have allowed to pass? Harsh as it seems, the spirit of the *Dunciad* should be revived, if we care aught for the deepest needs of English literature.

There are three errors at present in English literature which have been brought about by a misconception of the genius of the language. They are the supremacy of style as such, the disregard of the classical languages, and the exag-

gerated importance of the Anglo-Saxon element.

Style is essentially the written expression of thought. Rhetoricians have introduced a variety to which they have attached a number of unmeaning terms, such as beautiful, terse, brilliant, etc. The only style worthy of the name is—the expressive. This is its supreme beauty, just as expression is the charm and power of the human countenance. Any style that has meaning and sense is good. Deceived by the rhetoricians, critics pronounce a style pedantic, or turgid, or inelegant simply because it does not observe the cast-iron rules of mere rhetoric and grammar. Now, the English language has no grammar, in the strict technical sense. Grammar belongs only to inflectional languages. The Latin, and, in a more perfect way, the Greek, language has an admirable inflectional power. Its particles are grammatical. Not so the English. *Κύρου Βασιλέως* and *Cæsare imperante* are phrases which have an inflectional precision wholly lacking to the English equivalents: "In the reign of Cyrus—of Cæsar," or "Under Cyrus," or "Cyrus being king." Technically speaking, the English does not admit of style, because it does not admit of grammar. Subjected to the slightest scrutiny, the most famous passages in many of our best writers are obscure. This cannot happen in the classic languages, nor in those directly derived from them, as the Italian, the French, or the Spanish. You can trace a participle through a wilderness of words. You cannot lose the nominative. Such critics as Richard Grant White mistake the genius of the language when they find fault with the unavoidable obscurity of the English sentence, or the necessity which forces us to employ the same word in many meanings. The English language cannot manage its own particles. We have an uncouth "s" as the sign of the genitive case, and in writing we must express it by the apostrophe ('). Our dative and ablative depend upon a confused multitude of particles that have not even the precision of the article in the languages of Southern Europe. The chief beauty, then, of English writing must be its clearness and expressiveness. This is the only style meagrely vouchsafed by the genius of the tongue.

Now, critics speak of a certain style as "brilliant." The proper English word for this is odd. The language does not admit of brilliancy, not even in its poetry. But there is a set of writers, more numerous here than in England, who are infected with the spirit of modern French poetry or romance, notably that of Baudelaire and Alfred de Musset. It is a pity that such a genuine poet as William Morris should be under this miserable spell. A poor imitation of it appears in the short poems and sonnets that fill a large space in the American and the English magazine. It would take too long, and it is not worth the trouble, to explain that the French language, by the perfection of its grammatical form, never permits a writer, no matter how really dull and foolish he is, to become grammatically unintelligible. To some minds this is the great charm of French poetry, as it is undoubtedly of its prose. But an English poet must take great pains to make his meaning clear even in prose; and the exalted merit of our great poets is that, despite such a linguistic medium,

they have triumphed over this difficulty. Still, there are passages in Milton that almost require genius to parse.

The great masters of English style, in its rhetorical acceptation, are the Celtic writers of the language. Scotland and Ireland have given to the tongue a noble expression of the *perfervidum ingenium* which the Latin historian ascribes to the Celt. The graces of rhetoric, the enthusiasm of oratory, the divine afflatus of English poetry belong to Erin and to Caledonia. The Anglo-Saxon intellect is slow, cautious, and prosaic. Its style is a heavy and labored attempt to make its meaning clear, and its metaphors are clumsy. The Celt is master of the figurative style because of his naturally fervid and poetic temperament. All the blunders in the use of figures cited in the school-books were made by Anglo-Saxons. Shakspere himself is not free from this. He has many false and absurd metaphors such as Addison's bridling his launching muse. The philosophical writings most worth reading in English are those of the Scotch metaphysicians; while the most charming social and literary essays, *vers de société*, and the choicest *belles-lettres* in our unmanageable tongue are the productions of Irishmen.

The proposed setting aside of the study of Greek and of Latin in colleges, or the option given to students of substituting the study of botany or of mechanics in their stead, is fraught with fatal consequences to literature. Sometimes we read that the French or the German language may be selected; as if any one ever knew French well without a knowledge of Latin, or the philological structure of German without a knowledge of Greek! Philology has established the comparative homogeneity of languages, and Latin and Greek have sent their roots into the very depths of the linguistic soil. We believe that in many colleges there is a new-fangled way of teaching the languages. Perfection is guaranteed in a few lessons, and, what is strikingly absurd in the matter of an inflectional language, the preparatory grammar is ignored. Pupils begin with sentences, and are trained in conversations, before they have even a glance into the essential grammatical structure. It is no wonder that students quickly weary of parroting.

Whatever power, beauty, or strength the English language has it owes in the main to the Latin element, as modified through the Norman-French. The Anglo-Saxon was not the language of civilized man, and the Venerable Bede complains of its unbendingness to receive the fruitful grafts of the Latin. Those who are for ever clamoring for the Anglo-Saxon element in the language suppose that it means monosyllables or short words. Now, the most cursory knowledge of Anglo-Saxon shows that its words, printed in Roman letters, are the longest, toughest, and most unpronounceable in the language. Most of our small words, outside the particles, are of Norman-French extraction. Many a student is led astray by this constant and ignorant prating about Anglo-Saxon, and we have known several who spent precious years in the study of the barbarous dialect.

These are but the first principles of a sound and common-sense literary criticism which must take the place of the present vagueness, if

we are to have any literature at all. The reader will be so kind as to notice that we have touched upon these topics in a merely literary way; for the ethical examination of modern English letters, outside the noble contributions of the church, is enough to make any man give up reading anything but his prayer-book.

---

## CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION AND ITS RESULTS.

A GENERATION has been born and has passed away since the era of the great Daniel O'Connell, the liberator of Ireland and the defender of the church, but his name is still a household word throughout Europe, and his deeds will be handed down to posterity as deserving of the highest praise. The greater part of the benefits which the Catholics of Ireland and England now enjoy, though still short of all to which they are entitled, is the result of his indefatigable labors and incessant toil.

It is somewhat difficult, in this nineteenth century of boasted freedom, to realize the position that the Irish Catholics have held since the Reformation, and the trials to which they and their brethren in England were formerly exposed. O'Connell was the first person to teach them their power, to encourage them to dispute the ascendency of their Protestant neighbors, and to lead them in the path of victory. Justly may they be proud of him, for he filled a greater space in the eyes of Europe than any man of modern days, with the exception of the great Napoleon, to whom he has been frequently compared. He was a man who had no fear or hesitation in the path he had chosen. At the bar he was unrivalled, and he was ever foremost in matters requiring the exercise of public spirit, intelligence, and activity. His courage in proposing himself to the electors of Clare at a time when Catholics were excluded from Parliament is one of the strongest proofs of his daring; he was a man who had no powerful family influence or wealthy connections to back him in a struggle against a hostile government, a hostile press, and an envious aristocracy. Alone and unaided, save by the love and adoration of the peasantry of his native country, he came, he saw, he conquered. He saw the deadly oppression exercised against his co-religionists, and he never rested till, theoretically at least, he had placed them on a level with their persecutors. Surely no more brilliant victory was ever achieved than that of Catholic emancipation. The grandest battles in which Great Britain has been victorious pale before it. Blenheim, Trafalgar, and even Waterloo are as nothing in comparison to the victory of emancipation, against which the powers of the world and the gates of hell were leagued.

Up to the year 1774 the laws of the land did not presume a Papist to exist in Ireland, nor could they breathe without the consent of the government. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water, the slaves of Protestant landlords, mere

helots. The British government, fully aware that they had and could have no hold on the affections or gratitude of the Irish people, nevertheless at length deemed it prudent to recognize the Irish Catholics as subjects, and for this purpose, about the time of the war with America, permitted them to swear allegiance to the crown. Had it not been for the defeat of Great Britain by America it is probable that justice would have still been refused to the sons of Ireland. The celebrated John Keogh, in the year 1806, thus speaks of Catholics: "A period when they would scarcely dare to look a Protestant in the face, and when they had not courage to walk upright and erect as other men, and were marked by the caution and timidity of their gait and demeanor, and when the meanest Protestant that crawled in the streets considered himself a divinity compared with a Catholic." In the year 1808 the hierarchy of Ireland, ably supported by the masses of the people led on by O'Connell, successfully resisted the pressure put upon them by the British government regarding the question of the veto. The Catholic aristocracy, partly from jealousy of the popular leader, and partly from an anxiety to become magistrates and to partake in the civil government of their country, were willing to support the veto and to risk the dangers to which religion would thereby be exposed. In Catholic countries the popes have at various times and for various reasons permitted, from motives of policy, the governments of these countries to have some share of control in the appointment of bishops, under the feeling that such control, exercised by a Catholic monarch, would not injure the spiritual interests of religion; but it has always been considered questionable to permit a Protestant sovereign to have any influence whatever in the spiritual organization of Catholicism. Time has shown how wise was the action of O'Connell in opposing the veto claimed by government on the appointment of Catholic prelates, and how such a claim would have paralyzed much of the energy that the church has since then displayed. The whole question of a veto is difficult. There is, doubtless, much to be said on both sides, and in the early ages of faith, when kings and persons in high authority bowed to the teaching of the church, it might have worked well; but in the present era of laxity and irreligion the Sovereign Pontiffs have wisely abstained from allowing this and similar claims. The security and purity of religious faith depend upon the pastors who are appointed to teach; and this appointment of pastors was confided by Christ to his apostles and their successors, and especially to Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, to whom was given supreme authority.

Any interference, therefore, with these appointments on the part of a sovereign or any other individual, unless specially authorized by the pontiff, is an infringement of the divine ordinance and must inevitably be productive of harm to religion. We have evidence of this in the state of the church in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when any drunken or illiterate noble might appoint to benefices, and the lives of many of the clergy and bishops were a scandal to the faithful. Matters were so bad that the whole fabric of Christianity was in danger till the rise of Hildebrand, who, by his power and energy, de-

stroyed the accumulated abuses and saved religion from anarchy and desolation. In later days the kingdom of Prussia exercised the most base and continuous treachery, in spite of concordats, towards the Catholics in Germany, and eventually deprived them of all their possessions which had been solemnly guaranteed to them. In Holland the connection of the Catholic Church with a Protestant state became intolerable and contributed largely to the revolution of 1830. The king oppressed the clergy and kept the sees vacant, and in every possible way showed his wish to dictate to the church and superintend its details in the manner he was accustomed to act towards the Calvinist communion. State connection between Protestant governments and the Catholic Church must always be dangerous, for the simple reason that such governments are unable to realize that there are certain questions which do not belong to Cæsar, and that a body commissioned to teach must be in no way fettered in the work it has to accomplish.

The leading desire on the part of the government in urging the question of the veto was to wean the clergy from the Holy See. The intention was to undermine the loyalty of the Irish to the pontiff, and to try and secure devotion to English interests as a substitution for devotion to the chair of Peter. It was a clever move on the part of Great Britain, and one that, had it been carried, might have been productive of great national misfortune. Through the instrumentality of O'Connell the union of Irish priests with the party of political agitation was first effected—a union that would probably never have been so thoroughly consummated but for England's perversity in withholding Catholic emancipation. In this way England raised up in one day against herself a powerful combination which she is everlastingly deploring, and will continue to deplore for many a year, in which every element of national sentiment and national organization is permanently centred. The year 1823 will be long memorable as the date of the foundation of the Catholic Association, which was the direct precursor of emancipation. It was at this period that O'Connell made the statement that "the Catholic cause received permanent injury from the silence and neglect of Catholics themselves." We of the present day, who meet together and form societies and associations for everything we desire, can scarcely conceive how such a statement could have been true; and yet it was nothing extraordinary at that time. Centuries of tyranny and oppression tend to make the objects of oppression and tyranny diffident and servile, whilst impartiality and liberty are calculated to bring to the surface all the better qualities with which man is endowed. Justice, right, the law of God as well as the law of man, and even the national interests of Great Britain, were all on the side of emancipation; but long years of self-indulgence and gratification on the part of those in power in Ireland had taught them to dread a measure which, though common justice to the majority of their fellow-countrymen, would necessarily deprive them of much that they enjoyed. Freedom of worship and freedom of conscience, though theoretically the glory and birthright of Protestantism, were practically trampled in the dust by those very per-

sons who justified their position on the grounds of the intolerance of the Church of Rome. The real decline of Protestant ascendency and religious bigotry dates from the time that O'Connell organized the masses and taught them their power.

In England the Catholics, who have always been in a minority since the days of the Reformation, though loyal even to slavishness, would have received no recognition from Protestant rulers had they not been aided and supported by the large body of Irishmen. In Ireland the Catholics, who have always been in a majority, would have received no toleration or official recognition but for fear of rebellion. (See the speech of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords shortly before the passing of emancipation.) It is a remarkable fact that England has never hitherto done an act of justice towards Ireland, unless it was at a time when she was in difficulties with other nations; hence it is scarcely matter for wonder that the feeling of gratitude towards her should not be very strong. The Irish are essentially a religious people; they love the faith for which their fathers were persecuted, and they loved the men who struggled for their freedom. It will probably be many centuries before another man will arise who will combine so many qualifications within himself as Daniel O'Connell, and be able to occupy the proud position that he enjoyed. His resistance to the veto was one of the noblest acts of a long career of usefulness, since, as far as he was individually concerned, it was to his interest to have obtained emancipation on any terms. One of the principal effects of the passing of the measure was to place the north of Ireland in a state of insurrection. The Orange faction were driven to madness by the legislation which placed the majority of their fellow-countrymen on a constitutional equality with themselves. The Orange press in both countries poured forth floods of envenomed vituperation against the Catholic faith, and against a government that had ventured to protect it and did everything in their power to mitigate what they considered a national disaster. To this day, true to their traditional policy, they jealously keep up every landmark of ascendency; they celebrate as special holidays events in history which mark the date of Protestant victories and tyrannical edicts against the masses of Irishmen. To this day the months of July and August are dedicated to riot and bloodshed throughout the north of Ireland because the Orangemen of Ulster cannot and will not forgive the ruling powers for having placed their Catholic brethren on a level with themselves.

The Protestants who thus wantonly attack their neighbors are wont to make great boast of their loyalty to the crown. But men do not forget that one of their tenets is to display devotion to the crown only as long as they consider the Protestant succession is upheld. This vaunted boast was therefore of no avail after the passing of emancipation, and again after the passing of the act which disestablished the Protestant Episcopal communion; for, when found fault with for the language they made use of on those occasions as derogatory to the crown of England, they justified themselves on the plea that the measures that had been approved of and ratified by the government were detrimental to the interests of Protestantism.

One of the chief difficulties connected with the government of Ireland undoubtedly lies in the fact that a large number of Irishmen, in addition to the vast majority in Great Britain, even amongst the educated classes, who are supposed to legislate for her welfare, are less acquainted with the history of Ireland than that of many continental countries; and one of the great results of this ignorance is an inability to appreciate a character like O'Connell. Mr. Lecky, for instance, an able writer of great liberality, actually considers it an open question whether the life of O'Connell was a blessing or a curse for Ireland, and many who profess liberal opinions consider it an unmitigated curse. Few persons would now hesitate, however, to admit that emancipation was a pure act of justice, and, if so, that the measures taken by O'Connell to secure the passing of the act were necessary and justifiable.

The Catholics of Ireland, once taught their strength by O'Connell, would not suffer their claims to be neglected, but by frequent petitions, speeches, meetings, compelled the support of their friends, and at length, in 1829, forced upon the British Parliament the Bill of Emancipation. Lord Greville, in the House of Lords, made use of the following remarkable words in connection with the Catholic petitions so frequently laid before the house: "We shall finally yield, no one doubts. Let us not, then, delay a concession until it can neither be graced by spontaneous kindness nor limited by deliberative wisdom. We know how precipitately necessity extorts what power has pertinaciously refused."

Mr. Lecky, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, thus speaks of the final passing of the measure: "If concession had not been made almost every Catholic county would have followed the example of Clare; and the ministers, feeling further resistance to be hopeless, brought in the Emancipation Bill, confessedly because to withhold it would be to kindle a rebellion that would extend over the length and breadth of the land. . . . The great victory was won by the genius of a single man, who had entered on the contest without any advantage of rank or wealth or influence, who had maintained it from no prouder eminence than the platform of the demagogue, and who terminated it without the effusion of a single drop of blood. All the eloquence of Grattan and of Plunket, all the influence of Pitt and Canning, had proved ineffectual, . . . yet every obstacle succumbed before the energy of this untitled lawyer. . . . O'Connell devised the organization that gave such weight to public opinion; he created the enthusiasm that inspired it. . . . He gained the victory, not by stimulating the courage or increasing the number of the advocates of the measure in Parliament, but by creating another system of government in Ireland which overawed all his opponents. He gained it at a time when his bitterest enemies held the reins of power, and when they were guided by the most successful statesman of his generation, and by one of the most stubborn wills that ever directed the affairs of the nation. If he had never arisen emancipation would doubtless have been at length conceded, but it would have been conceded as a boon granted by a superior to an inferior class, and it would have been accompanied and qualified by the veto."

Sir T. Erskine May, in his *Constitutional History of England*, writes as follows: "At length this great measure of toleration and justice was accomplished. But the concession came too late. Accompanied by one measure of repression and another of disfranchisement, it was wrung by violence from reluctant and unfriendly rulers. . . . Irish Catholics had overcome their rulers, and, owing them no gratitude, were ripe for disorders."

Because the Irish do not go into ecstasies of gratitude at every tardy act of justice on the part of England, many persons are apt to regard them as ungrateful. If they are still dissatisfied it is not because one act of justice which was done to them was granted, but because other acts of justice that ought to have been done have been systematically refused.

The guiding principle hitherto appears to have been to concede nothing until external circumstances and convenience made the concession necessary for England's safety.

Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton, in his life of Lord Palmerston, says: "Although the Catholic disabilities were removed in 1829, the spirit which had established them on the one side and rescinded them on the other still remained, and there seems even to this day to be a difficulty in persuading those most interested in its welfare that, if Ireland is to be properly governed, it must not be governed in a sectarian spirit, nor must any question be debated with the idea of alone dealing with it as a religious question."

In the year 1830, when an election was held in Belgium to nominate a sovereign for that newly-constituted kingdom, O'Connell received three votes—a fact that of itself shows how widely his fame had spread. France, in the midst of her revolutionary agitation, questioned him in order to learn from him how social revolutions could be brought about without bloodshed.

When he was imprisoned he received addresses from all parts of the world, including one signed by nine of the leading English Catholic families, who had always been inclined to stand aloof from him; and when his appeal was heard in the House of Lords, Lord Wharncliffe begged the members of the house, who were O'Connell's bitterest foes, not to permit their personal or political feelings to influence a judicial sentence, the consequence of which was that he was acquitted. O'Connell was pre-eminently a practical Catholic, and proved his fidelity to the church not only by words but by deeds. When he was attacked he generally managed to leave his opponent the doubtful triumph of a name which clung to him for life.

To O'Connell English Catholics owe much; to him Ireland owes everything that she possesses. The humblest peasant has had his social position wonderfully ameliorated and his religious position raised to a height that he could scarcely have ventured to hope for at the beginning of the century. Churches, convents, monasteries, chapels, and schools have sprung up in such quick succession within the last forty years that the whole face of Ireland is changed. In place of ugly thatched cabins built at the cross-roads, void of any species of decoration, and fitted up with huge galleries, we now find dotted over the country neat build-

ings of brick and stone, enclosed within a neat churchyard, and frequently showing signs of care and taste. In place of the old chapels in towns, that were necessarily erected so as not to have externally the appearance of a Catholic place of worship, and internally to hold the largest number of persons in the smallest possible space, we now find magnificent and spacious churches with pillars of marble and seats of carved oak, numerous altars and side-chapels. Some of these modern churches are on a scale of great magnificence, and are considered well able to compete with those originally erected by our Catholic forefathers. Amongst the most notable cathedrals we might mention Armagh, which is perhaps the finest cathedral in Ireland (Catholic or Protestant), Sligo, and Killarney. Monaghan and Queenstown are in course of completion, but, when finished, may be added to the above; whilst the churches are too numerous to mention. The disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Communion doubtless effected much in the way of clearing the path for the genuine church of the country, but it is to Catholic emancipation we must trace the dawn of better days for Ireland. From that date the bishops were able to assume a more definite position, the clergy were unfettered, and the laity were able to aspire to places of honor in every profession till Ireland saw one of her faithful sons nominated to the post of lord chancellor. At the present moment but one post—that of lord lieutenant—is still closed against Catholics; but the day may not be far distant when it will also be laid open, and then the final knell of Protestant ascendency will be rung, and Ireland, after a battle of three hundred years, will have won the day.

# THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

THE recent Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father Leo XIII. on the subject of philosophical studies is given below, with a translation. No words of ours are needed to call attention to it. It speaks for and explains itself. It relates to one of the most important subjects that could possibly engage the Catholic mind, and treats it with a thoroughness, learning, and completeness that seem peculiarly characteristic of the venerable author and Pontiff.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI
LEONIS
DIVINA PROVIDENTIA
PAPÆ XIII.
EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA
*Ad Patriarchas, Primates, Archiepiscopos et Episcopos Universos Catholici Orbis Gratiam et Communionem cum Apostolica Sede habentes.*

---

*Venerabilibus Fratribus Patriarchis, Primatibus, Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Universis Catholici Orbis Gratiam et Communionem cum Apostolica Sede habentibus,*

LEO PP. XIII.

*Venerabiles Fratres, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem :*

Æterni Patris Unigenitus Filius, qui in terris apparuit, ut humano generi salutem et divinæ sapientiæ lucem afferret, magnum plane ac mirabile mundo contulit beneficium, cum cælos iterum ascensurus, Apostolis præcepit, ut *euntes docerent omnes gentes ;*[1] Ecclesiamque a se conditam communem et supremam populorum magistram reliquit. Homines enim, quos veritas liberayerat, veritate erant conservandi : neque diu permansissent cælestium doctrinarum fructus, per quos est homini parta salus, nisi Christus Dominus erudiendis ad fidem mentibus perenne magisterium constituisset. Ecclesia vero divini Auctoris sui cum erecta promissis, tum imitata caritatem, sic iussa perfecit, ut hoc semper spectarit, hoc maxime voluerit, de religione præcipere et cum erroribus perpetuo dimicare. Huc sane pertinent singulorum Episcoporum vigilati labores; huc Conciliorum perlatæ leges ac decreta, et maxime Romanorum Pon-

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATH
LEO XIII.,
BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE,
*To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic world, in grace and communion with the Apostolic See.*

---

*To our Venerable Brethren all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic world, in grace and communion with the Apostolic See,*

LEO XIII.

*Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction :*

The only-begotten Son of the Eterna Father, who came on earth to bring salvation and the light of divine wisdom to men, conferred a great and wonderful blessing on the world when, about to ascend again into heaven, he commanded the apostles to go and teach all nations,[1] and left the church which he had founded to be the common and supreme teacher of the peoples. For men, whom the truth had set free, were to be preserved by the truth ; nor would the fruits of heavenly doctrines, by which salvation comes to men, have long remained, had not the Lord Christ appointed an unfailing authority for the instruction of the faithful. And the church built upon the promises of its own divine Author, whose charity it imitated, so faithfully followed out his commands that its constant aim and chief wish was this : to teach true religion and contend for ever against errors. To this end assuredly have tended the in-

[1] Matt. xxviii. 19.

tificum sollicitudo quotidiana, penes quos, beati Petri Apostolorum Principis in primatu successores, et ius et officium est docendi et confirmandi fratres in fide. Quoniam vero, Apostolo monente, *per philosophiam et inanem fallaciam*[2] Christi fidelium mentes decipi solent, et fidei sinceritas in hominibus corrumpi, idcirco supremi Ecclesiæ Pastores muneris sui perpetuo esse duxerunt etiam veri nominis scientiam totis viribus provehere, simulque singulari vigilantia providere, ut ad fidei catholicæ normam ubique traderentur humanæ disciplinæ omnes, præsertim vero *philosophia*, a qua nimirum magna ex parte pendet ceterarum scientiarum recta ratio. Id ipsum et Nos inter cetera breviter monuimus, Venerabiles Fratres, cum primum Vos omnes per Litteras Encyclicas allocuti sumus; sed modo rei gravitate et temporum conditione compellimur rursus Vobiscum agere de ineunda philosophicorum studiorum ratione, quæ et bono fidei apte respondeat, et ipsi humanarum scientiarum dignitati sit consentanea.

Si quis in acerbitatem nostrorum temporum animum intendat, earumque rerum rationem, quæ publice et privatim geruntur, cogitatione complectatur, is profecto comperiet, fecundam malorum causam, cum eorum quæ premunt, tum eorum quæ pertimescimus, in eo consistere, quod prava de divinis humanisque rebus scita, e scholis philosophorum iampridem profecta, in omnes civitatis ordines irrepserint, communi plurimorum suffragio recepta. Cum enim insitum homini natura sit, ut in agendo rationem ducem sequatur, si quid intelligentia peccat, in id et voluntas facile labitur: atque ita contingit, ut pravitas opinionum, quarum est in intelligentia sedes, in humanas actiones influat, easque pervertat. Ex adverso, si sana mens hominum fuerit, et solidis verisque principiis firmiter insistat, tum vero in publicum privatumque commodum plurima beneficia progignet. Equidem non tantam humanæ philosophiæ vim et auctoritatem tribuimus, ut cunctis omnino erroribus propulsandis vel cessant labors of individual bishops; to this end also the published laws and decrees of councils, and especially the constant watchfulness of the Roman Pontiffs, to whom, as successors of the blessed Peter in the primacy of the apostles, belongs the right and office of teaching and confirming their brethren in the faith. Since, then, according to the warning of the apostle, the minds of Christ's faithful are apt to be deceived and the integrity of the faith to be corrupted among men by philosophy and vain deceit,[2] the supreme pastors of the church have always thought it their duty to advance, by every means in their power, science truly so called, and at the same time to provide with special care that all studies should accord with the Catholic faith, especially philosophy, on which a right apprehension of the other sciences in great part depends. Indeed, venerable brethren, on this very subject, among others, we briefly admonished you in our first encyclical letter; but now, both by reason of the gravity of the subject and the condition of the time, we are again compelled to speak to you on the mode of taking up the study of philosophy which shall respond most fitly to the true faith, and at the same time be most consonant with the dignity of human knowledge.

Whoso turns his attention to the bitter strifes of these days, and seeks a reason for the troubles that vex public and private life, must come to the conclusion that a fruitful cause of the evils which now afflict, as well as of those which threaten, us lies in this: that false conclusions concerning divine and human things, which originated in the schools of philosophy, have crept into all the orders of the state, and have been accepted by the common consent of the masses. For since it is in the very nature of man to follow the guide of reason in his actions, if his intellect sins at all his will soon follows; and thus it happens that looseness of intellectual opinion influences human actions and perverts them. Whereas, on the other hand, if men be of sound mind and take their stand on true and solid principles, there will result a vast amount of benefits for the public and private good. We do not, indeed, attribute such force and authority to philosophy as to esteem it equal to the task of combating

[2] Coloss. ii. 8.

evellendis parem esse iudicemus : sicut enim, cum primum est religio christiana constituta, per admirabile fidei lumen, *non persuasibilibus humanæ sapientiæ verbis* diffusum, *sed in ostensione spiritus et virtutis*,[3] orbi terrarum contigit ut primævæ dignitati restitueretur ; ita etiam in præsens ab omnipotenti potissimum virtute et auxilio Dei expectandum est, ut mortalium mentes, sublatis errorum tenebris, resipiscant. Sed neque spernenda neu posthabenda sunt naturalia adiumenta, quæ divinæ sapientiæ beneficio, fortiter suaviterque omnia disponentis, hominum generi suppetunt ; quibus in adiumentis rectum philosophiæ usum constat esse præcipuum. Non enim frustra rationis lumen humanæ menti Deus inseruit ; et tantum abest, ut superaddita fidei lux intelligentiæ virtutem extinguat aut imminuat, ut potius perficiat, auctisque viribus, habilem ad maiora reddat. Igitur postulat ipsius divinæ Providentiæ ratio, ut in revocandis ad fidem et ad salutem populis etiam ab humana scientia præsidium quæratur ; quam industriam, probabilem ac sapientem, in more positam fuisse præclarissimorum Ecclesiæ Patrum, antiquitatis monumenta testantur. Illi scilicet neque paucas, neque tenues rationi partes dare consueverunt, quas omnes perbreviter complexus est magnus Augustinus, *huic scientiæ tribuens . . . illud quo fides saluberrima . . . gignitur ; nutritur, defenditur, roboratur*.[4]

Ac primo quidem philosophia, si rite a sapientibus usurpetur, iter ad veram fidem quodammodo sternere et munire valet, suorumque alumnorum animas ad revelationem suscipiendam convenienter præparare ; quamobrem a veteribus modo *prævia ad christianam fidem institutio*,[5] modo *Christianismi præludium et auxilium*,[6] modo *ad Evangelium pædagogus*[7] non immerito appellata est.

Et sane benignissimus Deus, in eo quod pertinet ad res divinas, non eas tantum veritates lumine fidei patefecit, quibus attingendis impar humana intelligentia est, sed nonnullas etiam manifestavit, rationi non omnino impervias, ut scilicet, accedente Dei auctoritate, and rooting out all errors ; for, when the Christian religion was first constituted, it came upon earth to restore it to its primeval dignity by the admirable light of faith, diffused not by persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the manifestation of spirit and of power ;[3] so also at the present time we look above all things to the powerful help of Almighty God to bring back to a right understanding the minds of men and dispel the darkness of error. But the natural helps with which the grace of the divine wisdom, strongly and sweetly disposing all things, has supplied the human race are neither to be despised nor neglected, chief among which is evidently the right use of philosophy. For not in vain did God set the light of reason in the human mind ; and so far is the superadded light of faith from extinguishing or lessening the power of the intelligence that it completes it rather, and by adding to its strength renders it capable of greater things.

Therefore divine Providence itself requires that in calling back the peoples to the paths of faith and salvation advantage should be taken of human science also—an approved and wise practice which history testifies was observed by the most illustrious Fathers of the church. They, indeed, were wont neither to belittle nor undervalue the part that reason had to play, as is summed up by the great Augustine when he attributes to this science "that by which the most wholesome faith is begotten, . . . is nourished, defended, and made strong."[4]

In the first place, philosophy, if rightly made use of by the wise, in a certain way tends to smooth and fortify the road to true faith, and to prepare the souls of its disciples for the fit reception of revelation ; for which reason it is well called by ancient writers sometimes a stepping-stone to the Christian faith,[5] sometimes the prelude and help of Christianity,[6] sometimes the Gospel teacher.[7] And assuredly the God of all goodness, in all that pertains to divine things, has not only manifested by the light of faith those truths which human intelligence could not attain of itself, but others also not altogether unattainable by reason, that by the help of divine authority they may

[3] 1 Cor. ii. 4.
[4] De Trin., lib. xiv. c. 1.
[5] Clem. Alex., Strom., lib. i. c. 16 ; l. vii. c. 3.
[6] Orig. ad Greg. Thaum.
[7] Clem. Alex., Strom., i. c. 5.

statim, et sine aliqua erroris admixtione omnibus innotescerent. Ex quo factum est, ut quædam vera, quæ vel divinitus ad credendum proponuntur, vel cum doctrina fidei arctis quibusdam vinculis colligantur, ipsi ethnicorum sapientes, naturali tantum ratione prælucente, cognoverint, aptisque argumentis demonstraverint ac vindicaverint. *Invisibilia enim Ipsius*, ut apostolus inquit, *a creatura mundi per ea, quæ facta sunt, intellecta, conspiciuntur, sempiterna quoque eius virtus et divinitas*;[8] et *gentes quæ legem non habent . . .* ostendunt nihilominus *opus legis scriptum in cordibus suis*.[9] Hæc autem vera, vel ipsis ethnicorum sapientibus explorata, vehementer est opportunum in revelatæ doctrinæ commodum utilitatemque convertere, ut re ipsa ostendatur, humanam quoque sapientiam, atque ipsum adversariorum testimonium fidei christianæ suffragari. Quam agendi rationem non recens introductam sed veterem esse constat, et sanctis Ecclesiæ Patribus sæpe usitatam. Quin etiam venerabiles isti religiosarum traditionum testes et custodes formam quamdam eius rei et prope figuram agnoscunt in Hebræorum facto, qui Ægypto excessuri, deferre secum iussi sunt argentea atque aurea Ægyptiorum vasa cum vestibus pretiosis, ut scilicet, mutato repente usu, religioni veri Numinis ea supellex dedicaretur, quæ prius ignominiosis ritibus et superstitioni inservierat. Gregorius Neocæsariensis[10] laudat Origenem hoc nomine, quod plura ex ethnicorum placitis ingeniose decerpta, quasi erepta hostibus tela, in patrocinium christianæ sapientiæ et pernicem superstitionis singulari dexteritate retorserit. Et parem disputandi morem cum Gregorius Nazianzenus,[11] tum Gregorius Nyssenus[12] in Basilio Magno et laudant et probant; Hieronymus vero magnopere commendat in Quadrato Apostolorum discipulo, in Aristide, in Iustino, in Irenæo, aliisque permultis.[13] Augustinus autem, *Nonne aspicimus*, inquit, *quanto auro et argento et veste suffarcinatus exierit de Ægypto Cyprianus, doctor suavissimus et martyr beatissimus? quanto Lactantius? quanto Victorinus, Optatus, Hilarius? ut de vivis taceam, quanto innumerabiles Græci?*[14] Quod si vero naturalis ratio opimam hanc doctrinæ segetem prius fudit, quam

be made known to all at once and without any admixture of error. Hence it is that certain truths which were either divinely proposed for belief, or were bound by the closest chains to a doctrine of faith, were discovered by pagan sages with nothing but their natural reason to guide them, were demonstrated and proved by becoming arguments. For, as the apostle says, the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: his eternal power also and divinity;[8] and the Gentiles who have not the law show, nevertheless, the work of the law written in their hearts.[9] But it is most fitting to turn these truths, which have been discovered by the pagan sages even, to the use and purposes of revealed doctrine, in order to show that both human wisdom and the very testimony of our adversaries serve to support the Christian faith—a method which is not of recent introduction, but of established use, and has often been adopted by the holy Fathers of the church. For instance, those venerable men, the witnesses and guardians of religious traditions, recognize a certain form and figure of this in the action of the Hebrews, who, when about to depart out of Egypt, were commanded to take with them the gold and silver vessels and precious robes of the Egyptians, that by a change of use the things might be dedicated to the service of the true God which had formerly been the instruments of ignoble and superstitious rites. Gregory of Neocæsarea[10] praises Origen expressly because, with singular dexterity, as one snatches weapons from the enemy, he turned to the defence of Christian wisdom and to the destruction of superstition many arguments drawn from the writings of the pagans. And both Gregory of Nazianzen[11] and Gregory of Nyssa[12] praise and commend a like mode of disputation in Basil the Great; while Jerome especially commends it in Quadratus, a disciple of the apostles, in Aristides, Justin, Irenæus, and very many others.[13] Augustine says: "Do we not see Cyprian, that mildest of doctors and most blessed of martyrs, going out of Egypt laden with gold and silver and vestments? And Lactantius also and Victorinus, Optatus

[8] Rom. i. 20. [9] Ib. ii. 14, 15.
[10] Orat paneg. ad Origen.
[11] Vit. Moys. [12] Carm. i. Iamb. 3.
[13] Epist. ad Magn. [14] De Doctr. christ., l. ii. c. 40.

Christi virtute fecundaretur, multo uberiorem certe progignet, posteaquam Salvatoris gratia nativas humanæ mentis facultates instauravit et auxit. Ecquis autem non videat, iter planum et facile per huiusmodi philosophandi genus ad fidem aperiri?

Non his tamen limitibus utilitas circumscribitur, quæ ex illo philosophandi instituto dimanat. Et revera divinæ sapientiæ eloquiis graviter reprehenditur eorum hominum stultitia, qui *de his, quæ videntur bona, non potuerunt intelligere Eum qui est; neque operibus attendentes agnoverunt, quis esset artifex.*[15] Igitur primo loco magnus hic et præclarus ex humana ratione fructus capitur, quod illa Deum esse demonstret: *a magnitudine enim speciei et creaturæ cognoscibiliter poterit Creator horum videri.*[16] Deinde Deum ostendit omnium perfectionum cumulo singulariter excellere, infinita in primis sapientia, quam nulla usquam res latere, et summa iustitia, quam pravus nunquam vincere possit affectus, ideoque Deum non solum veracem esse, sed ipsam etiam veritatem falli et fallere nesciam. Ex quo consequi perspicuum est, ut humana ratio plenissimam verbo Dei fidem atque auctoritatem conciliet. Simili modo ratio declarat, evangelicam doctrinam mirabilibus quibusdam signis, tamquam certis certæ veritatis argumentis, vel ab ipsa origine emicuisse: atque ideo omnes, qui Evangelio fidem adiungunt, non temere adiungere, tamquam doctas fabulas secutos,[17] sed rationabili prorsus obsequio intelligentiam et iudicium suum divinæ subiicere auctoritati. Illud autem non minoris pretii esse intelligitur, quod ratio in perspicuo ponat, Ecclesiam a Christo institutam (ut statuit Vaticana Synodus) *ob suam admirabilem propagationem, eximiam sanctitatem et inexhaustam in omnibus locis fecunditatem, ob catholicam unitatem, invictamque stabilitatem, magnum quoddam et perpetuum esse motivum credibilitatis, et divinæ suæ legationis testimonium irrefragabile.*[18]

and Hilary? And, not to speak of the living, how many Greeks have done likewise?"[14] But if natural reason first sowed this rich field of doctrine before it was rendered fruitful by the power of Christ, it must assuredly become more prolific after the grace of the Saviour has renewed and added to the native faculties of the human mind. And who does not see that a plain and easy road is opened up to faith by such a method of philosophic study?

But the advantage to be derived from such a school of philosophy is not to be confined within these limits. The foolishness of those men is gravely reproved in the words of divine wisdom who by these good things that are seen could not understand Him that is, neither by attending to the works could have acknowledged who was the workman.[15] In the first place, then, this great and noble fruit is gathered from human reason, that it demonstrates that God *is*; for by the greatness of the beauty and of the creature the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby.[16] Again, it shows God to excel in the height of all perfections, in infinite wisdom before which nothing lies hidden, and in absolute justice which no depraved affection could possibly shake; and that God, therefore, is not only true but truth itself, which can neither deceive nor be deceived. Whence it clearly follows that human reason finds the fullest faith and authority united in the word of God. In like manner reason declares that the doctrine of the Gospel has even from its very beginning been made manifest by certain wonderful signs, the established proofs, as it were, of unshaken truth; and that all, therefore, who set faith in the Gospel do not believe rashly as though following cunningly-devised fables,[17] but, by a most reasonable consent, subject their intelligence and judgment to an authority which is divine. And of no less importance is it that reason most clearly sets forth that the church instituted by Christ (as laid down in the Vatican Synod), on account of its wonderful spread, its marvellous sanctity, and its inexhaustible fecundity in all places, as well as of its Catholic unity and unshaken stability, is in itself a great and perpetual motive of belief and an irrefragable testimony of its own divine mission.[18]

[15] Sap. xiii. 1. [16] Sap. xiii. 5. [17] 2 Petr. i. 16. [18] Const. dogm. de Fid. Cath., cap. 3.

Solidissimis ita positis fundamentis, perpetuus et multiplex adhuc requiritur philosophiæ usus, sacra theologia naturam, habitum, ingeniumque veræ scientiæ suscipiat atque induat. In hac enim nobilissima disciplinarum magnopere necesse est, ut multæ ac diversæ cælestium doctrinarum partes in unum veluti corpus colligantur, ut suis quæque locis convenienter dispositæ, et ex propriis principiis derivatæ, apto inter se nexu cohæreant; demum ut omnes et singulæ suis iisque invictis argumentis confirmentur. Nec silentio prætereunda, aut minimi facienda est accuratior illa atque uberior rerum, quæ creduntur, cognitio, et ipsorum fidei mysteriorum, quoad fieri potest, aliquanto lucidior intelligentia, quam Augustinus aliique Patres et laudarunt et assequi studuerunt, quamque ipsa Vaticana Synodus [19] fructuosissimam esse decrevit. Eam siquidem cognitionem et intelligentiam plenius et facilius certe illi consequuntur, qui cum integritate vitæ fideique studio ingenium coniungunt philosophicis disciplinis expolitum, præsertim cum eadem Synodus Vaticana doceat, eiusmodi sacrorum dogmatum intelligentiam *tum ex eorum, quæ naturaliter cognoscuntur, analogia; tum e mysteriorum ipsorum nexu inter se et cum fine hominis ultimo* peti oportere.[20]

Its solid foundations having been thus laid, a perpetual and varied service is further required of philosophy, in order that sacred theology may receive and assume the nature, form, and genius of a true science. For in this, the most noble of studies, it is of the greatest necessity to bind together, as it were, in one body the many and various parts of the heavenly doctrines, that, each being allotted to its own proper place and derived from its own proper principles, the whole may join together in a complete union; in order, in fine, that all and each part may be strengthened by its own and the others' invincible arguments. Nor is that more accurate or fuller knowledge of the things that are believed, and somewhat more lucid understanding, as far as it can go, of the very mysteries of faith which Augustine and the other Fathers commended and strove to reach, and which the Vatican Synod itself [19] declared to be most fruitful, to be passed over in silence or belittled. Those will certainly more fully and more easily attain that knowledge and understanding who to integrity of life and love of faith join a mind rounded and finished by philosophic studies, as the same Vatican Synod teaches that the knowledge of such sacred dogmas ought to be sought as well from analogy of the things that are naturally known as from the connection of those mysteries one with another and with the final end of man.[20]

Postremo hoc quoque ad disciplinas philosophicas pertinet, veritates divinitus traditas religiose tueri et iis qui oppugnare audeant resistere. Quam ad rem, magna est philosophiæ laus, quod fidei propugnaculum ac veluti firmum religionis munimentum habeatur. *Est quidem,* sicut Clemens Alexandrinus testatur, *per se perfecta et nullius indiga Salvatoris doctrina, cum sit Dei virtus et sapientia. Accedens autem græca philosophia veritatem non facit potentiorem; sed cum debiles efficiat sophistarum adversus eam argumentationes, et propulset dolosas adversus veritatem insidias, dicta est vineæ apta sepes et vallus.*[21] Profecto sicut inimici catholici nominis, adversus religionem pugnaturi, bellicos apparatus plerumque a philosophica ratione mutuantur, ita divinarum scientiarum defensores plura e philosophiæ penu depromunt, quibus revelata dogmata valeant propugnare. Neque mediocriter in eo triumphare fides chris-

Lastly, the duty of religiously defending the truths divinely delivered, and of resisting those who dare oppose them, pertains to philosophic pursuits. Wherefore it is the glory of philosophy to be esteemed as the bulwark of faith and the strong defence of religion. As Clement of Alexandria testifies, the doctrine of the Saviour is indeed perfect in itself and wanteth naught, since it is the power and wisdom of God. And the assistance of the Greek philosophy maketh not the truth more powerful; but inasmuch as it weakens the contrary arguments of the sophists and repels the veiled attacks against the truth, it has been fitly called the hedge and fence of the vine.[21] For as the enemies of the Catholic name, when about to attack religion, are in the habit of borrowing their weapons from the arguments of philosophers, so the defenders of sacred science draw many arguments from the store of

[19] Const. cit., cap. 4. [20] Ibid. [21] Strom., lib. i. c. 20.

tiana censenda est, quod adversariorum arma, humanæ rationis artibus ad nocendum comparata, humana ipsa ratio potenter expediteque repellat. Quam speciem religiosi certaminis ab ipso gentium Apostolo usurpatam commemorat S. Hieronymus scribens ad Magnum: *Ductor christiani exercitus Paulus et orator invictus, pro Christo causam agens, etiam inscriptionem fortuitam arte torquet in argumentum fidei; didicerat enim a vero David extorquere de manibus hostium gladium, et Goliath superbissimi caput proprio mucrone truncare.*[22] Atque ipsa Ecclesia istud a philosophia præsidium christianos doctores petere non tantum suadet, sed etiam iubet. Etenim Concilium Lateranense V. posteaquam constituit, "omnem assertionem veritati illuminatæ fidei contrariam omnino falsam esse, eo quod verum vero minime contradicat,"[23] philosophiæ doctoribus præcipit, ut in dolosis argumentis dissolvendis studiose versentur; siquidem, ut Augustinus testatur, "si ratio contra divinarum Scripturarum auctoritatem redditur, quamlibet acuta sit, fallit, veri similitudine; nam vera esse non potest."[24]

philosophy which may serve to uphold revealed dogmas. Nor is the triumph of the Christian faith a small one in using human reason to repel powerfully and speedily the attacks of its adversaries by the hostile arms which human reason itself supplied. Which species of religious strife St. Jerome, writing to Magnus, notices as having been adopted by the apostle of the Gentiles himself: Paul, the leader of the Christian army and the invincible orator, battling for the cause of Christ, skilfully turns even a chance inscription into an argument for the faith; for he had learned from the true David to wrest the sword from the hands of the enemy and to cut off the head of the boastful Goliath with his own weapon.[22] Moreover, the church herself not only urges, but even commands, Christian teachers to seek help from philosophy. For the fifth Council of Lateran, after it had decided that "every assertion contrary to the truth of revealed faith is altogether false, for the reason that it contradicts, however slightly, the truth,"[23] advises teachers of philosophy to pay close attention to the exposition of fallacious arguments; since, as Augustine testifies, "if reason is turned against the authority of Sacred Scripture, no matter how specious it may seem, it errs in the likeness of truth; for true it cannot be."[24]

Verum ut pretiosis hisce, quos memoravimus, afferendis fructibus par philosophia inveniatur, omnino oportet, ut ab eo tramite nunquam deflecta, quem et veneranda Patrum antiquitas ingressa est, et Vaticana Synodus solemni auctoritatis suffragio comprobavit. Scilicet cum plane compertum sit, plurimas ex ordine supernaturali veritates esse accipiendas, quæ cuiuslibet ingenii longe vincunt acumen, ratio humana, propriæ infirmitatis conscia, maiora se affectare ne audeat, neque easdem veritates negare, neve propria virtute metiri, neu pro lubitu interpretari; sed eas potius plena atque humili fide suscipiat, et summi honoris loco habeat, quod sibi liceat, in morem ancillæ et pedissequæ, famulari cælestibus doctrinis, easque aliqua ratione, Dei beneficio, attingere. In iis autem doctrinarum capitibus, quæ percipere humana intelligentia naturaliter potest, æquum plane est, sua methodo, suisque principiis et argumentis uti phi-

But in order that philosophy may be found equal to the gathering of those precious fruits which we have indicated, it behoves it above all things never to turn aside from that path which the Fathers have entered upon from a venerable antiquity, and which the Vatican Council solemnly and authoritatively approved. As it is evident that very many truths of the supernatural order which are far beyond the reach of the keenest intellect must be accepted, human reason, conscious of its own infirmity, dare not affect to itself too great powers, nor deny those truths, nor measure them by its own standard, nor interpret them at will; but receive them rather with a full and humble faith, and esteem it the highest honor to be allowed to wait upon heavenly doctrines like a handmaid and attendant, and by God's goodness attain to them in any way whatsoever. But in the case of such doctrines as the human intelligence may perceive, it is

[22] Epist. ad Magn.

[23] Bulla *Apostolici regiminis.*

[24] Epist. 143 (al. 7), ad Marcellin., n. 7.

losophiam: non ita tamen, ut auctoritati divinæ sese audacter subtrahere videatur. Imo, cum constet, ea quæ revelatione innotescunt, certa veritate pollere, et quæ fidei adversantur pariter cum recta ratione pugnare, noverit philosophus catholicus se fidei simul et rationis iura violaturum, si conclusionem aliquam amplectatur, quam revelatæ doctrinæ repugnare intellexerit.

Novimus profecto non deesse, qui facultates humanæ naturæ plus nimio extollentes, contendunt, hominis intelligentiam, ubi semel divinæ auctoritati subiiciatur, e nativa dignitate excidere, et quodam quasi servitutis iugo demissam plurimum retardari atque impediri, quominus ad veritatis excellentiæque fastigium progrediatur. Sed hæc plena erroris et fallaciæ sunt; eoque tandem spectant, ut homines, summa cum stultitia, nec sine crimine ingrati animi, sublimiores veritates repudient, et divinum beneficium fidei, ex qua omnium bonorum fontes etiam in civilem societatem fluxere, sponte reiiciant. Etenim cum humana mens certis finibus, iisque satis angustis, conclusa teneatur, pluribus erroribus, et multarum rerum ignorationi est obnoxia. Contra fides christiana, cum Dei auctoritate nitatur, certissima est veritatis magistra; quam qui sequitur, neque errorum laqueis irretitur, neque incertarum opinionum fluctibus agitatur. Quapropter qui philosophiæ studium cum obsequio fidei christianæ coniungunt, ii optime philosophantur; quandoquidem divinarum veritatum splendor, animo exceptus, ipsam iuvat intelligentiam; cui non modo nihil de dignitate detrahit, sed nobilitatis, acuminis, firmitatis plurimum addit. Cum vero ingenii aciem intendunt in refellendis sententiis, quæ fidei repugnant, et in probandis, quæ cum fide cohærent, digne ac perutiliter rationem exercent: in illis enim prioribus, causas erroris deprehendunt, et argumentorum, quibus ipsæ fulciuntur, vitium dignoscunt: in his autem posterioribus, rationum momentis potiuntur, quibus solide demonstrentur et cuilibet prudenti persuadeantur. Hac vero industria et exercitatione augeri mentis opes et explicari facultates qui neget, illi veri falsique discrimen nihil

equally just that philosophy should make use of its own method, principles, and arguments—not, indeed, in such fashion as to seem rashly to withdraw from the divine authority. But since it is established that those things which become known by revelation have the force of certain truth, and that those things which war against faith war equally against right reason, the Catholic philosopher will know that he violates at once faith and the laws of reason if he accepts any conclusion which he understands to be opposed to revealed doctrine.

We know that there are some who, in their over-estimate of the human faculties, maintain that as soon as man's intellect becomes subject to divine authority it falls from its native dignity, and, hampered by the yoke of this species of slavery, is much retarded and hindered in its progress towards the supreme truth and excellence. Such an idea is most false and deceptive, and its sole tendency is to induce foolish and ungrateful men wilfully to repudiate the most sublime truths, and reject the divine gift of faith, from which the fountains of all good things flow out upon civil society. For the human mind, being confined within certain limits, and those narrow enough, is exposed to many errors and is ignorant of many things; whereas the Christian faith, reposing on the authority of God, is the unfailing mistress of truth, whom whoso followeth he will be neither immeshed in the snares of error nor tossed hither and thither on the waves of fluctuating opinion. Those, therefore, who to the study of philosophy unite obedience to the Christian faith are philosophers indeed; for the splendor of the divine truths, received into the mind, helps the understanding, and not only detracts in no wise from its dignity, but adds greatly to its nobility, keenness, and stability. For surely that is a worthy and most useful exercise of reason when men give their minds to disproving those things which are repugnant to faith and proving the things which conform to faith. In the first case they cut the ground from under the feet of error and expose the viciousness of the arguments on which error rests; while in the second case they make themselves masters of weighty reasons for the sound demonstration of truth and the satisfac-

conducere ad profectum ingenii, absurde contendat necesse est. Merito igitur Vaticana Synodus præclara beneficia, quæ per fidem rationi præstantur, his verbis commemorat: *Fides rationem ab erroribus liberat ac tuetur, eamque multiplici cognitione instruit.*[25] Atque idcirco homini, si saperet, non culpanda fides, veluti ratione et naturalibus veritatibus inimica, sed dignæ potius Deo grates essent habendæ, vehementerque lætandum, quod, inter multas ignorantiæ causas et in mediis errorum fluctibus, sibi fides sanctissima illuxerit, quæ, quasi sidus amicum, citra omnem errandi formidinem portum veritatis commonstrat.

Quod si, Venerabiles Fratres, ad historiam philosophiæ respiciatis, cuncta, quæ paullo ante diximus, re ipsa comprobari intelligetis. Et sane philosophorum veterum, qui fidei beneficio caruerunt, etiam qui habebantur sapientissimi, in pluribus deterrime errarunt. Nostis enim, inter nonnulla vera, quam sæpe falsa et absona, quam multa incerta et dubia tradiderint de vera divinitatis ratione, de prima rerum origine, de mundi gubernatione, de divina futurorum cognitione, de malorum causa et principio, de ultimo fine hominis, æternaque beatitudine, de virtutibus et vitiis, aliisque doctrinis, quarum vera certaque notitia nihil magis est hominum generi necessarium. Contra vero primi Ecclesiæ Patres et Doctores, qui satis intellexerant, ex divinæ voluntatis consilio, restitutorem humanæ etiam scientiæ esse Christum, qui Dei virtus est Deique sapientia,[26] et *in quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiæ et scientiæ absconditi*,[27] veterum sapientum libros investigandos, eorumque sententias cum revelatis doctrinis conferendas suscepere; prudentique delectu quæ in illis vere dicta et sapienter cogitata occurrerent, amplexi sunt, ceteris omnibus vel emendatis vel reiectis. Nam providissimus Deus, sicut ad Ecclesiæ defensionem martyres fortissimos, magnæ animæ prodigos, contra tyrannorum sævitiam excitavit, ita philosophis falsi nominis aut hæreticis viros sapientia maximos obie-

tory instruction of any reasonable person. Whoever denies that such study and practice tend to add to the resources and expand the faculties of the mind must necessarily and absurdly hold that the mind gains nothing from discriminating between the true and the false. Justly, therefore, does the Vatican Council commemorate in these words the great benefits which faith has conferred upon reason: "Faith frees and saves reason from error, and endows it with manifold knowledge"[25] A wise man, therefore, would not accuse faith and look upon it as opposed to reason and natural truths, but would rather offer heartfelt thanks to God, and sincerely rejoice that, in the density of ignorance and in the flood-tide of error, holy faith, like a friendly star, shines down upon his path and points out to him the fair gate of truth beyond all danger of wandering.

If, venerable brethren, you open the history of philosophy, you will find all we have just said proved by experience. The philosophers of old who lacked the gift of faith, yet were esteemed so wise, fell into many appalling errors. You know how often among some truths they taught false and incongruous things; what vague and doubtful opinions they held concerning the nature of the Divinity, the first origin of things, the government of the world, the divine knowledge of the future, the cause and principle of evil, the ultimate end of man, the eternal beatitude, concerning virtue and vice, and other matters a true and certain knowledge of which is most necessary to the human race; while, on the other hand, the early Fathers and Doctors of the church, who well understood that, according to the divine plan, the restorer of human science is Christ, who is the power and the wisdom of God,[26] and in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,[27] took up and investigated the books of the ancient philosophers, and compared their teachings with the doctrines of revelation, and, carefully sifting them, they cherished what was true and wise in them and amended or rejected all else. For as the all-seeing God against the cruelty of tyrants raised up mighty martyrs to the defence of the church, men prodigal of their great lives, in like manner to false philosophers and heretics he opposed

[25] Const. dogm. de Fid. Cath., cap. 4.

[26] 1 Cor. i. 24. [27] Coloss. ii. 3.

cit, qui revelatarum veritatum thesaurum etiam rationis humanæ præsidio tuerentur. Itaque ab ipsis Ecclesiæ primordiis, catholica doctrina eos nacta est adversarios multo infestissimos, qui christianorum dogmata et instituta irridentes, ponebant plures esse deos, mundi materiam principio causaque caruisse, rerumque cursum cæca quadam vi et fatali contineri necessitate, non divinæ providentiæ consilio administrari. Iamvero cum his insanientis doctrinæ magistris mature congressi sunt sapientes viri, quos *Apologetas* nominamus, qui, fide præeunte, ab humana quoque sapientia argumenta sumpserunt, quibus constituerent, unum Deum, omni perfectionum genere præstantissimum esse colendum; res omnes e nihilo omnipotenti virtute productas, illius sapientia vigere, singulasque ad proprios fines dirigi ac moveri. Principem inter illos sibi locum vindicat S. Justinus martyr, qui posteaquam celeberrimas Græcorum academias, quasi experiendo, lustrasset, plenoque ore nonnisi ex revelatis doctrinis, ut idem ipse fatetur, veritatum hauriri posse pervidisset, illas toto animi ardore complexus, calumniis purgavit, penes Romanorum imperatores acriter copioseque defendit, et non pauca Græcorum philosophorum dicta cum eis composuit. Quod et Quadatus et Aristides, Hermias et Athenagoras per illud tempus egregie præstiterunt. Neque minorem in eadem causa gloriam adeptus est Irenæus martyr invictus, Ecclesiæ Lugdunensis Pontifex: qui cum strenue refutaret perversas orientalium opiniones, Gnosticorum opera per fines Romani imperii disseminatas, origines hæreseon singularum (auctore Hieronymo), et ex quibus philosophorum fontibus emanarint . . . explicavit.[28] Nemo autem non novit Clementis Alexandrini disputationes, quas idem Hieronymus sic, honoris causa, commemorat: "Quid in illis indoctum? imo quid non de media philosophia est?"[29] Multa ipse quidem incredibili varietate disseruit ad condendam philosophiæ historiam, ad artem dialecticam rite exercendam, ad concordiam rationis cum fide conciliandam utilissima. Hunc secutus Origenes, scholæ Alexandrinæ magisterio insignis, Græcorum et Orientalium doctrinis eruditissimus, perplura eademque laboriosa edidit volumina, divinis litteris

men of great wisdom, to defend, even by the aid of human reason, the treasure of revealed truths. Thus from the very first ages of the church the Catholic doctrine has encountered a multitude of most bitter adversaries, who, deriding the Christian dogmas and institutions, maintained that there were many gods, that the material world never had a beginning or cause, and that the course of events was one of blind and fatal necessity, not regulated by the will of divine Providence.

But the learned men whom we call apologists speedily encountered these teachers of foolish doctrine, and, under the guidance of faith, found arguments in human wisdom also to prove that one God, who stands pre-eminent in every kind of perfection, is to be worshipped; that all things were created from nothing by his omnipotent power; that by his wisdom they flourish and serve each their own special purposes. Among these St. Justin Martyr claims the chief place. After having tried the most celebrated academies of the Greeks, he saw clearly, as he himself confesses, that he could only draw truths in their fulness from the doctrines of revelation. These he embraced with all the ardor of his soul, purged of calumny, courageously and fully defended before the Roman emperors, and reconciled with them not a few of the sayings of the Greek philosophers.

Quadratus also and Aristides, Hermias and Athenagoras, stood nobly forth in that time. Nor did Irenæus, the invincible martyr and bishop of Lyons, win less glory in the same cause when, forcibly refuting the perverse opinions of the Orientals, the work of the Gnostics, scattered broadcast over the territories of the Roman Empire, he explained (according to Jerome) the origin of each heresy and in what philosophic source it took its rise.[28] But who knows not the disputations of Clement of Alexandria, which the same Jerome thus honorably commemorates: "What is there in them that is not learned, and what that is not of the very heart of philosophy?"[29] He himself, indeed, with marvellous versatility treated of many things of the greatest utility for preparing a history of philosophy, for the exercise of the dialectic art, and for showing the agreement between reason and faith. After him came Origen, who graced the chair of the

[28] Epist. ad Magn.

[29] Loc. cit.

explanandis sacrisque dogmatibus illustrandis mirabiliter opportuna ; quæ licet erroribus, saltem ut nunc extant, omnino non vacent, magnam tamen complectuntur vim sententiarum quibus naturales veritates et numero et firmitate augentur. Pugnat cum hæreticis Tertullianus auctoritate sacrarum litterarum ; cum philosophis, mutato armorum genere, philosophice ; hos autem tam acute et erudite convincit, ut iisdem palam fidenterque obiiciat : *Neque de scientia, neque de disciplina, ut putatis, æquamur.*[30] Arnobius etiam, vulgatis adversus gentiles libris, et Lactantius divinis præsertim *Institutionibus*, pari eloquentia et robore dogmata ac præcepta catholicæ sapientiæ persuadere hominibus strenue nituntur, non sic philosophiam evertentes, ut academici solent,[31] sed partim suis armis, partim vero ex philosophorum inter se concertatione sumptis eos revincentes.[32] Quæ autem de anima humana, de divinis attributis, aliisque maximi momenti quæstionibus, magnus Athanasius et Chrysostomus oratorum princeps, scripta reliquerunt, ita, omnium iudicio, excellunt, ut prope nihil ad illorum subtilitatem et copiam addi posse videatur. Et ne singulis recensendis nimii simus, summorum numero virorum, quorum est mentio facta, adiungimus Basilium magnum et utrumque Gregorium, qui, cum Athenis, ex domicilio totius humanitatis, exiissent philosophiæ omnis apparatu affatim instructi, quas sibi quisque doctrinæ opes inflammato studio pepererat, eas ad hæreticos refutandos, instituendosque Christianos converterunt. Sed omnibus veluti palmam præripuisse visus est Augustinus, qui ingenio præpotens, et sacris profanisque disciplinis ad plenum imbutus, contra omnes suæ ætatis errores acerrime dimicavit fide summa, doctrina pari. Quem ille philosophiæ locum non attigit ; imo vero quem non diligentissime investigavit, sive cum altissima fidei mysteria fidelibus aperiret, et contra adversariorum vesanos impetus defenderet ; sive cum, academicorum aut Manichæorum commentis deletis, humanæ scientiæ fundamenta et firmitudinem in tuto collocavit, aut malorum, quibus premuntur homines, rationem et originem et causas est persecutus? Quanta de angelis, de anima, de mente humana, de voluntate et libero arbitrio, de religione et de

school of Alexandria, and was most learned in the teachings of the Gereks and Orientals. He published many volumes, involving great labor, which were wonderfully adapted to explain the divine writings and illustrate the sacred dogmas ; which, though, as they now stand, not altogether free from error, contain nevertheless a wealth of knowledge tending to the growth and advance of natural truths. Tertullian opposes heretics with the authority of the sacred writings ; with the philosophers he changes his fence and disputes philosophically ; but so learnedly and acutely did he confute them that he made bold to say, "Neither in science nor in schooling are we equals, as you imagine."[30] Arnobius also, in his works against the pagans, and Lactantius in the divine *Institutions* especially, with equal eloquence and strength strenuously strive to move men to accept the dogmas and precepts of Catholic wisdom, not by philosophic juggling, after the fashion of the academicians,[31] but vanquishing them partly by their own arms, and partly by arguments drawn from the mutual contentions of the philosophers.[32] But the writings on the human soul, the divine attributes, and other questions of mighty moment which the great Athanasius and Chrysostom, the prince of orators, have left behind them are, by common consent, so supremely excellent that it seems scarcely anything could be added to their subtlety and fulness. And, not to cover too wide a range, we add to the number of the great men of whom mention has been made the names of Basil the Great and of the two Gregories, who, on going forth from Athens, that home of all learning, thoroughly equipped with all the harness of philosophy, turned the wealth of knowledge which each had gathered up in a course of zealous study to the work of refuting heretics and preparing Christians.

But Augustine would seem to have wrested the palm from all. Of a most powerful genius and thoroughly saturated with sacred and profane learning, with the loftiest faith and with equal knowledge, he combated most vigorously all the errors of his age. What height of philosophy did he not reach? What region of it did he not diligently explore, either in expounding the loftiest mysteries of the faith to the faithful, or

[30] Apologet., § 46. [31] Inst. vii. cap. 7. [32] De opif. Dei, cap. 21.

beata vita, de tempore et æternitate, de ipsa quoque mutabilium corporum natura subtilissime disputavit! Post id tempus per Orientem Ioannes Damascenus, Basilii et Gregorii Nazianzeni vestigia ingressus, per Occidentem vero Boëtius et Anselmus, Augustini doctrinas professi, patrimonium philosophiæ plurimum locupletarunt.

Exinde mediæ ætatis doctores, quos *Scholasticos* vocant, magnæ molis opus aggressi sunt, nimirum segetes doctrinæ fecundas et uberes, amplissimis sanctorum Patrum voluminibus diffusas, diligenter congere, congestasque uno veluti loco condere, in posterorum usum et commoditatem. Quæ autem scholasticæ disciplinæ sit origo, indoles et excellentia, iuvat hic, Venerabiles Fratres, verbis sapientissimi viri, Prædecessoris Nostri, Sixti V., fusius aperire: "Divino Illius munere, qui solus dat spiritum scientiæ et sapientiæ et intellectus, quique Ecclesiam suam per sæculorum ætates, prout opus est, novis beneficiis auget, novis præsidiis instruit, inventa est a maioribus nostris sapientissimis viris, theologia scholastica, quam duo potissimum gloriosi doctores, angelicus S. Thomas et seraphicus S. Bonaventura, clarissimi huius facultatis professores, . . . excellenti ingenio, assiduo studio, magnis laboribus et vigiliis excoluerunt atque ornarunt, eamque optime dispositam, multisque modis præclare explicatam posteris tradiderunt.

"Et huius quidem tam salutaris scientiæ cognitio et exercitatio, quæ ab uberrimis divinarum litterarum, summorum Pontificum, sanctorum Patrum et Conciliorum fontibus dimanat, semper certe maximum Ecclesiæ adiumentum afferre potuit, sive ad Scripturas ipsas vere et sane intelligendas et interpretandas, sive ad Patres securius et utilius defending them against the fell onslaught of adversaries, or again when, in demolishing the fables of the academicians or the Manichæans, he laid the safe foundations and sure structure of human science, or followed up the reason, origin, and causes of the evils that afflict man? How subtly he reasoned on the angels, the soul, the human mind, the will and free choice, on religion and the life of the blessed, on time and eternity, and even on the very nature of changeable bodies! Afterwards, in the East, John Damascene treading in the footsteps of Basil and of Gregory Nazianzen, and in the West Boëtius and Anselm following the doctrines of Augustine, added largely to the patrimony of philosophy.

Later on the doctors of the middle ages, who are called scholastics, addressed themselves to a great work—that of diligently collecting, and sifting, and storing up, as it were, in one place, for the use and convenience of posterity, the rich and fertile harvests of Christian learning scattered abroad in the voluminous works of the holy Fathers. And with regard, venerable brethren, to the origin, drift, and excellence of this scholastic learning, it may be well here to speak more fully in the words of one of the wisest of our predecessors, Sixtus V.: "By the divine favor of Him who alone gives the spirit of science, and wisdom, and understanding, and who through all ages, as there may be need, enriches his church with new blessings and strengthens it with new safeguards, there was founded by our fathers, men of eminent wisdom, the scholastic theology, which two glorious doctors in particular, the angelic St. Thomas and the seraphic St. Bonaventure, illustrious teachers of this faculty, . . . with surpassing genius, by unwearied diligence, and at the cost of long labors and vigils, set in order and beautified, and, when skilfully arranged and clearly explained in a variety of ways, handed down to posterity.

"And, indeed, the knowledge and use of so salutary a science, which flows from the fertilizing founts of the sacred writings, the Sovereign Pontiffs, the holy Fathers, and the councils, must always be of the greatest assistance to the church, whether with the view of really and soundly understanding and interpreting the Scriptures, or more safely and to

perlegendos et explicandos, sive ad varios errores et hæreses detegendas et refellendas: his vero novissimis diebus, quibus iam advenerunt tempora illa periculosa ab Apostolo descripta, et homines blasphemi, superbi, seductores proficiunt in peius, errantes et alios in errorem mittentes, sane catholicæ fidei dogmatibus confirmandis et hæresibus confutandis pernecessaria est." [33] Quæ verba quamvis theologiam scholasticam dumtaxat complecti videantur, tamen esse quoque de philosophia eiusque laudibus accipienda perspicitur. Siquidem præclaræ dotes, quæ theologiam scholasticam hostibus veritatis faciunt tantopere formidolosam, nimirum, ut idem Pontifex addit, "apta illa et inter se nexa rerum et causarum cohærentia, ille ordo et dispositio tamquam militum in pugnando instructio, illæ dilucidæ definitiones et distinctiones, illa argumentorum firmitas et acutissimæ disputationes, quibus lux a tenebris, verum a falso distinguitur, hæreticorum mendacia multis a præstigiis et fallaciis involuta, tamquam veste detracta patefiunt et denudantur," [34] præclaræ, inquimus, et mirabiles istæ dotes unice a recto usu repetendæ sunt eius philosophiæ, quam magistri scholastici, data opera et sapienti consilio, in disputationibus etiam theologicis, passim, usurpare consueverunt. Præterea cum illud sit scholasticorum theologorum proprium ac singulare, ut scientiam humanam ac divinam arctissimo inter se vinculo coniunxerint, profecto theologia, in qua illi excelluerunt, non erat tantum honoris et commendationis ab opinione hominum adeptura, si mancam atque imperfectam aut levem philosophiam adhibuissent.

Iamvero inter scholasticos doctores, omnium princeps et magister, longe eminet Thomas Aquinas, qui, uti Cajetanus animadvertit, veteres *doctores sacros quia summe veneratus est, ideo intellectum omnium quodammodo sortitus est.*[35] Illorum doctrinas, veluti dispersa cuiusdam corporis membra, in unum Thomas collegit et coagmentavit, miro ordine digessit, et magnis incrementis ita adauxit, ut catholicæ Ecclesiæ singulare præsidium et decus iure meritoque habeatur. Ille quidem ingenio docilis et acer, memoria facilis et tenax, vitæ integerrimus, veritatis unice amator, divina humanaque scientia prædives, soli

[33] Bulla *Triumphantis*, an. 1588.

better purpose reading and explaining the Fathers, or for exposing and refuting the various errors and heresies; and in these late days, when those dangerous times described by the apostle are already upon us, when the blasphemers, the proud, and the seducers go from bad to worse, erring themselves and causing others to err, there is surely a very great need of confirming the dogmas of Catholic faith and confuting heresies." [33]

Although these words seem to bear reference solely to scholastic theology, nevertheless they may plainly be accepted as equally true of philosophy and its praises. For the noble endowments which make the scholastic theology so formidable to the enemies of truth—to wit, as the same pontiff adds, "that ready and close coherence of cause and effect, that order and array as of a disciplined army in battle, those clear definitions and distinctions, that strength of argument and those keen discussions, by which light is distinguished from darkness, the true from the false, expose and strip naked, as it were, the falsehoods of heretics wrapped around by a cloud of subterfuges and fallacies" [34]—those noble and admirable endowments, we say, are only to be found in a right use of that philosophy which the scholastic teachers have been accustomed carefully and prudently to make use of even in theological disputations. Moreover, since it is the proper and special office of the scholastic theologians to bind together by the fastest chain human and divine science, surely the theology in which they excelled would not have gained such honor and commendation among men if they had made use of a lame and imperfect or vain philosophy.

Among the scholastic doctors, the chief and master of all, towers Thomas Aquinas, who, as Cajetan observes, because "he most venerated the ancient doctors of the church, in a certain way seems to have inherited the intellect of all." [35] The doctrines of those illustrious men, like the scattered members of a body, Thomas collected together and cemented, distributed in wonderful order, and so increased with important additions that he is rightly and deservedly esteemed the special bulwark and glory of the Catholic faith. With his spirit at once humble and swift, his memory ready and tenacious,

[34] Bull. cit. [35] In 2m. 2æ. q. 148, a. 4. in fin.

comparatus, orbem terrarum calore virtutum fovit, et doctrinæ splendore complevit. Nulla est philosophiæ pars, quam non acute simul et solide pertractarit: de legibus ratiocinandi, de Deo et incorporeis substantiis, de homine aliisque sensibilibus rebus, de humanis actibus eorumque principiis ita disputavit, ut in eo neque copiosa quæstionum seges, neque apta partium dispositio, neque optima procedendi ratio, neque principiorum firmitas aut argumentorum robur, neque dicendi perspicuitas aut proprietas, neque abstrusa quæque explicandi facilitas desideretur.

Illud etiam accedit, quod philosophicas conclusiones angelicus Doctor speculatus est in rerum rationibus et principiis, quæ quam latissime patent, et infinitarum fere veritatum semina suo veluti gremio concludunt, a posterioribus magistris opportuno tempore et uberrimo cum fructu aperienda. Quam philosophandi rationem cum in erroribus refutandis pariter adhibuerit, illud a se ipse impetravit, ut et superiorum temporum errores omnes unus debellarit, et ad profligandos, qui perpetua vice in posterum exorituri sunt, arma invictissima suppeditarit. Præterea rationem, ut par est, a fide apprime distinguens, utramque tamen amice consocians, utriusque tum iura conservavit, tum dignitati consuluit, ita quidem ut ratio ad humanum fastigium Thomæ pennis evecta, iam fere nequeat sublimius assurgere; neque fides a ratione fere possit plura aut validiora adiumenta præstolari, quam quæ iam est per Thomam consecuta.

Has ob causas, doctissimi homines, superioribus præsertim ætatibus theologiæ et philosophiæ laude præstantissimi, conquisitis incredibili studio Thomæ voluminibus immortalibus, angelicæ sapientiæ eius sese non tam excolendos, quam penitus innutriendos tradiderunt. Omnes prope conditores et legiferos Ordinum religiosorum iussisse constat sodales suos, doctrinis S. Thomæ studere et religiosius hærere, cauti ne cui eorum impune liceat a vestigiis tanti viri vel minimum discedere. Ut Dominicanam familiam prætereamus, quæ summo hoc magistro iure quodam suo gloriatur, his life spotless throughout, a lover of truth for its own sake, richly endowed with human and divine science, like the sun he heated the world with the ardor of his virtues and filled it with the splendor of his teaching. Philosophy has no part which he did not touch finely at once and thoroughly; on the laws of reasoning, on God and incorporeal substances, on man and other sensible things, on human actions and their principles, he reasoned in such a manner that in him there is wanting neither a full array of questions, nor an apt disposal of the various parts, nor the best method of proceeding, nor soundness of principles or strength of argument, nor clearness and elegance of style, nor a facility for explaining what is abstruse.

Moreover, the Angelic Doctor pushed his philosophic conclusions into the reasons and principles of the things which are most comprehensive and contain in their bosom, so to say, the seeds of almost infinite truths, to be unfolded in good time by later masters and with a goodly yield. And as he also used this philosophic method in the refutation of error, he won this title to distinction for himself: that single-handed he victoriously combated all the errors of former times, and supplied invincible arms to put those to rout which might in after-times spring up. Again, clearly distinguishing, as is fitting, reason from faith, while happily associating the one with the other, he both preserved the rights and had regard for the dignity of each; so much so, indeed, that reason, borne on the wings of Thomas to its human height, can scarcely rise higher, while faith could scarcely expect more or stronger aids from reason than those which she has already obtained through Thomas.

For these reasons learned men, in former ages especially, of the highest repute in theology and philosophy, after mastering with infinite pains the immortal works of Thomas, gave themselves up not so much to be instructed in his angelic wisdom as to be nourished upon it. It is known that nearly all the founders and framers of laws of the religious orders commanded their associates to study and religiously adhere to the teachings of St. Thomas, fearful lest any of them should swerve even in the slightest degree from the footsteps of so great a man. To say nothing of the

ea lege teneri Benedictinos, Carmelitas, Augustinianos, Societatem Iesu, aliosque sacros Ordines complures, statuta singulorum testantur.

Atque hoc loco magna cum voluptate provolat animus ad celeberrimas illas, quæ olim in Europa floruerunt, academias et scholas, Parisiensem nempe, Salmantinam, Complutensem, Duaccenam, Tolosanam, Lovaniensem, Patavinam, Bononiensem, Neapolitanam, Conimbricensem, aliasque permultas. Quarum academiarum nomen ætate quodammodo crevisse, rogatasque sententias, cum graviora agerentur negotia, plurimum in omnes partes valuisse, nemo ignorat. Iamvero compertum est, in magnis illis humanæ sapientiæ domiciliis, tamquam in suo regno, Thomam consedisse principem; atque omnium vel doctorum vel auditorum animos miro consensu in unius angelici Doctoris magisterio et auctoritate conquievisse.

Sed, quod pluris est, Romani Pontifices Prædecessores Nostri sapientiam Thomæ Aquinatis singularibus laudum præconiis et testimoniis amplissimis prosecuti sunt. Nam Clemens VI.,[36] Nicolaus V.,[37] Benedictus XIII.,[38] aliique testantur, admirabili eius doctrina universam Ecclesiam illustrari; St. Pius V.[39] vero fatetur eadem doctrina hæreses confusas et convictas dissipari, orbemque universum a pestiferis quotidie liberari erroribus; alii, cum Clemente XII.,[40] uberrima bona ab eius scriptis in Ecclesiam universam dimanasse, ipsumque eodem honore colendum esse affirmant, qui summis Ecclesiæ doctoribus, Gregorio, Ambrosio, Augustino et Hieronymo defertur; alii tandem S. Thomam proponere non dubitarunt academiis et magnis lyceis examplar et magistrum, quem tuto pede sequerentur. Qua in re memoratu dignissima videntur B. Urbani V. verba ad Academiam Tolosanam: "Volumus et tenore præsentium vobis iniungimus, ut B. Thomæ doctrinam tamquam veridicam et catholicam sectemini, eamdemque studeatis totis viribus ampliare."[41] Urbani autem exemplum Innocentius XII.[42] in Lovaniensi studiorum Universitate, et Benedictus XIV.[43] in Collegio Dionysia-

family of St. Dominic, which rightly claims this great teacher for its own glory, the statutes of the Benedictines, the Carmelites, the Augustinians, the Society of Jesus, and many others, all testify that they are bound by this law.

And here how pleasantly one's thoughts fly back to those celebrated schools and academies which flourished of old in Europe—to Paris, Salamanca, Alcala, to Douay, Toulouse, and Louvain, to Padua and Bologna, to Naples and Coimbra, and to many another! All know how the fame of these seats of learning grew with their years, and that their judgment, often asked in matters of grave moment, held great weight everywhere. And we know how in those great homes of human wisdom, as in his own kingdom, Thomas reigned supreme; and that the minds of all, of teachers as well as of taught, rested in wonderful harmony under the shield and authority of the Angelic Doctor.

But, furthermore, our predecessors in the Roman pontificate have celebrated the wisdom of Thomas Aquinas by exceptional tributes of praise and the most ample testimonials. Clement VI.,[36] Nicholas V.,[37] Benedict XIII.,[38] and others bear witness that the universal church borrows lustre from his admirable teaching; while St. Pius V.[39] confesses that heresies, confounded and convicted by the same teaching, were dissipated, and the whole world daily freed from fatal errors; others affirm with Clement XII.[40] that most fruitful blessings have spread abroad from his writings over the whole church, and that he is worthy of the honor which is bestowed on the greatest doctors of the church, on Gregory and Ambrose, Augustine and Jerome; while others have not hesitated to propose St. Thomas for the exemplar and master of the academies and great lyceums, whom they may follow with unfaltering feet. On which point the words of Blessed Urban V. to the Academy of Toulouse are worthy of recall: "It is our will, which we hereby enjoin upon you, that ye follow the teaching of Blessed Thomas as the true and Catholic doctrine, and that ye labor with all your force to profit by the same."[41] Innocent XII.[42] followed the example of

[36] Bulla *In Ordine.*
[37] Breve ad FF. Ord. Prædic., 1451.
[38] Bulla *Pretiosus.*
[39] Bulla *Mirabilis.*
[40] Bulla *Verbo Dei.*
[41] Const. 5a. dat. die 3 Aug. 1368 ad Cancell. Univ. Tolos.
[42] Litt. in form. Brev., die 6 Feb. 1694.
[43] Litt. in form. Brev., die 21 Aug. 1752.

no Granatensium renovarunt. His vero Pontificum maximorum de Thoma Aquinate iudiciis, veluti cumulus, Innocentii VI. testimonium accedat: *Huius* (Thomæ) *doctrina præ ceteris, excepta canonica, habet proprietatem verborum, modum dicendorum, veritatem sententiarum, ita ut nunquam qui eam tenuerint, inveniantur a veritatis tramite deviasse; et qui eam impugnaverit, semper fuerit de veritate suspectus.*[44]

Ipsa quoque Concilia œcumenica, in quibus eminet lectus ex toto orbe terrarum flos sapientiæ, singularem Thomæ Aquinati honorem habere perpetuo studuerunt. In conciliis Lugdunensi, Viennensi, Florentino, Vaticano, deliberationibus et decretis Patrum interfuisse Thomam et pene præfuisse dixeris, adversus errores Græcorum, hæreticorum et rationalistarum ineluctabili vi et faustissimo exitu decertantem. Sed hæc maxima est et Thomæ propria, nec cum quopiam ex doctoribus catholicis communicata laus, quod Patres Tridentini, in ipso medio conclavi ordini habendo, una cum divinæ Scripturæ codicibus et Pontificum maximorum decretis *Summam* Thomæ Aquinatis super altari patere voluerunt, unde consilium rationes, oracula peterentur.

Postremo hæc quoque palma viro incomparabili reservata videbatur, ut ab ipsis catholici nominis adversariis obsequia, præconia, admirationem extorqueret. Nam exploratum est, inter hæreticarum factionum duces non defuisse, qui palam profiterentur, sublata semel e medio doctrina Thomæ Aquinatis, se facile posse "cum omnibus" catholicis doctoribus "subire certamen et vincere, et Ecclesiam dissipare."[45] Inanis quidem spes, sed testimonium non inane.

His rebus et causis, Venerabiles Fratres, quoties respicimus ad bonitatem, vim præclarasque utilitates eius disciplinæ philosophicæ, quam maiores nostri adamarunt, iudicamus temere esse commissum, ut eidem suus honor non semper, nec ubique permanserit: præsertim cum philosophiæ scholasticæ et usum diuturnum et maximorum virorum iudicium, et, quod caput est, Ecclesiæ suffragium favisse constaret. Atque in veteris doctrinæ locum nova quædam

[44] Serm. de St. Thom.

Urban in the case of the University of Louvain, and Benedict XIV.[43] with the Dionysian College of Granada; while to these judgments of great pontiffs on Thomas Aquinas comes the crowning testimony of Innocent VI.: "His teaching, above that of others, the Canons alone excepted, enjoys such an elegance of phraseology, a method of statement, a truth of proposition, that those who hold to it are never found swerving from the path of truth, and he who dare assail it will always be suspected of error."[44]

The œcumenical councils also, where blossoms the flower of all earthly wisdom, have always been careful to hold Thomas Aquinas in singular honor. In the councils of Lyons, Vienna, Florence, and the Vatican one might almost say that Thomas took part and presided over the deliberations and decrees of the Fathers, contending against the errors of the Greeks, of heretics and rationalists, with invincible force and with the happiest results. But the chief and special glory of Thomas, one which he has shared with none of the Catholic doctors, is that the Fathers of Trent made it part of the order of the conclave to lay upon the altar, together with the code of Sacred Scripture and the decrees of the Supreme Pontiffs, the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas, whence to seek counsel, reason, and inspiration.

A last triumph was reserved for this incomparable man — namely, to compel the homage, praise, and admiration of even the very enemies of the Catholic name. For it has come to light that there were not lacking among the leaders of heretical sects some who openly declared that, if the teaching of Thomas Aquinas were only taken away, they could easily battle with all Catholic teachers, gain the victory, and abolish the church.[45] A vain hope indeed, but no vain testimony.

Therefore, venerable brethren, as often as we contemplate the good, the force, and the singular advantages to be derived from this system of philosophy which our fathers so dearly loved, we think it hazardous that its special honor should not always and everywhere remain, especially when it is established that daily experience, and the judgment of the greatest men, and, to crown all, the voice of the church have favored the scholastic philosophy. Moreover, to the

[45] Beza—Bucerus.

philosophiæ ratio hac illac successit, unde non ii percepti sunt fructus optabiles ac salutares, quo Ecclesia et ipsa civilis societas maluissent. Adnitentibus enim novatoribus sæculi XVI. placuit philosophari citra quempiam ad fidem respectum, petita dataque vicissim potestate quælibet pro lubitu ingenioque excogitandi. Qua ex re pronum fuit, genera philosophiæ plus æquo multiplicari, sententiasque diversas atque inter se pugnantes oriri etiam de iis rebus, quæ sunt in humanis cognitionibus precipuæ. A multitudine sententiarum ad hæsitationes dubitationesque persæpe ventum est; a dubitationibus vero in errorem quam facile mentes hominum delabantur, nemo est qui non videat. Hoc autem novitatis studium, cum homines imitatione trahantur, catholicorum quoque philosophorum animas visum est alicubi pervasisse, qui, patrimonio antiquæ sapientiæ posthabito, nova moliri, quam vetera novis augere et perficere maluerunt, certe minus sapienti consilio, et non sine scientiarum detrimento. Etenim multiplex hæc ratio doctrinæ, cum in magistrorum singulorum auctoritate arbitrioque nitatur, mutabile habet fundamentum, eaque de causa non firmam atque stabilem neque robustam, sicut veterem illam, sed nutantem et levem facit philosophiam. Cui si forte contingat, hostium impetu ferendo vix parem aliquando inveniri, eius rei agnoscat in seipsa residere causam et culpam. Quæ cum dicimus, non eos profecto improbamus doctos homines atque solertes, qui industriam et eruditionem suam, ac novorum inventorum opes ad excolendam philosophiam afferunt; id enim probe intelligimus ad incrementa doctrinæ pertinere. Sed magnopere cavendum est, ne in illa industria atque eruditione tota aut præcipua exercitatio versetur. Et simili modo de sacra theologia iudicetur; quam multiplici eruditionis adiumento iuvari atque illustrari quidem placet, sed omnino necesse est, gravi Scholasticorum more tractari, ut, revelationis et rationis coniunctis in illa viribus, "invictum fidei propugnaculum" [46] esse perseveret.

old teaching a novel system of philosophy has succeeded here and there, in which we fail to perceive those desirable and wholesome fruits which the church and civil society itself would prefer. For it pleased the struggling innovators of the sixteenth century to philosophize without any respect for faith, the power of inventing in accordance with his own pleasure and bent being asked and given in turn by each one. Hence it was natural that systems of philosophy multiplied beyond measure, and conclusions differing and clashing one with another arose about those matters even which are the most important in human knowledge. From a mass of conclusions men often come to wavering and doubt; and who knows not how easily the mind slips from doubt to error? But as men are apt to follow the lead given them, this new pursuit seems to have caught the souls of certain Catholic philosophers, who, throwing aside the patrimony of ancient wisdom, chose rather to build up a new edifice than to strengthen and complete the old by aid of the new—ill-advisedly, in sooth, and not without detriment to the sciences. For a multiform system of this kind, which depends on the authority and choice of any professor, has a foundation open to change, and consequently gives us a philosophy not firm, and stable, and robust like that of old, but tottering and feeble. And if perchance it sometimes finds itself scarcely equal to sustain the shock of its foes, it should recognize that the cause and the blame lie in itself. In saying this we have no intention of discountenancing the learned and able men who bring their industry and erudition, and, what is more, the wealth of new discoveries, to the service of philosophy; for, of course, we understand that this tends to the development of learning. But one should be very careful lest all or his chief labor be exhausted in these pursuits and in mere erudition. And the same thing is true of sacred theology, which, indeed, may be assisted and illustrated by all kinds of erudition, though it is absolutely necessary to approach it in the grave manner of the scholastics, in order that, the forces of revelation and reason being united in it, it may continue to be "the invincible bulwark of the faith." [46]

Optimo itaque consilio cultores disci-

With wise forethought, therefore, not

[46] Sixtus V., Bull. cit.

plinarum philosophicarum non pauci, cum ad instaurandam utiliter philosophiam novissime animum adiecerint, præclaram Thomæ Aquinatis doctrinam restituere, atque in pristinum decus vindicare studuerunt et student. Pari voluntate plures ex ordine Vestro, Venerabiles Fratres, eamdem alacriter viam esse ingressos, magna cum animi Nostri lætitia cognovimus. Quos cum laudamus vehementer, tum hortamur, ut in suscepto consilio permaneant; reliquos vero omnes ex Vobis singulatim monemus, nihil Nobis esse antiquius et optabilius, quam ut sapientiæ rivos purissimos ex angelico Doctore iugi et prædivite vena dimanantes, studiosæ iuventuti large copioseque universi præbeatis.

Quæ autem faciunt, ut magno id studio velimus, plura sunt. Principio quidem, cum in hac tempestate nostra, machinationibus et astu fallacis cuiusdam sapientiæ, christiana fides oppugnari soleat, cuncti adolescentes, sed ii nominatim qui in Ecclesiæ spem succrescunt, pollenti ac robusto doctrinæ pabulo ob eam causam enutriendi sunt, ut viribus validi, et copioso armorum apparatu instructi, mature assuescant causam religionis fortiter et sapienter agere, *parati semper*, secundum apostolica monita, *ad satisfactionem omni poscenti rationem de ea, quæ in nobis est, spe,* [47] et *exhortari in doctrina sana, et eos qui contradicunt, arguere.* [48] Deinde plurimi ex iis hominibus qui, abalienato a fide animo, instituta catholica oderunt, solam sibi esse magistram ac ducem rationem profitentur. Ad hos autem sanandos, et in gratiam cum fide catholica restituendos, præter supernaturale Dei auxilium, nihil esse opportunius arbitramur, quam solidam Patrum et Scholasticorum doctrinam, qui firmissima fidei fundamenta, divinam illius originem, certam veritatem, argumenta quibus suadetur, beneficia in humanum genus collata, perfectamque cum ratione corcordiam tanta evidentia et vi commonstrant, quanta flectendis mentibus vel maxime invitis et repugnantibus abunde sufficiat.

Domestica vero atque civilis ipsa societas, quæ ob perversarum opinionum pestem quanto in discrimine versetur, universi perspicimus, profecto pacatior multo

[47] 1 Peter iii. 15.

a few of the advocates of philosophic studies, when turning their minds recently to the practical reform of philosophy, aimed and aim at restoring the renowned teaching of Thomas Aquinas and winning it back to its ancient beauty.

We have learned with great joy that many members of your order, venerable brethren, have taken this plan to heart; and while we earnestly commend their efforts, we exhort them to hold fast to their purpose, and remind each and all of you that our first and most cherished idea is that you should all furnish a generous and copious supply to studious youth of those crystal rills of wisdom flowing in a never-ending and fertilizing stream from the fountain-head of the Angelic Doctor.

Many are the reasons why we are so desirous of this. In the first place, then, since in the tempest that is on us the Christian faith is being constantly assailed by the machinations and craft of a certain false wisdom, all youths, but especially those who are the growing hope of the church, should be nourished on the strong and robust food of doctrine, that so, mighty in strength and armed at all points, they may become habituated to advance the cause of religion with force and judgment, "being ready always, according to the apostolic counsel, to satisfy every one that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you," [47] and that they may be able to exhort in sound doctrine and to convince the gainsayers.[48] Many of those who, with minds alienated from the faith, hate Catholic institutions, claim reason as their sole mistress and guide. Now, we think that, apart from the supernatural help of God, nothing is better calculated to heal those minds and to bring them into favor with the Catholic faith than the solid doctrine of the Fathers and the scholastics, who so clearly and forcibly demonstrate the firm foundations of the faith, its divine origin, its certain truth, the arguments that sustain it, the benefits it has conferred on the human race, and its perfect accord with reason, in a manner to satisfy completely minds open to persuasion, however unwilling and repugnant.

Domestic and civil society even, which, as all see, is exposed to great danger from this plague of perverse opinions, would certainly enjoy a far more peace-

[48] Tit. i. 9.

et securior consisteret, si in academiis et scholis sanior traderetur, et magisterio Ecclesiæ conformior doctrina, qualem Thomæ Aquinatis volumina complectuntur. Quæ enim de germana ratione libertatis, hoc tempore in licentiam abeuntis, de divina cuiuslibet auctoritatis origine, de legibus earumque vi, de paterno et æquo summorum principum imperio, de obtemperatione sublimioribus potestatibus, de mutua inter omnes caritate; quæ scilicet de his rebus et aliis generis eiusdem a Thoma disputantur, maximum atque invictum robur habent ad evertenda ea iuris novi principia quæ pacato rerum ordini et publicæ saluti periculosa esse dignoscuntur. Demum cunctæ humanæ disciplinæ spem incrementi præcipere, plurimumque sibi debent præsidium polliceri ab hac, quæ Nobis est proposita, disciplinarum philosophicarum instauratione. Etenim a philosophia tamquam a moderatrice sapientia, sanam rationem rectumque modum bonæ artes mutuari, ab eaque, tamquam vitæ communi fonte, spiritum haurire consueverunt. Facto et constanti experientia comprobatur, artes liberales tunc maxime floruisse, cum incolumis honor et sapiens iudicium philosophiæ stetit; neglectas vero et prope obliteratas iacuisse, inclinata atque erroribus vel ineptiis implicita philosophia. Quapropter etiam physicæ disciplinæ, quæ nunc tanto sunt in pretio, et tot præclare inventis, singularem ubique cienti admirationem sui, ex restituta veterum philosophia non modo nihil detrimenti, sed plurimum præsidii sunt habituræ. Illarum enim fructuosæ exercitationi et incremento non sola satis est consideratio factorum, contemplatioque naturæ; sed, cum facta constiterint, altius assurgendum est, et danda solerter opera naturis rerum corporearum agnoscendis, investigandisque legibus, quibus parent, et principiis, unde ordo illarum et unitas in varietate, et mutua affinitas in diversitate proficiscuntur. Quibus investigationibus mirum quantam philosophia scholastica vim et lucem, et opem, est allatura, si sapienti ratione tradatur.

Qua in re et illud monere iuvat, nonnisi per summam iniuriam eidem philosophiæ vitio verti, quod naturalium scientiarum profectui et incremento adversetur. Cum enim Scholastici, sanc-

ful and secure existence if a more wholesome doctrine were taught in the academies and schools—one more in conformity with the teaching of the church, such as is contained in the works of Thomas Aquinas.

For the teachings of Thomas on the true meaning of liberty, which at this time is running into license, on the divine origin of all authority, on laws and their force, on the paternal and just rule of princes, on obedience to the higher powers, on mutual charity one towards another—on all of these and kindred subjects have very great and invincible force to overturn those principles of the new order which are well known to be dangerous to the peaceful order of things and to public safety. In short, all studies ought to find hope of advancement and promise of assistance in this restoration of philosophic discipline which we have proposed. The arts were wont to draw from philosophy, as from a wise mistress, sound judgment and right method, and from it also their spirit as from the common fount of life. When philosophy stood stainless in honor and wise in judgment, then, as facts and constant experience showed, the liberal arts flourished as never before or since; but, neglected and almost blotted out, they lay prone since philosophy began to lean to error and join hands with folly. Nor will the physical sciences, which are now in such great repute, and by the renown of so many inventions draw such universal admiration to themselves, suffer detriment but find very great assistance in the re-establishment of the ancient philosophy. For the investigation of facts and the contemplation of nature is not alone sufficient for their profitable exercise and advance; but when facts have been established it is necessary to rise and apply ourselves to the study of the nature of corporeal things, to inquire into the laws which govern them, and the principles whence their order and varied unity and mutual attraction in diversity arise. To such investigations it is wonderful what force and light and aid the scholastic philosophy, if judiciously taught, would bring.

And here it is well to note that our philosophy can only by the grossest injustice be accused of being opposed to the advance and development of natural science. For when the scholastics, fol-

torum Patrum sententiam secuti, in anthropologia passim tradiderint, humanam intelligentiam nonnisi ex rebus sensibilibus ad noscendas res corpore materiaque carentes evehi, sponte sua intellexerunt, nihil esse philosopho utilius, quam naturæ arcana diligenter investigare, et in rerum physicarum studio diu multumque versari. Quod et facto suo confirmarunt: nam S. Thomas, B. Albertus magnus, aliique Scholasticorum principes, non ita se contemplationi philosophiæ dediderunt, ut non etiam multum operæ in naturalium rerum cognitione collocarint: imo non pauca sunt in hoc genere dicta eorum et scita, quæ recentes magistri probent, et cum veritate congruere fateatur. Præterea, hac ipsa ætate, plures iique insignes scientiarum physicarum doctores palam aperteque testantur, inter certas ratasque recentioris physicæ conclusiones, et philosophica scholæ principia nullam veri nominis pugnam existere.

Nos igitur, dum edicimus libenti gratoque animo excipiendum esse quidquid sapienter dictum, quidquid utiliter fuerit a quopiam inventum atque excogitatum; Vos omnes, Venerabiles Fratres, quam enixe hortamur, ut ad catholicæ fidei tutelam et decus, ad societatis bonum, ad scientiarum omnium incrementum auream sancti Thomæ sapientiam restituatis, et quam latissime propagetis. Sapientiam sancti Thomæ dicimus; si quid enim est a doctoribus Scholasticis vel nimia subtilitate quæsitum, vel parum considerate traditum, si quid cum explo-ratis posterioris ævi doctrinis minus cohærens, vel denique quoque modo non probabile, id nullo pacto in animo est ætati nostræ ad imitandum proponi. Ceterum, doctrinam Thomæ Aquinatis studeant magistri, a Vobis intelligenter lecti in discipulorum animos insinuare; eiusque præ ceteris soliditatem atque excellentiam in perspicuo ponant. Eamdem academiæ a Vobis institutæ aut instituendæ illustrent ac tueantur, et ad grassantium errorum refutationem adhibeant. Ne autem supposita pro vera, neu corrupta pro sincera bibatur, providete ut sapientia Thomæ ex ipsis eius fontibus hauriatur, aut saltem ex iis rivis, quos ab ipso fonte deductos, adhuc integros et illimes decurrere certa et concors doctorum hominum sententia

lowing the opinion of the holy Fathers, always held in anthropology that the human intelligence is only led to the knowledge of things without body and matter by things sensible, they well understood that nothing was of greater use to the philosopher than diligently to search into the mysteries of nature and to be earnest and constant in the study of physical things. And this they confirmed by their own example; for St. Thomas, Blessed Albertus Magnus, and other leaders of the scholastics were never so wholly rapt in the study of philosophy as not to give large attention to the knowledge of natural things; and, indeed, the number of their sayings and writings on these subjects, which recent professors approve of and admit to harmonize with truth, is by no means small. Moreover, in this very age many illustrious professors of the physical sciences openly testify that between certain and accepted conclusions of modern physics and the philosophic principles of the schools there is no conflict worthy of the name.

While, therefore, we hold that every word of wisdom, every useful thing by whomsoever discovered or planned, ought to be received with a willing and grateful mind, we exhort you, venerable brethren, in all earnestness to restore the golden wisdom of St. Thomas, and to spread it far and wide for the defence and beauty of the Catholic faith, for the good of society, and for the advantage of all the sciences. The wisdom of St. Thomas, we say; for if anything is taken up with too great subtlety by the scholastic doctors, or too carelessly stated—if there be anything that ill agrees with the discoveries of a later age, or, in a word, improbable in whatever way, it does not enter our mind to propose that for imitation to our age. Let carefully-selected teachers endeavor to implant the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas in the minds of students, and set forth clearly his solidity and excellence over others. Let the academies already founded or to be founded by you illustrate and defend this doctrine, and use it for the refutation of prevailing errors. But, lest the false for the true or the corrupt for the pure be drunk in, be ye watchful that the doctrine of Thomas be drawn from his own fountains, or at least from those rivulets which, derived from the very fount, have thus far flowed, according to the established agreement of

est; sed ab iis, qui exinde fluxisse dicuntur, re autem alienis et non salubribus aquis creverunt, adolescentium animos arcendos curate.

Probe autem novimus conatus Nostros irritos futuros, nisi communia cepta, Venerabiles Fratres, Ille secundet, qui *Deus scientiarum* in divinis eloquiis [49] appellatur; quibus etiam monemur, *omne datum optimum et omne donum perfectum desursum* esse, *descendens a Patre luminum* [50] Et rursus: *Si quis indiget sapientia, postulet a Deo, qui dat omnibus affluenter, et non improperat; et dabitur ei.* [51] Igitur hac quoque in re exempla sequamur Doctoris angelici, qui nunquam se lectioni aut scriptioni dedit, nisi propitiato precibus Deo; quique candide confessus est, quidquid sciret, non tam se studio aut labore suo sibi peperisse, quam divinitus accepisse; ideoque humili et concordi obsecratione Deum simul omnes exoremus, ut in Ecclesiæ filios spiritum scientiæ et intellectus emittat, et aperiat eis sensum ad intelligendam sapientiam. Atque ad uberiores percipiendos divinæ bonitatis fructus, etiam B. Virginis Mariæ, quæ sedes sapientiæ appellatur, efficacissimum patrocinium apud Deum interponite; simulque deprecatores adhibete purissimum Virginis Sponsum B. Iosephum, et Petrum ac Paulum Apostolos maximos, qui orbem terrarum, impura errorum lue corruptum, veritate renovarunt, et cælestis sapientiæ lumine compleverunt.

Denique divini auxilii spe freti, et pastorali Vestro studio confisi, Apostolicam benedictionem, cælestium munerum auspicem et singularis Nostræ benevolentiæ testem, Vobis omnibus, Venerabiles Fratres, universoque Clero et populo singulis, commisso peramanter in Domino impertimur.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum, die 4 Augusti ann. 1879, Pontificatus Nostri anno Secundo.

LEO PP. XIII.

learned men, pure and clear; be careful to guard the minds of youth from those which are said to flow thence, but in reality are gathered from strange and unwholesome streams.

But well do we know that vain will be our efforts unless, venerable brethren, He helps our common cause who, in the words of divine Scripture, is called the God of all knowledge; [49] by which we are also admonished that "every best gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights"; [50] and again: "If any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men abundantly, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him." [51]

Therefore in this also let us follow the example of the Angelic Doctor, who never gave himself to reading or writing without first begging the blessing of God, who modestly confessed that whatever he knew he had acquired not so much by his own study and labor as by the divine gift; and therefore let us all, in humble and united prayer, beseech God to send forth the spirit of knowledge and of understanding to the children of the church, and open their senses for the understanding of wisdom. And that we may receive fuller fruits of the divine goodness, offer up to God the most efficacious patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is called the seat of wisdom; having at the same time as advocates St. Joseph, the most chaste spouse of the Virgin, and Peter and Paul, the chiefs of the apostles, whose truth renewed the earth, which had fallen under the impure blight of error, filling it with the light of heavenly wisdom.

In fine, relying on the divine assistance and confiding in your pastoral zeal, we bestow on all of you, venerable brethren, on all the clergy and the flocks committed to your charge, the apostolic benediction as a pledge of heavenly gifts and a token of our special esteem.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, August 4, 1879, in the second year of our pontificate.

LEO XIII., *Pope.*

[49] 1 Reg. ii. 3. [50] Iac. i. 17. [51] Ibid. i. 5.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

### AFTER THREE CENTURIES.

To those who have given any attention to the histories of peoples it must always be a standing wonder to note how little men have profited by the past. The conflicts that consume half our energies to-day are, with slight modification, those of three centuries ago. Science and discovery have done much to make the material part of life pleasanter than it then was; but is life, the general life, itself much improved? Do we get on better with our neighbors, whether they live next door or beyond the frontier? Are wars less frequent or gigantic, or waged for higher purposes, than they were three centuries ago? Have the masses of the people really been much elevated by the wider spread of education? Are they better off in point of living, housing, and clothing than they were then? To come home, a very large portion of the population of our city of New York lives in tenements; and is tenement life for not the absolutely poor, but the laborer or artisan, who can in many cases support his family fairly well, worth three centuries of purchase? We might go the rounds of life, and question at every turn how much we have advanced after our three centuries of progress, and the answer on the whole might be, How little!

We have gone three centuries back for our starting-point; for that, of course, was the beginning of the millennium the fulness of which we now enjoy. That was the era when the reformation of the world began, and the world has gone on reforming ever since. The theory, as we all know—we are not writing controversy now, but looking at popular and accepted facts—was that the church (there was only one church then) was irretrievably bad and had fallen hopelessly from grace. A new departure, a new basis for faith and worship, was necessary, otherwise the world would go straight to the devil. The assumption of the pope to supreme authority was absurd and decidedly inconvenient. What need of a pope or a church when men had God's word in the Scriptures? They could believe in God without the assistance of a pope, as they could pray to God without his assistance; and they had no need of a mouthpiece while God's word lay open before them to pick and choose from. Accordingly, the pope was abolished or left to those who cared to cling to so effete a superstition.

But just here arose all the trouble. Men and women who still chose to believe in the pope were possessed of something more than their belief. They held fair abbey lands, and churches, and goodly buildings, and in many cases great wealth, which in the course of years, of ages sometimes, had grown up by this pious gift and that pious legacy, and by purchase and the usual course of the acquisition of property. It was fitting for the new reform to begin here, and profitable, too; and here it did begin. Men will sometimes part with their faith more readily

than with their property, so just on this point all the fighting began and raged around the world. Protestants fell foul of Catholics, and Catholics of Protestants, and there was much mutual damage done, while a spirit of rancor set in that has never died.

But that was three centuries ago; and three centuries is a fair time in which to allow people to cool off and become reasonable. People! Alas! the face of the earth has been renewed time and again since, and generation after generation of antagonists has gone back to dust, and still the battle goes on. The coming of Christ was ushered in from heaven by an angel's song of "peace to men of good will." Did the Protestant Reformation bring, or help to bring, that peace? Is there peace in Europe to-day—peace among princes and peace among peoples? We should like to see it pointed out. Such bitter antagonisms between class and class, between peoples and princes, never existed before the Reformation. Such wide-spread conspiracies never existed. A new German Empire arises, with all the lessons of the past behind it, and what have they profited it? Parliamentary government there, after a nine years' trial, is regarded as a failure; religious liberty is proscribed; freedom of the press does not exist; poverty and infidelity alone make flourishing progress; while the emperor and his chief minister daily tremble for their lives. A new kingdom of united Italy was set up—the pet creation of the leading statesmen of Europe, under pressure from behind. Everything was at once to assume a new aspect. Industry, the arts, religion, were to revive, and the Italian people at last were to bask in the sunshine of genuine royalty, under a really representative form of government, and pass lives full of happy days and cool nights, sipping Falernian under the shade of their own fig-trees. Well, what have we? The poor are considerably poorer than they ever were; the rich are not much richer; the laws are laughed at; the parliamentary system is practically a farce; the country is beggared, and conspiracy or brigandage seems the only profitable trade.

And then there is France, the land of revolutions, of a history at once great and terrible. With its deeply-scored and memorable past to guide and to warn it, with nothing to hinder it, save sheer disability on its own part, from constructing a free government that might approve itself to the sense and the conscience of all, it plunges straightway into the dark and bloody ruts where it has more than once already been wrecked. History has no warning here. Here, as elsewhere, all is to be begun anew as though the past had never been.

From the disruption of a common Christian belief three centuries ago have sprung the worst and most lasting of the contentions that still divide peoples. Statesmen have not yet risen to what is after all but the low level of seeing that since that disruption different confessions of faith will and must exist, and will and must be legally recognized, if they would have peace among men. In the most recent international assembly of statesmen, at Berlin, the truth was recognized in favor of the newly-erected provinces; yet nearly every man of those who signed the treaty represented governments that not only refused religious freedom in

the true sense, but set severe disabilities on certain confessions of faith, the Catholic particularly. Nor was it that, though they saw beyond their people, they were dragged down by these and chained to a vicious past. In the case of Germany and France the chief signers of the treaty were the chief agents and leaders in a new persecution of the Catholic Church. Of course there are occasions, which the absolute dependence on the private interpretation of God's word has multiplied and rendered fruitful of evil, when a so-called confession of faith may be at once a political and moral danger. The common sense of mankind, however, readily detects and condemns such—Mormonism, for instance. But no sane person pretends that the Catholic Church is a teacher of immorality; though statesmen, following the false tradition of the great anti-Christian revolt, sometimes choose to represent it as an enemy of the state, only to appeal to it again for help in times of civil and national danger.

The signs are that men are beginning to unlearn a little the false lessons of the three past centuries; to try and look upon each other not as mutual antagonists, but as brethren living one life in this world, going to a common grave, striving after one end here—such happiness as may be procured—and tending to one hereafter. Life might certainly be made much pleasanter than it is, if we could only get rid of at least traditional hatreds, and strifes, and misunderstandings that we ourselves did not create, but were made for us. It ought to be plain to men now that you cannot scourge a Catholic into Protestantism or purge Protestantism out by fire. Religion is a matter for persuasion, argument, example, prayer. These, with God's help, are the agents that, if any, will renew the face of the earth. Fire and sword have been tried long enough and failed. Statesmen who frame the laws of nations should see this, and give the freest scope to the noblest gifts and qualities of the human heart, instead of narrowing and confining them by short-sighted and malicious persecutions or restrictions.

### IRISH AFFAIRS.

There is serious trouble brewing in Ireland, and not without cause. It is the old grievance—the land. In conquest there are only two effectual methods: one to destroy or so crush the native race that it is practically wiped out or rendered unable ever to raise its head or arm again. This method has been tried, and, in its cruel and brutal way, succeeded. All history gives memorable instances of it: one instance darkens our own door. Another and more Christian method is, by a wise and just policy, to win to yourself the conquered race, to show them by every evidence that it is better to be your friend, your brother, a member of your family than your ineffectual foe. History also has memorable instances of the success of this plan. Not to go beyond ourselves—a conquering and invading race, though to some people our comparatively few years of history seem everlasting—the French succeeded in doing what we never did, and what we claim to think cannot be done: in winning the affection and alliance of the native races. The same thing is true of South America under the conquest of the Spaniards. Hard and cruel they were, yet for

all that religion went with them, as it did with the French, and in the face of everything maintained the natural and inalienable rights of man, pagan though he might be and however ignorant.

In Ireland the English is the conquering race. Of course we do not attempt in a paragraph of this kind even to generalize the history of that conquest, which has been going on for full seven centuries, and yet is really as far as ever from achievement. But through the whole history of the relations of the two countries the first method mentioned has been the favorite with the English, in Catholic as in Protestant days. They wanted rather to possess themselves of the land and its wealth—for it is fair enough and rich enough—than to benefit the native race and lift it up to what they considered their own standard of excellence. From first to last they looked upon the natives much as hunters regard their prey. That is a good enough policy with animals; but with men of courage, high feelings, and intelligence it is apt to prove a costly process, as, to take a recent instance, England has found even among the savages of Zululand. In Ireland, for a long time, the prey hunted the hunter. Indeed, only for its free system of tribal government, the island would probably be a strong and independent nation to-day; for its sons and daughters have even a superabundance of the gifts and qualities that go to make success in this world. At last, however, the English got full hold. They became all-powerful. There was no further active resistance on the part of the Irish (in Cromwell's time). And how did they use their power? They took up the old English tradition, and strove systematically to destroy the race, root and branch. Happily for the world and for the Catholic Church, they did not succeed. Indeed, it seems to human eyes nothing short of a divine interposition that saved this people to the world. The nation rose from its grave, and slowly the dry bones gathered flesh, and assembled together, and crept into their old places, and in the course of years began again to spread over their own land, over the soil of which their fathers had been so cruelly dispossessed. They came back to their desecrated altars and vacant hearthstones. They were beggars and paupers at their own doors, yet full of the high faith and noble traditions of a noble past. What were laws and legislation to them?—laws that made them criminals for daring to exist on the earth from which they sprang, and daring to worship God in their own way, as the saints and fathers of the universal church had worshipped him. They found over their heads a cruel and most unrighteous system of laws like a Damocles sword suspended to protect an alien and most profligate race.

The English method of extermination had proved a failure; and when it fails its failure is very bad, for it leaves behind it a legacy of hate and a rooted memory of bitter wrong. This failure having been reluctantly recognized, instead of setting about to redeem the past, to acknowledge its terrible mistake and show that it was really a great and generous race, it stuck stubbornly to its old traditions. It has never to this day done, we will not say a generous, but a barely just, thing to Ireland of its own accord. Everything has been wrung from it as you wring his ill-gotten gold from

a miser. The progress of external events and the mutual strifes of English parties have afforded the only encouragement and hopes of relief to the Irish people. Of spontaneous good-will and kind offices not a single instance yet appears in English history to redeem long centuries of systematic wrong.

O'Connell, as is eloquently recorded in an article in the present number, at last taught the Irish people to feel and realize their power. Never yet in purely human history has there been a stronger illustration of the power of the "reinforcement of one man." From the day of Catholic emancipation downwards the Irish people have gone on improving on O'Connell's great lessons, and never were they in a position to make their power and influence more felt by England than to-day. The main question for the Irish people now is how to make their influence tell.

### THE HOME-RULERS.

During the last session of the British Parliament the Irish members, or at least the more active and what, in a phrase of the day, would be called the more advanced section of them, have succeeded in making their influence tell in a very effectual, if somewhat extraordinary, fashion. It is true to say that ever since the Union the Irish members in the English Parliament have really been looked upon as aliens. And this was only natural. The paramount interest of the English Parliament is the government of England; and the government of England—that is to say, Great Britain—is ample business for any parliament, quite apart from the country's vast imperial interests. It was natural and inevitable that the affairs of Ireland should be altogether subordinate to purely home affairs. The two countries are separated, and by something deeper and wider than the "silver streak" of narrow sea that divides them. It was equally natural and inevitable that the Irish people, with their growing sense of power and communication with the movements of the world without them, should object to this unsatisfactory arrangement. They have a distinct land of their own, with property and interests of their own, and difficulties of their own, and a people of their own. Quite apart from bitter memories of the past, quite apart from everything but the actual living present, there is ample material in Ireland for the constant care of a legislative assembly. It is absurd to think that Irish legislation is adequately transacted in the English Parliament. Year by year the work of legislating for England itself grows more cumbersome and impossible. The Irish representatives have endured historic waits on faithless promises. They have very properly grown weary of this process.

The meaning of the demand for Home Rule in Ireland, and the history of the rise of the movement, have been fully given in THE CATHOLIC WORLD by one of the ablest of the Home Rule members, Mr. A. M. Sullivan. (See CATHOLIC WORLD, June–July, 1876.) In the course of those articles he sketched by anticipation the policy now known as that of the Obstructionists. A new, active, and resolute body of men has arisen in Irish politics, with the determination of forcing by every legitimate means in their power attention to Irish questions on the English Parliament. Who

shall blame them for this? They have stuck closely to their policy and plan in spite of all opposition. The result has been that the business of the House of Commons has on several occasions been completely clogged. This is "obstruction." Englishmen of both parties have shown extreme exasperation. The process may be very annoying to them, but in the eyes of dispassionate observers the Irish members have proved their point: that there is really no room for Irish legislation in the English Parliament.

A most temperate and able article by Mr. O'Connor Power, one of the new school of Irish members, is before us. It was published in the London *Fortnightly Review* for August, and is supplemented by an article on "The House of Commons," by the editor. Mr. Power's article deals very effectually and keenly with the "Fallacies concerning Home Rule," and his views are confirmed by the editor of the *Fortnightly*, who will certainly not be accused of being too Irish. As for the alleged violence of the "Obstructives," the editor bears this candid testimony: "It can hardly have escaped the notice of the most indolent observer that, in the various scenes of the present session, it is the Irish who have most often been strictly in order, and the respectable representatives of the official parties who have most often, by hurry, petulance, and heat, put themselves out of order." And he goes on to say: "Mr. Parnell denies that he and his friends have any intention of damaging the House of Commons, and there seems to be no reason to doubt his sincerity. If, however, the real motive of the Irish party were less to make English legislation good than to secure attention to the requirements of Ireland, then it must be admitted that they have not been unsuccessful, and it is difficult to see why such a motive is not entirely natural and free from discredit. Last year the government passed a law providing for intermediate education in Ireland, and in the present year they have introduced a bill for the constitution of a new university in Ireland. This is an admission that the Irish nation, in the opinion of the government, had, and have, a genuine ground of complaint, and that the subject is one of real and substantial interest to Ireland. Not long ago the government was ready entirely to deny this; its supporters were extremely impatient of any reference to the subject. Is it not notorious that their eyes have been opened solely and entirely by the persistency of the Irish party in making themselves felt and keeping themselves in evidence? If this be so, then what is called obstruction is something very different from that mere arid and meaningless perversity which the ordinary public would suppose it to be from the reports of parliamentary proceedings, at once abbreviated and exaggerated out of all true proportion, in the newspapers."

### THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

We might quote at much greater length, and profitably, from this article as an indication that intelligent and fair-minded Englishmen are waking up to the fact that there really are such things as Irish grievances, that these need a remedy, and that a remedy ought to be applied. Nor does the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* stand alone in

this opinion. To quote his own words: "The courageous action in reference to Irish education of men of such unsuspected probity as Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Leatham, and Mr. Osborne Morgan ought to make the most jealous Liberals a little more ready to perceive that a willingness to see Irish affairs from the point of view of the people most immediately concerned is not necessarily the proof of a spirit of dishonest intrigue." This whole question of a Catholic university for Ireland is a most striking instance in support of all that we have been saying and of all that Irishmen complain. Why should Ireland, with four-fifths of its population Catholics, be without a Catholic university to-day, while the Protestant foundation of Elizabeth continues to stand in Dublin? Simply because the English Parliament and English people chose to refuse Irish Catholics a university! Something has been accomplished within the past few months. In a haggling and slipshod and most miserly spirit the government introduced an extraordinary measure purporting to found something or another equivalent to a university, or thereabouts, for the benefit of Catholics in Ireland. The bill was amended out of recognition as it passed through the committee, and what it actually is now it would be hard to tell. It was encouraging to see, while the question was still pending, a man like Mr. Matthew Arnold address a letter to the London *Times*, from which we make no apology for freely quoting:

"It seems to me that the Irish have a very real grievance. It is a grievance to which I find no parallel elsewhere in Europe. It is a grievance which must perpetually remind Ireland that she is a conquered country. Finally, it is a grievance which must be the more irritating from the manner in which it is denied or excused.

"First, there is nothing like it, so far as I know, elsewhere in Europe. The established European type of university instruction is an instruction where a young man, Protestant or Catholic, may expect, in religion and in debatable matters such as philosophy or history, to find teachers of his own communion. Minorities have university instruction of this type as well as majorities. Take Catholic France. The Protestants in France are now less, I believe, than a thirty-sixth part of the nation. France has lost Strassburg, the great centre of Protestant instruction. But the French Protestants have still the Theological Faculty, as it is called, of Montauban. This faculty has eight chairs. Four of them are in various branches of what we commonly call divinity, but the other four are in philosophy, Hebrew, Greek and advanced Latin, natural sciences. In all the chairs of this faculty the professors are Protestants. They are every one of them appointed by the state and paid by the state.

"Take Protestant Prussia. In the Rhine province there is a large Catholic population. Accordingly, in the University of Bonn there is a Catholic faculty of theology as well as a Protestant; and for philosophy and history there is a system of chairs, so that in those debatable matters the student, Protestant or Catholic, may find teachers of his own communion. Here, too, the professors are all of them appointed and salaried by the state. The university buildings, collections, and library the students have in common.

"Let us come to England. Here we have a university instruction of the same type. Oxford and Cambridge are places where the religious instruction is that of the Church of England, and where it would be impossible to find a Roman Catholic filling one of the chairs of philosophy or history. The Scotch universities are places where religious instruction is Presbyterian, and where it would be impossible to find a Catholic filling one of the chairs of philosophy or history. Our university instruction is provided partly by direct state payment of professors, but mainly from old endowments. Endowments, however, may most certainly be called a form of public and natural support, inasmuch as the nation assigns,

regulates, and in some cases withdraws them.

"We cross to Ireland. There the Protestant minority has in Trinity College a place publicly endowed where the religious instruction is Protestant, and where it would be impossible to find a Roman Catholic filling one of the chairs of philosophy or history.

"But in Ireland the Catholics are more than three-fourths of the nation, and they desire a university where the religious instruction is Catholic, and where debatable matters, such as philosophy and history, are taught by Catholics. They are offered something different, which they will not have. Then they are told that a university of the kind they want they must found and maintain for themselves, if they are to have it at all. But in France the state provides even for the Protestant minority a university instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. In Prussia the state provides it for the Catholic minority. In England and Scotland old endowments have been made to follow the will of the majority, and, supplemented by state grants, they provide the majority with a university instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. In Ireland, so far are old university endowments from following the will of the majority, that they follow, as every one knows, that of the minority. At Trinity College, Dublin, the Irish Protestants have a university instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. Trinity College is endowed with confiscated Catholic lands, and occupies the site of a suppressed monastery. The Catholic majority in Ireland is neither allowed the use of the old endowments to give it a university instruction such as it desires, and such as in England and Scotland we make the old endowments give us, nor is it allowed the aid of state grants."

Could a case be more strongly put or an instance be produced of more flagrant injustice? Look at the facts: it is half a century since Catholic emancipation was declared, and it is only now that Irish Catholics are thrown a nondescript bill apologizing for a lame permission to grant them a university without endowments! Is not this sufficient indication that Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Connor Power, and their friends, have a very good case in their plea for home rule? See the immense time it has taken even a man like Mr. Matthew Arnold to write in this manly and liberal strain:

"The way in which, in order to cheat our consciences, we deny or excuse the wrong inflicted can only make it more irritating to the sufferers. A Scotch member pleads that Scotland stipulated at the Union for the maintenance in the universities of certain state grants to religion—grants which would not be conceded afresh now. How it must stimulate the feeling for home rule to hear of the Scotch nation thus stipulating for what it wanted and preserving it in virtue of such stipulation, while in Ireland the desires of the majority in a like matter are to be overridden now because they have been overridden always! Or we plead that we cannot now aid a Catholic university in Ireland because we have made the English and Scotch universities and Trinity College, Dublin, undenominational. Perhaps this must be to a Catholic the most irritating plea of all. We have waited until our universities have become thoroughly of the character that suits us, and then, when the Anglican character of the English universities, the Presbyterian character of the Scotch universities, has got thoroughly established and is secure for the next generation or two at any rate, we throw open our doors, declare tests and subscriptions abolished, pronounce our universities to be now perfectly undenominational, and say that, having made them so, we are precluded from doing anything for the Irish Catholics. It is as if our proceedings had had for their very object to give us an arm against the Irish Catholics. But an Irish Catholic may say: 'All we want is an undenominational university just like yours. Give us a university where the bulk of the students are Catholic, where the bulk of the teachers are Catholic, and we will undertake to be open to all comers, to accept a conscience clause, to impose no tests, to be "perfectly undenominational."' We will not give him the chance."

Such an argument closes the case, and it probably had its effect in the manipulation of the bill, as it must have had on the mind of the English people. Had they only learned to look at matters in this light earlier there would probably now be no need of a plea for home rule in Ireland. But the closing words of Mr. Arnold's letter have a far wider range than even the question of education:

"My object, sir, in this letter is not to discuss the government bill. My object is simply to bring home to the mind of the English public that in the matter of university education the Irish Catholics have a great and real grievance, and what it is. At present we have one weight and measure for ourselves, another for them. But a spirit of equitableness on this question is visibly growing. Among the country gentlemen on the ministerial side there is still found, indeed, in larger numbers than one might have expected, a spiritual progeny of Sir Edward Knatchbull. But almost everywhere else, among politicians, among the Dissenters, in the newspapers, in society, there is a manifest and a most encouraging advance in the fairness of mind with which this question is treated. We begin to acknowledge to ourselves that as to their higher education the Irish Catholics are not equitably dealt with, and to seek to help them indirectly. More may not at this moment be possible. But some day we shall surely perceive that both they and we should be gainers—both their culture and our influence upon it—by our consenting to help them directly."

THE LAND QUESTION.

A graver difficulty even than that of education is the land—a question also that threatens England itself. For the land in England, as in Ireland, is owned by, as far as numbers go, a comparatively insignificant fraction of the population. There is this difference, however, between the two countries: in England the great landholders are the nobles, who reside, for a certain portion of the year at least on their estates; take an active and intelligent interest in agriculture and the condition of their tenantry; make themselves felt to be part and parcel of the people; do their own work, and as a class are kindly masters and employers. In Ireland the exact opposite of this is seen. The majority of the wealthy owners of the land live out of the country, and are only concerned in getting what money they can from the soil to spend out of the soil. Their work is done by agents, often with extreme harshness. The agent is bound to procure his master a certain amount of money by hook or by crook, and he is bound at the same time to indemnify himself. The farmer or tenant becomes thus the prey of both; the land laws being altogether in favor of the holders of the land. A system and tradition of evil purpose have thrown the sanction of a legal right over a rooted wrong. An attempt was made by Mr. Gladstone to remedy this miserable condition of things, but the remedy was wholly inadequate to the slow disease that has wrought itself into the system of tenure of land in Ireland, and at last exhausted the patience of the people. The newspapers have recently furnished and continue to furnish details of the struggle now in progress in certain Irish districts. The more active of the Home-Rule members have taken up the matter, and go about from place to place, advising the farmers to combine and refuse to pay any rent at all until they procure a reduction. The language in which they couch this advice, so far as cable reports have reached us, sounds altogether too violent and unwise. With the

power of the Home-Rule members in Parliament and a real grievance and wrong to be clearly set forth, peaceful agitation, without threat or violence, ought to be able to accomplish all that is needed.

Into the particulars of the questions that agitate the Irish people, and into the special merits of Home Rule as advocated by Mr. O'Connor Power and his friends, it is neither our purpose nor our province to enter. Were it permitted we would give a friendly word of caution not to spoil their case by violent words. From whatever cause, the English ear is not so deaf as it used to be to their appeals, nor the English heart quite as hard as in the old days. Empty threats will do no good, and big words break no bones, unless they be those of the utterers. Mr. Power's argument for Home Rule is singularly free from violence of this kind, and is an honor to him and to those he represents. In view of the present excitable state of public opinion in Ireland English statesmen might find much food for reflection in the following remarks: "As regards the property of the Irish landlords, the resolution from which I have just quoted contains also a provision declaring 'that no change shall be made by the Irish parliament in the present settlement of property in Ireland.' The more one considers the Home-Rule proposal, with its many safeguards and limitations, the more one is impressed with its moderate character. Irish land-reformers are very far from looking to Home Rule as a means of attaining the objects they have in view. They have no hope that Home Rule, if successful, would bring necessarily either fixity of tenure or a peasant proprietary, and their want of hope in this direction shows the groundlessness of the fears which others entertain regarding the rights of the landlords. *I do not hesitate to assert that one of the earliest effects of the establishment of Home Rule would be the development of manufacturing industry, which would draw off large numbers from the land, and so abate the prevalent desire for its possession.* Land questions would not be so vital to the Irish people as they now are, and consequently their settlement in the new circumstances need not involve those organic changes which many now consider to be desirable. The tillers of the soil in Ireland are certainly anxious to become the owners of their farms, and wisely so; but they don't want to abolish landlordism according to the method of the French Revolution. The conscience of the Irish people revolts at the idea. The most that they have asked from the state only amounts to a demand for such facilities as would enable them to acquire ownership by means of their own industry."

Another strong point made by Mr. Power is the following: "It is in the same way a most mistaken notion that Home Rule would 'drive English capital out of Ireland.' Departing from the usual course of disputation, I will give the best argument first, and say that Home Rule would not drive English capital out of Ireland, for the simple reason that English capital is not there to drive out. One of the golden promises of the Union was that it would cause an influx of English capital into Ireland. Castlereagh excited the most extravagant expectations on this head, which have never been realized. English capital finds its way to

every part of the world except Ireland. It is supposed to be more safely invested in Egypt, or Peru, or Timbuctoo than it could be in Ireland. And we have only to consider whether Home Rule would not really attract English capital to Ireland. I am convinced that it would. English capital, like any other capital, only wants security and profit, both of which it would find in Ireland, if Ireland were a self-governing country, because Ireland self-governed would be Ireland tranquil and contented, no longer disaffected by a sense of injustice nor disturbed by the fear of revolution. At all events the Union has not brought English money into Ireland. Instead of causing an influx of English capital, it has caused an efflux of the Irish people, who testify to-day, in every part of the world, to the severity of English rule."

Again, the lessons of the past are quite forgotten or disregarded. Justice is doled out with a niggard hand. As Ireland stands to-day it is a thorn in the side of England. It is garrisoned with English troops, overridden by a semi-military constabulary, the mere support of which is a very costly affair. The country is plainly looked upon as dangerous by English eyes. It is not to be trusted. A motion to extend the volunteer movement, corresponding somewhat to our National Guards, to Ireland was defeated the other day in the House of Commons. Why? They dare not trust the Irish people with arms. And why are the Irish people so restless and unhappy? Mr. Disraeli once, in a cynical moment, attributed the Irish troubles to the necessity of the people being amused. They lived contiguous to the shores of a melancholy ocean. They could not help being sad. Their grievances were sentimental grievances.

Such was the opinion of the leading English statesman, and one may judge from it of the manner in which Irish questions are apt to be treated in the English Parliament. Another English statesman, Lord Derby, suggested a better solution of the Irish difficulty than a Punch-and-Judy show. His advice was to give the people something to eat and to do. Poverty and enforced idleness are great disorganizers. Work, food, clothes, housing, education, religion, freedom—on these things the health and happiness of a people turn. Take away any one of them, or throw obstacles in the way of any one of them, and the whole body politic is disturbed. But up to within a comparatively recent date the Irish people might almost have been said to be deprived of one and all of them. Happily matters have much improved; but much remains to be done. As soon as the Irish people find life worth living in their own country they will not care to emigrate. As soon as they have a sense of peace and freedom in the possession of their own soil and their own goods, as soon as they get a fair return for the toil of their lives, they will be satisfied and at rest. They are not naturally a discontented people. They are not the people to quarrel with their own good fortune. They only want a fair chance of exercising at home the active energy and enterprise that they carry into other lands. If the English people could only be induced to lop off such disabilities as remain to the Irish, if they could accept some fair means of letting them conduct their own business, they might soon and safely withdraw their garrisons and count Ireland as the bulwark of their mighty empire.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE IN COMMON. A Sermon preached before the Unitarian Conference at Weir's Landing, N. H., by Rev. E. E. Hale, minister of the South Congregational Church, Boston. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1879.

This sermon before the Unitarian Conference at Weir's Landing reiterates the idea contained in that delivered by the same author before the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga in September, 1876, and which was noticed in the pages of this magazine in the December number of the same year. Its author seems to labor under the impression that he has an important message to communicate to his Unitarian brethren and to deliver to the world at large, for the sermon preached at Weir's Landing was preached again, if the newspaper reports be correct, in the Unitarian Church of the Messiah in this city a few weeks ago. Had Rev. E. E. Hale contented himself with the repetition of his confused thoughts on a high theme, and with the reiteration of many silly accusations against the Catholic Church, which were for the most part exposed before in these pages, we should have allowed this recent display to pass unnoticed. But with this he has not been content; he must add another to his former unsupported assertions concerning Dr. Newman, and attempt to build upon it afresh his old thesis. He says: "In Dr. Newman's celebrated book on the *Development of Christian Doctrine* he admits that that theory is philosophical which says there was an original Christian gospel which has been clouded and disguised by the corruptions of later centuries. But he dismisses it with a sneer, till some one will state what this original Christian truth is." The writer of the above passage should furnish the proof that Dr. Newman admits that a theory of Christianity is "*philosophical*" and dismisses it with "a sneer," unless he would be held as one who draws upon his lively fancy for his facts, and whose habits of thought are the exact reverse of the known characteristics of that illustrious author.

UNCROWNED HEROES: The article to which was awarded the medal offered by the University of Virginia to the best original production written for the *University Magazine* during the college year of 1877–8. By Dudley G. Wooten, A.M., of Austin, Texas. "The silent martyrs whom the world ne'er knew."

"Oh! weep not for the dead alone
Whose songs have told their life's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory."
—HOLMES.

Reprinted from the *Virginia University Magazine*, June, 1878.

An able defence and eloquent tribute to the early Catholic missionaries of the Southwest. There is a fertile and ample field in the discovery and labors of the children of the Catholic Church in the early period of the history of our country which is destined, in our opinion, to engage the pens of the most gifted of our countrymen. We congratulate the author of this brilliant essay as one among the most promising in its successful cultivation.

ONCE EVERY WEEK. A Treatise on Weekly Communion. By Mgr. de Ségur. Translated, with the approval of the Bishop of Salford, by a Tertiary of St. Francis. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent. 1879.

Everything from Mgr. de Ségur is good. This little pocket-treatise on Holy Communion is excellent. It is handsomely brought out by the publisher.

THE MACLAUGHLINS OF CLAN OWEN. A study in Irish history. By John Patrick Brown, A.B. Boston: W. J. Schofield. 1879.

This is an interesting little incursion into one of the many byways of Irish history. It will repay perusal, and cannot fail to prove of interest to the many members of the famous clan who still flourish in a high state of preservation. It is elegantly printed.

A SECOND edition of Father Hewit's admirable and unique work, *The King's Highway;* or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation, as revealed in the holy Scriptures, has been published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. The argument is addressed chiefly to Calvinists, and would have been of great assistance to the recent Pan-Presbyterian assembly at Geneva, had it only reached them. It is a pleasure to see a work of so much learning and thought, set at the service of any intelligent man, find readers enough to exhaust a first edition so speedily. Catholics who have non-Catholic friends in hesitation or doubt regarding matters of religion could do them no greater service than to place this book in their hands.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Historical Sketch of the St. Louis University: the Celebration of its Fiftieth Anniversary, or Golden Jubilee, on June 24, 1879. By Walter H. Hill, S.J. St. Louis: Patrick Fox. 1879.

A Gentle Remonstrance. A letter addressed to the Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D., on the subject of Ritualism. Being a review of Dr. Ewer's recent lectures at Newark. By the Rev. Aloysius Joshua Dodgson Bradley, B.A. Fr. Pustet. 1879.

An Elementary Grammar of the Greek Language, for the use of Colleges. Chiefly from the works of Frederick Spiess, Professor in the Gymnasium at Wiesbaden, and Dr. Maurice Seiffert, Professor of the Joachimsthal Gymnasium at Berlin. By J. M. A. Schultheis, New York: Fr. Pustet. 1879.

Greek and English Exercises. Arranged according to the Greek Grammar of Fr. Spiess and the Greek Syntax of M. Seiffert. By Dr. Th. Breitter. Translated from the Eleventh German Edition, with a supplement containing Greek and English exercises in syntax, by Rev. Joseph Rainer, Professor in the Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, near Milwaukee, Wis. Fr. Pustet. 1879.

The Silk Goods of America: a Brief account of the recent improvements and advances of silk manufacture in the United States. By Wm. C. Wyckoff. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1879.

Confession and the Lambeth Conference. By A. C. A. Hall (of the Society of St. John the Evangelist), Assistant Minister of the Church of the Advent, Boston. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.

The Jesuits: their Foundation and History. By B. N. Two volumes. New York: Benziger Bros. 1879.

Epitome Historiæ Sacræ, ad Usum Collegiorum. New York: M. Sullivan. 1879.

Reading as a Fine Art. By Ernest Legouvé, of the Académie Française. Translated from the Ninth Edition by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1879.

The Wandering Cainidæ; or, The Ancient Nomads. A lecture delivered to the Medical Society of Dubois County, and to the citizens of Huntingburg, Indiana, April 22, 1879. By Matthew Kempf, M.D. Louisville, Ky.: Jno. P. Morton & Co. 1879.

Shakspere's Tragedy of Hamlet. With introduction and notes, explanatory and critical. For use in schools and classes. By the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, Professor of English Literature in the School of Oratory, Boston University. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1879.

Fidei et Morum Fundamenta; seu Instructio Brevis pro omnibus, qui salutem in veritate quærunt, nec expeditam rei tanti momenti investigandæ opportunitatem habent. Auctore J. Van Luytelaar, C.SS.R. Benziger Bros. 1879.

The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales. Translated from the French of the Bishop of Belley. By Rev. Joseph M. Finotti. New York: P. O'Shea, agent. 1879.

Cathedra Petri: The titles and prerogatives of St. Peter, and of his see and successors, as described by the early Fathers, ecclesiastical writers, and councils of the church. By Charles F. B. Allnott. London: Burns & Oates. 1879.

The New Departure in Catholic Liberal Education. By a Catholic Barrister. London: Burns & Oates. 1879.

[In consequence of extraordinary pressure notice of these publications is deferred.]

Legislative Library Ontario

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXX., No. 176.—NOVEMBER, 1879.

## STRUGGLES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IN FRANCE.

THERE has, perhaps, never been an epoch when attention has been more eagerly directed to the study of what we may call the history of religion than in our own day, when men's minds, at once checked by scepticism and goaded by fervent curiosity, have assumed a challenging attitude at all points, and are calling on the church to justify her past and reconcile its seeming antagonisms and denials with the needs and sympathies of the present. Any one who brings us tidings from those ancient battle-fields and deserted council-halls is welcome; we bid him enter and deliver his message, and while he speaks we impose silence and the strife of controversy is hushed.

M. de Meaux, among higher claims to our grateful acceptance of his message, adds this special one of its opportuneness. His search after truth through the sanguinary struggles of the sixteenth century has been arduous and stubborn, but we who gather the harvest of his patient toil feel no touch of this, only an interest that grows as we advance, until it culminates in delight and we close his copious volume with the pleasant sense of having been instructed without being fatigued.

The history of religion is the history of the world's conquest by love; but after the dawn of that great resurrection morning when the Victor, bursting the cerements, rolled away the stone and rose triumphant from the grave, the battle was still to be carried on between those who believed in his resurrection and those who denied it. For three centuries it raged with short intervals of rest; the Christians were hunted down, tortured, and butchered to make Roman holidays, while the decimated churches sent round the acts of the martyrs like so many bulletins of victory. Then Constantine appeared. It would have been the logical reply to these three centuries of persecution if he had turned the sword against the pagans; but, docile to that "sign" by which he had conquered, the Christian prince sheathed his sword and prepared to win the souls of men by the power of the cross. The Edict of Milan proclaimed liberty

* *Les Luttes Religieuses en France au Seizième Siècle.* Par le Vicomte de Meaux. Plon, edit., Paris.

Copyright: Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1879.

to Christians and pagans alike. It was a timid measure for the victorious captain; but a decree suppressing the gods and abolishing the whole pagan system was too bold a stroke even for him to venture on. The pagans were held in check, but left unmolested. Other enemies were quickly to appear, however, to whom it was more difficult to extend the same toleration. Arius arose, and heresy for the first time reared its hideous head in the church. Constantine, dismayed at the rapid ravages it was making, called the bishops to a council at Nice, and gave the glorious example of a great and powerful sovereign bowing to the decrees of the church as humbly as the lowest of his own subjects, though when it came to surrendering his imperial will to her controlling discipline he eventually showed himself less submissive.

The conversion of the barbarians was achieved by love alone; no blood was shed in the conquest of those savage hearts; the church held them captive by the sweetness of her doctrine and the fetters of her sacraments. So far we see the progress of the Gospel accomplished without any external aid from the severity of the civil arm. But difficulties gathered as the conquest advanced.

"Christendom outside the church," says M. de Meaux, "had to deal with three classes of persons—Jews, infidels, and heretics. The Jews were for her strangers to be watched; infidels, idolaters, and Mussulmans were enemies to be fought against; while heretics were rebels to be reduced to submission. . . . She took rigorous and humiliating precautions against the Jews, but she allowed them to practise their worship in consideration of the involuntary and providential testimony which the synagogue afforded to the Gospel. She forbade them to be converted by force, or their children to be surreptitiously baptized, thus proclaiming practically in regard to them that no man can be saved in spite of himself. So much for her legislation.

"As to her actions, we know that more than once the popes and the bishops protected the Jews from the popular rage and the rapacity of princes; we know that, when threatened and persecuted elsewhere, they found their safest asylum in Rome.

"Only in one instance do we meet with an ecclesiastical jurisdiction which hunted down Judaism and handed over to the rigors of the civil law those who were convicted of professing it; this was the Spanish Inquisition at its birth. But the Jews thus dealt with had been Christians. Their conversion had, it is true, been censured by the church, for it had been brought about by threats and force; nevertheless, it had been accomplished, and when they went back to their former creed they were punished, not as Jews, but as apostates. We should bear in mind, moreover, that this Spanish Inquisition, composed and organized by kings, was more a political than a religious instrument, and that the Jewish race were more anciently established in Spain, and were more numerous and formidable there, than in any other part of Europe; they were always ready to rebel and to conspire, and the return of the false Christians amongst them to Judaism was with good reason looked upon as a premonitory symptom of revolt."

But it was not the Jews only, but all persecuted races and classes, who found right of sanctuary under the protecting mantle of the church. We hear her motherful wail going forth incessantly through the middle ages in behalf of the victims of the knights, "the ferocity of whose zeal is not Christian," she declares, "for they make slaves of all the peoples whom they conquer."

Our historian leads us rapidly but without confusion along serried ranks of witnesses, through these long struggles of the church with unbelief and with the secular powers, up to the sixteenth century, when his history itself begins. We

are then introduced to the reformers as they appear upon the scene, under the flattering disguise of the revival of art and letters, and aided too powerfully by the discredit which had been brought upon the church.

France had long been clamoring for reform; her people, echoing Savonarola's cry, had time and again demanded it; but her princes remained deaf to the appeal, and their silence had engendered a mistrust that now served as a breach in the wall, through which the false reformers effected an easy entrance. They were hailed by many loyal minds who had been waiting in patient hope for the true reform. The accomplished but frivolous sister of Francis I., "la Marguerite des Marguerites," was one of their earliest and most important conquests. Gerard Roussel, expelled from his diocese and sent to her to await his trial, won her confidence by his plausible eloquence and exemplary life, and lured her into believing in his false doctrine. He invented a Mass from which the adoration of the Host and the commemoration of Our Lady and the saints were eliminated, and Marguerite assisted at this unhallowed rite, which was performed in the cellars of her castle at Pau. The king burst in on them in a fury one day, and finding that the celebrant, whom he meant to chastise, had been hurriedly concealed, his wrath fell upon the queen. He slapped her in the face, exclaiming: "Madame, vous en voulez trop savoir!" Yet this unmannerly husband and rude champion of orthodoxy was soon after induced to accompany his wife to the cellars and assist at the mockery of the adorable Sacrifice performed there.

Francis I. was himself, like so many others, deceived by the "bon air" of the new reformers, and saw in those who fiercely opposed them only the bigoted adherents of the old-fashioned scholastic divinity, whose representatives he had come to look upon with small reverence. "A note in the journal of his mother, Louise de Savoie, bears witness that towards the end of 1522 he had begun to recognize the 'white hypocrites, and the gray ones, and the brown and the smoke-colored, and all the other shades of them,' and that he prayed God to deliver him from them, as in all human nature there was no more dangerous race."

So long as the new doctors kept to the discussion of points of doctrine he let them fight it out with the divines and the men of letters. When the Faculty of Theology arrested certain "prêcheurs" as heretics and brewers of sedition, the king forbade proceedings to be taken against them until he should be able to look into the affair himself, and forthwith started on an expedition to the south, ordering the leader, Gerard Roussel, to be sent on bail to "our dear and only sister, the queen of Navarre." We know how the precautionary measure succeeded.

The Parliament and the Sorbonne, not the court, were the first to take steps for arresting the progress of heresy in the state, protesting loudly against the doctrines which Luther had submitted to them for examination. The result of this divergence of opinion and feeling between the Parliament and the old Alma Mater on one side, and the court with the fluctuating sympathies of the king and the steadier adherence of his sister and his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estampes, on the

other, was a growing sense of doubt on the subject of religion altogether, which, while it encouraged the reformers, alarmed the champions of orthodoxy and roused in them a fierce spirit of fanaticism. Calvin had adjured the Duke of Somerset, tutor to the youthful Edward VI., "to punish with death all who opposed the Reformation." This awful doctrine was vehemently denounced by many who came to adopt it practically, seeing, in their terror and dismay, no other means of stopping the growth of heresy. Cardinal Tournon, Francis' prime minister, was foremost amongst those who insisted upon violent repressive measures. "How can you, a Catholic bishop," he said to Duchâtel, apropos of Etienne Dolet, "take part with the king for not only a Lutheran but an atheist?" "It is I who speak as a bishop," retorted Duchâtel, "whereas you would change bishops into hangmen."

Thus did the wavering faith of the king, "blown about by every wind of doctrine," sow discord not alone amidst courtiers, but even in the hierarchy. This evil was, however, working out its own remedy. The heretics, made bold by the curiosity which had led Francis to examine their doctrines and then to dally with them, grew over-insolent and committed excesses which roused the slumbering faith of the king. A statue of Our Lady was thrown down and mutilated in Paris one night, and soon after this a graver outrage was perpetrated in a blasphemous libel against the adorable Eucharist, which was circulated all over the city, a copy of it being even placed in the king's bed-room. The indignation of Francis was at last really aroused.

"He took part in an expiatory procession, in which the relics of the Sainte-Chapelle were carried through the streets of Paris, the royal children holding the streamers of the canopy. After following this procession bareheaded, with a lighted torch in his hand, the king stood in the great hall of the bishop's palace, and before the assembled clergy and Parliament thundered forth in wrath against the heretics, going so far as to say that if his own children should be so unhappy as to fall into those accursed and miserable opinions, he would give them over to be sacrificed to God."

An era of relentless persecution now began. Fires were lighted in the market-places, and corpses dangled from gibbets on the hill-tops of sunny France.

An edict of January, 1535, extended the same penalties to those who sheltered heretics as to the heretics themselves. This lasted till the following May; then there was a pause, and in July a new edict proclaimed pardon to all who within six months should abjure their errors. If we may credit the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, the pope had written to the Most Christian King, imploring "miséricorde et grâce de mort" for the Huguenots. The cry for mercy, from whatever source it came, was heard, and for a time the Huguenots were left in peace. But the reign of the brilliant and scholarly king is darkened by continually recurring outbursts of cruel fanaticism, ending in the terrible massacre of the Vaudois.

M. de Meaux states the case for him with an impartiality which, though it does not acquit Francis, enables us to judge him more leniently. "Neither he nor the nation," says our historian, "had the smallest doubt either of the truth of their faith or of their right and duty to chastise the enemies of truth."

The death of Francis did not stay the tide of civil war. Henry II. knew none of those merciful recoils from the red-handed work which had compelled his predecessor to call a truce from time to time. Edicts of increasing rigor were constantly promulgated and never suspended. Under this prolonged and bloody system of repression Calvinism became organized and struck root in France. M. de Meaux shows us how the system worked, and enables us to draw our own conclusions from the facts which he collects and marshals before us with a patient tenacity, and shrewd observation, and clear analysis that leave no room for mistrust or cavilling.

"When men have begun to let themselves be lured by novelty, torments excite instead of deterring them," he says, quoting Bossuet; and he lets us see how the Huguenots who stole into the kingdom under Francis I. stand forward boldly to court the penal fires of Henry II., constituting themselves voluntary martyrs of a persecuted creed, and mounting the scaffold "laughing and singing."

An attempt had been made in the preceding reign to introduce the Inquisition into France. Paul IV. established it by a bull (1555), and named three French cardinals grand inquisitors; but the experiment proved a failure. The dark and awful guardian of the faith which, as a political force, reigned with unbenign supremacy in Spain never became acclimatized on the other side of the Pyrenees. M. de Meaux sees the explanation of this fact in the incapacity of Frenchmen for working that dread tribunal; the cold-blooded inclemency and rigid impartiality needed for its judges being entirely foreign to the genius of the French character, to its impulsive and emotional nature. The Spaniard rose above such wavering weakness. When Henry II., and even Catherine de Médicis, sick of blood-shedding, showed signs of relenting from sheer disgust and weariness, the Spanish king sent Alba to upbraid them for their faint-heartedness.

The peace of St. Germain, which closed the third religious war, was certainly ill-chosen as to time, for it was made at a moment when the Huguenots were in the ascendant, and it gave them a preponderance which offended and alarmed the Holy See and the Catholics.

"The court, victorious through Catholic arms," says M. de Meaux, "capitulated with the Huguenots. The peace of Lonjumeau, like the peace of Amboise, maintained the preponderance of the Catholics near the king; the peace of St. Germain, on the contrary, prepared that of the Huguenots. These latter had relighted the war in 1567, principally to put an end to their political discredit, and effectively, after being beaten, they contrived to rise up again. Alas! their favor was destined to have a more fatal issue, both for themselves and the nation, than their disgrace: it led to St. Bartholomew."

This tragedy, narrated by our historian with a sombre brilliancy which lends a horrible fascination to the well-known story, is relieved by one tender and pathetic streak of light—the figure of the young queen cowering on her knees and praying God to pardon her husband when, in answer to her terrified inquiries, her attendants explain to her the meaning of this noise of fire-arms that wakes her from her sleep.

The news of this treacherous massacre was announced to all the courts of Europe under the name of a repressive measure reluctantly

carried out in self-defence against a pretended conspiracy to murder the royal family. Gregory XIII., whom Catherine took pains to inform of this plot "headed by Coligny to massacre the king, his mother, his brothers, and all the Catholic lords of their suite," was duped by the story, and forthwith congratulated the French court on their escape, and Charles IX. on his unexpected victory over the Huguenots, and ordered thanksgivings to be offered up for both events in Rome. These thanksgivings have been a pet bone of Protestantism for three centuries; but the pontiff, who was deceived into offering them, had been kept in complete darkness as to what was going on in France. It was not Paris alone but the entire country that ran with Huguenot blood; and, as is always the case in France, the work of destruction, once begun, was taken up by the populace and degenerated into a wholesale slaughter. "Nowhere were the massacres greater than at Lyons, where the governor, Mondelot, like a coward, let things go, prescribing nothing, prohibiting nothing. The hangman had, nevertheless, refused his ministry, and the soldiers of the citadel, when called upon to replace him, replied that they would not take that dishonor nor put so foul a stain upon their arms." The populace had no such scruples, and did the work of slaughter so effectively that "the corpses borne along the Rhone were so numerous as to poison its waters as far as Provence." The most circumspect historians reckon the number of victims throughout France at twenty thousand; many others, whom M. de Meaux quotes with chapter and verse, put it at four times that figure.

Yet this unparalleled crime, which cost France so dear, proved utterly useless as a check to Protestantism. Edict after edict came forth with a view to propitiating the exasperated Huguenots; pledges were offered, promises held out, to tempt the return of those who had fled; but it was of no avail. Blood was not to be atoned for by flattering words, or wounds healed by tardy concessions. The Huguenots, goaded to desperation, and inflamed by persecution to the highest pitch of exaltation, would hear of no compromise, would accept no half-measures; they would have entire and absolute liberty, or let them die to the last man. They drew up a treaty embodying the rights, privileges, and compensations they claimed, and sent it in to the king.

Catherine de Médicis was so confounded by the boldness of the terms demanded that she exclaimed: "If Condé were alive and in possession of Paris with fifty thousand men and twenty thousand horse, he would not ask one-half of what these folk have the insolence to demand." This was all she had gained by St. Bartholomew.

Charles IX. died crying out to his old Huguenot nurse to help him with her prayers. "Ah! sire," replied the old nurse, "let the murders be upon those who made you commit them!" And while she tried to comfort the wretched king his wife knelt by his bedside, praying for mercy on him, and when he died she spent the rest of her life praying for his soul.

Thus did Charles IX. pass away from the troubled scene, on which Henry III. appeared with his cortége of "mignons" and little dogs. The nation was sick to death of civil war, of those "luttes éton-

nantes, généreuses et atroces," as M. de Meaux comprehensively styles them; but, rather than let go the faith which had been her glory since the days of Clovis, she was ready to go on with the struggle. Out of this state of feeling the League was born. The king placed himself at the head of the movement, and the assembled states replied by voting the abolition of the last edict and the reunion of all the king's subjects to the faith. But edicts were of no more effect than so much waste paper, and the new king was not of the race of monarchs who rule over the souls of men. He saw but one way of governing; that was by war, and the states would not vote him money. Despite, however, their persistent refusal and his empty coffers, war was declared. It was of short duration. The Huguenot ranks were exhausted, their leaders divided amongst themselves, and the royal party had an easy conquest of it.

Peace was signed at Bergerac and a new edict proclaimed at Poitiers, opening to the Huguenots those high offices of the state which had hitherto been closed against them. This edict, the first political achievement of Henri de Navarre, opened the way to his accession to the throne by confirming his legal right to succeed to it.

But, in truth, it was no easy matter in those days for fighting men to live without fighting. On one pretext or another their sword was kept bright; religion, territorial rights, a fair lady—anything answered the purpose of a quarrel. Henri de Navarre, who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about this peace, was the first to break it. The "Guerre des amoureux," so called from its having arisen out of some intrigues of gallantry, won the Béarnais his first warlike laurels and placed his name high amongst the *gens de guerre*, whose confidence and admiration he gained in that terrible four days' fight, whence he came forth "tout sang et poudre."

But neither these gory laurels nor the edict restoring to Henri de Navarre his rights of succession could remove from his path the formidable barrier of his excommunication by Sixtus V. Until this obstacle was raised the heart of France remained closed against him. "We will not give up the sacred deposit of the faith of our elders," was the cry of the nation. Nor could Henry, by words or acts, convince them that in his keeping this sacred deposit would run no risks. The very arguments that he used to reassure their timidity were turned against him by the League. He had respected the religion of every town and province that he conquered from the League, but where the Huguenots ruled no other was tolerated. In Béarn this intolerance was carried so far that it was only in the small chapel of the queen's castle that Mass was said, and the few Catholics who crept in to assist at it under the shadow of her protection were in danger of being seized and beaten under the very eyes of the queen, and then thrown into prison. The Catholics could not reasonably place at their head a prince who, far from looking on the national faith as the predominant power and essential greatness of the nation, extended to it a tolerance which practically he could not even enforce in his own states.

After considering the League in its original character as a legiti-

mate association of defence, M. de Meaux proceeds to show how it became an agent of revolution, and how, as such, it failed. In the hands of the Duc de Guise it became a formidable menace to the royal authority. The duke governed Paris, and would gladly have governed the king also; "but he overstepped the mark, and, by letting Henry see that he despised him, he at once degraded him as an instrument and wounded his vanity. And so the royal prestige was weakened." The prince revenged his wounded self-love by the death of Guise and his brother, the cardinal.

Catherine de Médicis on her death-bed would fain have washed her hands of this blood, declaring that she had known nothing of the designs of her son; but if on this single occasion he refrained from taking counsel with her, Henry to the last showed himself faithful to her policy. He was himself soon to appear at that bar of judgment to which he had sent so many victims, faintly redeeming by a brave and penitent death a life of guilt and folly.

And now France found herself in a strange dilemma. The kingdom was without a king, and the only rightful candidate to the throne was a Huguenot, consequently not eligible. The League would not hear of him, and yet it had no one else to propose. A duel to the death followed between the League and Henri de Navarre, that lasted from 1589 to 1594. The whole country was in arms. Paris was besieged, and made a defence which astonished alike the League and the royalists.

"Hemmed in with a population of two hundred thousand souls, its ramparts ruined, its faubourgs burned down, Paris was blockaded and starved for four months; its garrison consisted then of only three thousand men of the regular troops with forty thousand armed citizens; and when, by dint of skilful manœuvres, Alexander Farnese, the greatest captain of the age, compelled Henry IV. to raise the blockade without a battle, corn had been wanting for more than a month; from twelve thousand to thirteen thousand inhabitants had died of hunger, and Paris had not given in. . . . No doubt, as in every besieged place, there were amongst this suffering population a number of poor people who cried out for capitulation; more than once plots for giving up the city were set on foot. But not being supported by the public feeling, these plots are foiled so long as Henry IV. remains a Protestant; the moment he becomes a Catholic the city opens her doors to him of her own accord."

In embracing Catholicism at this crisis Henri de Navarre left himself open to be suspected of capitulating to ambition; but had he been minded to sell his conscience for a crown he might have done it at once, and walked straight into Paris without subjecting the city to the horrors of a long blockade, and himself and his companions in arms to an exhausting siege. His life and character give the lie to this accusation, which has been popularized, like so many other historical falsehoods, by a *mot*. "The king offered to take a certain time to have himself instructed, and to authorize the lords of his party to go in deputation to the pope to inform him of his intentions and concert with him as to the means of his instruction." After much discussion it was decided that he should be instructed by the bishops who had remained faithful to him while praying for his conversion. Finally, on the 25th of July, 1593, he made his abjuration in the church of St. Denis,

into the hands of the archbishop of Bourges, and in the presence of a vast concourse of the clergy and people.

"The more we consider France at this critical moment of her history," says M. de Meaux, "the more anxiously we sound her needs and the essential conditions of her life, the less we can imagine her doing without Henry IV. or accepting him unless he became a Catholic. There are certain hours, rare but decisive, when the destiny of a people depends on the free determination of one man. *When God deems fit to withdraw his favor from a people the man fails. When the people have returned to favor the man appears, and whatsoever is to be done is done.*"

These words, applied to the France of the sixteenth century, have a sad, prophetic note as we read them and apply them to the France of the nineteenth century.

Touching upon the question which has excited so much controversy—viz., the sincerity of Henry IV.'s conversion—M. de Meaux says:

"It is sad, no doubt, to see that in changing his religion Henry did not change his morals, and it is not without a painful surprise that we see him proceeding to his abjuration without interrupting the course of his gallantries; but this does not authorize at this period the suspicion of hypocrisy, otherwise we must condemn as hypocrites, in all camps and parties, the greater number of those who were fighting and dying for religion. In every direction license in morals displayed itself side by side with ardent faith; at no period did men testify more clearly how hard it is to bring conduct into harmony with belief."

These remarks, applicable at all times to our common humanity, are more especially true with regard to France. Faith, even when it sleeps, is a principle of life within us, and men may be quite sincere in expressing a belief which is not powerful enough to control their lives; nor is this belief mere "gossamer fine sentiment," but a secret force which unconsciously redeems our faults from their worst results, keeps conscience alive, and by breeding remorse prepares the way for repentance at the last.

It is impossible for any dispassionate student of Henry IV.'s character to deny that his was essentially a religious nature; we see this in his ardent invocation on the field of battle, in the reverent attention which he gave to the controversies going on around him, and in his frank confession to the divines who were charged with his instruction. An old historian says of him: "He had moments of admirable devotion and returns to God that would have made a saint of him, if they had lasted."

"It is worthy of remark," says M. de Meaux, "that belief in the Real Presence, which first began to detach him from heresy, seems to have remained dear to him above all others." And he goes on to tell us how one day, a priest passing with the Blessed Sacrament, Henry knelt down and adored it; and when Sully exclaimed in amazement, "Is it possible, sire, that you can believe in that?" the king replied: "Yes, vive Dieu! I believe in it. One must be a fool not to believe in it. I would cut one of the fingers off my hand to see you believe in it, Sully."

Rome, nevertheless, patient and slow as is her wont, waited before accepting the abjuration of the king of France. Spain was at work trying to hold back the hand of Clement VII. from absolving the head of the Huguenots; but the saintly pontiff looked for guidance above the councils of earthly kings. Baronius, St. Philip Neri, and the

Jesuit, Cardinal Toledo—the greatest light of the church in those days, and a Spaniard to boot—were called in to assist the Holy Father in coming to a decision. He called a conclave, and while the Sacred College deliberated he remained in prayer, calling down the light of the Holy Spirit on their counsels. Twice he was seen going bareheaded at daybreak from his palace to the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore to say Mass "et faire longue oraison." On the 17th of September, 1595, in the basilica of St. Peter, he pronounced on the heads of Henry's procurators, prostrate at his feet, the solemn absolution which reconciled the crown of France to the Holy See. The *Te Deum* which greeted this absolution in Rome was re-echoed throughout France with a joy that proved how deep-seated was the devotion of the nation to the faith and the Holy See.

And now the strife which had torn the sixteenth century was at an end. "Protestantism was henceforth tolerated, Catholicism predominant, and the king undisputed master of the kingdom. The royal power became more and more the keystone of French society; the Catholic faith continued to be its life and soul; the royal power was rooted in, and uplifted by its submission to, the Catholic faith, and that faith itself, purified by its bloody ordeal, rose triumphant in peace above all contradiction."

The accomplishment of the mission which now devolved on Henry IV. demanded no ordinary gift of kingship. Tolerance towards the Huguenots, which, even when inevitable, had seemed impracticable, was henceforth a boon not to be denied them. The pope, when absolving Henri de Navarre, knew that this clause of toleration was an essential condition of the king's surrender and complete allegiance to the Holy See. But though Henry declared his determination to allow full liberty to the Huguenots, who had fought his battles and placed him on the throne, he found it no easy matter to make good his words. The seventh chapter of *Les Luttes Religieuses* enables us to understand the obstacles which stood in his way, and the courageous perseverance which the Béarnais brought to the overcoming of them; the one and the other are brought before us with a skill and impartiality that compel our assent to the writer's conclusions.

The Catholic League had no sooner come to an end than Henry IV. found himself threatened with a Protestant one. The Huguenots could not forgive him for deserting from them; and as to his policy of toleration, they had been too long mocked by royal promises to give full trust to those of a prince who had made the Huguenots a stepping-stone to the throne and then abandoned their creed. Henry, however, soon proved that he had not changed his loyal nature in changing his religion. The Edict of Nantes was proclaimed, and satisfied the most diffident and exacting of his old co-religionists. It redressed all their grievances and secured to them full liberty in the practice of their worship. They were granted free entrance to the universities and colleges, both as teachers and students, and the right of burial in consecrated ground; their civil position was regulated; they were allowed to levy taxes and receive legacies for their churches; the king even went so far as to allot to them an annual sum of forty-five thousand crowns,

thus making a budget of Public Worship for the Huguenots. We can readily believe that he had many a battle to fight with his Catholic subjects before receiving their consent to these terms. Yet the concessions of the edict, liberal as they were, would probably have failed to disarm the mistrust of the Huguenots had they not been guaranteed by the word of the Béarnais, who had never broken faith to friend or foe.

It was not to be expected that so large a measure of toleration would be favorably looked on by the Holy See. Clement VII. received the news of the edict with consternation. The straits in which the king was placed could not, of course, be at once appreciated at Rome, and Spain, ever on the watch to serve her own jealous policy, did not fail to reproach the Holy See with its over-indulgence to a heretic, in whose hands France was about to become an heretical nation like England. Clement felt but too keenly the justice of these reproaches, and accused himself of having been guiltily rash in absolving Henri de Navarre. "All the fears which had preceded this momentous resolution agitated his soul. This edict appeared to him a great wound in his reputation, a gash in his face. Finding himself perplexed and ulcerated, he addressed himself to the servants and ministers of the king, in order to be, if possible, reassured and comforted."

Cardinals Joyeuse and Ossat, the representatives of France in Rome, replied by placing before the pontiff the circumstances of their royal master, the weighty interests which had compelled him to the measure, and the benefits that must arise from it to the church herself, as well as the boon of peace and internal concord which the edict would bring to the nation. "When these complaints were transmitted to the king by the faithful pen of Ossat, Henry did not take them amiss; he saw that they came from the heart of a friend, and that what chiefly distressed Clement was the doubt as to his sincerity; and he set to work at once to reassure him on this score, not by changing his conduct toward the Huguenots, but by favoring more and more the restoration of the Catholic Church."

This restoration was no vain boast, but the desire of Henry's heart and the fixed purpose of his will, and one which now opens before us a bright and consoling page. It is true that, after the storm had been quelled, traces of it still lingered; the waves went on heaving for a time after the winds that had maddened them had fallen. Catholics had to be won over to full consent to the conciliatory policy of the king, and Protestants had to be persuaded of its absolute sincerity; but, in spite of persistent mistrust and antagonisms, both parties came gradually into mutual goodwill. Catholic and Protestant preachers vied with each other in recommending union and concord to the people. In towns where the Catholics were predominant they took the Protestants under their protection, while the Huguenots, in places where they were the masters, did likewise by the Catholics. The result of the new policy soon became visible in the decline of Protestantism. "Since heresy had taken root in France the most clear-sighted amongst the Protestants had remarked more than once that open war had never done so much harm to it as peace. Now that peace was solid and sincere,

this became more evident than ever." And M. de Meaux goes on to explain this result by quoting the fable of the bet between the north wind and the south as to which should make the pilgrim cast away his cloak. So long as the cold north blew with its bitter breath the pilgrim wrapped the cloak tight round him; but when the hot sunny zephyrs of the south came he gradually relaxed his hold, and at last threw away the cloak. Peace was secured, and the nation hailed it with thankfulness; but it could not repair in a day the ravages of nearly half a century of civil war.

"France was like a place surrendered after a long siege—glorious in her triumphant resistance, but made desolate and wretched, her garrison exhausted, her people starved and without food, her ramparts battered down, ruins everywhere." Henry IV. set himself to the task of rebuilding these ruins and restoring the stormed citadel to its ancient splendor. This was no light undertaking. Disarray was everywhere; the ranks of the clergy were thinned; many dioceses were bereft of bishops, and in others the jurisdiction of her bishop was contested at every step. Thus the clergy were without direction; high posts in the church were confided to mere boys, cadets of noble families, totally unfitted by habits and education for the sacred responsibilities of the priesthood. The results were deplorable; it was the abomination in the Holy of Holies; scandals were common and Christian hearts were sad. The remedy to this deep-seated evil was far off, for the schools of the middle ages were either abolished or fallen into decay, and the new seminaries prescribed by the Council of Trent were not yet founded. Henry IV. realized fully the extent of the evil, and brought his characteristic energy and single-heartedness to the correction of it, declaring that he would not rest until he had restored the church of God to what she had been one hundred years before. The clergy sent him a deputation petitioning for reform, and he received them just as he was, *en déshabille*, without any ceremony. "My predecessors," he said, "gave you fair words and a great deal of show, but I in my gray jacket will give you deeds. I am all gray outside, but all gilt within." And he embraced the deputies and sent them away full of trust in him.

The most difficult part of his work was the restoration of the faith in Béarn; for, as M. de Meaux remarks, "it was a conquest to be made, and there is none so arduous as that of a land whence faith has been banished and where heresy has replaced it."

The cradle of his race had special claims on Henry's forbearance and tenderness, and he proved himself not unmindful of this by granting a special legislation for Béarn. Caumont la Force was sent as governor, with orders to proclaim the free exercise of the Catholic religion. Two bishops and twelve *curés* were nominated, and the Barnabites were sent for to Rome to come and evangelize the people. These vigorous and gentle measures soon prevailed, and Catholic worship was restored in the stronghold of Protestantism; the Vesper bell was heard in its beautiful valleys, and the dead were prayed for up and down the hills where the son of Jeanne d'Albret had run barefooted like other young mountaineers.

The work of regeneration met

with fewer difficulties throughout the rest of France. Instances of opposition and hostile feeling were not wanting here and there, but they were exceptional, and the king's will, aided by the generous spirit embodied in the Edict of Nantes, carried all before it. The faith was reinstated in all the provinces from which it had been banished by the Huguenot lords—in more than three hundred towns and one thousand parishes throughout France whence it had been proscribed for forty years—while the full acceptance of the decrees of the Council of Trent prepared the restoration of discipline among the clergy and hierarchy.

Thus had intolerance received its death-blow; the demon of fanaticism was exorcised from the soul of France, till the Revolution took possession of her and sowed seed which to-day in the Ferry Law is agitating her so perilously. The spirit of religion which had run riot in civil war, and found its more consistent expression in the League, now purified and guarded from its own excesses by the protective legislation of the Edict of Nantes, took new life and blossomed out in religious institutions where fervent souls, weary of strife, retired to rest and help on the work of national redemption by prayer and sacrifice.

A monastery was founded in every province in expiation of the sacrilegious plunder of so many venerable abbeys, and soon it became evident that the monastic life had too deep roots ever to be eradicated from the soil where it had brought forth such glorious fruits. Conversions followed fast upon this peaceful propaganda, and proved once more to the world how much more efficaciously the cure of souls is accomplished by example and preaching than by the Inquisition and the hangman. If Henry IV. was not spared to see Catholicism entirely dominant in France, he lived to witness the triumphant progress of the movement which he had begun.

Foremost amongst the religious orders which he displayed zeal and courage in bringing into the kingdom we must mention the Jesuits and the Carmelites, both Spanish in their origin—a circumstance which raised a formidable barrier against their entrance. In a page which we long to quote in its entirety M. de Meaux narrates the arrival and early beginnings of the Carmelites.

"St. Teresa said," he tells us, "that, had it not been for heresy, she would not have made Carmel so severe. Was it not, then, just and fitting that Carmel should flourish on the soil of that country which had been, as it were, the lists of the combat between the Catholic faith and Protestantism?" M. de Bérulle was despatched to Spain to fetch this treasure to France, and brought back with him six daughters of St. Teresa—some of them formed by the hand of the holy foundress herself—and they were welcomed by Henry IV. as heaven-sent gifts. This offshoot of Carmel was destined to put forth a new branch, "vivace et belle entre toutes," as our historian, with legitimate pride, observes; and within seven years the order counted seven foundations in France. These "slaves given by God to his people," as the Carmelites called themselves, "paid back in better than gold or silver the welcome they received from France. . . ." They made intercession for the families who founded their monasteries, for the towns that vied with

each other in possessing them and hailed them as heavenly treasures. They made intercession above all, like good Frenchwomen, for the king and the kingdom; and there remains to us a striking and consoling testimony of their intercession in favor of Henry IV. We read in the manuscript records of the Carmelites of Pontoise: "The day of the assassination of King Henry IV. Sœur Jacqueline de St. Joseph felt herself so pressed to pray for that prince that she was obliged to leave what she was doing, and to go before the Blessed Sacrament to pray earnestly for his salvation; and it was remarked that on that day and at that very hour the king was killed in Paris in his coach."

On coming to the throne of France Henry IV. had charged the President Jeannin to write his life. "I wish it to be the truth," he said, "written *sans fard ni artifice*, . . . so that posterity may know the color of my soul and the image of my life." Jeannin died, and this life was never written. M. de Meaux pays a high tribute to the two modern historians * of the Béarnais when he says they have carried out the project confided to Jeannin. Without demurring from this testimony, we venture to say that the author of *Les Luttes Religieuses* himself has been the first to reveal to us that side of the character and work of Henry IV. which has left the deepest mark on the history of Christendom, and entitled the gay king to a place on the roll of Christian princes. Such a task, accomplished as it has been by the son-in-law of M. de Montalembert, is a boon to a generation, for it sweeps away the mists of ignorance and prejudice that hang like thick clouds between us and the truth, thus hindering the light of past events from illuminating the road that lies before us. In every page of this work we see the Christian philosopher, deeply impressed by the responsibility of his mission, going hand-in-hand with the historian, the effect of his enthusiasm never marred by rancor, the weight of his arguments never weakened by partisanship; presenting to us with the simplicity and power of truth the lesson which he draws from the study of this dark and troubled epoch—viz., that Hatred can never be made to do the work of Love, and that, in enlisting the passions of fanatics in the service of religion, we call in an auxiliary too powerful for our moral sense, and which must prove fatal alike to souls and to the honor of the church of Christ—that divine mother whose hand wields no weapon but the Cross, and under whose blessed flag violence can never be made to accomplish the mission of her Founder.

* M. Poirson and M. Ch. de Lacombe.

# THE CITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"Tell me of the fold
That hath St. John for guardian."—DANTE.

On the borders of that strange, melancholy region in Southwestern France known as the Landes, about thirty-five miles southeast of Bordeaux, stands the ancient town of Bazas on a rocky height overlooking all the neighboring country. Around its base sweeps the gentle Beuve, that has its source a little to the west in three living springs which the peasants call *les tres sos*—the three sisters. This pure, limpid stream flows softly over its pebbly bed, and goes winding along among gently undulating hills with a maidenly grace worthy of its origin, its banks edged with poplars and willows, and its current gradually swelled by a succession of brooks and rivulets till it empties into the Garonne at the village of St. Pardon. On every side the eye is charmed with the landscape, which, without ever rising into the sublime, is sufficiently varied to please the lover of the serenely beautiful. In the region of St. Côme, for instance, where villages stand on opposite heights each side of a sparkling stream that here empties into the Beuve, you see pretty cream-colored houses in every direction half-hidden among fruit-trees, terraced gardens on the hillsides brilliant with flowers, vines wreathing one homestead with another around the swelling heights, windmills faintly beating the air with their wearied sails, roads bordered with hawthorn hedges, and numerous streams giving life and freshness to the valleys. You long to penetrate some of these green valleys secluded among the umbrageous hills whence come the sound of running waters and the singing of birds. Everything breathes the peacefulness and tender charm of nature in her gentlest mood. You feel the fresh grace and poetry of the scene especially at the decline of day, when the hamlets and villages perched on the heights catch the last rays of the setting sun, and the sound of the Angelus echoes from one to another across the darkening valleys with measured peals, inviting to prayer.

Out of this fair region, as from a sea of verdure, rises gray and with a certain majesty the old town of Bazas, a place so important in the time of the Cæsars that Crassus considered its reduction necessary to the success of his arms, but now dismantled, lifeless, and forgotten. We love these old places that have seen better days, with their ruins and battered monuments that are continually murmuring of the Past. The glories they recount, the traditions and legends they witness to, are infinitely more delightful than all the statistics of modern prosperity. Here, for instance, in this scarcely-known town, there is a strange pleasure in gazing at the ruined walls beneath which the Romans, Goths, Huns, and Normans successively encamped; at the old ramparts out of which grow tufts of verdure where Charlemagne set up his banner and summoned the knights of Bazas to join him in his expedition to Spain; the bleached rocks, gleaming peacefully in the

light, where once flashed weapons of warfare; the turrets and gardens of the old Evêché, where lived the bishops, at one time the feudal lords of Bazas; and above all, crowning the whole city, the cathedral of St. John with its strange legend, proud of its beauty, piercing the blue heavens with its tall, slender spire, its two long rows of Gothic windows glittering in the sun, and its stout buttresses so arched as to give lightness and grace to the solemn pile.

The name of Bazas is derived from Vasatum, the letters V and B being used rather indiscriminately in this region. It is the ancient Cossio Vasatum spoken of by Strabo and Ptolemy. It is certain from several ancient writers that the place is of great antiquity, and was eminently prosperous at the beginning of the Christian era. Many parts of the city still bear names that recall its ancient memories. The quarter of the Taillade is so called because here the Romans cut down its brave defenders, or, as the people will have it, where the Bazadais slaughtered the Romans. The faubourg Paillas, where stand the ruins of the Franciscan convent built out of a commandery of the Templars in the time of Philippe le Bel, derives its name from an old temple of Pallas Minerva that once stood here, a portion of which remained till very recent times. The faubourg Fontdespan at the west of Bazas, which extends to the flowery meadows and rich fields, is so called from an ancient fountain consecrated to Pan, around which the shepherds used to pipe rude hymns to their favorite divinity while their flocks browsed in the neighboring meadow. There is also a street named Fontdespan, which leads to the pleasant promenade of St. Sauveur, the trees of which were planted by one of the old bishops. Here the peasants still gather for their rural sports, especially on holidays, and forget, after the manner of this happy clime, the cares and toils of every-day life.

Trazits, a name corrupted from *turris situs*, is one of the heights overlooking the beautiful valley of St. Côme, where stood an old tower as late as 1820, built by the Romans. Another height nearer the city where the Huns entrenched themselves became known as the Collis Hunnorum, or Col des Huns, afterwards corrupted into Cou-Huns, and now called Gouhans by the peasants, though written Gans. Here the bishops of Bazas once had a château, but it is now gone, as well as the stately avenues and shady groves that surrounded it. The grounds, however, are still called Labescaud—a patois term signifying *le bien de l'évêque*. From this height you can trace the windings of the Beuve to the Garonne, and here it was that Genseric was encamped in 439 when, looking down on the beleaguered city, he saw the bishop and clergy come forth on the ramparts at night in their pure linen robes, followed by men, women, and children bearing torches in their hands and praying, as they went, for the safety of the city. The white-robed forms lit up by flaming torches, the supplicating tones of their chanted prayers floating up through the still night air, and the slow, measured round of the mysterious procession, seemed like a nocturnal vision sent to admonish him. He abandoned the siege, and the people flocked joyfully to the churches to sing: *Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.*

St. Gregory of Tours gives the account of Bazas being thus saved by prayer. He also tells of a miraculous occurrence in the time of the same bishop, whose name was Peter. Arianism was then ravaging the church, and the great doctrine of the Trinity was assailed. Three drops of blood fell on the paten at the consecration as Peter, the bishop, was saying Mass, and after some minutes united in one drop resembling a precious jewel. He had it enclosed in a cross of gold, and it was preserved with great reverence till the time of the Normans, when it was buried for safety, and the secret as to the precise spot for ever lost.

The old *Chronique Bazadaise* also speaks of a place just without the city walls where the mighty Roland, leaping across a precipice, left the imprint of his foot on the rock, long to be seen, and known as *lou pas de Rolland*, though no trace of it is to be found now. It is also said that a great number of Bazadais knights followed Charlemagne to Spain, the Pyrenees bowing their lofty summits that they might pass, and the eternal snows melting beneath their feet, as if the very elements waited, as it were, on victory. Many of these noble *preux* were borne back to Bazas and buried in the ancient cemetery of the Targue, where marble sarcophagi, fragments of mosaic, etc., are still found, attesting the magnificent honors they received.

There is likewise a place near the city called *lou pas des Inglèses*, where the English, during their occupation of the country, used to have their games and exercises. Richard the Lion-hearted came to Bazas in 1190 to seek recruits for the Holy Wars, and Bishop Gaillard de la Mothe not only accompanied him but induced several knights in his diocese to do the same. Among these was the lord of Tontolon, a knight of great bravery and enthusiasm, who with a vast retinue set out for the East. Here adverse fortune awaited him. He lost his horses, baggage, and means of subsistence, and was so reduced to despair that he turned the very arrows of his quiver against the heavens, as if to defy the divine power, seemingly so inimical. At that instant Raymond, Bishop of Puy, came upon the terrible scene, and so judiciously spoke to him concerning the mysterious designs of Providence in sending adversities that he roused the frenzied knight from his state of despair, induced him to rally his followers and fall once more upon the enemy. This time he put them to flight and took an immense booty, enabling him to retrieve his fortunes.

A later historical remembrance is perpetuated at Bazas by a breach in the ancient wall, still known as the Brèche, made by a band of Calvinists from Nérac, then a very hot-bed of treason and religious plots, when they entered the city on Christmas eve, 1561, while the inhabitants were at midnight Mass. The defenceless worshippers fled before the brutal soldiers, who overthrew the altars and statues, burned the sacerdotal garments and sacred books, and massacred the clergy. In later raids they destroyed several churches, broke the very tombs of the dead in pieces, and scattered their ashes. One of the most sacred burial-places at Bazas, called the Sagrad dou Saint Marsau, is said to have been consecrated by St. Martial, the great apostle of Aquitaine, who also founded the church of Notre Dame dau Mercadil, or *du petit Marché*,

thrice devastated by the Normans, Huguenots, and Vandals of 1793, and thrice rebuilt by the people to attest their love for this ancient sanctuary of Mary.

But the oldest and most cherished Christian traditions of Bazas centre around the church of St. John, the foundation of which is believed to date from the very first century. Connected herewith is one of those strange, delightful legends of which this region is so full.

Bazas is emphatically the City of St. John. The martyrdom of "the mighty Baptist," as Dante calls him, was not only depicted on the ancient banner of the city and graven on its money like that of Florence, but sculptured in stone at the portal of the cathedral and taken for a device on the city arms. Its very name, Cossio Vasatum, is said by some to be derived from a silver vase, containing the blood of the martyred Baptist, brought from the East by a holy woman and honored for eighteen hundred years in a church dedicated to his memory. St. Gregory of Tours, in his *De Gloria Martyrum*, as well as the author of an ancient work called *Baptista Salvatoris*, says this woman was a wealthy matron of Bazas (*matrona Vatensis*), who, accompanied by a great number of her own people, went to Jerusalem in the reign of Tiberius to see the Saviour, the renown of whose miracles had spread to the extremities of the Roman Empire. There is certainly nothing incredible in this. As Châteaubriand says, the soldiers of the Roman Empire went from the shores of the Danube and the Rhine to those of the Euphrates and the Nile, and troops from Batavia went to relieve a post at Jerusalem. The wife of some Roman officer, therefore, might easily have undertaken such a journey.

It is related, furthermore, that this Dame Bazadaise, while at Jerusalem, learning that the blessed John the Baptist was to be beheaded in the prison of the very castle of Machéronte where Herod was celebrating his birthday, obtained access to the dungeon by means of rich gifts, and gathered up some of the martyr's blood, which she put with great devotion in a silver vase in the form of a shell, and brought it back to Aquitaine together with other precious relics which she valued above rubies, such as a garment of the Saviour and some of the golden hair of his holy Mother. During the voyage the malignant fiends and princes of the air let loose the most furious winds against the frail bark, and made the seas run mountains high. Destruction seemed inevitable. But the venerable dame, undaunted amid the peril, took the silver conque, or shell, containing the relic of St. John, and, raising it to heaven, invoked the aid of God. The winds were at once lulled. The raging sea grew calm. A favorable breeze sprang up which wafted the vessel to the western shore of Aquitaine at a place called Soulac.

The tradition at Soulac, as we have related elsewhere,* says this matron was St. Veronica; and it is a striking coincidence that Catherine Emmerich beheld this saint going with other holy women to Machéronte to obtain, if possible, some relic of St. John. However this may be, the old chronicle goes on to relate how this dame came by land from Soulac to Bazas, preaching Christ on the way and effecting a great number of conversions. The places where she

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for May, 1877.

halted are still indicated by churches that are undoubtedly among the most ancient in the country. Most of them testify to a singular devotion to St. John. First, there is his altar in the old church at Soulac, where she deposited a finger of the saint. At Grayan is the Hospitalet of St. Jean *Découllach*, which annually celebrates on the 29th of August the Decollation which St. Veronica witnessed in the prison of Machéronte. Carquans, another station, has also its popular festival of St. John. The history of its church is thus related in the *Légende de Cénébrun :*

"The lady of Soulac and her husband proceeded towards Carquans, passing through a dense forest. Now, there was no church in that place, therefore the lady Mary set up her tent beside a fountain. Here she heard Mass every day with great devotion.* And as the lady Mary, who was the most beautiful lady under the sun, was even more devout than she was beautiful, she built a church on the western side of the fountain, the first stone of which she laid with her own hands, and then, a rich tent being set up on the spot, she had a solemn Mass celebrated."

Bégaudan, another of St. Veronica's halting-places, annually celebrates St. John's nativity with great pomp. A fragment of his skull is revered in the church, and a representation of his severed head is borne in the religious processions.

Further on are the ruins of St. Pierre de l'Ile, an old abbey that had an ancient chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist. And on the shore of the bay called the Marais de Reysson is St. Jean de Ségondignac, a chapel of remotest antiquity, adjoining which was a monastery, not founded, but enlarged, by Charlemagne. Other parishes along the way have also special devotion to St. John, as Cussac, Listrac, Arcins, etc., all bearing traces of the pious Veronica. At Bazas she built an oratory on the very spot where the church of St. John now stands, and here she deposited the *concha argentea* she had brought with so much care from the East.

What is certain, from time immemorial there was a relic of St. John the Baptist at Bazas, the authenticity of which was never doubted by clergy or people. During the Norman invasion in 853 it was concealed in a country place known ever since as Conque, and still marked by a cross. It was afterwards restored to the city and hidden behind the high altar at St. John's, where it was found in a stone coffer when the church was rebuilt at the end of the eleventh century. When Pope Urban II. came to consecrate the new edifice in 1092 he examined the documents concerning it and recognized its authenticity. The bishop, seeing the pope examine with particular interest the antique silver conque, which was, in fact, of remarkable workmanship, offered it to him as a mark of gratitude. Urban accepted the vase, but the relic was kept at Bazas, where it was held in great veneration.

Five festivals in honor of St. John were annually celebrated at Bazas during the ages of faith. On St. John's day the butchers, after an immemorial custom, used to present an ox to the jurats of the town, which the latter, clothed in their official robes, went to receive in presence of the multitude assembled at the great fair held on

* Another tradition says she was also accompanied by St. Martial.

this occasion. On the eve an immense pile was prepared on the principal square, and as the sunlight died away on the towers of St. John cannon announced the approaching solemnity to all the country around. The clergy then sang the hymn of St. John and blessed the pile, which was lighted by the chief jurat amid the acclamations of the crowd. Then the priests and magistrates went in procession to the church, where they made the circuit of the choir nine times in honor of the blood of the saint which was there enshrined. This was called making the *neuf tours du sang de St. Jean.* Down to the great Revolution the people used to flock to the church from the very dawn of St. John's day to hear Mass and, candle in hand, devoutly make their *neuf tours* around the choir. It is said these nine rounds originated at the time of the Arians, when the people, to emphasize their belief in the divinity, unity, and co-eternity of the three Persons comprised in the Godhead, not only made triple acts of devotion, but sometimes extended them to three times three. Three is the number above all others, says Ausonius, for it expresses the unity of the three divine Persons :

"*Tres numerus super omnia, tres deus unus.*"

The relic of St. John's blood which had escaped the Goths, Huns, Normans, and even the Huguenots, after being honored at Bazas for eighteen hundred years as a memorial of the first introduction of Christianity, was thrown into a cesspool at the Revolution and for ever lost to human eyes, though it still crieth from the ground—not for vengeance, like the blood of Abel, let us hope, but in behalf of a land still so devout to God and his saints.

But the church of St. John has been happily spared in the various civil commotions. It is an edifice of the purest Gothic style and of admirable symmetry. Three portals admit you to the interior, and beneath them you linger to study the beautiful sculptures in which the faith of the thirteenth century has recorded so many pages of sacred lore. In one is told the story we are never tired of pondering over—the story of Mary's life, beginning with the tree of Jesse from which she sprang, and ending with her glorification in heaven. In another portal is the martyrdom of St. John, closely followed by the last judgment, as if to teach the sure retribution of sin, the sure glory that will crown the sufferings of the just. The angels who present the redeemed souls to the great Judge have uncommon boldness of expression.

The interior of the church has something exceedingly light and harmonious about it. The lofty arches rest on pillars so tall and slender that Louis XIV., when he visited it, cried out with admiration that it looked like a *beau vaisseau renversé sur des fuseaux.* There are no transepts, and the side aisles are united by an ambulatory around the apsis opening into five chapels that radiate around the choir, glorious with light, like an aureola. Five arches, too, span the nave, and on them is depicted a complete zodiac.* The allegorical personages

* The signs of the zodiac are also sculptured on the capitals of the columns in the curious old church of the Templars at Aillas, a place not far from Bazas, so named from Waillas, King of the Visigoths, who built a castle here in the fifth century. This castle was rebuilt in the ninth century and became one of the residences of the family of Albret. Henry IV. inherited it from his mother, and used to visit it from time to time. On one of these oc-

corresponding to the seasons and the different agricultural pursuits are very curious. Capricorn, for example, is a genuine shepherd of the Landes with his unshorn sheepskin mantle around him and a goat browsing hard by.

From the towers of St. John you look directly down into the streets of the old city that has had its day, but, gray, scarred, and downfallen as it is, is smiling in the sun with a satisfied consciousness of its ancient achievements. You count one by one the old historic sites, with their ancient names that evoke so many centuries from the grave of the past. At the north you see the Beuve threading among the low hills, and at the south follow the road a great distance on its way to Spain.

Bazas was an episcopal see down to 1792. Among the earlier bishops we find Sextilius, who attended the Council of Orleans in 511. In 1152 the see was occupied by Arnaud de Tontolon, who, out of his great devotion to Our Lady, gave his approval to a festival in honor of the Immaculate Conception, instituted by Adon, abbot of La Réole—the first official recognition of this festival in France.

The clergy of St. John's in the middle ages seem to have been endowed with

> "The lore the Baptist taught,
> The soul unswerving and the fearless tongue."

When Amanieu d'Albret, one of the old lords who had imposed onerous taxes on the people of Bazas, presented himself at the holy table he was refused communion till he should repair his injustice. The clergy understood their high prerogatives in those days, and there are numerous proofs how truly they were the friends of the people. Pictures of the great, suffering torments, were common in churches. Old missals had a Mass against tyrants, and in some churches the *Deposuit potentes de sede* was chanted thrice—a warning as to the insecurity of earthly power.

The chief baron in Bazadais claimed the honor in those days of holding the bridle of the horse on which a new bishop made his solemn entrance into the city. On one of these occasions two lords contested for the right, and had called their vassals around them to decide the question by force of arms, when the parliament of Bordeaux interposed and gave the preference to the Baron de Lausac, who had married a grand-niece of Pope Clement V. The bishops naturally rejoiced when this custom was abolished, for the baron who acted the part of esquire had the right of carrying off all the silver plate used at the bishop's dinner on this occasion—a heavy loss, even when the bishop was a nobleman of wealth, which was not always the case. We read of one at Bazas, saintly and learned, a commentator to the extent of four volumes on the Master of Sentences, who was of a poor family and without the means of defraying the expenses of this solemn entry. It was, moreover, opposed to the natural simplicity of his character, and he begged leave to decline the usual honors.

Cardinal d'Albret, Bishop of Bazas, is said to have had a somewhat unclerical love of hunting, and kept a numerous pack of hounds wherewith to chase and kill the fallow-deer. It might be said in his excuse that a taste for hunting was almost hereditary in the vicinity of the Pyrenees. It was even necessa-

casions, while hunting in the neighboring wood, called *lou bosc majou*, a famous rendezvous for hunters, he came near being assassinated.

ry that the mountain priests should know "full well in time of need to aim their shafts aright," for often, turning at the altar to say *Dominus vobiscum*, they could see a bear of no inconsiderable proportions forcing its way through the door. And the accomplishment was by no means useless on the border of the Landes. But this did not prevent Cardinal d'Albret from getting a sly thrust now and then from the clergy of the provinces less wild, and even from the laity. On one occasion, when some savant of the Renaissance was relating in the presence of Louis XII. that no priest among the ancient Romans was allowed to have either dog or goat, or even pronounce their names, the king is said to have exclaimed: "What a sad time that would have been for the Cardinal d'Albret!"

One of the most zealous and saintly prelates of the sixteenth century was Arnaud de Pontac, Bishop of Bazas, called the Doctor Gallicanus on account of his vast learning. He belonged to an illustrious family from which had sprung many valiant knights and learned doctors of the law—a family still perpetuated by the counts of Pontac, whose château is to be seen at St. Pardon, where the Beuve empties into the Garonne. In the terrible famine of 1598 Bishop Arnaud fed two thousand poor people at his own expense, besides aiding the sick and needy elsewhere. It was his boundless charity that induced all the Calvinists in his diocese to renounce their errors, and he had the satisfaction before he died of seeing his whole flock gathered into one fold.

Bishop Maroni (1634) was of Mantuan origin and traced his descent from the family of Virgil. Bishop de Gourgues, who was appointed by Louis XIV., was a grand-nephew of Dominique de Gourgues, who avenged the honor of the French in Florida.

We do not know which bishop it was that, according to M. Lafon, had the misfortune to offend some irascible Gascon so deeply as to make him rashly vow he would never pray in the diocese of Bazas again. His resolution was tested rather sooner than he anticipated. One day, while sailing on the Garonne, a squall suddenly sprang up that endangered the safety of his bark. The boatmen said all they could do was to commend themselves to God. "First tell me," inquired the obdurate Gascon, "have you any idea whether or not we are in the diocese of Bazas?"

Among the more ancient recollections of Bazas we must not overlook the family of the poet Ausonius, whose father, Julius Ausonius, one of the most celebrated physicians of his time, was born here about the year 286. Later in life he removed to Bordeaux, but still retained his vast possessions at Bazas. The poet, recounting his father's frugality, sobriety, and other virtues, makes him say:

"Vicinas urbes colui, patriaque domoque;
Vasates patria, sed lare Burdigalam." *

Ausonius often retired to his *maison de plaisance* in Bazadais, which he calls the kingdom of his ancestors, and he celebrates a spring of clear water near by, which is still known to every one as the Fontaine d'Ausone. This poet has been regarded by many as a pagan. Even Châteaubriand says: "Ausonius of the religion of Homer is

* I have dwelt in two neighboring cities: Bazas is my native place, but Bordeaux is now my home.

linked with Paulinus of the religion of Christ." But St. Paulinus distinctly says their hearts and souls were united in Christ:

"Inque tuo tantus, nobis consensus amore est
Quantus et in Christo connexa mente colendo."

And only a Christian could have written Ausonius' beautiful morning prayer:

"O thou who art the Word of God, the God-Word, who wast engendered before all time, who didst exist before the first beam of Aurora ever lit up the starry vault; who didst create all things, and without whom nothing was made; . . . whom our fathers had the happiness of seeing, and under the veil of whose divinity beheld the Father; who didst take upon thyself the burden of our iniquities, and, weighed down beneath our sins, didst die for us a cruel death, . . . we offer thee these pious vows, trembling and grieving in view of our offences. O Christ, who art our Saviour and our Lord, eternal Wisdom, glory and word of the Most High, Son of God, very God of very God, Light of light, render them acceptable to the Eternal Father."

It was Paulinus, a nephew of Ausonius (the son of his sister Dryade), who defended Bazas against the Visigoths in 414. A place in the canton of Bazas is still called Thaleyson from Thaleysius, the father-in-law of Ausonius. It was on the pleasant heights of Thaleyson that Crassus entrenched himself when he came to besiege Bazas. He tried to inundate the valley beneath by drawing off the waters of the Ciron, whence the name of Beau-Lac still given to the valley. Here was once a preceptory of the Templars. From Thaleyson you look off at the west over a sea of dark verdure, dreary and monotonous. Here begin the Landes with their forests of maritime pines.

A marble tablet has been found at Bazas with the inscription: "Apulit hinc Nolam divus Paulinus altam Ausonius Romam"—It was from this place St. Paulinus set out for Nola, and Ausonius for Rome. Perhaps they came here to bid farewell to the home of their ancestors, for St. Paulinus' father was also a native of Bazas, though he, too, removed to Bordeaux. The region of Langon belonged to him, and there the saint built a church, which St. Delphinus of Bordeaux consecrated. This was afterwards restored by the English, and here and there on the walls and vault are graven the arms of England. Langon is on the Garonne, surrounded by orchards and rich vineyards that yield wines rivalling those of Médoc.

Eutropius, a Latin historian contemporary with Ausonius, was a native of Bazas. He bore arms under Julian in his unfortunate expedition to Persia.

Bertrand de Gouth, or Got, better known as Pope Clement V., is one of the glories of Bazas. This eminent pope, the illustrious victim of Italian hatred, has always been by turns an object of praise and blame, admiration and censure, and, though his reign was short, it furnishes a long chapter in the annals of the church and the history of France. The family of Bertrand was, from its wealth and alliances, of considerable influence in the south of France. It had property, among other places, in Provence, whence it came at the time of some civil disturbance to establish itself at Bazas in a manor which was thenceforth called Uzèste, or little

Uzès, from the family seat in Provence. This was soon after Henry II. of England married Eleanor of Aquitaine, and the family De Gouth, from the time of their coming here, remained loyal to England amid all the political oscillations. At one time the domains of Uzèste were ravaged by the Count of Valois on account of this fidelity to the English crown. It was at Uzèste Clement V. was born, and here he was brought to be buried. He studied at the universities of Bologna and Orleans. His elder brother, the cardinal archbishop of Lyons, introduced him at the court of Pope Boniface VIII., who made him one of his chaplains, afterward appointed him bishop of Comminges, and finally transferred him to the see of Bordeaux.

On the mere testimony of Villani, an undiscerning and often unreliable chronicler, historians hostile to the Papacy have repeated in a chorus that Bertrand ascended the pontifical throne by an act of simony. This atrocious calumny sprang from the hatred of the Italians toward "the Gascon pope," as they called him, because he transferred the papal residence to Avignon, where it remained seventy years—a period termed by them the Captivity of Babylon. Even Dante, with his strong prejudices, places Clement, in the *Inferno*, among the followers of Simon Magus, and accuses him of more devotion to the coin of Florence,

"The metal with the Baptist's form impressed"

(like the money of Clement's native province of Bazas), than to Peter or Paul.

Villani pretends that Bertrand, a short time before his elevation, had an interview with Philippe le Bel at St. Jean d'Angely, in which the king promised him the tiara on certain conditions. One of these was to restore Philippe to the communion of the church, but this had already been done by Benedict XI. The decree of Bertrand's election proves the falseness of Villani's statements, and modern investigations show beyond doubt that the interview never took place. The MS. Itinerary of Bertrand as archbishop of Bordeaux has been found in the archives of the Gironde and published, and the record of his pastoral visits in 1304 proves he did not set foot in St. Jean d'Angely at the time specified, and could not have done so, as he was too far distant.

After the death of Benedict XI. the conclave at Perugia for the election of his successor lasted nine months. There were two factions —one French, the other Italian. Finally it was proposed to elect Bertrand de Gouth, who belonged to a family noted for its devotion to England.

Clement V. always retained a special affection for his native place, and not only built a new church at Uzèste, but a magnificent castle not far distant, called Villandraut, on the banks of the Ciron. While pope he made two visits here, and some of his bulls are dated at Villandraut, to which his family had transferred its residence. The picturesque ruins of this château, which was destroyed by the Huguenots, still form a prominent feature in the landscape. Four round towers, feudal in aspect, lofty, majestic, and sombre, are still standing, as well as part of the walls of the main building, tapestried with ivy. There is a great well in the court, surrounded by broken arches, vaulted cellars, a ruined chapel. Spiral staircases of

stone lead to the top of the towers, where you look off at the north over the vine-covered hills of Sauterne and Langon that border the Garonne. Directly beneath the ruins flows the Ciron past a pretty village and its gardens, through fair meadows and rich grain-fields. At the southeast, contrasting with this fair scene, are the sombre woods of a vast *pignada* stretching away to the sea.

Pope Clement was on his way to try the benefit of his native air when he died. By his will his remains were transported to his patrimonial estate and placed in a beautiful marble tomb in the choir of the church at Uzèste. This was destroyed by the Huguenots in 1568, but the fragments are still to be seen—among them the recumbent statue of the pope, with the head smitten off. There are few churches in France that do not bear similar marks of the favorite pastimes of these amiable sectaries of the sixteenth century.

Another distinguished ecclesiastic of this region was Arnaud d'Aux of La Romieu, by his mother, Jeanne de Gouth, a relative of Clement V., with whom he became intimate at the University of Orleans. After the latter ascended the pontifical throne Arnaud was appointed bishop of Poitiers, and we read that on taking possession of his see, May 7, 1307, he was carried into his cathedral on a chair by four of the chief barons of Poitou. So high an opinion had the pope of his ability that he sent him to England with Cardinal Novelli, charged with the difficult mission of pacifying the differences between Edward and his barons, and inducing the king to transfer the property of the Templars, seized by the barons, to the Knights of St. John. They failed in the first object of their mission, and only succeeded partly in the second; but Arnaud so won the esteem of King Edward that he conferred on him a pension of fifty marks of silver. After his return to France he was made cardinal. He now bought a marsh at La Romieu, which he drained, and on this spot built a large church flanked by two octagonal towers. You enter it by an atrium, which is now beginning to show the effects of time and violence. When the cardinal died his remains were brought here and buried at the right of the high altar. His nephew, Fort d'Aux, who succeeded him as bishop of Poitiers, was entombed in the chapel of St. Veronica, at the altar of which solemn oaths were administered, as at the tomb of St. Fort at Bordeaux. Two other tombs of the same family stood in the nave. All these were destroyed by Montgomery the Huguenot, who pillaged the church and consigned most of the priests to the flames. It was before the door of this church that, by virtue of a decree of the parliament of Bordeaux, a curious hymn in honor of St. John the Baptist used to be sung every year on St. John's Eve. This hymn, which is still extant, consists of fifty-seven couplets in the Gascon tongue with a Greek chorus, and is entitled: "A Dialogue in honor of St. John the Baptist, *qui se cano cado annado daovant la porto de la gleizo parroissialo Nostro Damo de Larroumiou la beillo de St. Jouan.*" It not only recounts the life of St. John, but gives an epitome of sacred history from the very creation. It begins by calling upon the lords to listen to the song of St. John the Baron:

"Barons, augis lou son—*a eon*—
De Sent Jouan lou Baron—*eleyson.*"

Dante, too, calls the mighty Baptist a baron. It is rather startling at first to hear the simple Biblical names thus aggrandized, but it was quite common in the middle ages to give a title to the saints. We read of Monseigneur St. Michael. Froissart calls St. James of Compostella the Baron de St. Jacques. An old Spanish legend also speaks of him as an illustrious baron of Galilee. Gatien de Tours (tenth century), in a hymn in honor of St. Stephen, calls upon all good lords to

"Escoter la leçun
De Sainct Estenne le glorieu barun."

In the quaint old cantique of La Romieu the land of Egypt is styled the *Terre de Nostro Damo*, and Herodias' daughter is called Asiliade—a name we now and then hear in this region. The hymn ends by calling upon all who are present to pray God to "shield us from the tempest, watch over the wheat-fields, vineyards, and meadows, give peace to the earth, save us from war, and at the end of life grant Paradise to all the people of La Romieu and to all who bear them company in this pious ceremony. Amen."

---

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.*

WHO can complain of a man for living in the house which he has built? No one will dispute his right, but the manner of his possession lies in his own hands. If in the midst of plenty he allows not one but many a poor Lazarus to lie at his gate, hungry and covered with sores, then indeed the popular voice will proclaim him a hard man, and will look upon him as one not worthy to be entrusted with his Master's talents.

The makers of France, who had built the house, not only lived in it, as they had a right to do, but imitated that rich man in the Gospel who feasted whilst his poor neighbor starved. They ate and drank, making him pay by years of servitude for the benefits bestowed upon his ancestors by their fathers. The whole structure of the middle ages was founded upon two principles answering to two universally-felt needs. In the rude days of the tenth century grammar and Latin were not the only sciences preserved by the clergy. Knights and princes were constrained to have recourse to their assistance for the simple knowledge of reading and writing. Monks, again, were beings of a higher moral caste, who lived in the solitude of their monasteries, occupied in nobler intellectual pursuits, obliged by their rule to read for a certain number of hours a day, bound, moreover, to be doers of a fixed amount of work on a given territory. Insensibly, then, the clergy formed the basis of one of the great orders in France, representing as they did a principle which must always govern the world to a certain degree—the principle of authority. The second ruling notion was the power of the sword, and it gradually built up the feudal structure according to which the kingdom of France was split up into as many parts as there were

* *L'Anc'en Rêg'm'*. Par M. Taine.

masters, until at length the strongest took the lead and became master of the masters and lord over those who had been his equals, in virtue either of a preponderance of physical power or of the ascendency of moral character. The sword was a rude master of order, but a positive one. To the mass of the people it gave a tangible notion of security; and when, for instance, Rollo had marked out his feudal settlement in Normandy, the inhabitants of the neighboring provinces flocked thither, enticed by its safe shelter. "Happiness in the tenth century consisted in not being killed and in having a fine fur covering in the winter." This was the not very exalted ideal of the popular mind. But no people undergoing the process of civilization takes naturally to the republican form of government. Royalty, however crude and undefined, is their instinct; and when the Carlovingian dynasty had lived its day the founder of feudal monarchy in France restored the house as the first representative of that sovereignty whose sceptre should one day be wielded by Louis XIV. After Hugues Capet the king of France becomes an active personality, who incorporates France with himself and builds up her greatness inch by inch with severe laboriousness. During the early Capetian reigns the post of king of France was no sinecure. There were enemies without, enemies within, rude notions of justice, much chivalry, little comfort. England was a troublesome neighbor, whose king carefully watched his opportunity of becoming something more than Duke of Normandy. On the marriage of the heiress of Aquitaine—a bride of pestilence—with Henry II., that monarch was more powerful in France than its king. When at last Charles VII. put an end to the weary fight for his position his successor, Louis XI., found out that his nobles at home were growing too powerful. His policy was constantly one of repression. Nearly two centuries later the subservient nobility gathered round the throne of Louis XIV. like children who would rather honor than love their father. Louis XII., Francis I., and Henry II. were handles for the national pride; they covered themselves with foreign laurels more ornamental, certainly, than useful, but gratifying to the public feelings; and one—Francis I.—was the avowed patron of the fine arts, whilst under Louis XII. Brittany became definitively united to the French crown. Who can doubt that the king of France had earned his bread? A day came at last when he began to think about eating it, and, from eating it, to attach too much importance to its flavor. It was an evil moment when, arrived at the zenith of sovereign power, the king of France gave voice to his secret conviction, the outcome of many centuries of hard work on the part of his predecessors, *l'état, c'est moi*—France is made for me, not I for France. The splendid court of Versailles, revolving round Louis XIV. like planets round the sun—if one should not rather call it the sun's own photosphere—prepared the first discordant notes in the national harmony. But let us turn to history as it presents itself under the great-grandson of Louis XIV., Louis XV.

The supreme power of the king was not tolerated by the letter, at least, of French law. There were three controlling authorities, which, however, somewhat resembled the *ridiculus mus* who sang of the war

of Priam. The *Etats-Généraux* were the most powerful of these bodies, but they owned no life apart from the convocation of the king, and under Louis XV. it was one hundred and seventy-five years since they had been called. Secondly, the *Etats-Provinciaux* subsisted merely to enforce the bidding of the crown in the matter of taxation. Thirdly, the Parliaments were gagged by exile when they ventured to have an opinion. Thus Louis XV. had succeeded to the motto *l'état, c'est moi*, and, if he nominally accepted its responsibilities, he more than nominally enjoyed its advantages. Out of the public treasury four hundred and seventy-seven million francs were his private income, twenty-four to twenty-five millions that of his family.* The nobles, who on the outset of the feudal idea had been the king's equals, were compensated for his superiority by liberal grants of money, exemptions from fines, small panderings to their self-love, the right to be suzerains in their own generation to their dependants. The part of the clergy is estimated at from eighty to one hundred millions without the tithes, making in all one hundred and twenty-three millions a year. The condition of France is well surmised by the proportion of one noble family to every square league of territory and to one thousand inhabitants. Each village had a curé, and every eighteen or twenty miles a religious community. Or again, dividing France into five parts, one-fifth belonged to the crown and the *communes*, one-fifth to the *tiers état*, one-fifth to the laboring class, and one-fifth to the clergy. But it will be shown what profit the laboring class were allowed to draw from their fifth of the soil. The abbés and priors *en commende* numbered fifteen hundred, the vicars-general and canons of chapters twenty-seven hundred—a nobility, as it were, in the midst of the clergy; besides which there were nineteen chapters of noble men and twenty-five chapters of noble women, wherein the high places were often bestowed by the crown not upon merit but as gratuities to its own particular friends.

Riches do not soften hearts, and at that luxurious time the nobles and the upper clergy expended their superfluity on making a great figure at court. It will be seen on the surface that a similar state of things introduces the system of extremes. For one that basked in the sun of the king's favor ten poor men toiled and sweated, and that because France had reached that dangerous point in the history of disease when the heart is incapable of sending the life-blood through the veins of a body. Paris, Versailles, and an immediate neighborhood of sixty miles formed the heart of France, where civilization had reached its height, the climax of enjoyment, of refinement, and of the art of living; but beyond the district of this enchanted circle reigned poverty, discomfort of all kinds, and affliction of spirit. The gradual concentration or conflux towards Paris of all that counted in the kingdom was the work of one hundred and fifty years, and one of the causes of the well-nigh fatal malady which has afflicted France since 1789. The custom of the higher nobility was to have a hotel in Paris, an apartment in the palace of Versailles, and a country-house within sixty miles. Their

*Pp. 16 and 20. In all questions of figures it must be remembered that it is necessary to double or treble the given sums to form a notion of what they really represented.

possessions in the country were administered by a steward, and the whole personal interest displayed in his tenantry by the grand seigneur amounted to this: "How much can I get out of them?" It is unnecessary to say that the itching desire to make money grow, as it were, out of the hedgerows was prompted by the false needs of an artificial splendor out of keeping with the most magnificent fortune. The same division was noticeable in the church. The priors and curés alone stayed behind; the fifteen hundred abbés and priors *en commende* buzzed round the court like moths, singeing their wings in the glare and losing the moral character which had constituted the force of the ecclesiastical order—that of religion teaching with authority. In the same way the twenty-seven hundred vicars-general and canons of chapters fled from solitude to enjoy the social pleasures of town life, where their chief occupation was dining out. The attractions of the gilded crowd at Versailles are in no way better established than by considering the singular advantages which even a moderate landed proprietor enjoyed on his own land in the province. He was the "first inhabitant," and treated as such not only during his life, but even after death. In the church he is presented with incense and holy water, and if he has founded it the poor curé has an evil time. All things are made subservient to his wishes, even down to the hour of the Masses, and for his reward after death his body is laid in the choir. If he bears a title the administration of justice is in his hands; and there were whole provinces where this was an indispensable right for the landed proprietor. He has a prison for the punishment of various shades of delinquents, sometimes even a gallows. Like a prince within his own territory, he inherits the goods of the criminal, succeeds to the natural child dying without will or issue, and to all property where will and heirs fail. He may appropriate all goods on his estate which have no owner, and a third of any treasure which may be found. Besides these privileges he has the right of a taxation extending to pretty nearly all the departments of life, and which he levies in virtue of the services he is supposed to render to society. In the middle ages these indeed were no sinecure, though the system was open to gross abuse; but in the eighteenth century the material part of the feudal structure alone remained; its spirit had been long dead. The concentration of power was totally opposed to the notion of feudalism; the policy of Richelieu, faithfully carried out by the successors of Louis XIII., was preparing a race not of watch-dogs but of puppets, whose sole object was to shine, not to labor; to dominate, not to govern. The crown gradually absorbed all local interests, leaving to the feudal lords their rights, indeed, but cutting from under their feet the very ground upon which those rights rested. Under Louis XIV. anything like initiative on the part of the nobles was severely discountenanced. Later on the whole administrative of the respective provinces was provided for by the crown, rendering the position of the smaller proprietors one of proud idleness. The situation, then, was made for them, and it was more vicious than they. It is difficult to decide which was the more pitiful lot of the two which

fell to French noblemen, to waste their days under the scorching sun of Versailles, or to be reduced to the ignoble uselessness of a country-house, where the home duties were all performed by mercenary hands. The consequences of the policy are manifest. No nobleman who could possibly help it would endure provincial nonentity whilst the lucrative occupation of meriting the king's favor was to be had at the court. And, once departed, they, the lesser lights of the firmament, imitated the great sun: they drew all their advantages after them, or at least as many as were movable, and, as of necessity in human things, the excessive prosperity of the minority carried with it grievous suffering to the majority. Here we have only to deal with the non-residence of the landed proprietors inasmuch as it affected the country at large.

The first, and in some respects the most fatal, consequence was the stagnation which it entailed on agriculture. Let it be borne in mind that during the reign of Louis XVI. it was estimated that the princes of the blood possessed one-seventh of the whole soil of France.* The domains of other grand seigneurs, such as the Duc de Bouillon, the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Prince de Soubise, were proportionately extensive; yet generally, in the case of these large landed properties, the land was not under cultivation. Alluding to the two last, an English traveller in France remarks: "The only signs I noticed of their great possessions were commons and land running to waste." The whole race, with few exceptions, knew nothing of their property, and only communicated with their farmers for the purpose of beating them down. Here and there a verdant and well-cultivated district betrayed the work of the monks, for whom Versailles had no attractions. Sometimes the sterile portion of an abbé *in commendam* would be found side by side with these oases, presenting a painful contrast to the patriot, the one looking like the "patrimony of a spendthrift, the other where nothing is omitted that can in any way conduce to amelioration."* M. Taine thinks that probably one-third of France was as deserted and as ill cultivated as Ireland in its worst days of English oppression. In most things seeing, and seeing alone, is believing. The weak and worn-down peasant out of work was not brought home to the luxurious absentee. Now and then the master was uncomfortably reminded of the dependant's distress by a letter from the steward telling him that the rents could not be paid, but grievances which were thus whispered had small echo in the midst of court revelry. Insensibly the nobility formed an erroneous notion of the peasant, gathered from the fanciful scenes of happy Arcadia then in vogue on the fashionable stage. The very system of always acting through a steward was open to abuse, for the man was constantly tempted to feather his own nest by playing a dishonorable part towards the tenantry.

"According to the canons," says one statement, "every one in possession of a benefice is bound to give a fourth of his revenues to the poor. In our parish, however, whereas a benefice of more than twelve thousand francs is received, nothing is given to the poor except a mere trifle by the curé." "L'Abbé

* P. 53.

Quoted by M. Taine, p. 65.

de la Croix Leufroy, *gros décimateur*, and l'Abbé de Bernay, with a benefice of fifty-seven thousand francs, do not reside. They both keep everything for themselves, and hardly give their working curés enough to live upon." A curé of Berry says: "In my parish I have six simple benefices, whereof the titulars are always absent. Altogether they possess a revenue of nine thousand francs. Last year during the bad times I sent them a most pressing begging letter. I received two louis only from one of them; the greater number did not even answer me." * If ever honesty were rendered all but impossible it would be in a system which obliged its members to cheat in proportion as they were cheated, and which went so far as to buy the privilege of cheating. It not unfrequently happened that a farmer or a contractor would pay a certain sum to his patron for license to claim his taxes, and in these cases natural rapacity, enhanced by the lack of breeding, made itself dearly felt on the shoulders of the unfortunate cultivators. Once given, the license could seldom be reclaimed, as the absentee at Versailles was involved in a network of debts, and was becoming by degrees the debtor of his inferiors. The French nobleman, who fancied that honorable occupation was derogatory to his dignity, had no delicate scruples about turning his property into ready money or encumbering it with mortgages for the comfort of his posterity. During the emigration, when it became a question of paying the debts of the nobles, it was found that the largest fortunes of France were almost eaten up by mortgages. But the worst feature under this head was the traffic carried on in the administration of justice. What the proprietor wanted was money; he cared very little about the measure meted out to his tenants in the province, and thus he was no doubt tempted to sell the post of judge to the highest bidder. Out of this sum he received yearly tithes, varying according to the place, and sometimes he took occasion to barter the whole for more gold. The consequence of this *auri sacra fames* was the pestilential breeding of a crowd of officers who had to be supported by the sweat of the peasantry. "All the departments of justice appertaining to the lord of the manor," says a contemporary document,* "are infested by a crowd of bailiffs of every description. There are sergeants of the lord, mounted bailiffs, bailiffs of the wand (*huissiers à verge*), and guards of various ranks. It is not uncommon to find ten in a district which would hardly be able to support two, if they kept to their work." These individuals are leagued together, like fools at a fair, to feather their own nests at the expense of others, and in this case the other people were those who could least afford to be defrauded. Occasionally the miserable pay given by the proprietor to the local inspector of taxes forces him to visit his short commons on the peasantry. "The dark breed of judicial leeches," pointedly remarks M. Taine, "sucks the more greedily from a lean provender in proportion as it itself is numerous, inasmuch as it has paid for the privilege of sucking." The cardinal virtue of justice has almost ceased to exist; the lord is fearful of spending his money on a criminal case, and the judges are equally so of not being paid for their pains.

* P. 66.

* *Archives Nationales*, quoted by M. Taine, p. 70.

There is, however, one part of his domains which the proprietor tenderly fosters, one point at least where his jurisdiction is severe and repressive. The chase was almost as needful to a nobleman as food and drink; it marked his rank as trade branded a bourgeois. At a time when a third of France was covered with forests overrun by wild beasts it had been the business of the feudal lord to exterminate them; and here again he fastened his excesses to an ancient title-deed in virtue of which hunting had once been a service to society. The crops were entirely subordinated to the preservation of the game; gamekeepers, huntsmen, wood-keepers, magistrates usurped, indeed, the place of justices of the peace and judges to extend that protection to wild animals which should have been vouchsafed to man. There are many documents to prove the grievous consequences entailed upon the country by the inordinate passion for sport. For instance, in 1789 two cases of recent assassination are quoted as perpetrated by the keepers of Mme. A——, of M. N , of a prelate, and of a maréchal of France on two citizens who were taken up in the act of violating sporting regulations or in carrying arms. The four keepers rejoice in perfect security. In the province of Artois a parish declares that in the territory of the lord of the manor the game consumes the corn, and that in consequence laborers will be obliged to give up their cultivation. "The Comte d'Oisy hunts in twenty villages round Oisy, riding recklessly through the harvest. His sportsmen, who are always armed, have killed several persons under the pretence of looking to their master's rights. . . . The game, more numerous here than in the royal capitaineries, devours the seeds of the crops every year, twenty thousand measures (*razières*) of wheat, and as much of other seeds. At Evreux the game destroys everything up to the house-doors. . . . On account of the game the citizen is not even free in the course of the summer to take up the weeds which are choking the corn and spoiling the seeds. . . . How many women have been left widows and how many children fatherless for the sake of a wretched rabbit or hare!" In Normandy, at Gouffern the gamekeepers "are so stern that they insult, misuse, and kill men." In the *baillage* of Domfront "the inhabitants of more than ten parishes are obliged to watch the whole night for six months in the year, in order to save their crops." As it might be surmised, the province which most distinguished itself in its melancholy passion for the chase was that of the Ile de France. In one single parish the wild rabbits of the neighborhood destroyed eight hundred acres of land under cultivation and a harvest of twenty-four hundred *setiers* of wheat—the whole year's provision for eight hundred persons. At La Rochette dogs and deer overrun the fields by day, and devour by night the vegetables in the inhabitants' small gardens.* In districts belonging to these capitaineries high walls are the only preservative against the obstreperous wild tribe. About Fontainebleau, Melun, and Bois-le-Roi three-fourths of the land is not cultivated. Brolle, except for a few crumbling gables, is in ruins. At Villiers and Dame-Marie eight hundred acres are running to waste. By the ordinance of 1762 every man living within the range of a capitainerie

* P. 75.

is forbidden to enclose his own ground or any ground whatsoever with walls, hedges, or ditches, without special license. He may not plough his meadow before the 24th of June, or enter his own field from the 1st of May to the 24th of June, or visit the islands on the Seine to cut herbs or sticks (*osier*), even if they belong to him. These tender precautions are intended to protect the partridges' cover. Less attention, remarks M. Taine with well-merited sarcasm, would be bestowed upon a woman in labor.* No less than twelve hundred square miles of France were given up to these capitaineries. Small wonder was it that the popular mind confused the nobles with the animals they protected with so much zeal, or that, in fact, the sudden apparition of a troop of deer called forth such an exclamation as 'There goes the nobility.' The reward they reaped for their enactions about mute animals procured them the honor of being accounted as one of the number. They themselves viewed the chase as a pastime which was, so to say, a part of noble blood. Louis XV. is reported to have remarked to Mgr. Dillon, "You hunt a great deal, M. l'Evêque. I have heard something about it. How can you forbid it to your curés, if you pass your life in setting them the example?"

"Sire," answered Dillon, "as to my curés, hunting is their failing. In my case it is the failing of my ancestors." †

Another consequence of the material working of feudalism after its spirit had departed was the whole system of monopolies, which were fatal to the well-doing and prosperity of the people. When the various orders of a nation seek to appropriate privileges it is noteworthy that a latent cause of that nation's disorganization is at hand. Self-seeking destroys patriotic as well as family spirit, and when the nobles and higher clergy compassed themselves about with a bulwark of exemptions and monopolies, they were in the French nation one of the foremost elements of national dissolution. That the nobles, in their measure and degree, should be as good as the king was but the proper development of the feudal idea, and so in fact it came to pass that the people were supporting not one but many courts where the luxury and splendor were all but royal. Total or partial exemption from taxation was one of the means adopted by the king of France of recognizing their ancient descent. The first weapon of the fisc was the taillage, or land-tax, which affected the landed proprietor of noble blood only through his farmers. The regal inspector passed him by as long as he or his steward worked his property, and consequently at the end of four hundred and fifty years the nobleman had contributed little or nothing towards the land-tax. Two other modes of taxation had been in use for about a century—*capitation*, or personal tax, which was made to depend upon the land-tax, and the twentieths. There was a fourth tax which became later distinct from the twentieths, to which it had been first attached. It was the statute duty, of which the burden fell most heavily on the poor in virtue of its being joined to the land-tax. The upper clergy and the nobility met these new assaults in different ways; and perhaps, on the whole, the clergy, as the most united body in France, got the best of it. They

* Ib. † P. 72.

could turn to their assemblies; and that which has collective strength stands a fair chance of success. They protested skilfully against the personal tax and the twentieths, and called the nominal tax which they consented to make a *don gratuit.* The nobles had no public organ of disaffection, but they bestirred themselves in private, and, not being able to escape all payment, they softened the blow by numerous devices, which were taken in perfect good part by the government officers. They profited even by their non-residence at their seats to shirk the full amount of the personal tax and to pay as little as they pleased. In the province of Champagne, of the sum of 1,500,000 francs produced by this tax they contributed but 14,000—that is, "two sous and two deniers for the same thing which cost twelve sous a pound to the ordinary man."* "I manage the collectors," the Duke of Orleans used to say—and he was one of the wealthiest princes in France. "I pay pretty much what I please." The princes of the blood paid 180,000 francs instead of 2,400,000 for their two-twentieths. We have seen the numerous monopolies enjoyed by the lord of the manor in virtue of his position. Privileges of the same kind could be granted to bishops and chapters to the detriment of the people. Thus in 1781, in spite of a decision of one of those lifeless bodies, a French parliament—in this case that of Rennes—the canons of St. Malo were maintained in their monopoly of a common oven against the unfortunate bakers of the place, who naturally wished to bake their bread at home, and thus furnish it to the inhabitants at a lower price. Such privileges in small things were but a shadow of what was carried on in higher departments. A pernicious regulation was revived under Louis XV. by which plebeians were excluded from military preferment. To become a captain it was necessary to prove four degrees of nobility. It was further decided about the same time that "all church goods, from the smallest priory to the richest abbies," should be reserved to the nobility.* It was no dead letter. Nineteen noble chapters of men and twenty-five noble chapters of women, two hundred and sixty commanderies of Malta, were thus secured to them, besides the archbishoprics and all bishoprics, save five, which they occupied by royal favor. The proportion of nobles in possession of abbies *in commendam* and of vicar-generalships is three to four. Church preferment was, indeed, the most effective means of corruption at the disposal of the crown. M. Taine notes that he counted eighty-three abbacies in the hands of chaplains, tutors, or readers to the king, the queen, the princes and princesses.† The richest prelates of France likewise held the richest benefices. The same division existed in the secular charges. The thirty-seven provincial governments of importance, the seven lesser provincial governments, the sixty-six general lieutenancies, the four hundred and seven special governments, the thirteen governments of royal establishments, and many others, were in the hands of the nobles. And let it be remembered that all these posts were pure sinecures as far as work was concerned. The crown governed in reality, and paid its butlers and footmen with royal magnificence

* P. 25. * P. 82. † P. 83.

to look as if they belonged to the king of France. A few figures will tend to reveal the sort of comfort enjoyed by these domestics of an absolute monarch. The government-general of Berry was valued at 35,000 francs, that of Guyenne at 120,000, that of Languedoc at 160,000. A small government, such, for instance, as Havre, was worth 35,000 francs without the extras. Roussillon, a secondary lieutenancy, brought in from 13,000 to 14,000 francs, a government-general from 12,000 to 18,000. The single province of the Ile de France numbered thirty-four of these governments.*

There was yet another monopoly engendered by the system of exemptions—the monopoly of hard work forced upon those who received but little of the pay. We shall speak later of the utterly miserable condition of the peasant; now we wish to call attention to the kind of suffering imposed upon the lower clergy. The gates of ecclesiastical distinction, if we except three or four of the poorest bishoprics, were closed to the plebeian curé, whose ministry was hampered from first to last by the struggle to keep body and soul together. As early as 1766, before the Revolution, the existence of these two camps was clearly noted by a contemporary. The upper clergy would have considered it derogatory to their dignity to be offered a *cure* at all. They looked merely to the lucrative side of the question, leaving its toils to fall to the lot of the day-laborers of their order. It is doubtful whether the cavils of a harshly-inflicted poverty be conducive to zealous priests. If the curé, for instance, be obliged to dispute over a blade of corn or a tithe of peas or lentils, it is too probable that littleness will take fast possession of his soul, and a very sore littleness, too, when he considers that others are paid luxuriously for the work he does. Towards 1760 an effort was made to improve the condition of the country curé by raising his miserable pittance. In case of inadequate provision the holder of a benefice in his parish, the *collateur*, or tithe-gatherer, was bound to make up the sum of 500 francs; later, in 1785, that of 700; and the salary of the *vicaire* was raised in the same way from 200 in 1760 to 350 in 1785. Unfortunately this effort seems to have been weak and wanting in thoroughness; however, much of the blame must be attached to the vicious state of things. Thus M. Taine speaks of an archbishop of Toulouse receiving half the tithes and giving eight francs a year in charity; of a rich chapter at Bretz distributing ten for the same purpose. At Ste. Croix de Bernay, in Normandy, the abbé non-resident, with a revenue of 57,000 francs, gives 1,050 francs to the curé, who has no presbytery and 4,000 communicants. At St. Laurent, in the same province, the *cure* is not worth more than 400 francs, which the curé shares with an *obitier* (one who lives upon a foundation of black Masses), and there are 500 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom live on charity.*

In the midst of a self-seeking which pervaded all departments like an element of decomposition one principle of concentration survived; it was that of fellow-suffering in injustice. At the day of retribution the poor curé, one of the people, joined heart and cause with the oppressed. When at last the

* P. 85.

* P. 96.

convocation of the *Etats-Généraux* sounded the first knell of the monarchy, out of three hundred deputies from the clergy, two hundred and eight were curés of the struggling class we have been describing.

If the king's servants lived and revelled upon the fat of the land, what must the king himself have done? It is time to cast a glance upon the monarch who bore the burden of so much pleasure, upon the single man who alone constituted the order which was of the most importance in France. If he had reduced his nobles to sparkling nonentities, or to brilliant ornaments without political or legislative weight, it is manifest that, in justice to his country, he should have had some kind of definite or indefinite purpose to hold in his single hands the reins of the entire government. No ordinary man, much less a prince reared in a court hot-house of the eighteenth century, could suffice to the wide task; in point of fact there were at least six items which he put before France, his paternal inheritance. These were his "self-love, his tastes, his relations, his mistress, his wife, and his friends." If the unfortunate queen of Louis XV. had less than her due preponderance in this programme her place was but too ill supplied by rivals, and first and foremost by that of Mme. de Pompadour, on whom her kingly lover spent the sum of thirty-six millions of francs. Personal interest on the part of the king had dictated all the wars during an interval of a hundred years from 1672 to 1774. A royal love of the chase was a necessary passion in the sovereign, as it was in his privileged subjects, and in the year 1751 it was calculated that Louis XV. owned four thousand horses in his stables and had cost the nation sixty-eight millions, one-fourth of the whole revenue. Even the conscientious Louis XVI. inherited the faults of his place, and, in the kindness of his heart, made his friends a burden to the public treasury. He once presented four hundred thousand francs to the Comtesse de Polignac for the liquidation of her debts, with a further sum of eight hundred thousand for her daughter's marriage portion. She was, moreover, promised a property worth thirty-five thousand francs a year, and a pension of thirty thousand for her lover, the Comte de Vaudreuil. The Polignac family received altogether from the royal bounty the annual sum of seven hundred thousand francs, and the Noailles about twelve millions. Versailles itself was like an immense house built for the convenience of the sovereign. Each street was in some way connected with royalty, from the splendid hotels of the nobility, encircling their king like a bodyguard, to the wonderful spectacle presented by the small world gathered within the palace. When princes and princesses of France came of age or married they were given separate establishments; but the term then included all conceivable and inconceivable requirements. There were two hundred and seventy-four offices in the Duke of Orleans' establishment, two hundred and ten in that of mesdames the aunts of Louis XVI., whilst Mme. Elisabeth owned sixty-eight, the Comtesse de Provence two hundred and fifty-six, the queen four hundred and ninety-six. These figures may prepare minds for the astonishing fact that the king's own establishment was composed of nearly four thousand persons. In all, fifteen thousand

occupied offices at court, or rather they were there to fulfil the exigencies of a post which measured its own importance by outward magnificence.* The one thing more stupendously appalling to the treasury than the court at Versailles was the court on a journey. The king had about twelve residences besides Versailles, and when he went away the vast multitude employed in imaginary offices about his person went too. In one way at least the sovereign paid the penalty for his splendor : his life in its smallest details belonged to his courtiers, and if the planets did not weary of revolving round their sun, we may be sure the sun would at times have gladly ceased to be what he was for a few hours' solitude. No sooner was he called in the morning than the *entrées* were introduced. Children, princes of the blood, great ladies, and great officers assailed him before he was out of bed. There was a ceremonial even about the arm-chair and the dressing-gown, and hardly had the poor king sat himself down when other visitors were introduced. In the corridor outside a crowd was waiting for a smile or a look when he passed along it to Mass. Every look, every tone of his voice had a reason for existence or had been regulated by etiquette. There was no behind the scenes for this king who was stifled with courtiers. Much the same ceremonial was carried out when he started for his hunting, when he returned, and when he went to bed. "Every day for six years," says a page, "my comrades and I watched Louis XVI. going to bed in public." † The throne of this monarch was surrounded by twelve princely courts—for the establishments of his near relations were nothing less. The same multitude of idle offices existed in these minor constellations in a proportionate degree. The queen's first bedchamber women, whose salary was supposed to be one hundred and fifty francs, received twelve thousand, and made altogether fifty thousand by selling the wax candles which had been used in the day. At Fontainebleau the gamekeeper realized twenty thousand francs yearly by rabbits. The *petit dejeûner* of the queen's ladies was said to cost the state two thousand francs a year for each. When in 1780 Louis XVI., seriously wishing to retrench, signed the *Réforme de la bouche*, 600,000 francs were allotted to mesdames his aunts for their table—the cost to the public of three old ladies' dinners; his two brothers received 8,300,000 francs for the same purpose as quite apart from their income of 2,000,000; and 4,000,000 were apportioned to the queen for her table by this strange reform. As may be supposed, these sums represent capital, not income. Their astonishing amount is explained by the step of M. de Calonne. On coming to the ministry he made a loan of 100,000,000, not a quarter of which ever entered the royal treasury. They were stopped short of their destination by those about the court. Thus, the king is calculated to have bestowed 56,000,000 on the Comte d'Artois, and 25,000,000 on M. le Comte de Provence.* The *Réforme de la bouche* suggests the conclusion, What must the palmier days have been of the royal personages whom it curtailed, if this was their economy ?

Intercourse so constant with the sovereign as that which fell to the

* P. 127. † P. 140. * P. 91.

lot of the courtier at Versailles did not beget noble sentiments. Magnificence and worldliness go hand-in-hand, and the predominating feature of his life was to make all he could out of his accommodating master. Domestic insects were hard at work under the shadow of this splendid representation; they were like moths eating away the fair cloth in the dark. One day out hunting Louis XV. asked the Duc de Choiseul what he supposed he, the king, paid for the carriage in which they were sitting. The duke replied that his majesty, being a king, and not always paying ready money, might have given 8,000 francs. "You are quite wrong," answered the king, "for this carriage as you see it costs me 30,000 francs. . . . The thefts committed in my household are enormous, but it is impossible to prevent them." The tradesmen of Louis XV. were so constantly kept waiting for their money that in the end they refused to supply and got out of the way. The custom of paying them five per cent. interest for their money was regularly adopted, and in 1778, after all Turgot's reforms, Louis XVI. owed nearly 800,000 francs to his wine merchant and nearly 3,500,000 to his purveyor. Mme. Elisabeth's expenses for fish alone amounted to 30,000 francs yearly, for meat and game to 70,000, for lighting to 60,000. The queen's wax lights came to 157,109 francs. These figures cover an amount of cheating rare even in court annals. At Versailles the street is still shown where the courtiers were in the habit of selling whatever they could carry away from the king's table. The royal orgeat and lemonade was put down at 2,190 francs, and at two years old Mme. Royale's soup came to 5,201 francs. The Dauphine, under Louis XV., was charged for "four pairs of boots a week, three yards of ribbon a day for her dressing-gown, two yards of sarcenet a day to cover a basket which held her gloves and fan."* The king could not pay his debts, the courtiers could not pay theirs; the consequence was inevitable in so polite a country as France. The throne, indeed, for its own great misfortune, was surrounded by families where splendid appearances covered ruin in various stages. They were as proud monuments which hid rotting bones.

To the sound of music and laughter the first principle of social life was departing. Christian marriage existed only in appearance, and that in rare instances. Husband and wife called each other monsieur and madame, kept different establishments, and seldom met. A Parisian visiting at a remote château would express elegant surprise if a lady present ventured to speak of her husband as *mon ami*. The mistress of a house at that time knew of no other duties but that of entertaining visitors. She held her drawing-room as the king held his court, and lived in public as far as she might. The sole semblance of anything like a virtue displayed by that society which has passed away was its exquisite politeness. Louis XIV. had first set the example of perfect gallantry, and he had been faithfully imitated.

Two princes of the blood were about to fight a duel, the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon. The latter being the injured party, it was the Comte d'Artois' place to take the initiative. As soon as he saw the duke he jumped from his horse, and said with a smiling air:

* Pp. 166, 167

"Monsieur, people pretend that we are seeking each other." Whereat the duke answered courteously: "Monsieur, I am here to carry out your commands."

"To carry out yours," replied the count, "you must allow me to go to my carriage." Returning with a sword, they separated after a short fight, and again began to be polite. "It is not for me to have an opinion," began the count. "It is for M. le Duc de Bourbon to speak. I am here to receive his orders."

"Monsieur," said the duke, "I am filled with gratitude for your goodness, and shall never forget the honor you have done me." *

It must be owned that if they sinned in deed they did not sin in language, and the same remark was made by Horace Walpole. The subtlety of crime was so great that the strongest passions veiled themselves under outward decorum. When parents were troubled with children they treated them like strangers of inferior rank, and very often made them over to servants. Daughters were easily disposed of at convents, leaving their mothers free for society. The education of a certain little girl, Félicité de St. Aubin, who was kept at home, may be taken as a fair instance of the spirit which reigned amongst the upper circles. Up to the age of seven the child saw her parents in the morning and at meals; the rest of the time was passed with ladies' maids, whose catechetical instruction was far outweighed by their telling of ghost-stories. The marquise, her mother, had dabbled in operettas, and had built a theatre in her château. Here at the age of seven, after twelve weeks of rehearsals, little Félicité performed the part of Cupid. The costume appeared to suit her so well that she wore it for nine months all day, taking in it her dancing-lessons and reciting poetry before a large audience. At an early age children were indoctrinated as to the part they would have to perform; and when we have said that we have given the clue as to what was expected of them. Dancing and the most elegant way of acting the part of life were the two things to be learned in those days; for society appeared to the young generation as a vast stage where they were to become actors and actresses. There was a received way of doing the smallest actions; sitting down, picking up a glove, holding a fork, opening a fan, offering an arm—these were the important occupations which it behoved young France to learn, and if any one ventured to take any steps out of the beaten way he was branded as a specimen of an unknown tribe. But this narrowness extended itself to conversation and to thought. Opinions were ready-made, and required only to be accepted. Nothing could be said to a gentleman without "putting yourself at his disposal" (*se mettre à ses ordres*), nor to a lady except by "casting yourself at her feet." A rich instance of the affectation which had so entirely passed into social custom is quoted by M. Taine. A young lady, through the credit of her family, had obtained a pension for Marcel, a famous dancing-master. She went off in great joy to his house, holding out the *brevet*. But Marcel had no notion of such spontaneity. Throwing the *brevet* to the ground, he replied: "Is it thus, mademoiselle, that I have taught you to pick up a thing? Pick it up and bring it back in the way you ought." The girl obeyed, throwing much grace into the ac-

* P. 185.

tion. "Very good, mademoiselle," Marcel vouchsafed to say. "I accept it, although your elbow was not properly curved, and I thank you." *

Hardly better than this affectation was the fashion to become feeling (*sensible*) which followed it, and which in fact was another offspring from the same source, idleness of mind, and emptiness of heart. Besides which it may be remarked in passing that few things done purely for fashion's sake are of much worth. Guided by this ruler, people discovered that they ought to admire nature and sympathize with peasants, become human, have a heart and some kind of religious belief. The good seed had in great part been choked by worldly enjoyments, and society was getting to that worst kind of infidelity which is engendered by long negligence of the truth once possessed. The worthless nature of the "feeling" phase is indicated by the fact that it prompted a *culte* for friendship and benevolence, thus coming back to the old heathen idea of deifying one of God's attributes. A certain accent, a particular manner of looking at each other, was requisite between two friends who were "sensible"; and when a fashionable author read his piece for the first time in a drawing-room a fainting-fit was considered only a becoming homage to his talent, and the ladies of those days contrived so well that it was generally paid to him. Voltaire, who forcibly represented the century, was greeted by a passion of emotion. A lady threw herself into his arms, crying and sighing as if overcome by her feelings. In no way could the fashionable sensibility have better proved its utter despicableness. Life is a struggle, not a long day of enjoyment, and all faculties that are not used become less acute. Legs that are never walked upon forget the purpose for which they were created, and minds unaccustomed to labor lose the capability of exertion. At length a day came when the candles of the bright pageant were all extinguished, and the actors learned in their groping darkness the insufficiency of enjoyment, polite affectation, or sensibility to solve the mighty problems of life. It is a strange fact that a last sacrifice paid to agonizing etiquette should have caused the likewise dying monarchy to miss the flight to Varennes. But it is faithfully recorded that Mme. de Tourzel claimed her place in the carriage as governess of the children of France; that the king lost precious time in order to obtain a maréchal's baton to give to a friend; that, in short, the queen found that she could not possibly travel without a dressing-case, and waited till an enormous one could be produced. By what extraordinary phenomenon the nobility preserved their peace and serenity in the prisons of the unchained Revolution or at the foot of the guillotine is not easy to explain. It may have been partly due to long-acquired habits of idleness; it was certainly polite to smile in the face of so grim a death. But by these strong measures God doubtless saved many for himself who, without the bloody ordeal, would have perished in utter forgetfulness of their souls and been lost to him for all eternity.

The new cant respecting friendship and benevolence met, however, with a deep echo from the lower classes. At last the higher order was to be confronted with

* P. 206.

the real peasant, not with that imaginary being who had existed in Rousseau's sensitive fancy. The burning torch, in falling from the brilliant drawing-room, found the cellar full of gunpowder. Before describing some of the sufferings of that miserable being, the French peasant, it is very important to understand the circumstances which led to the ascendency of the *tiers état.* With all his magnificence, the king of France was in truth their debtor; and if there is one thing more than another calculated to provoke a lender, it is to see the man whom he has consented to supply making merry with his money. It has been seen that the royal purveyors under Louis XV. and Louis XVI. enjoyed a somewhat honorary dignity, but these symptoms of impecuniosity in high places were by no means the first of their kind. Already under Fleury the national debt increased to 18,000,000 francs, and during the Seven Years' War to 34,000,000 more. Under Louis XVI. a loan of 1,630,000,000 was borrowed, and the interest alone of the debt rose from 45,000,000 in 1755 to 106,000,000 in 1776, and to 206,000,000 in 1789. Naturally the creditors were gaining power, and these creditors were spread over the length and breadth of France. They were all gathered from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, financiers, and contractors of all sorts. Again, in this particular the concentration of the monarchy told against itself; for if the king's government undertook all local details the *onus* of unpaid debts could be laid to no other door. Insensibly the absolute sovereign of France was becoming the debtor of his lesser subjects, and they, like men who approach a great picture which they had previously seen from a distance, suddenly awoke to the fact that the whole was a very poor compound, painted for distant effects. The annual deficit amounted in 1770 to 70,000,000, and to 80,000,000 in 1783. Efforts to reduce it had been totally unavailing, or rather the remedy had been worse than the disease, for they had resulted in three most disastrous bankruptcies. There was, then, a certain justice in the cry for social reform, although its excesses fell upon the wrong person, the virtuous and unfortunate Louis XVI. The long-suffering *bourgeoisie* wearied at last of lending, and required an account of their money.

But their position was comfort compared to that of the peasant. The subordination of agriculture to the pastimes of the nobles, the magnetism exercised by the court at Versailles, and a system of taxation of which he bore the brunt, all tended to make his existence a very burden. During the space of a hundred years before the Revolution the condition of the laboring classes had gone from bad to worse. In 1689 La Bruyère wrote: "Certain wild animals, male and female, are seen scattered about the country, dark, livid, burnt up by the sun, attached to the earth, which they dig and cultivate with invincible perseverance. They are just able to articulate, and when they stand up they show a human face; and, in fact, they are men. At night they retire to dens, where they live upon black bread, water, and herbs. They spare other men the necessary labor of sowing, ploughing, and reaping, and thus deserve not to be deprived of the bread which they have sown." * But this un-

* P. 429.

fortunate human animal cannot always claim his offspring. In 1715 about six millions had perished from want, and contemporary documents prove that from 1698 to 1715 the population of France was fast decreasing. One circumstance in particular helped to keep the peasant in his misery: his lively conviction that more comfort would imply a heavier taxation. At the height of Fleury's prosperity the laboring man hid his bread away from the receivers and his wine from the tax, feeling sure that he was lost if it were found out that he was not dying of hunger.* When, therefore, he had no bread or wine to hide, famine and mortality were the order of the day. In 1740 the bishop of Clermont-Ferrand wrote to Fleury: "Our country people live in the greatest misery, without beds or furniture. Most of them even, for six months in the year, have neither barley-bread nor oats, which is their sole nourishment, and which they are obliged to snatch from their own and their children's mouths to pay the taxes. . . . It really comes to this: that the negroes of our islands are infinitely better off; for by working they are fed and clothed together with their wives and children, instead of which the most laborious peasants in the kingdom are unable, by the hardest and most persevering labor, to obtain bread for themselves and their family and to pay the taxes." † Ten years later, in 1750, the same evil was in a more advanced stage. A proprietor at thirty miles from Paris complained of increasing mendicity and the almost utter impossibility for the laborers of obtaining work. But in this state of affairs the taxes were levied with a truly military discipline. "The collectors with bailiffs, followed by locksmiths, break open the doors, take off the furniture, and sell all for a quarter of its value." * Day-laborers sought refuge in towns, and whole villages were abandoned. It was not without cause that the peasant strove to hide any appearance of less than abject misery, for the faintest shadow of comfort was the signal for fresh impositions. One of the most fatal proofs of vital languor was the repugnance shown by the young people to marry. "It was not worth while," they said, "to create others to be as unfortunate as they were." † In Touraine the people were too weak to work. A feeble resource was open to this unfortunate class—expatriation from France or removal to towns; but even there they were pursued by the tax-gatherers. Mendicity in its most appalling form was the result of the desertion of villages. Paris was overrun, Rouen and Tours contained 12,000 beggars, and at Lyons 20,000 silk-weavers were kept by force from escaping to the frontier. In 1751 a *vicaire* of the parish Ste. Marguerite, in Paris, stated that 800 poor people had fallen victims to cold and hunger in their garrets during the single month dating from January 20 to Febuary 20. In short, official documents clearly prove that for the thirty years which immediately preceded the Revolution the peasant had barely enough to maintain existence, and not always that.‡

A fourth of France was uncultivated, and agriculture, according to the remark of a competent Englishman,§ was eight centuries behind its time. M. Taine calculates that

* P. 430. † P. 431. * P. 433. † P. 434. ‡ P. 437. § Arthur Young.

the price of bread and the then usual wages for labor did not allow more than half a loaf a day to the unfortunate man whose sole maintenance was thus curtailed. Another loss to the country engendered by the state of things was the absence of farmers in seven-eighths of France. The land was chiefly worked by *métayers*, a wretched race of hirelings, who gave their master their arms and received enough to keep them from starving. The small proprietor who worked his own field led a life only to be compared to that of modern treadmills. Arthur Young speaks of a poor family in Champagne who fitly represented their class. A young woman of twenty-eight was bent by hard work till she looked between sixty and seventy. She and her husband owned a small patch of ground, a cow, and a half-starved horse, but likewise seven children. They owed one proprietor forty-two pounds of cheese and three chickens, three pecks of oats, a chicken, and a sou to another, besides the taxes and various impositions. Here was a case of paying down to the last farthing; but it was the ordinary condition of peasants. The court, the nobility, and the landed proprietors absorbed the country's energies; the provincial towns and outlying districts submitted generally to a comparative barbarity. Bourges in 1753 and 1754 is thus described by some exiled magistrates: "A town where nobody is to be found to whom one can speak with comfort upon any reasonable topic whatever; nobles, three-fourths of whom are dying of hunger, stuck up with their birth, keeping lawyers and financiers at a distance, and thinking it queer that the daughter of a tax-receiver, married to a counsellor of the Paris Parliament, should allow herself any intellect or any society; a *bourgeoisie* of the densest ignorance, sole support of the lethargic state into which most of the inhabitants have fallen; bigoted and pretentious ladies much given to gambling and flirtation."* So much for the mind; and the material part of the business was in keeping. At Clermont-Ferrand there were "streets which, for color, dirtiness, and bad smells, could be compared only to trenches on a dung-heap." Provincial inns were remarkable for "narrow quarters, discomfort, dirtiness, and darkness." Amongst them Pradelles distinguished itself for badness. "That at Aubenas," Young expressively says, "would be a purgatory to one of my pigs."†

Unmitigated dirt, darkness, and hunger fell to the lot of the peasant; but, pressed down as he was by over-taxation and the evils of his entirely subordinate condition, he had nevertheless been steadily acquiring land through the eighteenth century. This circumstance of itself bears witness to the astonishing vigor of the French laboring-man, and to the peculiar capabilities of greatness which a nation with a groundwork of such a class must possess. The growing importance of the *tiers état* is comprehensible; but how, in the face of ruthless tax-gatherers and a gnawing hunger, the peasant had contrived to have any earnings is a fact only to be explained by his enduring character and his innate love of the soil. How often he had watched his opportunity to obtain a bit of field or meadow which was running to waste, and how easily sometimes the lord of the manor consented to dispossess himself of a worthless corner of land from which he was

* P. 60. † P. 450.

still to receive both dues and rents! In 1766 an ordinance in an indirect way helped on this alienation. Any tilled land was free from the *taille d'exploitation* for a term of fifteen years. Towards the end of the century it very frequently happened that, apart from his house, and perhaps a neighboring farm, the lord of the manor owned nothing but his feudal rights. Nominally the possessor of broad lands, the proprietor was in fact reduced to sell portions of his domain to small cultivators. But the peasant was working for future generations; he himself did not eat the bread which he earned at so great a price. In satisfying his passion for patches of the soil he encountered the full burden of its taxation, aggravated by the petty jealousy of his neighbors and by the low-bred harshness of the tax-gatherer, who was a peasant as well as he.

By the very law of nature the produce of the earth is due in the first place to its cultivator. Before anything else is done he ought to be paid back his expenses on the outset—his beasts of burden, his utensils, his farming implements, the capital which he has laid out on live-stock, his seeds, and his laborers. At this rate he will gain about half of the whole profit. In the state of things we are describing the king stepped into the cultivator's place and helped himself first, and then came the tax-gatherer. After they were satiated the cultivator's own share was considerably diminished. The small farmer received absolutely nothing of the fruits of his labors. A certain large farm in Picardy, worth 3,600 francs, paid 1,800 to the king and 1,311 to the tithe-gatherer; another in the Soissonnais district, rented at 4,500 francs, paid 2,200 for taxes and more than 1,000 *écus* in tithes. At a moderate *métairie* in Poitou 348 francs went to the fisc, and the proprietor received only 238. Another near Nevers paid 138 francs in taxes, 121 to the church and 114 to the proprietor. Yet the cost of the hired laborer on these *métairies* was comparatively nothing. They represented the yearly sum of 36.25 francs a head to their master, and ought, with their sober habits, to have been a source of great wealth to the country. Towards the end of Louis XV.'s reign it was estimated that in Limousin he drew as large a profit from a farm as the cultivator himself, at the rate of 56½ per cent. In Champagne, on a hundred francs, the fisc appropriated 54 francs 15 sous, and in some cases 71 francs 13 sous; and, to go into details which give us the pretext of the demand, a document speaks of an instance where on 100 francs the treasury took 25 for the land-tax, 16 for the accessories, 15 for personal tax, and 11 for the twentieths.* But the non-possession of land did not ensure even a relative peace. Excepting the twentieths, the taxes were applied equally to incomes. Near Toulouse the day-laborer, whose arms were his sole fortune, was required to pay 8, 9, and 10 francs of personal tax, gaining 10 sous a day. In Burgundy it was even worse. Capitation there frequently imposed from 18 to 20 francs upon the poor man without a sou. Nine-tenths of the working class in Brittany paid their all in taxes, and in Paris itself the most wretched street-walker, the seller of broken bottles, the gutter-scourer became amenable to a personal tax of 3 francs 10 sous a head as soon as they had a roof over

*P. 459.

them at night. No den was too poor for the tax-gatherer, no misfortune was great enough to stop his visit on the appointed day. Injustice may to a certain extent be softened by the manner of its execution, but the machinery for levying money went heavily round, causing deep and unnecessary gashes on the victim's warm flesh. Authority is wont to render a correction more tolerable. What, then, can be said for a system which set a race of administrative leeches, their equals, loose upon the people? It was a domestic civil war in a state of permanence, or a social conscription in virtue of which every man was bound at certain intervals to fleece himself and his neighbors. In large parishes there were from three to seven of these temporary tax gatherers; in the lesser districts the small proprietors performed the task in their turn. In some villages artisans, workingmen, *métayers* were forced to spend their valuable time in the odious labor; sometimes even it fell to the lot of women to gather the taxes. But the foulest part of the system was the gain which accrued to the receiver through late payments. Those parishes which discharged exactly their taxation were not the ones to call forth his smile of approbation, for his commanding officer, the receiver, made a positive profit on summonses, and consequently much approved of those who required a reminder.* The collector was responsible for the money he had to levy. This rendered his zeal quite fierce, and he would unhesitatingly dispute the father of a family his daily bread. In most cases the collector could not write, so it was necessary to take a man who could about with him from house to house; and besides the scribe, he was generally accompanied by the lowest class of bailiffs, a tribe called *garnisaires*, taken from the scum of the people. The presence of these *garnisaires* was often quite indispensable in order to obtain the arrears. "The peasant," remarks M. Taine, "is like his donkey, who requires to be beaten before he will go,"* and if he appears stupid he is a wise donkey. He works patiently for his daily bread, feeling convinced, in whatever reasoning faculties he has, that a better condition would imply double or treble labor. Heavier taxation was the bugbear which ever rose upon the peasant's horizon and caused him to submit to present evils.

The *gabelle*, or excise duties, which were chiefly on salt, was another means of levying money, and perhaps in no department was the arbitrariness of taxation more severely felt. In the provinces, where the *gabelle* was most strictly carried out, salt cost thirteen sous a pound, and by the ordinance of 1680 every person over seven years of age was obliged to buy seven pounds a year. In a family of four the necessary provision of salt would therefore absorb nineteen days' work, and it was a not uncommon case to take up for their shortcomings in the salt department those very people who had not bread to eat. This particular was the source of daily, almost hourly, vexations to the people through the extraordinary punctiliousness of the statute. Thus the seven obligatory pounds a year could only be used for a certain purpose, "soup and salt-cellar" (*pot-et-sabère*). The villager who salted a pig or a little meat as a provision for the winter lost his

*P. 465

*P. 466.

pig and paid a fine of 300 francs. The "soup and salt-cellar" was bound to be flavored from the yearly provision of seven pounds. No other might be used. Two sisters, living at three miles' distance from one of these salt bureaux, had finished their stock, and bethought themselves of boiling down some brine to obtain a few ounces. A lawsuit was the consequence, but, thanks to friends, they got off with 48 francs fine. Penalties of 20 and 40 francs were inflicted for drawing salt from the sea. Taking cattle to drink in marshes or other places where salt was to be found was even more heavily visited: confiscation and 300 francs loss were the consequences. Many other minute regulations protected salt, whilst they made human lives a burden and a misery. The other point which called forth the *gabelle's* tyranny was wine. The vine proprietor himself was neither free to drink his own wine nor to give it away. The transport of wine was surrounded with difficulties. A shipful of Languedoc Dauphiné, or Roussillon was subjected to from 35 to 40 different kinds of duties on its way up the Loire to Paris. On arrival there the octroi levied 47 francs on each butt, and a further duty of 30 to 40 francs was chargeable to the publican or hotel-keeper for the right of keeping it. Like the peasant who feared greater comfort, the vine proprietor feared his wine, an offspring full of vexation and travail. Every year the *gabelle* produced 4,000 seizures of property, 3,400 imprisonments, and 500 condemnations to the *fouet*, to exile, and to penal servitude.*

If the poor man paid his rich neighbor's taxes as well as his own, the same spirit of levying money on the poorest was visible in the immunities enjoyed by certain towns. The richest and most noble cities were relatively exempt, whilst the burden of the hearth-duty fell chiefly upon the most wretched districts and country villages. Moreover, the capitation tax was considerably lightened for a certain number of charges, chiefly civil, outside the ranks of the nobility, which exemption again pressed upon the poor man's shoulders. For all public, administrative, or judicial offices, all employment in the *gabelle*, the capitation was limited to a fortieth of the whole income, and many were the devices to ease the well-to-do at the cost of the peasant. As M. Taine remarks, "On examining closely the great feudal net meshes are discovered at every turn through which, with a little industry or exertion, the big fishes can pass; only the small fry remains in the trap"* The military conscription was also generally shirked by the more prosperous members of society, to the greater loss of the French army.

Before the peasant could be stirred from his apathy to feel any personal interest in the undercurrent of dissatisfaction which was gradually coming to the surface, a last act of the *ancien régime* was to be performed on its stage. Like a beast he had come to be contented if he could only eat and drink and sleep with a shadow of ease. But this he could seldom do, and vagrancy in its very worst form was the culminating point of his sufferings, the closing scene in his sad drama. All his better instincts had been choked in the struggle to live, and now a race of poor beggars, without fear of God or man, were turned loose upon society. Brigands and vagabonds in France

* P. 473.

* P. 481.

amounted to 10,000, says Mercier; and there was neither justice nor moral force to put a curb on them. The absent lord of the manor was given up to other pursuits, and his provincial court of justice had no notion of gratuitous exertions for the benefit of society. The crown, indeed, enacted regulations against the unfortunate class of vagabonds and beggars, but penal servitude for various terms of years or imprisonment was no cure for the sore of poverty and hunger. Under sixteen years of age the penalty was the work-house. No beggar was to be set free unless some person of means, worthy of confidence, could guarantee him work and food. No paper laws could touch the evil. Special prisons had to be built for the unhappy people who had fallen at last under their multifarious burdens. Their support, such as it was, cost the king a million a year. In those miserable abodes they were favored with an allowance of bread and water and two ounces of salt fat at a cost of five sous a day; but even these short commons were not always secured to them, on account of the rising of prices. The porter charged with their food was obliged to make ends meet, and their rations would necessarily be subordinated to his honesty. Besides the real beggars, however, an ordinance in 1778 ordered the arrest of all persons denounced as suspicious. This was opening the door to all kinds of low interests, and to a moral corruption quite fearful by reason of its sphere of action. In the interval between the arrest and the final detention the victims of both ordinances sojourned in temporary prisons on the way, where the sexes were mixed. Few reached the depot pure either in mind or body. These measures had no effect whatever in quelling the disorder, for it was in the blood, an hereditary grievance contracted under Richelieu's ministry. Then, as in 1871, and as in all revolutions, Paris began to be infected with strange-looking people whose faces were unknown. It was they who brought back the expiring monarchy from the magnificent palace of the Grand Monarque to the deserted Tuileries, and they whose hunger had driven them at last to desperation. A severe winter in 1788–9 had caused bread to fail throughout the length and breadth of France.

The reign of fear and armed force, if it does not cure the principle of insubordination, will at least act as a palliative upon popular risings; but the same deep and wide causes of disorganization were at work in the army. In their degree the soldiers had suffered from the system which recognized only the claims of the few, and they were biding their time to free themselves from hateful distinctions and to seek their chance of fair play in the battle-field of life. In the army as elsewhere there were two camps—one for the lesser number, which was the road to authority, distinctions, good pay, excellent food, the pleasures of the world and of society; the other for the majority, which held out a life-long prospect of subjection, toils, daily misery on six sous a day, and unkind treatment; 46,000,000 were divided amongst the officers, 44,000,000 amongst the common soldiers, who were often enlisted against their free-will. The condition of the latter was altogether so wretched that it could be imposed only on the dregs of society. Not only the nobles and the *bourgeoisie*,

but in general every person who had any sort of influence, was exempted from the conscription. It fell, therefore, entirely to the lot of the poor man, who was without friends; and so odious to this class was the service of their country that armed force had occasionally to be employed to compel their enlisting. Young men were even known to cut off their thumbs in order to escape the soldier's misery. Another form of recruiting was adopted in choosing such beggars as appeared least vicious to be taught the trade of arms. Lastly, the system of decoying was regularly adopted and practised upon the scum of all classes. The decoyer was paid so much a head, and if he recruited men over five feet he received a gratification for every extra inch. After several days' merriment and debauchery no course but enlisting remained open to the young rake, who was obliged to sell himself to pay his debts. The army, the principle of material order, was therefore represented in the main by "oppressed peasants, imprisoned vagabonds, and people without a position who were in debt or despair." *

In the mythological fable a god is described as eating his children; and the analogy may be applied to France, where the rulers consumed all the resources of the country. In 1789 an egotistical self-seeking had taken the place of patriotism, for the problem of living was with by far the greater number the essential question. Two powers loomed forth amongst the desolate ruins: brutal force and radicalism. What wonder is it that France should still be essentially the country of two camps? On the one side we see a war unto death waged against all religious principles; on the other the fairest and richest blossoms of Catholic life. Perhaps these two broad outlines took their rise from the Revolution of 1789. The chambermaid who became mistress speedily abused her position to commit the most terrible excesses; the few chastened in fire and blood have come forth purified from that sharp awakening, and on the ruins of the Revolution they have founded a new France, wherein the greatest shall be as the smallest, where the powerful shall minister and not be ministered to. Old distinctions have passed away; a foreign invader has issued a decree from the palace of Versailles; the Tuileries are in ruins; but a higher patriotism is still offered to the sons of France. In the camp of the Catholic Church the truest and best Frenchmen turn their eyes in hope and confidence towards him whose sovereignty is founded on the first of all rights, and whose motto it is to be Servant of the servants of God. Suffering has intensified their loyalty to the see of Peter, and caused them to cling to the spiritual royalty in proportion as all hopes founded upon their human dynasty have faded away. They see their country materially governed by the Revolution; their consolation is in a higher sphere, in the atmosphere of souls. If the very walls of social France are quivering the faith of Catholic France is the flavor-giving salt which shall preserve the country from corruption.

* P. 513.

# A DAY AT LORETTO.

It was the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and a hot day in bright, laughing Naples. We had never been to Foggia, and were not prepared to find the road so beautiful. As we approached the picturesque town of Maddaloni, built at the foot of the hill, but with fortified walls climbing the heights, and crowning a lofty ridge with the round towers of its old castle, we looked back upon the great plain below, and saw the stately palace of Caserta in the golden mist of sunset, and caught our last sight of Vesuvius, with its banner of white smoke lying horizontal and motionless in the still air. The brief Italian twilight was succeeded by a fine moonlit night. But as the railway lamps had been forgotten, we resigned ourselves to silent meditation, awaiting sleep. Of this latter we had but little. It was, however, still light enough when we passed the station of Benevento for us to look with interest at the distant walls of that historic city, originally called Maleventum, but blessed with a happier name when colonized by the Romans more than two centuries and a half before the Christian era. The crowning interest connected with this very ancient city lies in the battle fought beneath its walls on the banks of the river Callora, when Charles I. of Anjou vanquished the hero of his time, the fair and gentle Manfred. Dante places him in Purgatory, telling of "the wide arms of infinite goodness that embrace all who turn to them."

Far into the night we were startled from our repose by a bright red glare. A long, incandescent line, as of a distant city in flames, was explained as proceeding from some celebrated glass-works. It lit up the sky with a brilliant but somewhat sinister effect as the melted glass ran along in streams of red fluid.

We had telegraphed our arrival at Loretto to make sure of having a carriage to meet us at the station. We drove about half a mile to the town, up a steep hill along a dusty road. The hedges were white with dust, the grass parched by the July sun of Italy; but all along shone the bright blue flowers of the wild succory, looking like little shreds torn from Our Lady's mantle. It wanted a quarter to six when we left the station, and the only way to secure Mass and the blessing of Holy Communion to us tired and thirsty pilgrims was to drive at once to the cathedral, whose dome and campanile towered high above the little town which nestles at its feet. The coachman who met us at the station, and who subsequently appeared to be hotel-keeper, waiter, commissioner, and probably cook—for we never saw any other male at the inn—was evidently well used to taking his clients to church before giving them hospitality; he conveyed us thither and left us to find our way to the hotel at our leisure.

Entering the sacred edifice without a guide, and beneath the absorbing awe of reverential feeling, our first object was rather to perform our religious duties than to ascertain definitely the exact locality in the cathedral of the Holy

House. In short, we were too much impressed by the sanctity of the place to be able to ask any questions. But after receiving Holy Communion at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament we inquired of a young peasant girl kneeling near, where it was. She took us to the open door, and for a moment we paused to look in before entering. Two of the doors of the body of the house, now a chapel, are at the side. There were several people, all peasants, and probably natives of Loretto, kneeling on the modern tiled floor. It was rather dark. I entered, and fell on my knees close to the wall to my right. Before me was an altar with an open space beyond, and a niche containing the celebrated image of Our Lady of Loretto in black wood and entirely covered with jewels. A number of lamps of various sizes hang all around the house, which would otherwise be very dark. I leaned against the wall to my right, and looked at the unhewn stones of which it is built. They are dark in color and irregular in shape and size; and they are polished from the floor upwards to the height of a man by the passionate kisses of millions of pilgrims in ages of time. They seemed even warm to my lips as I pressed them on the smooth, hard surface. How difficult it is to analyze, and still more to describe, any strong emotion! I had come to Loretto for a special purpose and with a special petition; but as I knelt there on entering the house no recollection of my object remained in my mind. I only felt that I was there. I forgot why I had come. It seemed to me that I had been always coming, and had got there at last. There was no room left for anything but gratitude to Mary, and congratulation to myself that I had arrived. It seemed so natural to be there. Of course I had wanted to see the House of Nazareth. Of course, as a Christian, and still more as a Catholic, I had a claim to stand within those walls. Was it not my home also? I only felt as if I had been a long time getting there. Then by degrees the past returned upon my memory: the petition I had to make, the grace for another which I had to implore. And suddenly it seemed to me to be such a simple thing for Mary to obtain for me that I marvelled I had ever thought it improbable or difficult. I felt like a child who has hesitated long and doubted much before asking his mother for a piece of bread —the simplest thing in the world, the daily food that every mother is ready to deal to her little ones with a liberal hand. Could I doubt that I should get it in the house of my Mother, of my Elder Brother, of my Master, of my Saviour? So I made my request and added many others; my thoughts flying over Europe from the sunny shores of Italy, where a group of three loved ones had said at parting, "Remember us at Loretto," down to the savage lands of South Africa, where a brave young prince had just been massacred, and a near relative, his friend and of the same age, was in daily peril; then over to America, where two sister convents harbor dear Daughters of St. Francis who are ever before me. And thus, pausing here and there over great cities, in quiet villages, on wild Scotch moors, I picked up, as it were, the form of many a beloved one whose name rose upon my memory with a prayer to Our Lady of Loretto.

Nothing could be more quiet

and reverential than the demeanor of the peasants, men and women both, who were worshipping at the shrine. Most of the women wear Our Lady's colors, red and blue, like the women in County Galway, though not distributed in the same way. Here they cover their heads with a red handkerchief and wear a dark-blue skirt. The cathedral was full of worshippers, and Mass was being said at several altars, while Communion was given at one only. The contrast between the conduct of the worshippers and what we had been in the habit of witnessing at Naples was striking. An expression of real devotion dwelt on the countenances of the majority here, and there was no giggling and gossipping as in Southern Italy.

Having in a measure satisfied our first devotional needs, we proceeded to examine the Holy House in all its parts ; and our readers will probably follow us better if we give some account of its miraculous appearance. It was on the 6th of May, 1291, that the wonderful removal of the Holy House from the town of Nazareth took place. It had always been held there in veneration by the faithful. It had been protected by other sacred walls about and around it, and was in fact part of the sanctuary at Nazareth, as it was called, which comprised the actual House of Loretto, and contained besides four altars and three chapels, and which was entered by a descent of fifteen steps. This remains now at Nazareth, still as a most sacred place; and there are to be seen and may be measured the foundations of the Holy House, corresponding precisely with the walls of the same house now at Loretto. Evidently a portion of the habitation of Our Lady and her divine Son ran into the rock against which the house abutted. That portion at Nazareth called the kitchen of the Madonna is in the rock; much in the same way as in Naples, where the houses of the poorer classes are built against the rock, which is excavated at the back or side of the building for the purposes of kitchen, stables, and even dwelling-rooms. The rock at Nazareth is of porous limestone, and consequently of easy excavation. The first resting-place of the Holy House in the month of May, 1291, was in the night on the top of a hill at Tersatto, a small town not far from Fiume, on the eastern side of the Adriatic Gulf and south of Triest. On the top were a small campanile and two little bells. These have since been removed. The stones of the wall were, and are, of a reddish hue and capable of polish. There were then some cupboards against the walls, and some crockery and earthenware. But at Loretto the only piece which was shown as still preserved is a small terra-cotta plate with the remains near the edge of a blue enamel line. The plate is now set in a beautifully-wrought gold case, and the faithful are allowed to lay their rosaries and objects of devotion in the plate, which is believed to have been used by our Blessed Lord and his Mother during the unchronicled years of his hidden life. The house, on its arrival at Tersatto, contained also an altar with a blue antependium, and a wooden cross with a painted figure of our Lord crucified ; also on one side of the cross a Mater Dolorosa, and a St. John on the other. There was also a wooden statue of Our Lady with the Infant in her arms, with the two fingers of the right hand

extended as giving benediction; with the other he supported a golden globe, and both figures were crowned. This is the famous image still venerated by the faithful. With the early dawn the people of Tersatto were filled with surprise at finding a house there where none was visible the night before, and, while recognizing its sacred character, they were at a loss to explain its appearance among them or to guess from whence it came. It was Our Lady herself who revealed the secret to the curate, or, as he is sometimes called, the Bishop of the Church of St. George at Tersatto. He had long been confined to his bed with a chronic malady when Our Lady appeared to him, surrounded by angels, and explained the arrival of the Holy House, at the same time bidding him rise from his couch and conferring on him restored health. The house rested on the property of a holy widow named Agatha, and Our Lady deigned to explain to her also the wonderful event. At that time the Grand Ban of Dalmatia and the adjoining provinces, and in whose dominions Tersatto was situated, was the Count Nicholas Frangipani, a name still illustrious in Italy. Being a sensible man, he felt the necessity of fuller investigation into the case, so as to be prepared with an answer to the incredulous; and for this purpose he selected four credible persons —one of them being the aforesaid bishop—and sent them to Nazareth to inquire about the Holy House. There they were shown where once it stood, and the ruins of the church which St. Helena, that great protectress of the holy places, had built over it. The messengers took all the measurements, in order to compare them with those of the house now in Dalmatia, and on their return found them satisfactory. Nicholas Frangipani enrolled their report in the chanceries of several of the neighboring towns, but these have since been lost or destroyed. They are, however, mentioned in the writings of more than one authority as having by them been seen and read. The last authentic copy that is known of them is mentioned by Father Riera, to whom it had been sent by the vicar-general of Tersatto in 1560. Information concerning copies of these archives is given by Cavalieri as late as 1735.

The delight, however, of the people of Tersatto and of the neighboring town of Fiume in the possession of such a treasure was not of long duration; for on the 10th of December, 1294, after remaining for three years and seven months in its first resting-place, it disappeared as unexpectedly as it had come, leaving no sign of whither it had gone. A church was built by Frangipani which marked the spot it once occupied; and though that has been destroyed, there is still to be seen a chapel on the hillside, with a stone giving in ancient characters the date of the first appearance of the house and of its departure. That very same night of the 10th of December the Sacred House, which had stood for three years and seven months amid the vineyards and olive-gardens of Dalmatia, was transported to the opposite side of the Adriatic Gulf, and was deposited by its celestial bearers about one mile from the sea-shore and four from Recanati. Again it was to shepherds that the first sight of it was vouchsafed, their attention being attracted by a bright light. It was found standing on a spot generally asserted to have been

called the Wood of Laurels, but by some said to have been simply a forest land belonging to a lady of the name of Laureta. We ascertained that at the present time, and within the memory of man, no laurel-tree grows there nor in the vicinity. Nor is the laurel often seen in Italy, and certainly not in large numbers. As it is a shrub that propagates itself by dropping its seeds all around, the total absence of any vestige of it in the neighborhood leads us to believe the name of Loretto had nothing to do with laurels, but was called after the wealthy lady of Recanati on whose land it stood. Its position did not prove convenient to the devotion of the great multitudes who flocked to visit it, for in those lawless times (not much improved in many parts of Southern Italy even now) thieves and robbers infested the forest paths and proved a serious obstacle to the devout visits of the pilgrims; thereby giving us another of those striking examples of how the Almighty sometimes permits the malevolence of man to appear to contravene his beneficent intentions. But in this case, as so often in others, he condescended to make it an occasion for a fresh miracle; and the Holy House was again mysteriously removed and placed at a short distance from the public road, on the slopes of a hill the property of two brothers. But here again the malice of mankind interfered with the devotion of the people; for the two brothers, who at first vied with each other in doing honor to the sacred edifice, ended by quarrelling over the offerings made by the faithful. And so once again the Holy House was lifted by angels and placed where it now stands, not far from the property of the two brothers. A stone marks the spot where it stood before this last displacement; but we were assured by a very civil and apparently well-informed Capuchin Father that there is no trace left of it where it formerly stood in the forest. The present position of the house was, at the time of its arrival, the centre of the high-road, and the town of Loretto has sprung up around it.

The dates of its removals are these: December 10, 1294, the house arrived in the wood; in August, 1295, it stood on the hillside; and in December of the same year it was placed where it now stands, a spot which at that time was the middle of the road. We remember seeing an old print of the House of Loretto before we knew much about it, which represented the cathedral as it now is, standing alone in the middle of a road, and we marvelled why it was so depicted. Further revelations were granted by Our Lady on the subject of the Holy House, one especially to a hermit who lived on a wooded hill between Loretto and the sea, which hill is now a very "hanging garden" of vines and fruit-trees. About the same time the principal inhabitants of Recanati sent some of their leading men first to Tersatto and then to Nazareth to verify the identity of the house at Loretto with the sites it had previously occupied. They published their report in 1296; and as late as 1597 Tursellini, who wrote a history of Loretto, declares that several copies were extant in private houses. Very numerous were the miracles worked in connection with the Holy House. Supernatural lights were seen to surround it on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, which is the reason why the 8th of September is

held as the great festival of the cathedral. The magnificent building which surrounds the Holy House was commenced by Paul II. about 1468, and was greatly added to by Clement VII. It was he who encased the Holy House in the walls of marble which encircle it but do not touch it, for it stands miraculously without foundations and without support, as has been tested again and again by passing a hand or a stick between the walls and the ground on which it rests. The roof that covered the house when it arrived was, by the order of the Sovereign Pontiff, taken down, and is buried beneath the predella of the altar. This was done on account of the danger of fire to a wooden roof when so many lamps were constantly burning beneath it. The present roof is supported by the wall that surrounds the Holy House, and which is faced with marble and adorned with sculpture. The floor of the Holy House has been frequently renewed, being made of brick or tiles and becoming worn and broken by the concourse of people. Some pieces of these tiles have from time to time been given as relics; but it must be remembered they do not belong to the original structure, although they have rested within its walls. The house itself is entirely composed of stone, except, of course, the roof which was taken down. One beam of this roof has not been hidden out of sight, but is let into the floor; and it is very remarkable that, though the floor has required frequent renewal, this beam, which especially attracted our attention, seems to have resisted all the wear of time.

The one great alteration to which the house has been subjected consists in the closing of the original door on the north side, which is now blocked up. It was found that the crowds of people passing in and out made this one entrance inconvenient and dangerous. Three other doorways were therefore ordered by the Sovereign Pontiff Clement VII., and there are interesting accounts extant of how only those who had cleansed their souls by confession and communion were able, without some grave bodily injury to themselves, to carry out the pope's commands. The small window in the western wall was enlarged at the same time, as was also the Sacro Camino, or sacred hearth, which is situated in the wall behind the altar. This was probably formerly an entrance to the house, chimneys being unknown in Nazareth. The original altar stood against the south wall. It is now enclosed within the present altar, which stands at a distance from the west wall of about two-thirds and a half of the entire length of the house. In the east wall is the sacred hearth, as it is called, and above that is the shrine containing the famous image of Our Lady of Loretto, said to be cut out of olive-wood, that naturally becomes black with time, and which, in spite of its absence of all beauty, inspires devotion because it has been for centuries the object of so many acts of devotion from millions of God's people, and the channel of so many miraculous occurrences; thereby showing that what Our Lady and her divine Son desire from us is our love and faith, as far above in value all that art can do to show them honor. It is love that gives equal value to the cup of cold water or to the oil of spikenard. The floor of the house behind the altar has been raised to a higher level than the rest, and,

being divided by a screen, forms a sanctuary. It would appear that formerly this part had been divided into two. The works undertaken by Pope Clement VII. were concluded in seven years by Paul III.

There is a curious story of the Bishop of Coimbra, a Portuguese and an Augustinian named John Soarez, being induced by a mistaken and selfish devotion to carry away one of the stones of the Sacred House. The bishop, on receiving the stone from his secretary, Francis Stella, whom he had sent to Loretto to fetch it, was seized with fever. He thought he heard a voice bidding him restore the stone, and, being in doubt on the matter, referred it to some holy nuns at Trent, where the bishop was then staying. The reply sent by the nuns was this: "If the bishop wishes to recover let him restore to the Virgin of Loretto what he has taken away." This was the more extraordinary as no word had been said to the sisters about the sacred stone, the bishop only having asked for prayers to recover his health. He sent back Stella to Loretto immediately, and at the very moment the stone was restored the bishop recovered. That stone has since been enclosed in silver.

As I knelt, with my right hand leaning upon the wall, I felt some of the gritty mortar crumble beneath my touch. I did not dare bring even the smallest grain away, but carefully put it back. I did not at that moment know the story of Bishop Soarez.

It is not our intention to weary the reader by any learned disquisition on the subject of the Holy House. Its authenticity has, of course, been frequently attacked by heretics and persons disposed to cavil at all that the church holds venerable. Probably in our time the remarks which have had the most weight have been those made by Professor Stanley in his work on Palestine. We will only assure our readers that the learned writer's statements are proved to be unauthentic and his given plan thoroughly incorrect; also, that the identical nature of the stones and mortar of the house with those forming other houses in Nazareth has been established by the investigations of Monsignore Bartolini and of Professor Ratti, who subjected portions of each to chemical analysis, as also proving their entire dissimilarity to the stones to be found in Loretto and its neighborhood. This is all given and explained in the very interesting work on *Loretto and Nazareth* published by the late Father Hutchison, of the London Oratory, who visited both places for the purpose of investigation. Doctor Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, has written learnedly on the subject, as well as Dr. Northcote and others. These authors may be consulted by those who want further evidence than that given by the sanction of the church, the briefs of successive popes, and the never-dying devotion of multitudes of the faithful at all times and from all lands. We are chiefly indebted to the Rev. Father Hutchison's clear and interesting publication for many of the statements here made, having studied his book before our visit, and again subsequently.

The French, at the time of the Directory, carried away the image of Our Lady in 1797. It was taken to Paris and exposed to vulgar curiosity in common with other precious objects rifled from all parts of Europe. It, was, however,

later on restored to the veneration of the faithful in the church of Notre Dame in Paris; and finally, at the earnest request of Pius VII., was sent to Rome, where it remained a short time at the Quirinal. It was then exposed for three days in one of the churches, and was restored to Loretto in December, 1802. The Litany of Loretto is far more ancient than the arrival of the Holy House in that town. It has acquired that name from the fact that it is solemnly sung in the Holy House every Saturday.

In the afternoon of the same day, after a few hours' rest, we returned to the cathedral. It was still filled with devout worshippers, and seems never to be empty. We went over the Holy House again, accompanied by a most amiable canon, who explained everything to us.

I have, I think, never found myself in a spot which so brought before me and mingled together the devotion of the Catholic Church through all ages of time. I had but to close my eyes to see in imagination pass in and out the figures of kings and princes, bishops and saints of the middle ages down to our own days. How many great and noble hearts have hastened hither and laid their petition before Mary and her Infant! How many crowned heads have for a while forgot their burden, how many humble souls have scattered their sorrows, within these four narrow walls! And still the crowd pours on, and still it is the same story of sins forgiven, of trouble removed, of anguish healed; while of the many pilgrims who have knelt within those walls, how many millions now are sitting at the feet of Him who reigns in heaven, and looking from his divine glory down on the sweet, serene face of Mary in the full plenitude of knowledge, seeing into the mystery which here we only feel and believe.

There is a tradition extant that the Holy House is to be moved yet once more, and is to rest near Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome. We know not on what the report is founded. We were shown the "treasures" of the church, ranged in glass presses all round the large sacristy, but which only impressed me as a touching proof of how little we can give, even when we bring our pearls and diamonds and precious stones to Mary's shrine.

We had but little time to bestow upon anything outside the cathedral. The bishop's palace, which is attached to it, is a beautiful building, and the fountain in the centre of the fine piazza singularly graceful and striking. The chief merchandise of the place, so far as it met the eye, seemed to consist in rosaries and small objects of devotion, mingled with infinite varieties of the red handkerchiefs worn by the women.

We suffered the very small amount of mortification generally to be met with in modern pilgrimages in the utter insufficiency of food provided for us at the inn; the butter uneatable and the milk conspicuous by its absence, because, as we were assured, the farmers keep it to make cheese, the staple commodity of the country, and object to selling it. Our bed-rooms were over an exceedingly unsavory stable, and when I woke in the early morning I wondered how I could have slept at all in such odors. The bill took none of these drawbacks into account, and

rivalled any in Rome, London, Paris, or New York. But we were not inclined to cavil, and probably ought to have made our bargain beforehand, as we counsel our readers to do should they be so fortunate as to wend their way to Loretto.

---

# FOLLETTE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GRIPARD'S cottage stood on the side of the mountain with the Gave running down below. It was called Quatre Vents because the four winds blew upon it, and it defied them all. It was more like a house than a cottage, for it had originally been the lodge of a château which crowned the high table-land in olden times and had been swept away in '93. The arched doorway looked strangely out of keeping with the dark red tiles of the slanting roof, and the massive stone wall of the left angle made an odd contrast with the right, which was of modern brick and plaster. These incongruities would not have prevented the cottage being picturesque and comfortable, if things had gone on as in the time of old Gripard, the father of the present owner. In those days there were lichens on the walls and flowers in the garden, and the kitchen was a sight to see, with its shining copper saucepans symmetrically ranged round the whitewashed walls, and the linen-cupboard was filled with snowy piles of homespun sheets and towels, and the *paneterie* was fragrant with the smell of flour and home-made bread, and the shelves bent under an array of jam-pots and pickle-jars that made Quatre Vents the envy and admiration of all the housewives in Bacaram.

But times were changed. When our story opens Gripard *fils* was in possession of the old stone cottage, and it was shorn of all comeliness without and comfort within. Gripard lived there with his niece, Follette, the child of a sister who was dead; and Victor, an orphan boy with no belongings, who was a foster-brother of Follette's, and whom the old man tolerated because he was useful about the place, and, moreover, he had grown used to the lad and would have missed him. Old Jeanne, who had nursed Gripard and Follette's mother, completed the little household. It might have been a happy one, if Gripard had known how to be a happy man; but he cared for no one, loved nothing but his money, and thought of nothing but how he could save it.

Victor's presence was a perpetual grievance to him, yet he could not afford to turn the lad out; some one was wanted to do the heavy work of the place—dig-

ging in the garden, hewing wood, and so on—and Victor did this well and cost less than a paid outsider. Moreover, he was strong and honest, and no one would attack the house while Victor was there. No one ever did attack houses at Bacaram. There was a policeman in the village, a purely ornamental functionary, whose services had never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant been called into requisition at Bacaram; but though people left their doors open all night, they liked to feel there was a policeman within call, and would have resented his removal as a loss of prestige. Gripard, more especially, set store by his presence in the neighborhood; but, all the same, he would have slept less easily if Victor's strong pair of arms had not been closer still in case of need.

Then Follette, whose pretty face and merry voice made the only gleam of sunshine in the house—Follette was another grievance. If Gripard had a soft corner in his heart for any living being it was for Follette; but she ought to be out earning her bread instead of living on him, and the sight of her hearty young appetite, as she ate her scanty meals at his board, was an offence and a source of daily irritation to the old man.

They were at breakfast this morning—if the comfortless repast deserved that cheerful name, for it consisted of nothing but a lump of bread and a bowl of cold carrot-soup. There was no fire, although the snow was deep on the ground and the window-panes richly silvered with frost; the fire was only lighted for the evening meal, when the soup was made ready for the next morning. Old Jeanne was pouring out the cold brew into the brown bowls set on the kitchen-table when Victor came in with a jar in his hand, and cried out: "Hold, Jeanne! Don't pour out the patron's. I have a bowl of hot soup for him."

But old Gripard clutched the edge of the table, and said in a tone of angry suspicion: "I can eat cold; what do you mean by burning fuel at this hour of the morning?"

"Patron, if other folks are fools why should not wise people profit by their folly?" said Victor, emptying the smoking liquid into Gripard's bowl. "Mère Bibot lighted her fire before the house was astir, and she gave me leave to heat your soup. She says I may do it every morning."

"Nay, nay, Mère Bibot is no fool to give something for nothing; she will be wanting more than her fire is worth," grumbled Gripard, sniffing greedily at the hot fumes.

"I have seen to that; I offered to carry in the wood for her in payment for ten minutes' use of her fire."

"Ah! ha! Thou art a knowing lad," said Gripard with a twinkle in his eye, as he now, reassured as to the cost of the luxury, fell to his soup with a gusto.

He was a small man, with a short white beard, deep-set, green-gray eyes, and a face that would have been intelligent if cunning had left room for any other expression. He wore, or rather he was cased in, a long coat tightly buttoned to his skin, and so neatly overlaid with large patches of cloth that it would have been a nice point to say which was the foundation of the garment and which the superstructures.

Follette's large, dark eyes fastened hungrily on the old man's

steaming bowl; but she held out her own to Jeanne, and did not withdraw it until it was filled to the brim. Follette, in her short blue petticoat, and brown bodice, and crimson head kerchief, was a bright object at the bare deal table. She had been up these two hours, working hard, and her young appetite was whetted by the fast and the exercise; nevertheless, she cast greedy eyes on the savory mess opposite.

"Let me warm my hands, petit oncle," she said, and, without waiting his leave, she clasped her blue fingers round the hot bowl.

"Nay, get thee gone! Thou wilt make it cold," cried Gripard, tapping the floor with his foot, and pinching the plump fingers to make them let go.

"Let the child warm herself," said Jeanne; "the soup is mad-hot, and she is numb with cold."

"She is a selfish, lazy minx," said Gripard; "let her go and earn, if she wants fire. You would both burn and eat me out of the house, if I let you have your way."

Jeanne turned her back with a shrug, and began pouring out Victor's soup; but he drew away the bowl before it was half full.

"There is plenty," she said, holding up the jug.

"I have enough; enough is as good as a feast," he replied.

"Yes, yes, better than a feast; when folks eat too much they can't work," said Gripard, drinking up his soup with a loud noise.

Follette rubbed her blue fingertips, bit them and blew on them, and set to her cold carrot-broth, and found the portion none too large.

No more would Victor, thought Jeanne, if he had not laid in a hot meal at Mme. Bibot's already, the sly fellow! Jeanne kept her eyes open, and was not to be taken in by palaver and cunning.

The meal was over, and Gripard, warmed by the unexpected luxury of his, was in a good-humor, when the door opened and a slight, curly-headed youth, with an olive skin and fine dark eyes, walked in.

"Good-morning, M. Gripard!" said the new-comer.

"Jules! mon petit!" exclaimed Jeanne, setting down her pail and going to embrace the tall young fellow, her grandson.

Victor and he exchanged friendly nods, and Follette's face lighted up with a new brightness as she welcomed him.

"I have brought you a little present of honey, M. Gripard," said Jules, laying down a large stone pot on the table; "and here is something for you, Follette."

Follette took the box and opened it with eager curiosity.

"Oh! how pretty. Look, my uncle! A boy and a dog; does not the dog look as if it were going to bark? O Jules! how clever you are!"

Jules was delighted.

"I thought you would like it. I have made several, that I hope to sell well at the fair at Barache. The patron says the group is good and will fetch a good price."

"Then take this one and sell it, and give Follette the money," said Gripard; "if the toy is worth money why do you fool it away?"

"Oh! but, my uncle, I like the group better," protested Follette.

"No doubt, no doubt. Thou art a little fool. Thou shouldst take the money and buy thyself a meal or a pair of shoes to save my pocket."

"Follette is not to blame, patron," interposed Victor. "She is

but a child; she would have been glad of the money, if she had not been tempted with the toy."

Jules flashed an angry glance at Victor, but said nothing, while Jeanne took up the group and burst out into motherful praises.

"Holy Virgin! how live the dog is. And the boy's *sabots!* And the hole in his breeches!—I could want to mend it. Jules, Jules, thou art a genius!"

"See, my uncle," cried Follette, "is not the little dog wonderful?"

"Mayhap, mayhap; but the money were better."

"The honey would have fetched money, yet you did not grudge Jules' giving you a pot of it," retorted Follette.

"Saucy jade! The lad owes me more than a pot of honey. I kept his mother till she died, and himself till there was no holding him in and he took himself off," said Gripard.

Now, the truth was that the moment Gripard *fils* became master he gave Jules the door, and it was old Gripard who had kept his mother; and old Jeanne as good as kept herself, for she got no wages, only a small present at Easter and the New Year.

"You are right, M. Gripard," said Jules, anxious to make peace for Follette. "I owe you more than all the honey in Barache would pay. But now I must be going. I came on an errand from the manufactory, and must not tarry."

Jules bent his bright, curly head to Jeanne's mahogany face and kissed it on both cheeks, and with a smile at Follette, and a pleasant "Bon jour," departed.

Then Follette gathered up the empty bowls, and swept the crumbs from the table, and hurried out with a big bundle slung over her shoulder.

It had been her habit ever since she was a child to light her uncle's pipe for him every morning; but of late the office had slipped from her hands into Victor's. She could not tell how or why, and she did not care. So long as Gripard had his pipe it was all the same to Follette who gave it to him.

"You must not be hard on the little one, patron," said Victor, setting the *chaufferette* under the old man's feet; "she will grow thrifty by and by. But Jules is a spendthrift and tempts her with presents."

"Ay, ay; he will end badly. See that thou take warning by him in time. And look thee here: make sure that Mère Bibot does not cheat thee about the loan of her fire, eh? She is a knowing one."

"So am I, patron; trust me not to be fooled by an old woman." And the two exchanged significant glances, Victor with a laugh, Gripard with a noise between a chuckle and a grunt.

Follette disappeared down the road, and walked quickly on to the washing-shed by the river, where a few early housewives had already assembled, and, slipping her bundle down on the bank, she hurried away across the bridge towards the forest.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the forest at this season. The ground was spread with a carpet of untrodden snow, except on the path that made the highway to Barache, which was beaten down and pleasant to walk on; the trees were laden with snow and hung thick with icicles, that sparkled like crystals in the morning sunlight. But Follette had no leisure to admire these winter beauties. She was hurrying on to see Jules.

Jules was her friend, and she seldom saw him now, and she was anxious to make up to him for Gripard's surly mood. She caught sight of him playing at snowballs by himself where the trees made a kind of circle round a clearance that offered a good position for a game. As he made the balls he aimed them at the highest point of the trees, that shook down showers of snow when they were struck. Follette watched him for a moment, until Jules, missing his aim, got covered with the white spray from head to foot, whereupon she burst into a peal of laughter that rang through the forest and brought him bounding over the snow to her side.

"I thought you would come," he said, clapping his hands to shake off the snow.

"You come so seldom now," said Follette.

"Is it my fault? My visits grow more unwelcome every time. The honey was a failure."

"No, it wasn't. He was glad to get it, but your giving me the terra-cotta group vexed him."

"Victor made it worse. He is a sly fellow. He is a miser, too, or else he pretends to be to flatter your uncle."

"I can't make Victor out," said Follette. "He is so kind and so fond of me, and yet he is always getting me scolded; then he tries to mend it, and that makes things worse."

"I tell you he is a sneak. I wish he were gone."

"He is always talking of going. It was settled for him to go with that orange-merchant to Algiers, but he did not go; I don't know why."

"He will never go," said Jules.

"Poor fellow! he is fond of us. He has nobody else in the world to care for."

"And you, Follette—are you fond of him?"

"I don't know. I used to be very fond of him; but he is not like what he used to be. And he is always making uncle cross with Jeanne; that makes me hate him sometimes."

They walked through the white trees. Follette was looking up at the sky, her lovely young face expressing doubt and vexation and tenderness in quick succession. The bright crimson and gold-color bandana that bound her dark locks and heightened the brilliancy of her eyes and cheeks, now all aglow with excitement and exercise, was a present from Jules; so was the blue cashmere capeline, that picturesque head-gear that serves the peasant of the Pyrenees in all seasons, folding square into a pad against the vibrating sun in summer, covering her like a hood in winter.

"He will never go," said Jules, knitting his brows in an angry frown. "It will pay him better to stay."

"Pay him?" said Follette. "But my uncle doesn't pay him a centime, and I'm sure he works as hard as any man in Bacaram."

"He does, and makes money for himself, too," said Jules. "He sells fowls and sheep at Barache, and they don't belong to your uncle. But that's not what I meant. It will pay him in the long run to stay, because he intends to marry you and get Quatre Vents and all that Gripard has to leave."

"Marry me!" Follette's laugh rang merrily through the forest "I'd as lief marry Nicol."

"If Gripard wished you to marry him you should."

"But he doesn't wish it; it has never come into his head."

"I don't know that; but, anyhow, Victor will take care that it comes into his head one of these days. And then what will you do?"

Follette was still under the surprise of the announcement, and made no reply. Jules repeated:

"What will you do, Follette?"

"I will run away"—to you, she was on the point of adding; but, looking up at him, something checked the words: something in Jules' face that she had never seen there before—a look of entreaty, of passionate expectation. The glance of beseeching love sent a strange thrill through Follette, and woke in her a sense of power, with a half-conscious impulse to exercise it cruelly. It was such a wonderful surprise to see Jules at her feet that she could not bid him get up in such a hurry. Her little heart beat fast.

"What will I do?" she repeated. "I suppose I would have to obey my uncle. He can marry me to whom he likes; and, after all, Victor might do as well as another."

"Ah! You take it easy. It is because you are fond of him."

"Of course I am fond of him," another little thrill of triumph answering to the jealous note in Jules' voice; "we have been like brother and sister, and he is fond of me and would be good to me."

"He is fond of himself and of money, and of nothing else!" cried Jules, the angry flame leaping up in him. "He is cruel, and a liar and a miser. But you will have your uncle's money, and that will do you instead of love. It is no business of mine, at any rate."

He struck at a bough with his stick, and the snow came raining down on them both, powdering Follette all over with silver spray.

Follette began to fear he was getting seriously angry, but she did not know how to appease him without letting him see how much she cared.

"It is no business of mine," continued Jules, after a pause which he had expected Follette to break by some sign of interest, a question, or a protest. "I am going away, and we shall all have grown old before I come back to Bacaram."

"You are going away!" exclaimed Follette, roused from her pleasant flutters into real alarm, and forgetting all her little wiles of coquetry.

"I am going to Paris. I shall be in nobody's way there. I am going to seek my fortune."

"You are going to Paris!" repeated Follette almost under her breath; and the flame of vanity died out in an instant, and she felt chill and trembling.

"I have been thinking of it for a long time," Jules went on. "I want to find out whether I have any real talent or whether I am only a baker of clay. If the masters tell me I have the fire, as people call it, I will give up my life to conquering the marble. After a while I shall grow rich, and I will send money to Jeanne, and she shall come to me, or, if she likes, she can have a little home of her own for her old days. I meant to tell her this morning that I was going, but my heart failed me. You will break it to her, Follette, will you not?"

"O Jules! how can you be so cruel?" said Follette, and the big tears pearled down her cheeks.

Hope leaped up in Jules' heart.

"You know it will break Jeanne's heart," continued Follette.

"Oh! as to that," said Jules, disappointed, "all the mothers are used to it. While I was serving my volontariat, and in danger of being shot any day, she did not die of it. Besides, you will be good to her, Follette; and Gripard will never turn *her* out. If he were to die it would be different. Victor would not let her come and live with you, would he? He never cared for poor old granny, and he always hated me."

Follette's heart began to swell, but she walked on quickly by his side, and made no answer beyond an inarticulate "Oh!"

At last they came to the cross-roads, and of one accord both stopped, for Follette never went farther than this.

"Well, good-by," said Jules.

Follette held out her little plump red hand, but she could not say "good-by," though she tried hard. When she would have drawn away her hand Jules held it in his strong grasp.

"Don't send me away without a word," he said. But not a word could Follette say.

"Well, never mind. I shall always love you," said Jules, "and I pray the good God that it may be well with you. You deserve to be happy, my little Follette; and if you love Victor, and he makes you happy, I shall forgive him and be grateful to him."

Follette could bear it no longer. She wrenched away her hand, and turned from him with a great sob.

Jules' arm was round her in a minute, and he was kissing away the big tears from her cheeks.

"Follette! is it possible you care? Are you sorry because I am going? My little one, it is for your sake. Listen to me," as she strove to get away. "I love you, better than Victor, better than anybody will ever love you. I am going to learn to be a sculptor. I shall succeed. I feel it is in me. And then, when I have made some money, I will come back and make you my little wife. Will you wait for me, Follette?"

Follette sobbed out something inarticulate, but she ceased to struggle, and let her head drop on his shoulder.

"And if Gripard wants you to marry Victor you won't?" said Jules, assuming that his first question was answered to his satisfaction.

"N-n-o-o," said Follette in a sobbing whisper, but with comforting energy.

"Then let us love one another and have patience, and the time won't seem long," said Jules, stroking her hand tenderly.

But suddenly Follette started from him, and Jules let her go as suddenly, and the two stood aloof like frightened children. He blew her a parting kiss from his finger-tips and strode on his way to Barache, while she turned back towards Bacaram.

"Ah! good-morning, Nicol," Follette exclaimed, as a short, deformed little creature came ambling on, singing a snatch of some song to himself.

Most people disliked Nicol, for he was ugly, misshapen, and ill-tempered; children mocked while they feared him, and threw stones at him when they could indulge in the pastime in safety. Follette was almost the only person who liked the dwarf.

"Good-morning, Mam'selle Follette. Here is a bundle of fagots I have gathered for you. Take them home as a present to Père Gripard." And the dwarf held out an

armful of sticks to her nearly as big as his hump.

"Thank you, Nicol. I am not going home; I am going to do my *lessive*," said Follette.

"Take these to M. Gripard; he will be glad to get them this cold morning, and if folks tell him you've been idling about in the forest he'll see it's not true," added Nicol, with a knowing look in his bright, wistful eyes; and he thrust the bundle into her arms and went shuffling on.

"What a crazy creature he is, poor Nicol!" said Follette, as she tucked the uncomfortable load under her arm, and hurried back with it to Quatre Vents.

Victor lingered behind after Jeanne and Follette had left the kitchen. He had something to say, and he thought this would be a propitious moment, for Gripard was in a bad temper with Jules, and this would serve his purpose.

"Patron," he said, "that orange-merchant sent me word again that he would take me, if I would bind myself to stay with him for two years. So I have agreed to go. Two years seemed a long time at first, but after all it will soon be over, and, meantime, I shall have saved a good bit of money and have learned the business, and be able to set up on my own account in a small way. I must be leaving next week."

Gripard smoked away for some minutes, and then he said:

"You will have saved nothing. You will have fallen into a mare's nest; that's what you will have done. The fellow will smuggle you into a place where he can sell you for a slave; that's the trade those orange-merchants drive. They are all scoundrels and murderers. You had better keep clear of 'em."

"You don't mean that, patron?" said Victor, with an air of amazement and alarm.

"I do. I know all about 'em. A pack of thieves."

"That's bad news for me," said Victor uneasily; "but I'm in for it now. I've engaged myself to him."

"More fool you. You had no business to do it without asking my leave," said Gripard, taking the pipe out of his mouth and waxing angry. "I've fed you and kept you all these years, and now that you ought to be paying me back something you must be going off to Africa. And all for the sake of getting a bit of money! It's awful to see such a love of money in a young fellow like you. But it won't bring a blessing. That fellow will sell you, and serve you right."

"Nay, patron; you are unjust to me," said Victor; "it is just because you've done so much for me that I feel I ought to go away and not stay a burden on you longer. If I could pay for my keep I wouldn't ask to earn money for myself."

"And why can't you get jobs to do about the mountain, and make enough to pay for your keep? I did when I was your age."

"There weren't so many on the look-out for jobs in those days. I've tried, and I could find nothing to do. There is nothing for me but to go away."

"If you worked harder and ate less I would not grudge you your bit and your sup," said Gripard. "I am as poor as a rat, but while there is a crust left I would not have seen you hungry. But you want to be off after adventures, like that fellow Jules. I see how it is. You are all alike."

"We are very different, Jules and I," said Victor humbly. "He is clever; everybody likes him. Jeanne and Follette were sorry when he left us, but they will be glad to get rid of me."

"What? Eh? Have they been worrying thee?" demanded Gripard sharply, and lapsing into the familiar *thee* and *thou*, which showed he was in a mood to be propitiated.

"I'm not a girl to complain of a girl and an old woman," replied Victor; "it's natural they should wish me out of the way."

"Eh? What? Whose way are you in? This is my house, isn't it?" And the old man darted a suspicious glance at Victor out of his green-gray eyes.

"It an't their fault. They're set on to it," said Victor deprecatingly. "I only wish for Follette's sake that Jules was a little steadier. But I'll not be in his way much longer, anyhow, and I wish them both well."

Gripard's mind was so habitually absorbed in the thought of his money that it was slow to take in any new idea. He looked at Victor for a moment, and then slowly drew his eyes away with an imperceptible movement of his eyebrows; and Victor fancied—but perhaps it was only fancy—he gave a low whistle.

So this was how things were going on under his very nose! That little sly-boots and that wicked old woman plotting against him while he fed them on the fat of the land! Gripard had never troubled himself about what was to become of Follette when he died; but he had lain awake many a night thinking what was to become of his money, and he had settled it in his mind to leave it to Follette. He meant to live for the next twenty years, and by that time she would be a steady old maid and well trained in habits of thrift, and he would die with the comfortable certainty that she would keep a tight hand on whatever he had to leave her. He was fond of Follette, as far as his dried-up heart could be fond of any one; but he was interested in her chiefly as the trustee to whom he would bequeath his precious hoard, and in entrusting it to her he felt he was securing to her the only happiness worth having in this world.

It would be difficult to describe the shock it was to the old man to learn that the child was plotting to hand it over to that spendthrift Jules, a fellow that fooled away his earnings to every beggar he met. The heartless, treacherous jade—while he fed her and clothed her she was actually scheming to ruin him when he was in his grave! It was horrible. Gripard had never once thought of her marrying. She had not a penny wherewith to buy a wedding-gown; and men who took a wife without a penny were a variety of the human species unknown to Gripard.

He went on smoking for a few minutes; then, removing his pipe, he spat vindictively into the dead ashes.

"Why did you not tell me of this before?" he said, turning on Victor.

"I thought you knew it, patron."

"You thought nothing of the kind."

"If I had said anything they would have set it down to jealousy."

"And what if they did? How long has this been going on?"

"Jules has been thinking of it long enough; but I believe Fol-

lette only began to care about him lately."

"The scoundrel! He shall never set his foot in the house, and if Follette speaks to him I will turn her out and curse her, and she sha'n't have a centime of my money."

He struck the floor heavily with his stick and polished away at the knob, while he muttered angrily to himself, and then spat again at the ashes.

"Patron, you won't betray me?" said Victor. "I shouldn't like to part bad friends with Follette."

"Nonsense! You are not going to part. You must stay at home and see that I'm not robbed. I can't be left to the mercy of a set of schemers and thieves. They'll be turning me out of my own house by and by. No, no!"

"Patron, if I were of any use—" began Victor.

"You will be of use, if you are honest and take my interests to heart, and keep an eye on those who would rob me. Not that I have anything to be robbed of. Don't suppose that, sir!" And he glared at Victor and struck the floor.

"Patron, I never was one to pry into your secrets—"

"Secrets! What secrets have I? Answer me that! What do you mean? Sapristi! You are worse than the others, setting such reports about. You want to bring all the thieves of the country down upon me, do you? Have I a treasure hid away? I am hard enough set to pay for the bread you eat, the lot of you, and you talk of my having a treasure! It's enough to drive one mad. Everybody knows that rascal Blondec ruined me when he became a bankrupt. I had entrusted all I had to him, and he became a bankrupt. The whole country knows it. Blondec ought to have been hanged."

It was true Blondec had been declared a bankrupt, but he had paid Gripard back every penny of his money. Gripard, nevertheless, always spoke of himself as having been ruined by Blondec. Jeanne was the only person who knew the truth of the story, but the loyal old soul never breathed it to any one, and would shake her head and echo Gripard's lamentations over his lost money as fervently as if she believed in them.

"He ought to have been hanged," repeated Victor; "but thieves don't get their deserts in this world. I only hope they will in the next."

"If they don't I don't want to go there, that's all. Look you here, I have not a penny but what the garden and that bit of land bring in, and it's little enough to feed four; but if you put your will to the work, and do it, and save me having to let some villain come about the place, I don't mind your keep," said Gripard.

"Patron, you are too generous; but that orange-merchant—"

"Send him to the devil."

"I gave my word—"

"Take it back. You were a fool. Tell him you have found him out in time."

"He may insist—"

"Sabre de bois! How many reasons will you find for driving me mad? I tell you send your orange-merchant to the devil, and let me hear no more of him! Jules shall never show his face here again, and I will be master of my own house." Gripard emphasized this remark by a succession of sharp bumps on the floor.

"Patron, I would make any sacrifice to prove to you that I am not

ungrateful," said Victor, making a move towards the door, and then stopping with an air of hesitation; "but, you see, everybody would be the happier for my going." He paused, plunged his hands deep into his pockets, and then, as if taking a desperate resolution, "Patron," he said, turning round and looking straight at the old man with his clear blue eyes, that seemed all frankness and young courage, "I may as well make a clean breast of it to you: I love Follette, and she does not care for me. She loves Jules, and no wonder; he is handsome, and can dance and sing, and make pretty toys in terra-cotta; and then what he earns he spends in bandanas and pretty things for her, and that makes her believe in his love as she never would in mine, who have nothing to give her but an honest heart and a pair of strong arms that would work for her till I dropped." He spoke passionately, flinging down both his arms with a gesture of energy and hopelessness.

"Heyday! heyday!" muttered Gripard, as if speaking to himself, but in no angry tone.

"If she thought I made any mischief between you and Jules she would hate me, they would all hate me; and I'd rather anything than that," said Victor, with strong feeling in his voice. "I have been a fool to my own interests often, blaming Jules for throwing away his money on foolishness, and telling her it was wrong to encourage him; they only laughed at me and called me a miser. If I had had any money I would have hoarded it and had it to give her some time when she may want it."

Gripard smoked on, making no answer except an occasional sound between a grunt and a chuckle. He had felt as if another mine had been laid under his feet when Victor began his confession; but gradually his bewilderment subsided, and he began to see in this new complication a way out of his troubles.

"What do those two fools intend to live on, if they get married?" he said.

"They would wait, I suppose, patron."

"Wait for what?" And Gripard's eye darted green lightnings at Victor.

But Victor kept looking steadily before him out of the window, and wondered what would come of his *coup de tête;* for such it was, rash and unpremeditated. He had an exulting sense of superiority over this narrow-headed, one-idead old man, who could only look at his money, and lost sight of the very things that jeopardized it. He chuckled inwardly at his own cleverness in playing off Gripard's avarice against himself, in cajoling him about the orange-merchant, in catching him so skilfully in that trap about Jules and Follette, and finally in gulling him with a pretence of independence and proper pride. He rejoiced like a young giant playing with this feeble old fool, whom he held at his mercy to terrify and dupe. He made no answer to Gripard's question, and Gripard did not repeat it. He probably took the silence for what it meant, and, after devouring a few inarticulate grunts, he said in an altered tone:

"Where is Follette gone?"

"I saw her going towards the forest a little while ago."

"What is she doing there this time o' day?"

"Gathering sticks, no doubt,"

said Victor, who knew perfectly well for what she had gone.

"Was that fellow going on to Barache?"

"Yes, patron. I saw him go straight to the forest."

"Humph! Go to thy work—thou hast lost a deal of time talking here—and let me hear no more of that. Get thee gone, lad."

Follette came hurrying on towards Quatre Vents with a sad heart, and not feeling at all grateful to Nicol for his bundle of faggots, which she was tempted more than once to throw away; but something in the dwarf's manner prevented her, so she carried them straight home.

When she entered the frozen kitchen Gripard was gathered up in his high-backed chair, smoking doggedly, and chewing the bitter cud of this discovery about herself and Jules. Follette, without looking at him, went straight to the hearth, dropped her bundle of sticks on it, and knelt down to light them.

"What! thou hast been to the forest?" said Gripard. "Is not this the day for the lessive?"

"The lessive can wait," said Follette, without turning her head; she did not want him to see that she had been crying. "I am going to make a blaze for you. It's too cold for you to sit here till evening without a bit of fire."

"Where didst thou get those faggots?"

"In the forest."

"That's how that idle fellow spends his time instead of attending to his work, eh?"

"If you mean Jules, he did not gather one of them. He is gone to Barache," said Follette, in a tone that sounded a war-cry in old Gripard's ears.

"He is a good-for-nothing, idle dog, a bad fellow. I will forbid his coming here any more."

"You need not, my uncle; he is going."

"Where to? He has been going to the devil ever since I knew him. What road is he taking now?"

"He is going to Paris."

"To Paris!" echoed Gripard. "To Paris, dost thou say?"

"He is going to learn to be a sculptor."

"Pshaw! He will learn to be a scoundrel, and naught else. A sculptor, forsooth!"

Gripard hardly knew whether to be glad at this unexpected removal of his grievance or vexed at not having been consulted about it.

"Well, he will be a good riddance, and nobody will miss him except his old fool of a grandmother. If he had been a steady lad he would have stayed here and worked for me, instead of taking himself off to make gewgaws in red clay."

"He could not help going; you turned him out, uncle," said Follette, who was not in a mood to hear Jules blamed for being dismissed with cruel, hard words, though she ought to have been used to it by this.

"Dost answer me, you saucy minx?" said Gripard, and his stick came down with an angry thump. "I suppose I am master in my own house, eh? I wasn't going to stand a mountebank dancing and singing about my ears all day long—humph!—to say nothing of being poisoned with red clay sticking to every bit I ate. If he hadn't turned mountebank I never would have put his mother's son to the door, although that villain Blondec robbed me of every penny I possessed.

Why can't he stay at home and get work in the village?"

"Why doesn't Victor get work in the village?"

"Victor earns his keep. He's no drone; he's worth fifty Juleses. I will have thee kind to Victor."

Follette made no answer, but sat back on her heels, and held out her hands to the blaze that went crackling up the wide black chimney, lighting up the copper pans on the wall and spreading a cheerful glow through the icy kitchen. Old Gripard looked hard at her, and, though she kept her head averted, he saw that her lids were red, and he knew that she had been crying.

If he loved anything except his money it was Follette; but his heart was hardened to her now, though she looked very touching in her young trouble, such a helpless child, so dependent on him.

"What ails thee? Thine eyes are red," he said presently, but not in a tone that invited confidence.

"It is the frost," said Follette, looking steadily into the fire.

"Little fool! Little story-teller!" said Gripard with a chuckle that made Follette smart with vexation. Had he guessed so soon the secret she had only just discovered in her own heart? Her lips trembled and the tears began to swell.

"What a little simpleton it is!" said Gripard, with a touch of pity this time. "Hearken to me, little one. I have a fondness for thy mother's child, and while I have a crust thou shalt never want one. But take heed: I will have thee a dutiful child and docile to my bidding. Think no more of this fellow Jules. I mistrust him; he is a wily hypocrite. I would rather see thee dead than wedded to him."

"O uncle!" cried Follette, kneeling up and looking at the old man with eyes that grew wide with wonder and distress. "Why do you say that?"

"I would sooner pay for thy coffin than for thy wedding-ring, if it was to wed that fellow. So see that I hear no more of him. If thou art a good child, I will find thee a husband by and by. I have had my eye upon a thrifty lad who will take care of thee. Ye shall have Quatre Vents, and what few crowns I may have scraped together before I go to my grave."

"I don't want a husband, and I don't want Quatre Vents," said Follette, rising to her feet and meeting Gripard's eyes with a firm, undefiant look that made him wonder if this was Follette, the child who had never dared gainsay his lightest bidding, whom he had always found as pliant as a kitten for all her little wayward naughtinesses.

"Humph! We don't want a husband, and we don't want Quatre Vents!" he repeated in a mocking tone, slowly polishing the ball of his stick. "So, so; thou thinkest to brave me, dost thou, eh?"

"I won't be married against my will," said Follette with the same quiet firmness. "If you are tired of me I will go to service and earn my bread. I can get work as other girls do."

If Follette had announced her intention of enlisting as a sailor Gripard could not have been more taken aback; the notion of her throwing off the yoke in this fashion was quite as unnatural and a great deal more wicked. But Gripard's wits were suddenly sharpened since his eyes had been opened to the depravity and duplicity of the female character as revealed in Follette's conduct. He was not going to give her the satisfaction

of seeing how successfully she had vexed and thwarted him.

"Thou shalt do as thou pleasest," he said. "It is high time thou shouldst earn thy bread; and if thou hadst proposed it dutifully I should have thought the better of thee for the wish. But thou art a naughty, unthankful jade. I wash my hands of thee. Get thee to the river and do thy washing."

Follette was glad enough to escape once more from the dreary kitchen. Since she had left it in the morning all the world had undergone a change. To her simple mind the cause of this change was mysterious and hazy, but she realized the fact fully. A great shock had disturbed the even tenor of her quiet, shabby little life, and as she hurried on over the snow to the river she was conscious of a mingled sense of misery and exultation. Jules loved her, and she loved him. This wonderful discovery made her heart beat with happiness; but then Jules was going away, and she would be alone, at the mercy of her hard uncle and deceitful Victor, whom she had as suddenly discovered that she hated. This prospect made her heart sink; but then, again, there was Jules' return to look forward to, Jules' success to glory in. Of course he would succeed. He had the fire, as Jeanne in her simple, picturesque language called the divine afflatus which lifted mere handicraft to genius, and shed the artist's aureole round the workman's head. He had the fire; it was still smouldering within him, but he was going to the great city, where it would be kindled, where the spark would be fanned into a flame whose light would soon shine to all the world. Jules would create works of his own in marble, which the terra-cotta toilers would reproduce at Barache while they talked over the days when the sculptor was a common lad working in red clay like themselves.

Only a few years ago a young man had gone from Tarbes to Paris and become a painter, and his friends told wonderful tales of what he had achieved and what he had done there. He lived on familiar terms with the great masters. One of them had taken him to court, and he had seen the palace lighted up, and all the beauty of the city gathered round the sovereigns in jewelled robes and the courtiers in their bravery. Why should not Jules see these splendid sights too? Follette did not intrude herself into the fair visions that she evolved for Jules. With the instinct of a true woman, her love took the form of renunciation. She would be no hindrance to him, but let him go forth alone to his enchanted life, content to wait at home, watching him from afar, toiling and spinning, until he came back and set the crown of his love upon her head.

But now she had her lessive to get through.

They made a pretty picture, the washerwomen under the shed by the river. There was not one amongst them who could be called beautiful, but the group, as a whole, produced the effect of beauty. The gay colors of their petticoats and turban-like head-gear showed like a parterre of flowers against the surrounding snow, making the dark eyes darker and lending a warmer glow to the rich olive skins. One tall woman stood by the caldron, and as the boiling water rushed into her tub and enveloped her in clouds of steam she might have been a Sibyl taking part in an in-

cantation; some were soaping their linen on short boards or beating it with wooden platters, while others, more advanced with the morning's work, knelt on little mats by the water's edge, and rinsed it in the running stream; many of them were singing, some in chorus, others hymning canticles to themselves, or ballads, and the broken concert made no discord with the music of the running waters. The Gave was only a make-believe river at this point; but what it lacked in depth and volume it made up in noise, chattering and babbling and tumbling precipitately over its pebbly bed, and leaping in little bursts of foam over the bigger stones in the middle of the stream.

The lessive was in full operation when Follette appeared on the scene, and as she stood for a moment, looking round to see where she could place her tub, she might have been Nausicaa surveying her maidens while they washed their linen on the Scherian shore.

"The petiote is late," said a short, square woman, whose copper-colored face was surmounted by a flaming yellow turban, and who looked uncommonly like a squaw as she pounded her clothes, keeping time to the tune of a musical tub behind her.

"Jules Valdory could tell us why," said Mme. Tarac, plunging a sheet into the scalding flood, then lifting it and plunging it in again.

"He's a handsome lad," observed Mme. Bibot, the squaw, "and would dance the heart out of any maid in Bacaram, or Barache either."

"It would have been better for him if he danced like a mule," said Mme. Tarac. "Old Gripard turned him out because he could not keep quiet, but was always capering about as if he had quicksilver in his heels. Victor Bart is a lad more after Gripard's heart. A likely lad enough, too, is Victor Bart."

"Victor Bart is a sneak; he eats hot meals at the cabaret, and pretends to live on cold soups and lentils at Quatre Vents," retorted Mme. Bibot. "And he has a bad heart; he flogged Nicol till the poor child's hump nearly dropped off him, and all for his picking up a stray carrot in Gripard's garden. I hate the sight of Victor."

"Ah! bah! How are folks to sleep easy in their beds if their carrots are to be eaten by idle waifs? Nicol deserved the flogging; he is a mischievous, good-for-nothing imp."

"He is a harmless, afflicted creature," said Mme. Bibot, "and those that hurt him are safe to rue it."

"Oui, dà; he is a spiteful toad and hurts when he can."

"He hurts nobody; but the good God pities him and takes his part. Bide awhile, and see if Victor Bart doesn't pay for that thrashing he gave the poor hunchback."

Mme. Tarac had no argument to pit against prophecy, so she turned to Follette.

"Well, petiote, we are getting on to the fair."

Follette was lathering away lustily over the steaming tub, her round arms bared to the elbow.

"Yes," she replied, without looking up. "If this frost keeps on it will be beautiful; they will hold the fête in the forest."

"You young ones will have a great day of it this year," continued Mme. Bibot. "Musicians are coming from Tarbes, and there is to be a dance in the evening."

"And none in the forest?" said Follette, dropping her heavy mass

of linen into the water and looking up with blank disappointment. "Then I sha'n't have a dance at all! Jeanne never waits till evening."

"You can stay with me, petiote; I will take care of you and bring you back," said Mme. Bibot. "And I'll be bound you'll have plenty of dancers wanting to see us safe home."

"She'll have Victor Bart to look after her," said Mme. Tarac, with a knowing wink.

But Follette made a little pouting grimace, shrugged her shoulders, and plunged back into her suds.

She made up her mind that she would not go to the fair. Perhaps Jules would not be there; he might leave Barache before, and, if so, she would not care to dance. She would certainly not dance with Victor. She had never cared for him as a partner, he was so awkward; but now she would hate to dance with him.

The Christmas fair was the great event of the winter to the Bacaram population, and the young folks looked forward to it with an eager expectation that was not checked by the sameness of the yearly programme. When there was a fine hard frost over the snow, that seldom failed at this season, the fair was held in the forest, midway between Barache and Bacaram, on a spot which made a convenient meeting-place for the surrounding hamlets and villages; but if a thaw set in it was held in the market-place at Barache, an arrangement which nobody liked, not even the Barache people, for they were near enough to the forest to make the journey to the rendezvous easy and pleasant, and, once there, the fair went merrily as a picnic.

Everybody was busy preparing for it now; some had wares to take to the annual market, and others looked forward to it as an opportunity for wearing their best clothes, carrying on their little love-affairs, coquetting a shy lover up to the fatal noose, ousting a rival, or compelling a reluctant fair one to surrender. Thanks to Jeanne's taste and wonderful management, Follette had always made a creditable appearance amongst the little Bacaram belles at the fair; but this year she was, so to speak, coming out, and it was necessary that she should be equipped for conquest. Old Jeanne, remembering the days of her youth, set her heart to the task of preparing Follette's dress for the day of the fair.

But Follette had graver cares in her heart this morning than muslin frills and a laced bodice. There was this new world that had come into her life. As she walked on through the morning sunlight over the snow, bending under her wet bundle, she seemed to be treading on air. A robin perched on a bough above her head, and sang to her as she laid down her burden and began to hang out the clothes on lines from tree to tree. She went about it very leisurely, for she was in no hurry to go in; when at last the lessive was spread and hung flapping in the breeze she still loitered in the field, hoping that Jeanne would come out from the house and see her, and then she could break to her the news of Jules' intended departure. Gripard was pretty sure to say nothing about it to Jeanne. He never spoke to her except to scold, and she kept out of his way as much as possible just now. His temper was never of the sweetest, but since his rheumatism was bad and kept him

indoors, tied to his chair all day, he growled like a bear at her if she asked him a question; so Jeanne went about like a dummy, washing her potatoes and scraping her carrots in the scullery, where he did not see her. When her preparations for the evening meal were made, and there was absolutely no excuse for remaining out of the kitchen, she fetched her knitting, and went in and sat down at the table as quietly as a mouse.

She had a deep-down fondness in her heart for old Gripard, though she shook in her wooden shoes before him, and wondered sometimes, as she stole a glance at the hard mummy sitting bolt upright in its chair, whether this was the soft, cooing baby that she had kissed and cuddled sixty years ago.

He was reading a stale newspaper that Victor had filched or borrowed from some neighbor, and he kept up a series of grunts and groans as he perused the market prices, and bethought him of the three mouths he had to feed besides his own.

Follette found him grumbling when she came in. She looked at Jeanne with something of the feeling we have towards a person whom we know to be stricken with a mortal disease while they are yet unconscious of it. Her love for Jules had made more space in her heart for every other love, and she was full of the thought of how she could best break the news of his going away to Jeanne. She sat down to her wheel and spun away diligently. For a while nothing was heard but the musical hum of the wheel, which drowned Gripard's inarticulate commentaries on the price of provisions. Suddenly the hum ceased, the wheel came to a standstill, and Follette began to blow on her finger-tips, that were blue with cold. The meagre fire had long since died out, and the kitchen was again like an ice-house.

"Get thee across to Mme. Bibot's," said Jeanne, "and fetch the blue jug full of milk, and tell her to give it a boil first."

"Eh? What?" said Gripard, dropping the *Constitutionnel* and darting an angry glance at her over his glasses. "This is the way you lay me open to be fleeced, borrowing folks' fire. You don't suppose I think you get the loan of it for nothing, do you?"

"Follette and I do many a good turn for Mme. Bibot," said Jeanne.

"More shame for you! You have no right to give your time to anybody. It's mine; don't I pay dear enough for it, feeding and clothing you both, eh?"

"I never take from my day's work," replied Jeanne, who had the meek, chidden air of a dumb animal used to being beaten; "but Mme. Bibot doesn't forget that when poor Bibot was down with the fever that carried him off I sat up with him of a night to let her get a little rest."

"Yes, and lost half your time next day," said Gripard, polishing away at the knob of his stick. "I had reason to know it; you fell asleep and let the soup boil over—hein!"

"Mme. Bibot was helpful when Follette was sick with the measles," said Jeanne.

"Well, she got something for it; nobody does anything for nothing but a knave or a fool, and I don't want either to be coming about me. D'ye hear?"

Follette went to the dresser and took down the blue jug. There was an air of quiet determination about her which did not escape

Gripard. She had defied him about Jules, and she seemed in a mood to defy him now; and of course Jeanne would aid and abet her, as she always did.

"I will have no fools coming about me," he repeated, bringing down his stick with a loud thump; "and I won't be braved under my own roof. If you mean to try it you had better take yourself to Paris with your hopeful grandson."

"To Paris? Is Jules going to Paris?"

Jeanne dropped her knitting and looked up at Gripard with a direct glance.

"So he meant to skulk away like a sneak, eh? A dutiful son! But I always told you he would come to no good."

"He never meant to go without telling you, Jeanne," said Follette, going over to the table and standing before her uncle, as if to shield Jeanne from him. "He came on purpose to tell you this morning; but his heart failed him and he asked me to tell you. Don't be unhappy, Jeanne," she continued, seeing the tender old eyes fill with tears; "he is going to be a sculptor. You will be proud of him; before long he will come back rich and famous. Think of it, little mother!"

"Bonne Vierge Marie! I always said he had the fire, my brave boy! Why should he not go to Paris? His poor old granny shall be no hindrance to him."

"He will go to the devil; that's where he will go," said Gripard.

"He is a brave lad," said Jeanne, wiping her eyes and speaking up for her boy. "He fears God and he loves his old mother. Why should he take harm in Paris more than here?"

"Because Paris is Paris, and thou art an old fool. He will go to the devil. He can't help himself."

"But the good God can help him, and he will," said Jeanne with motherful energy; love for Jules making the poor, meek drudge brave. "When is he going, my little one? Not till after the fair, surely?"

"He says he must go next week," said Follette.

"So soon as all that? Well, if he must, I must be content. But I was looking forward to seeing him dance at the fair once more. Holy Virgin! next week?"

"Vieille bête!" said Gripard with a contemptuous grunt. "He has played the fool long enough; it is high time he left off."

"He has been a steady lad and good to his old mother, and I don't want him to be an old man before he's a young one. But, petiote, how are we to get his linen ready in time? He hasn't a sound pair of socks to his feet, nor a shirt decent enough to wear in Paris, I'll be bound!"

"You must go to Barache tomorrow and see about it," said Follette.

"Go to Barache? Without so much as 'by your leave' to me? Are you master here? Parbleu!"

"A mother's a mother, Gripard," said Jeanne. "I can't let my boy go to Paris without seeing to his linen. Think of it! To Paris! But the good God will watch over him."

Jeanne quilted her needles into her knitting, put it away into its accustomed place on the shelf, and then left the kitchen and went clacking up the brick stair, heedless of Gripard's ill-tempered protest.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SHADOWS.

I.

A GOLDEN shadow, full of prophecy,
  Across the sunshine of midsummer fell,
  Wrought sudden change, as by enchanter's spell,
From high hill-dome to wayside broidery,
Braiding the trembling azure atmosphere
  That veiled the mountains' cool, untarnished green,
  With glittering threads shining the grays between
Wherein our autumn mourns the dying year;
Kindling, the pure white elder bloom amid,
  The gleam of lingering asters' purple crown,
  The clematis' light cloud of silver down;
Disclosing ashen robe of penance hid
Beneath the common green of every day
And happy festa's white and gold array.

II.

Deep in the maples' scarcely sun-pierced shade
  The thrushes called with clear, unfaltering voice:
  "Ah! summer it is sweet, so sweet! Rejoice,
Green earth; be glad, blue skies o'erhead!"
In their calm hermitage these gave no care
  That any passing cloud made dim the sun—
  Sweetness more deep their song from shadow won,
Filling the listening silence of the air
With that full melody the forests know
  When the long shadows climb the eastern hills
  And dying day with golden largess fills
The earth and sky: no requiem sad and slow,
But song exultant, as beseemeth best
The hour that shadoweth forth eternal rest.

III.

Magic so great within a little thought!
  'Twas but a golden-rod's tall, yellow plume,
  That turned to ashes all the summer bloom—
Death's shadow of the dazzling sunshine wrought—
An eager blossom, hastening to feel
  The warm, soft breath of summer on its face;
  The hidden glory of its golden grace
Unto blue skies rejoicing to reveal;

Unconscious of the shadow so it cast,
  Heedless of hearts to whom its sunshine brought—
  As cloudless days with blinding storm are fraught—
Vision of summer joys too swiftly past,
Of birds grown silent, leafy woods grown bare,
Earth's life death-smitten by the shivering air.

IV.

Shadow to one, to one a shaft of light
  The eager blossom in its gold arrayed
  As sweet the robins warbled in the shade—
Sweeter to sing as day drew near the night.
Beneath the ashen robe of penance hid
  Are tremulous joys earth's sunshine cannot know.
  When woods grow gray, and hills are white with snow,
Spring violets ope once more blue veinèd lid—
Spring's trust awakening 'mid the seeming gloom.
  The scarlet woods that mark the year's decay
  Are sunset promise of a brighter day:
Warm is home's hearth when o'er the summer bloom:
Golden the shadows shortening hours throw
Whose sunset burns with the eternal glow.

---

## CHRISTIAN ART.

### THE VAN EYCKS; MEMLING; DÜRER; HOLBEIN.

If Murillo has been put forward as the representative of the Christian-art school in Spain it was not because he had an exclusive monopoly of such subjects; far from it. A hundred years before he was born Juañes had made a name for himself as a religious painter; and, in the opinion of at least one competent critic, Valentia can show a head of Christ, painted by his hand, more impressive even than that executed by Da Vinci in his "Last Supper." To the century preceding Murillo also belonged Cespedes, Morales, Ribalta, and Roelas—artists, all of them, of no mean reputation, and who had drawn their inspiration from Christian sources. Alonso Cano and Zúrbaran were contemporaries of Murillo's, and, though little known out of Spain as compared with him, their works of sacred art are highly valued in their own country. Even the great court painter, Velasquez, could paint a "Crucifixion" for a convent of nuns which was never excelled by any school. It consists of one solitary figure, without landscape, clouds, or attendants; the cross is not even carried down to the ground, and is relieved against a dark background, like an ivory carving on sombre velvet. All this is perfectly true; and yet Murillo, notwithstanding, is entitled to the

prominence assigned to him, on account of his more systematic and more successful cultivation of religious art, and also because no Spanish artist is so well known as he out of Spain. At no other point in our examination of Christian art shall we find any one single name which so largely fills the eye as his. In the earlier schools the fewness of remarkable works, and in the later Italian school their very abundance, compel us to pass in review many various painters instead of one solitary representative.

The pioneers of modern art were undoubtedly the miniaturists and illuminators who adorned the church books of that early time; the names of a few of them, here and there, are known, but the majority were content to devote their skill and labor to the work of the *scriptoria* in their monasteries and leave no record of their names behind them. In many instances the art of sculpture suggested to painters a method of expressing the ideas of art that presented themselves. Thus, we know that Ghiberti's baptistery gates at Florence were a school of study to his brethren of the brush. Thus, too, exquisite groups of sculpture like those in the *tympana* of the old doorway of St. John's Hospital, Bruges, representing the Death, the Assumption, and Coronation of the Madonna (date, 1270), have surely found a responsive echo in more than one subsequent work of the Flemish school of painting. The rise of that school belongs to the history of the fifteenth century. The first eminent name that meets us in it is that of the Van Eyck family, who are supposed, in the absence of more exact information regarding them, to have migrated into Flanders from the neighborhood of Maaseyck, in Limbourg. Hubert, the elder brother, was some twenty years senior to John; their sister Margaret was also a painter. The family settled at first in Ghent, where Hubert painted the one great picture associated with his name, part of which still remains in the cathedral church of St. Bavon. "The Worship of the Lamb" is the title of it—an embodiment of the description in the Apocalypse (vii. 9). It has the form of a double triptych, consisting of an upper and a lower portion, with wings corresponding to each—in all, twelve compartments. The upper central portion is divided into three. In the midst of all is the Eternal Father, crowned, sceptred, and enthroned, looking down upon the sublime action in progress below. At his feet lies an empty crown of regal state—that which the Eternal Son has for a little while laid aside to assume the character represented in the scene underneath. On the right of the Eternal Father is seated the Blessed Madonna, crowned and holding an open book; on his left St. John Baptist. To the right and left of the central panels are represented a choir of angels and St. Cecilia and her choristers, respectively, flanked on the extreme outside by nude figures of Adam and Eve. In the great oblong panel underneath is depicted with immense elaboration the immaculate Lamb, standing "as it were slain," and receiving the worshipful homage of prophets and apostles, of martyrs and holy virgins, of popes and kings. In the foreground is the fountain of the water of life. In the distance, amidst a picturesque landscape, we discover the towered city of the New Jerusalem. In the panels to the left of this scene are represented groups of magistrates and cavaliers on

horseback; and to the right of it holy pilgrims under the guidance of St. Christopher, all pressing forward, through varied landscape scenery, to the same goal—the society of the Blessed Lamb and his court.

This memorable and, for its age, wonderful picture was commissioned by the burgomaster of Ghent, Jodocus Vydt, lord of Pamele, for his family chantry-chapel in St. Bavon's. No description can convey an idea of its admirable execution, of its solemn effect. Every head in the motley throngs is a study; many of them, no doubt, are portraits. No other work of the Flemish school can show equal perfection in grouping, drawing, and painting human figures. Severely natural as are the attitudes, their expression is full of dignity. The landscapes introduced heighten the effect either by harmony or by contrast, and are equalled by no other similar work of the same age. The rich dresses and costumes have the additional interest of preserving the fashions of the splendid court of the Dukes of Burgundy in the time of Philip the Good.* Hubert Van Eyck died in 1426, at the age of sixty, and before completing all the parts of his elaborate composition. What he left unfinished the careful hand of his brother John supplied. The portraits of the two brothers are preserved among the pilgrim-magistrates, a portion of John's work. Hubert may be recognized as a mild, benevolent old man, in blue velvet trimmed with fur, and mounted on a richly-caparisoned gray horse; while John faces the spectator, on foot, dressed in black, with a keen and youthful countenance. Two other portraits must be mentioned: those of the worthy burgomaster and his wife, Isabella Borlunt, a daughter of a distinguished family. They are painted on the outside of two of the lower wings, by John Van Eyck, with all his discrimination of character as well as power of delineating form. Jodocus, the benefactor of every lover of art, kneels with folded hands, looking upwards, in a simple red robe trimmed with fur; his wife Isabella's features are nobler, more intellectual and expressive.

Apart from its history as a rare work of art, the "Worship of the Lamb" has a further interest derived from its many vicissitudes. It was finished in 1432; little more than a century afterwards it had to be taken down and concealed in a tower during the storm of iconoclasm that swept over Ghent for two days, August 19, 1566. At another time the Calvinist leaders in a war of religion were about to offer the art-treasure to Queen Elizabeth of England as an acknowledgment of all they owed her; but a lineal descendant of Isabella Borlunt successfully contested their right to dispose of the picture thus. At length the stupid economy of a church-warden broke up a unique work of art which had hitherto escaped injury from riot and from faction. Six of the side-panels were sold to a Brussels dealer in 1818 for twelve hundred dollars, were afterwards purchased from a dealer in England by the King of Prussia for eighty-two thousand dollars (£16,400), and are now placed in the Berlin Museum. The life-size figures of Adam and Eve were long banished by scrupulous prudery to the

* Consult as to details Crowe's *Handbook of Painting*, after Kügler and Waagen, where also the whole picture is reproduced in (reduced) outline.

sacristy, and are now housed in the Fine-Arts Museum at Brussels. All, therefore, that remains in the chantry-chapel at St. Bavon's are the central panels, one below and three above. An excellent copy of the entire work, originally made for the Hôtel de Ville, Antwerp, hangs in the museum there. Of another copy, made by Van Coxcien for Philip II. of Spain, three panels found their way into the Pinacothek at Munich.

Before taking leave of Hubert Van Eyck we must refer for a moment to a painting in the Trinidad Museum at Madrid, sometimes attributed to the Van Eycks, but much more probably the work of pupils of the same school. It is called indifferently "The Triumph of the Christian Church" and "The Fountain of Living Waters."

Hubert, then, being dead, the picture in St. Bavon's finished, and Margaret also dying about the same time, John Van Eyck, who had till then possessed the lease of a house at Bruges, purchased another there, and probably also married. John was more of a courtier than his brother. He had early attached himself to the service of Philip Duke of Burgundy, in whose court he held the responsible office of chamberlain. On several occasions of importance the painter undertook distant journeys about the duke's affairs. Thus in 1428 he is found at the court of Portugal, one of an embassy commissioned to ask the hand of the Princess Isabella in marriage for his master. While at Lisbon he painted her portrait, to be sent to Bruges, and afterwards spent several months in travelling in Spain. At that period native art had not yet begun to awake in the peninsula; any tincture of it that existed was indirectly derived from one or other of the great Italian schools. Later on the duke stood godfather to the painter's boy, and several years after John's death, in 1440, paid a dowry to enable his daughter Lievine to enter a convent at Maaseyck.

Before pointing out one or two of John Van Eyck's masterpieces of religious art it may be well to put the student on his guard against forming an opinion, at first sight, of an altar-piece, for example, which he may find in a museum or public gallery. He ought to remember that it was originally designed for a very different position and purpose. Those sacred pictures, now dissevered from their original surroundings, were invariably painted expressly for the interior of a church; their perspective, their tone and arrangement, were calculated for the place they were to fill, not to be stared at or coldly scrutinized by an idle and perhaps self-sufficient visitor in an art-collection. Their original destination was to serve as the background of the great act of Christian worship; to attune the minds of men, and bring them into harmony with thoughts and aspirations belonging to the spiritual order. The meek Madonna or the suffering saint reflected the beliefs and traditions of Christian ages, cherished by whole peoples as, in an emphatic sense, a token and assurance of their own final deliverance from evil and suffering. The critic may possibly think the attitudes of the early Flemish painters stiff or their style somewhat dry and hard; but the honest burghers in the parish or cathedral church had no such misgivings about the execution of those paintings when they were kneeling before them, submitting to

their influence, feeling something of the inspiration that had animated the artist while calling them into being. Many prayers have mounted to heaven in presence of those old paintings, many graces have in return descended; many agitations been calmed, many hopes revived, many grateful tears been shed by eyes which for centuries have been closed in death. All this must be taken into account if we would estimate the service rendered to religion by one such picture as we are examining.

Examples of John Van Eyck's work for the church are to be met with in several of the public galleries in Belgium: at Brussels an "Adoration of the Magi"; at Antwerp a Madonna and her Child enthroned, supported by St. Donatien and St. George; and, kneeling before them, a portrait of the donor, George Van der Paele, a canon of St. Donatien's at Bruges, 1436. A duplicate of this very striking picture, and probably the original, hung in the Cathedral of St. Donatien, Bruges, and now forms an interesting picture in the Academy Museum there. John Van Eyck was also distinguished in portraiture. The National Gallery in London possesses three originals of extraordinary merit; one of them the portraits of Jean Arnolfini and his wife, Jeanne Chenany, 1434. Round a mirror at the further end of their chamber are ranged ten miniature scenes from the Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

The story of the Flemish art-school now introduces us to a painter round whose name and life romance had woven a tissue of invention which more accurate research has lately cleared away. Hans Memling was not the poor cutcast of the old guide-books, who repaid the charity he had received by painting marvellous pictures for the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. He was a man of substance and position, the proprietor of several houses in that town; his wife, Anne, bore him three children, and he died in 1485. Not the less true is it, however, that the hospital chapter-room is a treasure of religious art, chiefly formed by the genius of Memling. In the course of each summer it is visited by several thousand persons, as the custodian informed the writer of these lines a week or two ago. Memling was by birth a German, a native, in all probability, of the village of Memelinghe, in the neighborhood of Aschaffenburg. He is found domiciled at Bruges about 1479. Two important triptychs* and the famous shrine of St. Ursula constitute the chief attraction of this remarkable collection. One of the triptychs represents the mystic marriage of St. Catherine—a composition, both in drawing and coloring, attesting the work of a master who was gradually acquiring greater breadth of treatment and emancipating himself from the trammels of miniature, while still adhering to its fine execution and tender feeling for color. Many saints are gathered about the Madonna's throne—the two St. Johns, St. Barbara, and others—and portraits of the principal managers of the hospital at the date, 1479, who probably defrayed the cost of the painting. Another triptych exhibits the "Adoration of the Magi," of the same date. The shrine of St. Ursula, a reliquary of wood constructed to hold an arm of the saint, is covered with six exquisite paint-

* A common form of altar-piece in early art, consisting of a central frame flanked by two wings, which opened or closed at pleasure and were painted upon, inside and outside.

ings representing successive scenes in the history of her martyrdom and that of her companions. From Cologne they travel to Bâle, and thence to Rome, where they are welcomed by the pope. They again embark on the Rhine at Bâle, drop down to Cologne, and there meet their death. Paintings on either end of the chest represent the Madonna and her Child and St. Ursula's protection of her clients. The execution of the whole is masterly; the date of the work, between 1480 and 1486.

Memling is met with in one or two other art-collections in Belgium, and notably in the Musée at Bruges in a remarkable triptych, where St. Christopher, St. Benedict, and St. Giles are portrayed in attendance on the Infant Redeemer. On the wings the donor, his wife and family kneel under the protection of their several patrons. No traveller visiting Munich should omit to inquire in the public gallery for Memling's "Joys and Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin"—a painting of most original character, exhibiting, as in a vast landscape, groups and processions, surrounded by suitable architectural details, and illustrating the several scenes which form the manifold subject of the work. The size of the painting is 77 inches by 32; and on this surface of some 17 square feet 1,500 figures and objects are represented. The Nativity of Christ, the Adoration of the Magi, and Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost occupy the foreground. The middle distance contains the Annunciation and the Resurrection; and from the distant horizon mountain-top the Redeemer's Ascension and the Madonna's triumphant Assumption take place. Neither crowding nor confusion mars the effect of the whole, which is alive with wonderful grace and beauty. The work was painted to the order of Peter Bultynck, a master-currier of Bruges, who presented it to his guild chapel, 1479.*

The genius of the Van Eycks was destined to have an influence over subsequent art far beyond the Low Countries. There may be some exaggeration in the tradition that their new method of painting in oil was carried to Italy by Antonello da Messina about the year 1460; but so much is certain that, up to that time, Italian painters, though acquainted with the use of oil as a vehicle for color, much preferred *tempera* (or distemper)—that is, water thickened by some glutinous substance, as white of egg or the juice of young fig-tree shoots. To the early Flemish school may be traced the freer employment of oil mixed with a resinous varnish, to the immense gain of art in force and brilliance. Antonello took the method with him on his return from Flanders to Italy, and old Bellini, of Venice, was one of the earliest masters there who adopted it.

The Van Eycks' influence, however, was attested in other ways also. They left behind them a flourishing school of Christian art, as we have seen, in Flanders; their example also reacted powerfully on the early schools of Germany. To it we owe, in great part, the important work of Albert Dürer, the head of the Franconian school, and universally regarded as the representative of German art in his day. His name cannot but be familiar to our readers, and some short account of what he achieved may not be unacceptable to them. The

*A copy in outline (reduced) forms the frontispiece of Crowe's *Handbook of Painting*, *ut supra*.

quaint, mediæval city of Nuremberg is proud of him now, though in life he was thought more of almost anywhere else than in his native place. His father was a Hungarian goldsmith, who had settled in Germany long before Albert was born; 1471 was the date of his birth. Early evincing a turn for art, he was sent, at the age of fifteen, to the studio of Michael Wohlgemuth, the best painter and engraver in wood then in Nuremberg. Part of his time as a student was passed, in conformity with German custom, in foreign travel; and the young artist is found at Venice about the year 1492. Shortly afterwards he settled in his native city and married the daughter of a musician. His earliest efforts with the brush were portraits of his father, of his old master, and of himself, all of which are preserved in various galleries in Germany. Nothing in the way of art seems to have come amiss to him. He drew and he painted, he engraved on wood and on copper, and etched also on iron. Out of Germany he is certainly better known by his wood-engravings than by his paintings. Up to his time the graver had never been handled with equal skill or power.

Soon after the opening of the sixteenth century Dürer again crossed the Alps into Italy and renewed his acquaintance with Venetian art. Bellini was then eighty years old, and his manner especially attracted the young German artist. The Venetians made a good deal of their guest, and he received several commissions. To his great disappointment he just missed seeing Mantegna, who died at Mantua, 1506. The Italian schools exerted considerable influence on Dürer's subsequent style, and he parted with something of his native ruggedness while studying their more finished work. 1511 is a remarkable year in his life, on account of three great series of wood-engravings which he published; one of them, the "Greater Passion"; another, the "Lesser Passion"; and the third, the "Life of the Blessed Virgin." Into these miniature works he threw all his inventive power. The Passion series were instinct with solemn feeling and the tenderest sympathy, truth, and earnestness. The Greater represented the scenes immediately preceding the Redeemer's death; the Lesser, other scenes more remotely connected with it, both before it and after his resurrection. The "Life of the Blessed Virgin" afforded scope for more graceful and engaging treatment, as the other subjects were replete with severe and tragic significance. The scenes in her life included her birth, her flight into Egypt, her ephemeral repose there; the whole closing with her peaceful death, into which the artist threw his utmost sense of beauty. Copies of all of these engravings are widely diffused, in greater or less perfection. Their size is small, but their expression is out of all proportion to their diminutive size. A line, a dot, often supplies a distinct feature in itself. The breadths of light, the contrasts of shadow, the exquisitely natural attitudes make them an invaluable study for artists of every class and style. For devotional purposes no better incentives could perhaps be found to assist the inner sense by the appeal of the *visibile parlare* to the outward eye. To take one of the least elaborate series—"Christ Mocked by the Soldier," who kneels before him and offers him in de-

rision the reed sceptre of dominion. How much is said, how much more suggested, within the little space of two inches square! The Man of Sorrows is seated in lonely desolation on a slab of stone, his crown of thorns on his head, his hands clasped together. Turning away from his tormentor, he fixes his woful gaze on the spectator, as if to say, Did I deserve this? Must I look for no better treatment either from thy hands? Even the little anachronism of representing his hands as already pierced by the nails adds pathos, because completeness, to the picture of what he suffered from ungrateful man.

Passing on to the master's larger engravings, attention is due to his "Knight, Death, and the Devil," a print of which formed the frontispiece to the English translation of La Motte-Fouqué's *Sintram*, published a few years ago. Through a formidable assemblage of hideous spectres which gather round him the knight, grim and weather-beaten, rides on unmoved; round the head of his spear writhes a hideous beast transfixed by his powerful arm. "St. Jerome in his Study" is another engraved work of the highest merit. At the further end of a long and massive table, in a chamber of stately proportions, sits the old man, his finely-conceived head bent over his desk, deeply engaged in his Vulgate translation of Scripture. The accessories, the disposition of the lights and shadows, all the resources of art are directed to work out a striking scene, which, if it does not pretend to reproduce the literal surroundings of the fourth-century dweller at Bethlehem, at least represents the dignity, all the concentrated energy, of the fourth doctor of the Latin Church. A more original and more powerful exercise of the master's genius produced his portrait of "Melancholy," a grand, winged woman leaning her head on her hand, and looking out, with eyes deep-set in gloom, over a waste of waters spanned by a distant rainbow. Around her seat are scattered in profusion instruments and appliances of human ingenuity—tools, magic crystals, divining apparatus.* All was insufficient to call up the light of gladness into those eyes of deep intelligence, but also of blank despondency.

For the German emperor, Maximilian I., several remarkable works were engraved by Dürer: a triumphal arch, a triumphal car, and the celebrated ornamental borders for his prayer-book, now preserved in the Royal Library, Munich. Several of Dürer's best portraits were engraved on copper, as those of the Cardinal of Brandenburg, of Pirkheimer, Melanchthon, and Erasmus of Rotterdam. At one period of his life he was thrown into the familiar society of the early German Reformers, Nuremberg being a centre of their influence. But there is no doubt, although particular details are wanting, that he died in the peace of the Catholic Church. The remark of some critics may perhaps be credited, that while the artist trifled with the novel opinions of the Reformers his great powers of invention suffered notable eclipse. A few words about his painted pictures must bring our notice of his life to a close. They

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 16 | 3 | 2 | 13 |
| 5 | 10 | 11 | 8 |
| 9 | 6 | 7 | 12 |
| 4 | 15 | 14 | 1 |

*In particular the square of sixteen checkers, numbered so that the sum of any four checkers, taken in any direction, amounts to thirty-four. Certain occult properties were associated with it.

are rare, and for the most part preserved in German art-galleries. The Belvedere at Vienna possesses his "Trinity, with the Heavenly Host in Adoration," and emperor, king, and pope associated on earth below with the worship in progress above. High finish is here combined with extreme dignity, both in the groups above and below and in the wide landscape. In the same gallery hangs the "Martyrdom" of ten thousand Christians in Persia. In both pictures the painter has introduced himself in a subordinate position, with his name and date. Two other pictures represent full-length figures of St. Peter with St. John, and St. Paul with St. Mark. Italian artists had by that time reached a higher mark; but, as examples of German art at the period, critics are unanimous in assigning them considerable importance. Dürer presented these pictures to the municipal council of his native city; but in 1627 they were carried to Munich and replaced at Nuremberg by copies. In his paintings his work rivalled the miniaturists in minute finish; his style retains a good deal of "Gothic" hardness, and his coloring is wanting in the refinements of later art. In fact, he lived long enough to perceive his deficiencies, and, with characteristic candor, to lament them as then beyond his reach. Yet, on the whole, even as a painter there is much to admire in his work; and as an engraver on wood and on copper he had no rivals in his day, and but few since, in feeling and invention.

A journey into the Netherlands, undertaken in 1520, introduced him to the Flemish artists, who welcomed him among them with becoming honor. In 1528 he died at Nuremberg, leaving no successor to his great position in the German school. His fellow-citizens discovered after his death how great that had been, and, with tardy justice, composed his epitaph in Latin, to the effect that Dürer was "a luminary of art, the sun of artificers; as a painter, an engraver, and a sculptor, without a rival."

A prominent place in any historical sketch of Christian art is due to Hans Holbein, the younger; less on account of his eminence in portraiture (which was great) than for the sake of two works of his art, the "Dance of Death" and the "Meier Madonna" at Darmstadt and at Dresden. He stood at the head of the realistic school of German painters, as Albert Dürer was supreme in grand effects, in depth of feeling, and in wealth of conception and invention. Augsburg was his native city; the date of his birth, 1495. Erasmus of Rotterdam used to say that Holbein's portraits were more liked than Dürer's, as well as more excellent in feeling of beauty (in which Dürer was deficient), in grace of attitude and arrangement of drapery. Holbein's talent was partly inherited from his father, the elder Hans, a painter of respectable mediocrity, also born at Augsburg, and who emigrated to Bâle, in Switzerland, about 1516, taking with him his son Hans. They were attracted thither by the employment afforded in illustrating books for the booksellers, which was a famous industry at Bâle in those days. It was also much frequented by men of letters, who sought temporary refuge there from the stormy turmoils then so universal in Europe. The younger Hans divided himself between portraiture and sacred art. Erasmus sat

to him, and, when the painter went to England in 1526 to try his fortunes there, sent the portrait to the chancellor, Sir Thomas More, together with a letter of introduction. More received the young artist with frank hospitality, lodged him in his house at Chelsea, and recommended him to his friends. Holbein, however, who had left his wife and family in Switzerland, soon returned to them, and after four years went back to London, in 1532. He fell into good practice among the German merchants of the Steelyard, from whom he received many commissions; and in the following year he attracted the notice of the reigning monarch, Henry VIII., then in the heyday of his insolent triumph in his marriage with Anne Boleyn. Holbein was taken into the king's service at a fixed salary, and executed many works for him. Among others he painted the portrait of the young widow of the Duke of Milan, at Brussels—a lady on whom Henry had designs as the successor of the unfortunate Anne. He also painted the portrait of Anne of Cleves, and so flattered the original, as the gossips of the day asserted, that the king was deceived, and afterwards avenged his disappointment by taking the life of Cromwell, who had arranged the marriage. One of Holbein's latest works represented the Company of the Barber-Surgeons receiving the grant of their privileges from Henry—a work preserved in the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Holbein died in England, 1543. One of his best-known works is a portrait of Morett, King Henry's jeweller and banker, now in the Dresden gallery, where it was long attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. Close imitation of nature was perhaps never carried further than in this admirable portrait.

Not long before Holbein's first coming to England he received a commission from Jacob Meier, burgomaster of Bâle, to paint a votive picture, probably for a chapel of the Madonna, suggested by a domestic occurrence. His youngest boy, a child of some two years old, had been at the point of death, and had recovered after being commended to the love and the prayers of the Blessed Madonna. The grateful father desired to thank his Benefactress by a votive offering. Holbein, whose comparatively few sacred pictures are invariably treated with elevated feeling, delineated the whole family gathered around the feet of the gracious Mother of Mercy. On her right hand kneel the worthy magistrate and his two sons, one of them the darling child lately rescued from death, and now in the bloom of infantine health and beauty. On the opposite side are kneeling the burgomaster's wife and mother and his two daughters—homely-featured women and girls, all four of them, dressed in the unadorned, domestic fashion of the time. On a pedestal, beneath a canopied niche, stands the great Patroness of the afflicted, her long, fair hair falling down her shoulders to her waist, and her head encircled by a superb crown. A tender and noble compassion fills her countenance as she looks down on the kneeling circle. "In purity, dignity, humility, and intellectual grace," says Mrs. Jameson (*Legends of the Madonna*), "this exquisite Madonna has never been surpassed, not even by Raphael; the face, once seen, haunts the memory." The Child is in her arms, as usual, but not in the usual

attitude, erect and sharing her gracious interest in events that are occurring. He has fallen back on her shoulder, stretches out his left arm as if seeking help, and is emaciated as if with sickness. The critics have exhausted their ingenuity to explain the anomaly. Some of them have even gone so far as to allege that it is the sick child that the Madonna is carrying, and that the beautiful and strong infant standing on the ground is the Infant Jesus himself. A perversion of art such as this, we venture to say, never entered the wildest dream of the most eccentric painter; none but a critic could have imagined it. The child had been restored; why, then, represent it as still ailing and infirm? But the painter, doubtless, intended to illustrate the words of Scripture: "He took our infirmities and bore our diseases" (Matt. viii. 17, quoting Isai. liii. 4). This picture was painted twice by Holbein; the earlier work, probably designed for a chapel or oratory, is now at Hesse-Darmstadt; the replica, possibly painted for Herr Meier's house, and in several particulars evincing maturer powers in the painter, is one of the precious treasures of the Dresden gallery.*

We mentioned the "Dance of Death" as another celebrated work of the younger Holbein. But here a distinction must be carefully borne in mind. In memory of a devastating pestilence which had carried off a promiscuous crowd of old and young, rich and poor, without distinction, a "Dance of Death" had been depicted on the wall of the old Dominican cemetery at Bâle long before Holbein was old enough to paint. His "Dance of Death," which soon became famous, and still remains so, was a series of little drawings, executed in wood, to the number of forty-one, in which the grim skeleton was represented as interfering with the enjoyments, pleasures, and occupations of every class of society, from the pope and the emperor to the little child who stands watching its mother as she prepares the meal which it will never taste. The rich and spoiled daughter of fashion must yield when the fatal hour-glass is held up before her startled eyes. Nay, the very priest who is carrying the Viaticum to the dying receives notice that his own time has come when he sees the skeleton leading the way, his sand-glass under his arm, and carrying in one bony hand the lantern with its light, while ringing the sacring-bell with the other, just as the sacristan does still in a Flemish or German town. Many of the little scenes are pointed with hardly-concealed satire, directed against sundry abuses of the time, both in civil and ecclesiastical matters; for in Holbein's day, as in Dürer's, polemics ran high in politics and in religion. The moral of the whole is clear and forcible: the certain, and perhaps unexpected, arrival of the "ineluctabilis hora."

The limits of our article are nearly reached before we have said a word of two later painters who, each of them in his own way, gave a new impulse to devotional art. Rembrandt in Holland and Rubens in Flanders united the highest technical excellence as artists with such feeling of religious subjects as was necessary to guide their hands to the execution of great and lasting work in that direction. The "Descent from the

* Reproductions of both pictures in outline are given in Crowe's *Handbook*.

Cross," in Antwerp cathedral, and another great picture there, the "Elevation of the Cross," exhibit Christian art in all the glory of color and splendor of drawing. A wide interval, indeed, separates the gorgeous style of Rubens from the simpler conceptions of Van Eyck or the tragic vein of Dürer. We shall not attempt to decide which is more likely to appeal to the heart with a lasting influence. Both are effective, though one may be more so than the other. As regards the sombre and intensely suggestive style of Rembrandt, "the inspired Dutchman," his rendering of Scripture scenes rivets them on the memory as actually seeing them might have done. The very effort to pierce the gloom, and detect all that it only half reveals, makes it impossible ever again to forget the scene, be it a memorable incident in the Gospel narrative or in the traditional history of the Blessed Mother. Great as a draughtsman and etcher, as he was a painter, his rich and inexhaustible imagination positively revelled in the endless possibilities of giving expression to his teeming ideas. What picture the most elaborate could suggest more than the empty chair at the Emmaus supper, which indicates that the Lord has vanished? The two apostles are starting to their feet, but too late to offer him their worship. A flash of light on the wall behind tells the whole story, "how they knew him in the breaking of bread."

---

## A PRAYER OF LOVE.

MOTHER benign, upon whose sinless breast
The weary head of Jesus oft hath lain
In peaceful slumber, while thy wakeful thoughts
Kept silent vigil, dwelling on his words,
What must have been thy love!

Thou second Eve, Mother of life to man!
Whose sweet humility brought down from heaven
Emmanuel; when Gabriel's greeting voice
Told the good tidings, 'twas thy meek response
Brought peace into the world:

Peace to the sin-worn land of Israel,
Truce to her living, rest unto her dead:
And heaven rang forth with one exultant cry,
Hail, full of grace! thou first and only fair
Of Eden's daughters, hail!

Virgin most lowly, by that sacred bond
Which raises thee to heights no mind can reach,
Look kindly on thy children; guide our steps;
And bring back to the One Fold of thy Son
All souls now led astray.

J.V.O'Connor

# THE GOSPEL OF HYGIENE.

THERE is a large class of Protestant books which may be described as ethically "on the fence." These are written with the laudable intention of giving advice to young men, forming the character of young women, brightening the domestic hearth, advocating the "small moralities" of life, and gently leading the tottering footsteps of age to the peace of the tomb. It is much to be feared that these well-meaning books have seldom any readers, the very persons whom they are intended to benefit being the first to eschew them. There they stand, however, upon the library shelf of Young Men's Christian Associations and public lyceums. Bound in blue and gold, they are presented to young lady graduates and find their way into Christmas stockings. They pop out at you in hotel parlors, and lurk among your magazines and journals. They have often a pleading earnestness of title, such as *Young Man! whither?* or *Maiden! wherefore?* but their clean, uncut pages awaken a fear that they often plead in vain.

Every man believes that he can give advice, and this is the *raison d'être* of such books. But the difficulty is, there is only one way of enabling men to practise advice —*i.e.*, by the help of supernatural grace—and it is the utter ignoring of this essential which makes such books so incongruous. Despite the appeal to "religion," their cardinal teaching is the worldly good which comes from being virtuous; or, in other words, it *pays* to be holy, and morality is a powerful factor in the completion of Number One. This is an intensification of Pelagianism, and, we blush to say, it is confined almost exclusively to the writings of the "great American moralists." Heaven knows we are sordid and selfish enough without seeking excuse in Scripture or incentives in ethical science. But the moralists know our love of money, our intense business energy, and our practical way of viewing most questions in their pecuniary relations, and thus is evolved the morality of selfishness, with its mystic symbol A1.

Although such books claim to be embodiments of moral philosophy, they are excluded from any claim to that noble title by their failure to assign any motive for the moral actions which they counsel. Dr. Holland's *Every-day Topics* and T. Starr King's *Substance and Shadow* give no reason whatever for the morality which they inculcate, except the overmastering importance of A1. We have several excellent American moralists, as Dwight, Wayland, and Hopkins, who, falsely, it is true, but generously, hold that benevolence is the highest good, in direct contradiction to the A1 ethicists. In fact, these latter gentlemen, emboldened by the full-fledged development of their system in the intense selfishness proclaimed by evolutionism, have dropped the "ideal," and represent life as a desperate struggle for bread, in which the fittest survive, mainly through physical power, which may fully claim to be "moral" in the highest sense.

This brutal muscularity is not

to be viewed as synonymous with the beautiful strength which the Greeks idealized, thus taking away the gross realism attached to the sinews of a pugilist or an athlete. But young men and women must take exercise "in order to breathe to the full the bounding pulse-life of nature, and feel the royal exhilaration of the uncorrupted animals of the forest. An unhealthy man cannot quaff the fulness of life's intoxication." If this means anything it means something which a Christian would regard as the animality spoken of by St. Paul. The coarsest ridicule is showered upon the "puling wretches" who cannot take the stroke in a boat-race or do without an afternoon cup of tea. Dr. Hall and Dio Lewis both claim to be "moralists" in the truest sense, and trace all vicious inclinations to something physically wrong, and the A1 philosophers echo them most faithfully. One would think that no spiritual being could become so blinded as to place his highest moral good and its continuance upon the state of his nerves. We thought that Moleschott and D'Holbach were classed among materialists. But we are told by "Christian philosophers" that there is no thought without phosphorus, no moral purity without a just equipoise of temperament, and no conscientiousness without a big bump in the coronal region.

To read these moralists one would fancy that the chief duty of man is to keep and to improve his health. Morning prayer may be advisable, but the bath is indispensable. There can be no moral cleanliness without the vigorous use of the flesh-brush and the towel. The highest spiritual perfection depends upon the efficiency of our shower-bath, and the glow of devotional fervor is undesirable unless the whole body is at normal temperature. The beauty of the advice comes in with the introduction of the Scriptural warrants. All of us know the conditions of bathing, but how few of us last summer at Long Branch or Cape May realized that we were fulfilling to the letter the "moral injunctions" of Moses, John the Baptist, and the "far-seeing Saviour"! The morning bath, according to the moralists, is the genuine baptism, "and theologians who prate about sacraments show that they know nothing about hygiene." Among the benefits of the bath may be noted "a firm determination to fight the battles of life and to overcome temptation"—a happy consummation which most of us think is brought about by prayer. But then prayer, being a "liberation of force," is unscientific. The young man and woman are conjured to preserve their health at all hazards. Cherish it as you would your own soul. Leave nothing undone to gain it, if lost. It is the pearl without price. Without health you have no show in the awful, the terrible battle of life. You are elbowed, driven to the wall, looked upon as a horrible burden, a leper from whom the Goddess of Health shrinks appalled. You drag out a miserable existence, unpitied and avoided, and you are liable to be hurried to a *pauper's* grave, with a feeling of glad relief on the part of the survivors. On the other hand, how glorious is bonny, buxom health, etc.

The young man, in view of the supreme excellence of health, is implored to guard it with all the defences which bran-bread, oatmeal, and abundance of pure water throw

around it. He should carefully avoid the style of collars known as Piccadilly, and reflect long upon the proper width of his trousers. Ignorance may laugh at braces, but how many can trace the ruin of their health to too much tightness! A false etiquette permits the closing of windows when the thermometer is at freezing-point, though arctic travellers scout the idea. All the vertebrate animals *should* wear flannel; and what if silly domestics *do* grumble at your insisting upon a warm foot-bath, with mustard, every night? It is the chief moral duty to preserve your health, and all other duties must group themselves around it. Whatever virtues you practise, never omit your practice of the dumb-bells, and make it an invariable rule never to give a penny to a mendicant whom you suspect of not having washed his face. Ten to one, if he bathed, he would not be a beggar. If your church is unventilated on no conditions go to it. Rather take a leisurely walk to a public garden and inhale the Great Spirit of Nature, who cannot send his vivifying influence into the dingy tenements and lurking-places of disease which men, as if in irony, call his dwelling-place. Be careful that your toes are well protected in bed, and, if sleepless, on no account turn your mind to any devotional or other emotional subject, but calmly count one thousand until Morpheus waves you into the land of dreams.

In fact, the A1 moralists are so intent upon the importance of health that they forget all about any Christian practices which have not a medical aspect. Some praise the sanitary regulations of certain monastic orders, and vegetarians in particular are quite enthusiastic over the fasts prescribed by the Catholic Church. But as the church has not made bathing an article of faith, "like the grand old Mosaic covenant" she comes in for a number of raps, particularly as she certainly does not appear to condemn the "horrid austerities practised by some of her saints, under the delusion that they are propitiating an angry Deity." Of course the whole spirituality of the Christian faith, as a ministry of sorrow and of suffering, is hidden from these men, who worship Hygeia without even the graceful forms of the old Romans and Greeks. The natural man recognizes health as the chief of our temporal goods, but neither Greek æstheticism nor Roman valor believed in coddling our bodies or placing physical strength as the *summum bonum*. Health is chiefly valuable, morally speaking, as an admirable facility for serving God and our neighbor more earnestly; but heathenism itself rejects it as an end. The *nirvana* of the Indic creeds is something heroic compared with this valetudinarianism. Sickness sweetens and purifies most men, and we may never know the genuine beauty of a friend's character, or his reserves of patience and tenderness, until we see him stricken with disease and pain.

The young man, glowing with health and fully acquainted with the number of bones in his back, must now proceed to develop his will-power. For the benefit of ordinary Christians it may be said that the will-power corresponds to the divine help we are promised in order to fulfil God's commandments. The will-power dispenses with the aids to salvation. But here, alas! there is a slight hitch. Before you can be assured of possessing the will-power examine your face well in the glass. If your chin retreats,

and the angle formed by the tip of your nose, and your ears, and the top of your head does not fulfil the conditions of Cuvier's facial angle, return at once to the dumb-bells. Your whole future will now depend upon rectifying this unfortunate defect. Much may be done by physical exercise, but you must bring the moral faculties into play. Exercise your will in doing disagreeable things. Force yourself to get out of bed on a cold night, and to stand on one leg in your room. Run around the corner in your bare head and slippers, and face the ridicule of the passers-by. If you prefer one side of the street, take the other. Try to like people whom you naturally detest. Bring the will up with a jerk, if you find it disposed to shrink. Be of good courage when you hear people speaking of you as obstinate and mulish, for it is a sure sign that you are advancing in will-power. It is hardly necessary to add that the favored mortal whose facial angle is perfect has no difficulty in obeying the Ten Commandments. In fact, he rather smiles at the limited number. The most disagreeable duties are cheerfully assumed, and he is a walking fulfilment of the Delphian oracle, "Know thyself!"

All hail, grand, moral philosophy of the Number One!—for, recollect, we are only in the *atrium* of the glorious temple in which the model young man will shortly be enthroned. We shall see him, in fine physical condition, reclining upon a fabulous heap of money-bags, with the model young woman, his wife, and his children, by the law of evolution, potentially much more highly developed than their parents.

Still, it is with a pang of regret that we behold vanishing into thin air the speculations of the great sages of antiquity and those of their modern commentators. This system is not Epicurean, for our young man may not even smoke a cigar. T. S. Arthur has computed the cost of a daily five-cent cigar during the necessarily long life of our healthy young man, and the sum, properly invested, is enormous. It is not Bentham's utilitarianism, for the young man is advised to look chiefly to his own happiness, regardless of that of the greatest number. It is not the Cartesian, for there is not a syllable about the revealed will of God. It is not Kantian or Coleridgean, for it does not claim an immediate intuition of moral truth. In fact, it immediately intues only the bath-tub, and affirms positively only of the superiority of gaiters to boots as a healthy covering for the feet. It is not Socratic, for it does not firmly distinguish between good and evil; nor is it Platonic, for its virtue is not intellectual. It has not even the Aristotelian *juste milieu*, for our young man of will-power is a paragon of virtue, and his opposite an unhappy sink of vice. The Stoics would have laughed it to scorn, and the Neo-Platonists would have regarded it as the very depths of gross naturalism. The German metaphysical dreamers would puff it away with a whiff of their tobacco-pipes, and Rosmini and Gioberti would not give it even a thought. It has no spiritual element to attract the attention of any one, except the average young man, who has made up his mind to become president or a bank director, and who, in consequence, carefully avoids billiards and euchre.

Our young man, now having his will-power as highly developed as his facial angle will permit, must

proceed to exercise it in the acquisition of that station and influence among men for which his observance of the rules heretofore laid down eminently qualify him. A careful examination of what is meant by the phrase "station and influence" has satisfied us that money is their equivalent. And here we protest, in the name of Americans, against the false idea that we live only to make money. It is just this class of books that misrepresents us before the world. We *do* like money, and we make money; but we spend it far more freely than any other nation. There are fewer misers in America than in any other part of the globe. It may be that we lavish money foolishly, but he knows little of the American character who would represent it as penurious. To judge from our popular moralists, the American recognizes as his sole god "the almighty dollar," and pays it worship so assiduous that all his other reverences sink into nothingness before it. The *natural* reason why we like to make money is because the nation is intensely energetic. A man of immense fortune would almost seem just as willing to lose it for the excitement of making another. No American cuts his throat merely for having lost his fortune. It is a libel on the national character to represent it as wretchedly avaricious; and it is in keeping with the absurdity of the "moralists" whom we are reviewing for them to advise the young man to make money an object of attainment quite as precious as health, which, indeed, is one of the conditions requisite for the gaining of fortune.

Parents are advised to train their children in habits of economy from the earliest age. The very first present should be a toy bank in which stray pennies may be carefully hoarded. Children should never be allowed to eat sweetmeats or indulge in such games as kite-flying or "commons." A good ball ought to last until they have outgrown the taste for play. Small pieces of string, pins, nails, etc., should be carefully preserved. A small present, such as the promise of an entertaining walk, should be held out to the child who has gathered the greatest number of pins. Fathers should promise their sons a new Bible if they wear their shoes to the furthest limit compatible with serviceableness. Attention should be frequently called to the improvidence of the Irish, who eat meat three times a day and go off to all sorts of concerts and other amusements. James Parton says that the untowardness of the Irish is mainly due to their fondness for smoking tobacco. Resolve that you will never smoke. The Irish, moreover, buy too many vegetables, canned fruit, fish, etc., and are more eager for the first fruits in the market than any millionaire. Resolve to avoid their extravagance. The Germans drink lager-beer, for which they pay five cents a glass. Five cents in fifty years will be a sum to contemplate with glowing feelings of delight and self-approbation. The French drink claret, which is also very dear. In this way parents can impress their children with the great moral virtues of self-denial and abstemiousness.

On reaching maturity the young man is advised to study well the characters of those with whom he comes in contact in business. From the serene height of his virtues, he can quickly detect the weaknesses of those unfortunate men who did not enjoy his moral training.

He studies their weaknesses. He watches their unguarded moments, which are only too frequent, seeing that they generally have no will-power. He seizes opportunities. He does disagreeable things for the sake of the exceeding great reward in the future. He seeketh a wife (vide *Young Ladies' Guide*), and he lives, in full physical strength, to a happy old age, and descends into the tomb after the manner prescribed in *The Sloping Pathway*, by the same author.

Books on old age, which flourish under such titles as *Looking toward Sunset*, invariably assume that the old gentleman is, to use a rather slangy expression, "pretty well fixed." He has nothing to do but to be didactic. He gathers his grandchildren around him and tells them of his early struggles, his fierce fight against the temptation to buy an overcoat when he had the money and sorely needed one; his dispensing with a clerk and washerwoman when he was founding the fortunes of his house; his rough experience when he acted as a private watchman, and his triumphant defeat of coalitions of watchmen against him; his encounter with an Irish coalman when he expressed his determination to put in his own coal, and his glow of manly satisfaction at thus having saved a quarter; his determination to become a rich and honored member of society; "And now my children" (smiling) "see me."

There is a very charming book of Cicero's, *De Senectute*, in which he describes the compensations of old age, but he evidently was not aware of the kind of compensation here described. The retrospect of old age, according to Tully, should take in manifold deeds of heroism, of kindliness, of doing service to the commonwealth. But if the chief crown of old age is to be a night-cap of United States bonds the halo somehow or other vanishes. Even Macbeth's dream of honored old age is an improvement upon this, and the great old men whom Cicero describes had little fortune beyond honors and troops of friends. There is nothing more beautiful than age in its full ear of good works; but Heaven save us from "descending the vale" in a patent invalid-chair, talking morally about our triumphs, which were somebody else's defeats!

It is only when one reads these goody-goody books that he realizes the extent which the biology of evolutionism has reached. The speculations of Herbert Spencer have quite supplanted the old teachings of the English moral philosophers. The deformity of evolution is most apparent in its moral essays. There is something quite fascinating in the scientific writings of the Darwinian school; but then, you know, the great struggle for existence took place myriads of ages ago. You cannot be expected to sympathize with the extinct species that went down before the fierce onslaught of the "fittest." It is all like the wars of the giants. But when the evolution theory applies its sociology you begin to regret that you ever felt any interest in the vile thing. Spencer, the moralist of evolution, asks you such horrible questions as Whether deformed persons should be encouraged to live; whether there is any "charity" in succoring the incurable; whether imbeciles and the insane had not best be disposed of as we are counselled to dispose of them in Plato's *Republic;* is life worth living for

those who cannot make a living? —and other suggestions which go with a chill to the heart of him who, afar off, follows in the footsteps of the infinitely compassionate Redeemer of mankind.* What business has anybody to be poor, lame, blind, or dumb? Whose fault is it? What right have sickly people to get married, or, if married, to preserve their diseased offspring, that will grow up burdens on society? Why do we encourage idleness and improvidence in the building of almshouses and refuges, when without them the wretched race of *inutiles* would quickly perish under the law of the survival of the fittest? O horrible outcome of science! This is your boasted redemption of humanity! Rejoice, O man! if you are strong and well to do, and filled with the comforts and appliances of this life, for they will enable you all the more readily to overthrow and stamp out your weaker brother!

It is but justice to Protestantism to say that, while most of these didactic books profess that hybrid belief, they are in the main written by laymen. Yet we notice a vagueness and weakness in sermon literature which argue ill for the earnestness of the ministry. There is a timidity in citing Scripture wholly unknown to the older divines. The Reverend Doctor Boardman's book entitled (rather vaguely) *The Creative Week* is a cumbrous apology for Genesis. So undefined is the relation of Protestantism to the letter of the Scriptures that we are at sea in every book of sermons we take up. There are but few Protestant clergymen unaware of the disintegration that has been going on for the past decade in the old orthodox views regarding the inspiration, authenticity, and authority of the Bible; and the younger generation have not the courage of the older to cite a text with a triumphant sense of infallibility. There is an uneasy consciousness that Biblicism has been pushed to lengths at which scholarship laughs, and little surprise would be felt if the changes now being made by the Board on the Revision of the Scriptures would touch all the vital texts to which Protestantism appeals for its doctrinal vindication. The word "faith" has been suffered to stand in the Pauline Epistles, in sheer despair of getting a substitute. Things look shaky indeed if the pet word of Protestantism does not signify what it has been taken for centuries to mean. Whatever be the reason, it is remarkable that Protestant preachers, those at least who publish their sermons, are very sparing in the use of texts, and, indeed, rarely quote one without an apologetic footnote indicating their knowledge of the objection to the sense in which it is employed.

The older homiletical literature of Protestantism is hearty and vigorous. Old Doctor South is enjoyable to this day; and, in fact, the old English divines were well versed in the Scriptures, and, as they studied the Fathers, their discourses on general moral themes were theologically correct. The *Ductor Dubitantium* of Jeremy Taylor is a fair enough moral theology, though he had not the advantage of seeing such moralists as St. Alphonsus Liguori, who may be said to have given scientific form to his model, Busenbaum. The peculiarity of the old English Protestant divines is their unquestioned acceptance of

* H. Spencer's *Essays in Biology.*

the literalness of their texts where a figurative meaning is not obvious; but this off-hand interpretation is shrinkingly avoided by their successors, who are bewildered by their commentators and exegesists. The influence of German rationalistic criticism on the Church of England has been very depressing, because the English mind is naturally reverent of things sacred, and hates to sift an oracle of the Most High as it would examine a forged check. The German mind has no such weakness, and it is painful to read the cool analysis of even such "pious men" as Schleiermacher, who do not appear to be conscious of any other feeling than that of the love of investigating the truth of the Scriptures. Once unsettled, the religious mind of England will never again place the Bible in its hallowed niche, unless, indeed, it places it where it properly belongs, in the hands of the Catholic Church, its witness and interpreter. The great thought of St. Augustine, "I would not believe the Scriptures unless on the authority of the Catholic Church," seems to be interpenetrating the mind of the English Church. There is that strong, that supreme common sense of the Saxon which perceives the necessity of some authority behind the Bible, and independent of it, to explain its existence and its meaning. If this common sense is much longer outraged the English will give up the Bible altogether, as unhappily some of their strongest minds have done.

The current moral essays based upon the Bible might as well be predicated upon a sentence from Confucius. The texts selected are those expressive of general moral obligations or of some historical event. Dogmatic theology is most scrupulously avoided. There is a painful lookout for some subject of present interest, and for the minister a terrible railroad accident is rather a relief. He feels the need of saying something positive to his people; but as they have no systematic faith, and do not as a class believe in or know anything about supernatural grace, he necessarily falls back upon our moral young man and woman. It is very sad to see how utterly oblivious the preacher is to what is so familiar to Catholics—namely, the necessity of obtaining grace through the sacraments. This Pelagianism is more limp and contradictory than the parent error which St. Augustine combated. Indeed, it is an open question with them whether we had Adam at all in whom to fall, and as to original sin, who knows what it is? It is this wretched shirking of the plainest doctrinal and moral issues that condemns Protestantism without hope. What is the use of flattering a congregation, who despise the preacher quite as much as he despises them, for their mutual shrinking from the moral questions and responsibilities which *must* face them some day or other.

But enough! Here we are violating one of the great canons of health by getting ourselves into a heat upon a subject very, very remotely connected with the chief end of man, which is to live healthfully, comfortably, and praiseworthily in this world, and, of course, as an estimable American citizen, to occupy a front seat in the next.

# IRISH AFFAIRS IN 1782.

THE occurrence of the centennial anniversary of few dates has evoked more glorious memories in the minds of men than will that—now only two years distant—of the 16th of April, 1782, in the thoughts of Irishmen. It is true that they cannot boast the keeping intact the great rights their predecessors won, and the glorious winning of which 1882 will remind them of, and equally true that they can hardly review the history of their country during the past century with unmixed feelings; but gloom-covered and sad as may be the record over which they cast their gaze, yet still amidst its sombre writings, its black entries of oppression, rebellion, and famine, some brighter ones appear, and that scroll which tells the story of 1782 and of the winning of Catholic emancipation is not one of which Irishmen need be ashamed or regard with aught but feelings of pride.

The year 1782 saw England sorely pressed by many foes, hemmed in by a circle of enemies. Struck down at Yorktown by the genius of Washington and the valor of his soldiers, again at Nevis and St. Christopher, at Minorca and in the Bahamas, by Frank and Spaniard, the ensign of England was never upheld more proudly than at Gibraltar and St. Vincent by the determined Elliott and the valorous Rodney. It was at this climax of her struggle, when foes were pressing her sore, that England discerned that to the circle of these leagued against her there seemed about to be added another. The new-comer was Ireland demanding rights God-given. England was in her hour of sorest need. Necessity the most dire compelled her to yield to Ireland what her sense of justice would hardly have induced her to give; and Ireland, without bloodshed, by the mere exhibition of the power, the military strength, which had so long lain dormant in her people, achieved a great victory and accomplished a great revolution. In the story of 1782 a curious fact stands out: the belief, strong almost as religious faith, in the nationality of Ireland was preserved at a most critical period by those who can hardly be accounted the hereditary guardians of that most precious heritage; and if we carry our glance onwards beyond the limits of this article, we will see that when the Irish Catholic was fitted again to uphold the banner of his country's rights, when a few years of comparative freedom had taught him again to walk erect and the limbs so long paralyzed by enervating chains had regained some of their olden vigor, then the cause of Ireland again fell to his keeping. In truth, no stranger story is there in all the strange episodes which histories tell than that which recounts how, almost against their will, the descendants of the English settlers in Ireland, the descendants of Norman, Cromwellian, and Dutch invaders, were driven to take up and uphold the banner of Ireland's nationality. The Catholic people of Ireland, plundered and oppressed, hunted to the hills and bogs of Connaught, banned, disinherited, and despoiled, deprived of education and the commonest rights of

man, by a miracle were enabled to keep their religious faith—kept it in spite of temptation and terror. But a people in such straits were hardly fitted to maintain, could hardly hope to defend properly, the abstract and actual rights of their native land to political freedom. And yet God willed not that those rights should sink into oblivion; while the Catholic people of Ireland, bruised and hampered by their disabilities, were unable to keep them as they kept them in the days of yore, Irish Protestants were driven to maintain them and to uphold the right of Ireland to freedom.

When Ireland was first "conquered" by the Anglo-Normans of Henry II., and the Irish chiefs pledged their fealty to that monarch, he called a council or parliament at Lismore, at which it was mutually agreed that the laws then in force in England should become effective in Ireland. But it must be borne in mind that even Henry was not so rash as to seek to make them operative without the consent of the representatives of the Irish people. On Henry's return to England he appears to have sent to Ireland a "Modus tenendi parliamentum," or form of holding parliaments there, similar to that which had become usage in England.* The authenticity of this document has been much questioned, but the fact of its existence has been maintained by as respectable authorities as those who have denied it. In 1216 Henry III. granted a charter of liberties to Ireland. The same year he, by charter, conferred upon the English "a free and independent Parliament," † and in it confirmed his charter to the Irish, stating that, "in consideration of the loyalty of his Irish subjects, they and their heirs for ever should enjoy all the liberties granted by his father and him to the realm of England." Dr. Madden, in his valuable work, *Connection of Ireland with England*, says: "Ireland under Henry II., John, and Henry III. had all the laws, customs, and liberties of England conferred on it, not by English parliaments but by English sovereigns. Assuredly the great privilege of all, that of the national council, was not withheld. Henry II. held this national council at Lismore; John confirmed all his father's privileges, and his successor confirmed all those of the two preceding sovereigns, and exemplified that form of holding parliaments which John transmitted into Ireland; while in France his queen, then regent of the kingdom, sought succors in men and money from the Irish Parliament, and left on record a document which all the ingenuity of the opponents of Irish independence cannot divest of its value as an incontrovertible testimony to the independence and perfect organization of a legislative body, composed of Lords and Commons, at that early period." Without entirely agreeing with Dr. Madden that there is absolute evidence of the "perfect organization," at the period referred to, of an Irish Parliament, one cannot doubt that the early Norman kings, in many documents and by many acts, admitted their inability to bind the people of Ireland by laws unsanctioned by some body of representatives. In the reign of Edward III. the Irish knights, citizens, and burgesses were assembled in parliament in England. In the tenth year of the reign of Hen-

* Molyneux. Madden's *Connection of Ireland with England.*
† Madden.

ry IV. the Irish Parliament affirmed its independence by enacting "that no law made in the Parliament of England should be of force in Ireland till it was allowed and published by authority of the Parliament in this kingdom." A similar enactment was passed in the twenty-ninth year of the same king's reign. By degrees during the four hundred years succeeding Henry's landing all the public and fundamental laws of England were applied to Ireland, but never without the sanction of the Irish Parliament being obtained.*

By the law known afterwards by the name of its framer, Sir Edward Poynings, passed in the tenth year of the reign of Henry VII., it was enacted that before any statute could be finally discussed it should be previously submitted to the lord lieutenant of Ireland and his privy council, who might at their pleasure reject it or transmit it to England. If so transmitted, the English attorney-general and privy council were invested with power either to veto its further progress or remodel it at their will and then return it to Ireland, where the original promoters of useful measures often received their bills back so altered as to be unrecognizable as those which were transmitted to England, and so mutilated as to be worthless for the attainment of the purpose for which they were propounded.

The sessions of the Irish Parliament were held at uncertain intervals, never called together unless when the English governors had some object to accomplish, some danger to tide over, or when it was necessary to dupe the chiefs and people into allowing themselves to be victimized by some political or material fraud. During a quarter of a century, in the reign of Elizabeth, there was no Irish Parliament; for when parliaments were assembled, unless they were carefully packed, some voice was sure to be raised to protest against the wrongs done Ireland, some tongue was sure to utter denials of the right of the foreigners to legislate for Irishmen. Barnewall in the reign of Elizabeth, and Bolton in that of Charles I., made the hall of the senate-house ring with their denunciations of English turpitude and their affirmations of Irish independence.* Wars and rebellions, the Cromwellian and Williamite invasions, with the determination of the English governors to permit no important gathering wherein the "mere Irish" could express their opinions, prevented the regular assemblage of the Parliament; and it is therefore with the expulsion of James II. and the establishment of the rule of William III. that the story begins which ends so gloriously with the episodes of 1782.

In 1692 the first Irish Parliament of King William's reign was convened and assembled in Dublin. Thither came some Irish Catholics who foolishly believed that the rights won for them at Limerick by the valor of Sarsfield and the strategy of D'Usson would be held sacred and confirmed in the united council of the nation; but they were driven from the portals of the senate-house

* Lucas. Dr. Madden states that during this period the Irish Parliament "maintained a noble struggle for its rights with an unscrupulous, jealous, and insidious rival."

* In 1642 the Irish House of Commons passed the following declaration, drawn up by Sir Richard Bolton, Lord Chancellor of Ireland: "That the subjects of Ireland are a free people, and to be governed only by the common law of England and statutes established by the Parliament of Ireland, and according to the lawful customs used therein."

by the diabolically designed oath which designated the king of England head of the church, and that Holy Sacrifice which was to be their only consolation and strength during many a dark and wearying year of oppression "damnable." The Parliament of 1692 was, therefore, the Parliament only of a section, a miserably small section, of the people of Ireland; but it contained much educated intelligence, though that intelligence was warped by bitter religious bigotry, and the wealth of the nation was represented therein. A parliament composed of such men, most of whom knew that what they possessed of the world's goods, having been got by the sword, should be kept by it also—who, minority though they were, dared to say to the majority of the nation, "You shall have no rights but what we choose to give you, and we will give you none"—was not one likely to submit tamely to the claim made by the Parliament of England to dictate to them, or to content themselves with merely ratifying the behests of the ministers of the asthmatic monarch of England. Therefore this Parliament affirmed the independence of the Peers and Commons of Ireland, and, to prove it, rejected one of two money bills sent from England. A Parliament was again convened in 1695, and this, with many another that came after, gave their best efforts to the consolidation of Protestant ascendency, to the perfecting of those terrible instruments of persecution, the penal laws. Condemned to poverty and ignorance—for any riches or learning attained by Irish Catholics were gained not by favor of, but rather despite of, the Irish Parliament—the Catholic portion of the people saw themselves deprived of arms, land, and political rights, their faith prohibited as a thing accursed, their priests banned and hunted; yet somehow the fetters seemed to hang lighter on their limbs, and the night shades of persecution seemed to grow less dark, as with bated breath they whispered one to another the strange tale, which their masters had heard too, with mingled wonder and dread, how across the seas Irish soldiers had met their oppressors; how at Steenkerke and Landen, and later at Fontenoy, Irish bayonets had revenged the Limerick fraud and Irish soldiers died for France for the sake of faith and the dear old motherland.

It must be remembered that it was the Protestant portion of the nation which, possessing the wealth, felt taxation most; which, possessing flocks, felt most the prohibition of the woollen manufactures; and which, possessing manufactories, felt most heavily the commercial disabilities which England imposed upon Ireland. They were, therefore, continually protesting against English interference and affirming their own right to self-government. Molyneux and Swift, Lucas and Boyle, with learned pens and eloquent tongues, proclaimed the right of the Irish Parliament to govern Ireland as it chose, untrammelled by the commands of foreign minister, peer, or parliament. Often by corruption, the favorite weapon of English ministers, the objects of the government were attained; but from the first quarter of the eighteenth century few parliaments met in which the power of the "Patriots," as they were styled, was not felt, in which the corrupters and the corrupted were not lashed by the scathing words of some of the advocates of independence.

In 1773 the men of Boston cast

the cargo of the *Dartmouth* into the waters of their harbor, and in 1774 the Congress of Philadelphia sent words of greeting to the Irish people. Thenceforward men's eyes were directed to the desperate struggle waged between liberty and tyranny across the Atlantic, and the down-trodden of every land learned the lesson of the mighty power that dwells in the will of a united people. Irish Protestants saw that England, in her need, could spare them no men, nor ships, nor money for the defence of Ireland; that if the country was in danger of invasion, that danger would not be averted by any aid from England, for England found it difficult to guard her own shores. Then it was that in 1778 the Irish Parliament passed the Militia Bill, and the people set themselves to work at that easy task for those of Celtic blood—the learning to be soldiers.

It is difficult to restrain one's pen in describing the state of Ireland in 1779, when first Lord Charlemont took command of the Volunteers and the force began to assume respectable proportions. Sir Jonah Barrington says: "By the paralyzing system thus adopted [*i.e.*, English interference with Irish industries and measures] towards Ireland she was at length reduced to the lowest ebb; her poverty and distresses, almost at their extent, were advancing fast to their final consummation; her commerce had almost ceased, her manufactures extinguished, her constitution withdrawn, the people absolutely desponding, while public and individual bankruptcy finished a picture of the deepest misery; and the year 1779 found Ireland almost everything but what such a country and such a people ought to have been."* Twenty thousand people, destitute and out of work, begged and idled in the streets of Dublin; merchants and traders were daily driven to insolvency; provisions rotted in the warehouses of Cork for want of purchasers; the whole social fabric seemed about to be destroyed.

On the 1st of December, 1778, the people of Armagh formed the first Volunteer Corps. They offered the command to Lord Charlemont, who held the position of lord lieutenant of the county. He declined the proffered post at first, but afterwards, influenced probably by the advice of, and under pressure from, his friend Henry Grattan, he accepted the position. It is difficult to form an estimate of the character of James, Earl of Charlemont. Honest but timid, patriotic but undecided, he had been a greater man had he been more ambitious, and perhaps made Ireland more his debtor had his love of peace been less. A patron of the fine arts, scholarly and artistic, he occupied his position under compulsion, and sheathed his sword only too readily, giving up his command with more of pleasure than regret. His probity cannot be questioned; he acted always as his uncertain capacity told him was right; and while none can doubt his integrity, many will doubt the wisdom of those who made and maintained him commander-in-chief.

Once started, the Volunteer movement grew apace. The men of every county, the citizens of every borough, flocked to the colors. The highest born and fairest ladies of the land handed them their standards and wished them "God speed." The govern-

**Historic Memoirs of Ireland*, page 9, first edition.

ment, against their will, had to hand them sixteen thousand stand of arms; private munificence did the rest. Soon artillery and cavalry corps were added, and within twelve months a fully-equipped Irish army, determined to uphold the rights of Ireland, faced the ministers of King George. At first no Catholics were admitted to the ranks of the citizen-army; but by degrees a spirit of liberality pervaded most of the regiments, and Roman Catholics received as hearty a welcome as their Protestant brethren. In many places the Catholics subscribed to buy arms for the Protestant Volunteers, and by their disinterested conduct earned the respect of all on-lookers.

As yet England still prohibited the free exportation of Irish goods, while her manufacturers with the products of their looms, and her merchants with their wares, inundated the Irish markets. These were sold at an immediate loss with a view to future profits, when Irish manufacturers and merchants would be ruined and their operatives pauperized by this mingled system of prohibition and competition. The Irish people and the Volunteers, though determined at any cost to put an end to a state of things which could only terminate in the ruin of their native land, adopted with singular unanimity a course calculated to partly accomplish what they desired pending the legislative attainment of their ends. The guilds of merchants and traders, the bodies corporate, and the mass of the people united in resolutions to never buy or sell, to consume or wear, any articles of foreign manufacture whose equivalents could be produced in Ireland, "until such time as all partial restrictions on their trade should be removed." These resolutions encouraged Irish manufactures, and commerce almost immediately began to revive.

On the 25th of November, 1779, the question of voting the supplies was to come before the House of Commons, and the "Patriots" determined to seek to limit the vote to supplies for six months, with a view to their being entirely withheld in the event of government not granting free trade. It was therefore thought well that a display should be made of the armed power which was ready to sustain the words of Grattan, and hence on the 4th of November the Volunteers of Dublin assembled in College Green under the leadership of Ireland's only duke, his Grace of Leinster. The artillery, under the command of Napper Tandy, shook the portals of the senate-house with the thunder of their salutes, while from their cannon dangled placards bearing monitory and mandatory warnings to the government. The flashing bayonets of the infantry were backed by the unsheathed sabres of the cavalry, while the dense crowd of the unarmed populace, filling every avenue of approach to the musteringground, sent up applauding shouts. This display had its due effect; and therefore, when the question of supplies came before the house, despite the truculence of the attorney-general, John Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, the resolution of the "Patriots" limiting their duration to six months was passed. The ministry of Lord North at once saw the folly of contending with an armed and united people, and yielded to compulsion all those liberties of trading which Ireland demanded. The popular joy at the attainment of this victory

was great and universal, but neither the people nor their leaders were content to regard it as the termination of their struggle with England. They looked upon it as only the harbinger of future and more glorious victories.

These victories were destined to be won as much by the genius and talents of Henry Grattan as by the armed strength of his countrymen. Pure and incorruptible, brave and determined to a fault, eloquent with a poetical and magnificent eloquence in which he had no rival, he was a man of all others qualified for the position which his own knowledge of his abilities led him to take, and which his proved talents induced his co-laborers to freely accord him. To say he had faults is perhaps but to call him human, for his faults were those of all, or nearly all, that group of brilliant orators and able statesmen of which he was one. His chief fault was that while he loved liberty in the abstract, yet the liberty he would give the people would be only that which he himself might think fit; the Parliament should be independent, but the people should have little voice in its election; they were to have liberty doled out to them only as the governing classes thought best—in a word, his policy never offered, nor would he ever allow to be offered, any guarantee to the people against future tyranny on the part of those he would keep in eternal possession of power, His theory of government appears to have been akin to that of Thomas Hood when he wrote that he believed in "an angel from heaven and a despotism," for, like Sir Jonah Barrington, "he loved liberty but hated democracy." He quarrelled with Flood on the question of parliamentary reform, lost an able aide-de-camp for himself, and to the cause of Ireland a priceless soldier. His virtues were, however, many, his gifts and powers great, his patriotic devotion to Ireland unquestioned; his faults, after all, were caused by his mistaken determination to love Ireland only in his own way.

On the 19th of April, 1780, Grattan moved the celebrated Declaration of Rights which he hoped to get adopted by the House of Commons. His speech was a masterpiece of eloquence, and he was ably seconded by his lieutenants. But corruption was too strong for him, and he failed to accomplish his object. This year, 1780, was one devoted by the Volunteers to the perfecting of their organization. Patrician and plebeian, peer and citizen, labored together. The Earl of Belvidere in Westmeath, Lord Kingsborough in Limerick, and Clare and Wicklow too, Lord Erne in Londonderry, Lord Carysfort in Dublin—these and others, with Lord Charlemont and the Duke of Leinster, with the leading barristers, merchants, and bankers, worked unitedly for the one good cause. It was during this year that Lord Charlemont was elected commander-in-chief of the Volunteers of Ireland.

All that Grattan might say or attempt in the corrupted and servile House of Commons being useless, the chief hope of the "Patriots" lay in the pressure which they might hope to bring to bear upon the government through the medium of the Volunteers. Therefore 1781 was given also to the reviewing of the regiments, the perfecting of their armaments, and perpetual reiteration by the various corps of the great truth they were pledged to maintain—viz., that in

the "king, Lords and Commons of Ireland" lay the only power to govern Ireland. On the 15th of February, 1782, the delegates of thirty thousand northern Volunteers met in the little church of Dungannon, and from the hill whereon it stood went forth to the four provinces the declaration that "the men of the north" at least would have legislative freedom for Ireland and liberty of conscience for their Roman Catholic brothers.

During this same February Grattan introduced an address to the king declaring the rights of Ireland; but the servile legislators obeyed the whip of the obstinate ministers, and he was defeated. The end of that ministry was at hand. Lord North, defeated and disgraced, was hurled from power, and Lord Rockingham and Fox became the king's advisers. Lord Carlisle, who had been as blatant of honeyed words as one of his successors in his title used to be a few years ago when filling the self-same post in Ireland, was succeeded by the Duke of Portland as viceroy. Portland was an adroit and wily courtier, well fitted to play the part he was sent to fill. Heralding his advent, Fox wrote some letters to the Earl of Charlemont—"his old and esteemed friend" he styles him—embellished with his eloquence and adorned with compliments; they are entitled to rank as the best efforts ever made in writing by one man to attain a point by playing on the vanity of another. Luckily for Ireland, by the desk of Charlemont stood Grattan, and Fox was informed that the postponement of the meeting of Parliament for which he pleaded was impossible; that Ireland could have no confidence in any administration which would not concede all she declared to be hers in Grattan's Declaration of Rights, and which he was to move anew on the meeting of the house. The government now saw that they should decide quickly whether they would reject the demands of Grattan, set at defiance an armed nation, or, acquiescing in the inevitable, yield to Ireland all that Ireland was prepared to take. The meeting of the Irish Parliament was fixed for the 16th of April, 1782; on that day Grattan's Declaration was to be moved; on that day would be decided whether war was to be waged between England and Ireland or not. On the 9th of April, however, Fox communicated to the English House of Commons a message from the king, in which his majesty, "being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects in Ireland," asked the house "to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to such a final adjustment as might give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms." This meant that all that Ireland asked for was to be conceded; that England weak was about to do penance for wrongs done when England was strong. Ireland's Magna Charta was to be signed and sealed by as unwilling hands, under as direct compulsion, as was the Great Charter of English liberties by the only coward amongst the Plantagenet kings.

From early morning on the 16th of April the populace had begun to fill the streets, the Volunteer corps to assemble, those who had right to do so to seek admission to the galleries of the House of Commons. Lining the space before its portals were drawn up in serried files some of those to whom belonged so much of the glory of this day, the Volunteers.

Other corps, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, lined the quays, were posted on the bridges and in the principal approaches.

A few regular soldiers kept a narrow passage through the surging crowd by the statue of King William, through Dame Street and Cork Hill to the castle gates, for the coming of the viceroy—a "thin red line" indeed, fit emblem of the power of England to cope with Ireland that day. From every house fluttered banners; every window and every housetop was crowded with spectators—spectators of a revolution. When the carriage of the viceroy appeared slowly moving between the soldiers, cheers such as had seldom rung through the streets of Dublin heralded his coming—cheers from the throats of newly-made freemen who had burst their shackles themselves; from the throats of citizens who saw their city raised to the dignity of the capital of a nation; from the throats of Irishmen who saw the grasp of the stranger struck from their native land.

Inside the house the scene was even more impressive. In the galleries were assembled the wives and daughters of the senators and their friends, and the fairest of Erin's daughters looked down on that senate-hall wherein were assembled the most talented and noble of Erin's sons. Wearers of coronets and mitres from the House of Peers came and helped to fill the gallery. The students of the university also were there, and those citizens who had been so fortunate as to obtain admission. The bayonets of the Volunteers glistened even there, for some of them stood on guard within the senate-chamber. Now again from outside, from the crowded street and crowded square, is heard another cheer, louder and deeper far than that which they within had heard greet the viceroy; for this cheer came from the hearts of the people, and the applause sounded in its echoes even like a blessing. That cheer was for Henry Grattan.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided within Hely Hutchinson rose and delivered the same message as that which Fox had read to the Commons of England. Mr. George Ponsonby, a creature of government, then rose and moved an address of thanks to the king, and assuring him that the house would proceed to the consideration of the great objects recommended. This was the opening only. Grattan arose, his countenance worn and furrowed by illness and thought; his frame, enfeebled and attenuated, seemed hardly that of a man fit for the mighty task he had set himself, and which he knew was to be this day accomplished. Clear as a clarion note his matchless voice rang through the senate-house:

"I am now to address a free people! Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation.

"I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

"I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation. In that new char-

acter I hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*"

He concluded his splendid oration by moving the Declaration of Rights. It was voted unanimously, and Ireland was free!

How the solemn pact hereupon entered into by the two nations, ratified by the Parliaments of England and Ireland, was foully broken by one of them it is not within the scope of this article to repeat; if it reminds its readers of at least one glorious day in Ireland's life its object will have been attained.

---

## THE BRÉBEUF FAMILY.*

A MILE or two southwest of Caen you come to a valley among low hills delightfully fresh and peaceful to those who wish to escape for a few hours from the gloom of narrow streets and the bustle of great thoroughfares. Here is the grateful harmony of rippling waters, joyous birds, and whispering leaves. And the odors that spring from the clover, the profuse wild flowers in the meadow, and the very earth rank with vegetation are delicious to the unaccustomed sense. The pleased eye wanders up the valley, where there is nothing to break the view but a long line of pale poplars here and there—that never-failing feature of a French landscape. Through the very heart of the meadow slowly pulses the river Odon, an affluent of the Orne—*Frigidus Udo*, as it is called by Huet, Bishop of Avranches, in his *Carmina*, on account of the coolness of its sparkling waters. He was born on its banks. Everything here is Arcadian, peaceful, and full of repose, in spite of the railway that now passes through the valley. The whole region is best seen from the top of the Grande Cavée, where you look off over meadows, plains, and the distant outline of wooded hills. Caen is in full sight on its picturesque eminence, bristling with steeples and towers, among which the eye distinguishes the two historic abbeys—one founded by William the Conqueror and the other by Matilda of Flanders.

At the foot of the hill is an old cemetery thick with crosses and sepulchral stones, with the Presbytère on one side, and on the other a cluster of houses somewhat quaint and interesting, one with stout buttresses supporting its time-stained walls. This is the parish of Venoix, a part of the old barony of Louvigny. Louvigny itself is not far off. Striking across the meadow in which Henry V. of England set up his encampment when he came to besiege Caen in 1417, and keeping along the river past orchards and vegetable gardens watered by numerous rills that seem trickling everywhere, you soon come to a picturesque old mill whose revolving wheel beats the stream into a foaming cascade, the monotonous dash of which only adds to the lulling character of the whole scene. A little beyond you

* *Notice sur les trois Brébeufs.* Ch. Duniol et Cie., Paris.

cross towards a fine avenue leading to the château of Louvigny. This is an interesting place, because it belonged for several centuries to the Bernières family, two of whom were noted in the seventeenth century for their saintliness. One of these was Jourdaine de Bernières, foundress of the Ursulines of Caen. The other was her brother, M. de Bernières, Baron of Louvigny and royal treasurer at Caen, the well-known author of the *Chrétien Intérieur*, an ascetic treatise of great repute, that has been republished in our day. His memory is also associated with the early mission of Quebec. This barony passed out of the Bernières name some time last century by the marriage of the heiress with the Marquis d'Hauteville.

The barons of Louvigny were noted as far back as the twelfth century for their Christian charity. Some of them made generous donations to the religious houses at Caen, among which was the Hôtel-Dieu, founded by Henry II. of England and administered by the regular canons of St. Augustin, who, until 1792, had the right of nominating the curé of Venoix—generally a priest distinguished for his talents and piety, who bore the title of prior. This office was held for thirty years, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by M. Nicolas de Brébeuf, the nephew of Père de Brébeuf, the famous Jesuit martyr of Canada. Prior Nicolas was a man of so much eminence as to be held in great esteem even at the court of France. He was a persuasive, eloquent preacher, with a natural facility of language and a simple grandeur of style. His face, benevolent and open, reflected his very character, which was so mild, indulgent, and considerate of others that he was beloved by every one who knew him.

The Brébeuf family had been noted for six hundred years for the heroic valor and other noble qualities of its members. One of them went over to England with William the Conqueror, and became the ancestor, by the female line, of the earls of Arundel and the present Duke of Norfolk. Another took part in the crusades of St. Louis, and commanded the knights of Normandy at the siege of Damietta. The family, in fact, was a veritable nursery of valiant soldiers. It was continued by an uninterrupted succession in the male line down to the close of the last century, and seems to have intermarried with the leading families of the country. The Brébeuf manor was at Condé-sur-Vire, in the diocese of Bayeux. It was there the great martyr was born—the bravest and most heroic of his warlike race. Not far off were the domains of Arondel, or Arundel, with whose lords the Brébeufs were allied. A Roger d'Arundel and his kinsman, Hugues de Brébeuf, took part in the battle of Hastings and settled in England. From one of them the Arundels of England sprang, but in either case they are descended from the old Brébeufs on the Vire.

The château of the Brébeufs was at a place called Les Parcs, but no vestige of it is now to be seen. In the neighboring parish of Ste. Suzanne, however, are some of the Brébeuf lands, which belong to a direct descendant of the ancient lords by the female line, and people of standing. Here are some remains of an old manor-house, from which it would appear the Brébeufs owned two fiefs on the river Vire.

But to return to Venoix. It was here that Georges de Brébeuf died, the brother of Prior Nicolas. He was born at Ste. Suzanne-sur-Vire in 1618, and made his studies at the university of Caen under Antoine Halley, a distinguished professor and a poet of considerable reputation. M. de La Luzerne, one of the students at this time, thus speaks of Brébeuf: "We were rivals, but he was more studious than I, and his melancholy temperament gave him, if we are to believe Plato, a special aptitude for the study of letters, so that he soon outstripped me." M. de Brébeuf himself calls this tendency to melancholy "a vice of temperament." He belonged to a younger branch of the family and had but little or no fortune. Consequently, when his studies were ended he became a private tutor. Huet mentions this in his Mémoires: "At the time I was studying among the Jesuits at Caen there was among my classmates a youth named Bernardin Gigault de Bellefonds, afterwards Marshal of France. His preceptor was Brébeuf, the sublime poet, who became so famous for his translation of Lucan." M. de Brébeuf was then only twenty years of age, but he fulfilled his duty to the young marquis with so much ability as to secure not only his attachment for life, but that of the whole family. It was Mme. Laurence de Bellefonds, foundress of the Benedictines at Rouen, who chose him as her nephew's tutor. She was a daughter of the lord of Isle-Marie, governor of Caen, to whom the Jesuits were indebted for their establishment in that city, and one of three sisters consecrated to God, all remarkable for their mental superiority. She began the study of Latin at eight years of age, and at a time when most girls only think of their amusements she was reading the Fathers of the church and studying ecclesiastical history. Called in her very girlhood to the religious life, she was so precocious that she was allowed to make her vows at the age of sixteen. She had a decided taste for literature, wrote a number of treatises held in estimation by the learned, and translated several hymns of the church in an elegant, harmonious manner, which were published in the *Heures Catholiques* of Père Adam, proving her genuine talent for poetry, had she yielded to her bent. Corneille himself admired the delicacy of her taste and the clearness of her mind. Bossuet speaks of her religious works as developing the Christian truths in that admirable manner which the practice of them alone could have inspired. Her literary tastes did not interfere with her duties in the various important offices she held in the convent. She fulfilled those of infirmarian with a charity that shrank from none of the obligations, however repulsive, and became mistress of novices, and finally abbess. Her own family had so great a respect for her judgment that she was consulted in all its affairs. She watched over the education of the heir, and sought a tutor capable of being his guide in private as well as making him advance in knowledge. "She had the good fortune," says the Père de Bouhours, "to find one whom we need only name to justify her choice. This was M. de Brébeuf, so famous for his able works, and still more commendable for his elevation of soul, the uprightness of his conduct, and the purity of his morals. This excellent tutor took charge of the young Marquis de Bellefonds

with the more interest that he perceived his good qualities and special facility for the polite sciences." The choice of M. de Brébeuf was the highest proof of Mme. de Bellefond's confidence and esteem, and from this time she was one of his warmest friends. She exercised a great moral and religious influence over him, and encouraged him in his literary pursuits. It was in reply to some expression of commendation from her he said, if he merited it in the least, it was solely for having followed her counsels. "One must have a dull mind," he continued, "after having the privilege of hearing you converse so often, and receiving so many letters from you, not to have profited somewhat by the advantage. . . . I try to regulate all my actions in accordance with your precepts, and I look upon the slightest expression you utter as advice of importance."

M. de Brébeuf has celebrated Mme. de Bellefonds in one of his sonnets as having

"La pureté, l'esprit, et le savoir d'un ange,"

and elsewhere declares she had energy, discernment, and mental qualifications enough for six statesmen. Louis XIV. offered her the royal abbey of Montivilliers, near Havre, one of the wealthiest in the kingdom; but she declined the honor, and it was given to her sister, Mme. de l'Isle-Marie, whom the Père de Bouhours describes as "very amiable and attractive, compassionate, charitable, gentle without being weak, with great ability and acuteness of mind, and possessing to a sovereign degree the art of pleasing." This nomination was communicated to Brébeuf, as news that would be welcome, by the archbishop of Paris, who in the same letter expressed his esteem for the poet and the interest he took in his career.

The king now authorized the archbishop to offer Mme. de Bellefonds a post that required no common ability and piety—that of abbess of Port Royal, celebrated for its obstinate adhesion to Jansenism. Every motive of conscience and religion was brought to bear to obtain her consent, and a promise made that her favorite niece should be her coadjutrice and successor; but she positively declined the doubtful honor.

Towards the close of her life Mme. de Bellefonds, from motives of increased austerity, renounced all books and studies, as well as all intercourse and relations, not forced upon her by the strictest obligations of the monastic life. In this state of absolute renunciation she died at the age of seventy-two.

We have spoken of this venerable religieuse in detail because of her influence over the career of Georges de Brébeuf. It was at Rouen he published his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which at once gave him a reputation. He also issued two volumes of original poetry entitled *Eloges Poétiques* and *Entretiens Solitaires*. His health at this time seems to have been precarious, and it is surprising he could have written so much. "The greater part of these works," said he, "was composed in the intervals of the fever that has beset me for twenty years." Expressions are frequent in his letters, which have been published, showing what a life of physical suffering he led: "I have only just enough health to be a long time ill." "It seems to me that to live and to suffer are about the same thing." "It is a strange mortification to have a body which the mind cannot sur-

mount." And to a friend who had complained of the infrequency of his letters he wrote: "A little indolence is not a great crime for a person who for seven months has done nothing but pine away, or, to speak more to the purpose, to fluctuate between life and death. And yet the inconvenience of ill-health is not the hundredth part of my troubles. I have so many different causes that my mind is overwhelmed." Perhaps one arose from some calumny that assailed him in spite of his excellence of character, though he wrote in this philosophical manner to Mme. de l'Isle-Marie, abbess of Montivilliers, who had given him a hint of it: "I do not find it strange people have spoken ill of me. On the contrary, it would be stranger if they said anything good. No one can think so ill of me as I do myself. . . . For a long time I have not troubled myself as to the judgment of others concerning me. Praise and blame are things bestowed every day with so little justice that it would make me very unhappy not to regard both with a certain indifference. I see nothing in the world so common as the contempt of things worthy of esteem, and the esteem of those which ought to be condemned."

The adverse fortune and prospects of M. de Brébeuf also weighed upon him. He even thought of going to India to better them, and perhaps would have done so had his health permitted. "I am afraid," said he, "of being kept in pawn at some inn, and finding myself ill in an unknown place where I shall have neither consolation nor assistance." His religious principles seem to have been a great support at this time: "Far from complaining of the will of God, I say to myself that he treats me with a forbearance I had no reason to expect." "One must try to submit to everything and find comfort in whatever position he is placed by God." He found consolation also in his friends. He thus writes Georges du Hamel, a native of Vire, who was a distinguished advocate and one of his most intimate friends: "I cannot refrain from repeating what I was just now saying to myself, that if God had not given me a friend like you I should be the most unhappy of men." And to another: "I have always looked upon you as compensating me for an infinite number of afflictions and forcing me to consider myself fortunate at least in my friendships, though under great disgrace with Fortune herself." Among his friends was Corneille, of whom he was a great admirer. Another was Chapelain, now only known by Boileau's satire. He was in close relations also with Mgr. Claude Auvry, Bishop of Constance and treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle at Paris, whose difference with the *chantre* furnished Boileau with the subject of his *Lutrin*. Brébeuf wrote a poem in honor of this learned and excellent prelate, whom he regarded as a benefactor. It is published in his *Eloges Poétiques*.

M. de Brébeuf's sincere piety was the means of converting M. Guiffart, his physician and friend, one of the most celebrated practitioners at Rouen, who has given to the public the causes that led to his conversion, preceded by a letter from M. de Brébeuf in which he thus addresses the author: "You have shown that the cause of God is incomparably dearer to you than wealth or reputation. Your first work on religious matters has

opened the eyes of many excellent men. It has even contributed to the happy change of that great queen of the north, now one of the most illustrious ornaments of the Roman Church." He refers here to Queen Christina, who had read the work in Sweden, where the reputation of the author as a physician had already extended.

It was M. de Brébeuf's piety and exemplary life above all that procured him the friendship of the family of Bellefonds. He watched over the faith and morals of the young marquis in so effectual a manner as to influence his whole life. Even after the latter became Marshal of France he never forgot the precepts of his tutor, which had contributed so much to his elevation of character and successful career. It was the Marshal de Bellefonds who took such an active part in the conversion of Mme. de la Vallière. She opened her heart to him when she began to feel a remorse for her frailties and the need of expiation. He also enlisted the persuasive eloquence of Bossuet in her behalf, and kept up a correspondence with both when at the seat of war. The marshal's aunt—the Mère Agnes de Bellefonds, superior of the Carmelites at Paris, and surnamed the Incomparable on account of her eminent virtues—also lent her influence to the work. She was a sister of the two abbesses already mentioned, and beautiful in person as she was lovely in character. Her portrait represents her with charming blue eyes, a fine forehead, and an expression at once lively and agreeable. She was admired in her very girlhood at the court of Marie de Médicis, but she renounced all her brilliant prospects at the age of seventeen for the holier joys of Mount Carmel. She soon rose to be the superior of the convent. She charmed the people of the world by her elevation of mind, and the poor and unlettered by her sympathy with their sorrows; and this power she made use of to win souls to a higher life. Queen Henrietta Maria of England went to her for consolation. Chancellor Letellier often consulted her. The Duchess de Longueville regarded her as a friend. It was with her that Mme. de la Vallière took refuge when she fled from the world, and under her guidance entered upon the austerities of the Carmelite rule, which she so heroically practised for thirty-five years. Mme. de Sévigné speaks of the vivacity of Mère Agnes and the charm of her conversation, and says she was ravished with her spirituality. When this Incomparable Mère died in 1691, at the age of eighty, Bossuet thus wrote her successor: "We shall behold her no more, then, *cette chère Mère*. We shall no more hear from her mouth the words that charity, meekness, faith, and prudence all dictated, and that were so worthy of being listened to! She was one of those consistent people who believe in the law of God and are faithful to that law. Prudence was her attendant, and Wisdom her sister. The joy of the Holy Ghost was always with her. Her equilibrium never varied, and her judgment was always sound. No one ever went amiss in following her counsels. These were enforced by her example. Her death was as peaceful as her life. She rejoiced when the last day came. I return you thanks for recollecting me on this sad occasion. I unite with you in spirit in the prayers and sacrifices made for a

soul blessed of God and man. To the pious tears you shed on her tomb I join mine, and I take part in the consolations with which faith inspires you."

It is somewhat remarkable that the present superior of the Carmelite convent at Paris—a mere remnant of the great monastery destroyed at the Revolution—should be a direct descendant of Marshal de Bellefonds, the fourth of her race who has consecrated herself to God in this house founded in 1604 by Mme. Acarie and M. de Bérulle.

When a fourth sister of the Bellefonds family married the Marquis de Villars in 1651 M. de Brébeuf wrote her in this playful manner: "It is truly shameful, madame, not to have paid you my homage since your change of name, but, to tell you the truth, I felt I ought to give way to those more worthy of your attention; and, besides, among the crowd of people who had the same duty to perform I should have been easily lost. Now that every one else has fulfilled this civility, it seems the proper time for me to say I have for Mme. de Villars the same respect and esteem I always had for Mlle. de Bellefonds. As she no longer exists, I trust, madame, I shall not offend her memory in transferring to you what was justly due her. You are, I suppose, the rightful heir and will indemnify us fully for all we have lost in her. You resemble her so much in mind and person that it would be easy to confound you. Never did two sisters bear greater resemblance. Continue, I beg you, madame, to console us in this way for the loss we have sustained. In you may the beauty, generosity, and all the excellent qualities that were admired in that distinguished person be continued. Believe me, you could not have a more perfect model. Whatever virtues you may possess, you will find it difficult to surpass hers. But, that I may find nothing wanting to complete the resemblance, continue to show me, I pray you, the same kindness she manifested, and do me the honor, madame, to believe me, etc."

The Marquis de Villars, who married Mlle. de Bellefonds, was the French ambassador at the court of Charles II. of Spain. While the Marchioness was at Madrid she wrote Mme. de Coulanges many letters full of wit and observations on society, a part of which have been published. Whenever she returned to France it was one of her greatest pleasures to seek repose in her sister's convent at Rouen, and there forget for a while the honors of court and the pleasures of the world. Her son served under his cousin, the Marshal de Bellefonds, and received the bâton of marshal himself at the age of fifty. In his *Mémoires* he relates an interview with Louis XIV. at Marly in March, 1712, when affairs were going badly in the north. The king said: "You see my condition. God is punishing me. I shall suffer less in the other world. Were my army vanquished I would go to Péronne or St. Quentin to assemble the troops left, make a last effort with you, and perish all together or save the kingdom; for I would never consent for the enemy to approach my capital." M. de Villars saved France the 24th of July following by his victory over Prince Eugène at Denain, his three saintly aunts meanwhile praying for his success in their convents at Montivilliers, Rouen, and Paris.

The youngest sister of Mme. de

Bellefonds married the Baron Castel de St. Pierre-Eglise. She is described by the Père de Bouhours as having every womanly perfection —beauty and grace, a solid mind, a generous heart, and a lively, amiable disposition. She was simple in her manners, austere in her life, and full of Christian charity. She served the poor and nursed the sick in the hospital of her château, and was a mother to the orphans of the country around. Her husband, who was wealthy and generous, built the hospital she served, as well as the church in his parish. Of their four daughters three embraced the religious life. The son became a priest, and is known for his *Projet de Paix perpétuelle.* His charity was inexhaustible. "To give and forgive" was his motto, and he was constantly repeating: "Heaven is for the beneficent."

Such were some of the members of the truly Catholic family of the Bellefonds, in an age of great corruption, but also of great virtues. It bespeaks the private worth of M. de Brébeuf to have numbered them among his warmest friends. He is better known by them than from any personal records, for his modesty was too great to leave many, even in his letters. "I like so little to talk of myself," he once wrote a friend, "that I am unwilling to say anything even to myself."

Corneille is said to have suggested M. de Brébeuf's undertaking the *Pharsalia.* This work at once became popular. Five editions of it were published in the seventeenth century—one by the Elzevirs—and there were seven others before the close of the eighteenth. Louis XIV. read it. It was admired in the solitude of Port Royal. Boileau, however, criticised it with great severity, and gave a blow to its popularity, though he acknowledged it to have many bold, brilliant passages. Some admirable extracts from it are given in M. Tissot's *Models of Literature* which he considered worthy of Corneille or Lucan himself. One passage is frequently quoted for its happy precision and beauty of style. It refers to the invention of letters by the Phœnicians:

"C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingénieux
De peindre la parole et de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensées."

Brébeuf's *Poésies Diverses* were dedicated to Fouquet, the celebrated superintendent of finances in the time of Louis XIV., to whom our author remained faithful at his downfall. M. de Sainte-Beuve, in one of his *Causeries*, says: "The greatest testimony paid Fouquet in his disgrace was assuredly that of the poet Brébeuf, who is said to have died of chagrin at hearing of his arrest—a death which in itself is an *oraison funèbre.*"

Perhaps the most original and meritorious of Brébeuf's works is his *Entretiens Solitaires*, which is composed of prayers and pious meditations the Christian muse alone could have inspired. This work is the true index of the author's soul and genius. Marie Jenna, a poet of our day, says it breathes the accents of David and the *Imitation of Christ*, and is not only truly spiritual, but possesses the charm of poetic harmony. M. de Sainte-Beuve also acknowledges it to have features of noble and simple beauty. We quote one passage expressing the author's profound humility:

"Que j'ai pour moi, Seigneur, de mépris et de haine!
Que souvent contre moi je me trouve en courroux
D'être esclave des sens, de me plaire en ma chaine,
Et de n'être pas tout à vous!"

On another page is the following *élan du cœur :*

"C'est vous seul, O mon Dieu, c'est vous seul que j'attends ;
C'est vous seul que je veux en l'une et l'autre vie :
Sans vous tous les plaisirs me sont empoisonnés,
Sans vous rien ici-bas ne remplit mon envie,
Et je renonce à moi si vous m'abandonnez."

Brébeuf writes his friend Du Hamel: "The *Entretiens Solitaires* have on the whole been well received, you know where, and I pass for being so good that I am dying with shame for not being so. God grant that the reality may soon correspond to the appearances!"

This work was dedicated to Cardinal Mazarin. In the prolix and flattering address there is one passage by no means common on such occasions: "In the midst of all your grandeur and occupations you will find time to say to yourself in secret that there is only one thing needful; that all that is not God is unworthy of man; and that the things that are to perish cannot constitute the happiness of the soul, which is to live for ever."

M. de Brébeuf also celebrated the *Paix des Pyrénées*, that great achievement of Cardinal Mazarin's which contributed so much to the aggrandizement of Louis XIV. But whatever value the cardinal attached to this homage, he only conferred on the author a small benefice that was rather an outlay than a source of revenue. Brébeuf hastened to resign it in a somewhat curious letter: "As I am persuaded your eminence thought the conferring of this benefice was doing something for my advantage, I feel it indispensable to return my most humble thanks and express my disappointment. Though every favor bestowed by your hand is precious and carries with it its own recommendation, I take the liberty, monseigneur, of saying that I am not in a condition to accept what you have conferred. The benefice you have been pleased to compliment me with does not suit me in any way. It is only a burdensome honor, without substance and without revenue; and as I have not health enough to accomplish the duties, or means enough to meet the expenses, I most humbly beg you, monseigneur, to place it in the hands of some one more worthy of it."

M. de la Luzerne says the cardinal, a little before his death, touched by the piety of the *Entretiens Solitaires*, proposed to increase the author's means, and his name was placed on the list of pensioners. According to M. Loret, the pension was actually conferred :

"De feu Jules, pensionnaire,
Qui savait fort bien discerner
Ceux auxquels il fallait donner."

If this is true it was a very small and insufficient sum. At all events the cardinal proposed aiding him in a more efficacious manner, but died March 4, 1661, without fulfilling his intention. Brébeuf's ill luck attended him to the last. "Do not be astonished," he wrote Du Hamel, "that I manifest so little eagerness to improve my fortunes, or so much indifference as to the prospect of anything better. I feel I have so little time to enjoy anything that I am in no mood to go out of my way in the pursuit."

M. de Brébeuf's health was now rapidly failing, and he sought an asylum with his brother in the peaceful valley of Venoix. His mother was already here, or accompanied him. She was a Demoiselle d'Armory or Emery. Brébeuf seems to have been the oldest son and to have lost his father while

young. He often mentions his mother with lively affection in his letters, and during her last illness, after dwelling on her sufferings, thus wrote: "You know my tender love for my mother, who is dearer to me than my life." He had already lost one brother, the Sieur de Balanson. The poet himself is styled in an old document the Sieur de la Boissets, probably from a small patrimony in the vicinity of Ste. Suzanne, where both these names are still to be found. The tenderness of M. de Brébeuf's nature is to be seen from a thousand expressions in his letters, but there is nothing to lead one to suppose he ever thought of marrying.

M. de Brébeuf passed several months at Venoix, calmly awaiting death. But how seriously he anticipated it may be seen from this extract: "I tremble when I consider the account God will demand of the talents he has given me. Can I justify myself by saying: 'Lord, I have sung the wars of Cæsar and Pompey'?"

Shortly before his death he received a letter from Hardouin de Péréfixe, Bishop of Rhodez, containing the assurance of the king's generous intentions towards him; but once more it was too late. He died September, 1661, at the age of forty-three.

M. Loret, the author of a weekly gazette in burlesque verse, thus announced the death of his compatriot October 1, 1661:

"Dizons deux mots du trèpas
D'un véritable et grand poète
Que de tout mon cœur je regrète.

Ce Brébeuf, dont les nobles vers
Sont prisez de tout l'univers,
Ce cher Normand de Normandie,
Dont la plume belle et hardie
Imitant le docte Lucain,
Jadis si franc républicain,
Renouvela les coups d'épée
De Cézar et du grand Pompée:
Enfin cet admirable autheur,
Qui charme si bien son lecteur
Par sa divine poésie
Plus delectable qu'ambrosie,
A vu trancher ses beaux destins,
Depuis environs sept matins;
Et passé la fatale nasse
Qu'il faret que tout le monde passe."

A funeral eulogium was delivered at Caen, and M. de la Luzerne wrote the following lines on the death of his friend:

"Sic fulsit, tumulique brevi se condidit umbris,
Brebovius, nostri lux fugitiva soli;
Impare virtuti fortuna, corpore menti,
Solam sortitus gloriam utrique parem"

—thus gleamed, then disappeared in the shadow of the tomb, Brébeuf—too fleeting a light in our land. Less favored by fortune than merit, in health than talent, the glory he won equalled both.

Prior Nicolas de Brébeuf published his brother's *Defence of the Roman Church* after the death of the author. After eloquently demonstrating the truth of the Real Presence by the transformation it operates in the soul, he thus addresses the Protestant reader: "Pardon me if I venture to say that the participation of this mysterious viand produces effects in our church that are wholly unknown among you. . . . I acknowledge that some features of your sects are not without merit, but I can say without exaggeration that you do not find in your church, as in ours, those transports of charity which raise man above himself, give him a distaste for all that is not God, or at least for all that does not aim at his glory. You do not find that complete abnegation of the will which triumphs over the passions and causes the purity of an angel to reign in the ordinary abode of sensuality. You do not find that complete renunciation, or that absolute disengagement, from all that is most precious in the world—all

that is sweetest in life. You do not find that eagerness to meet death for the propagation of the Gospel. In a word, yours is an accommodating virtue that is easily reconciled with the satisfaction of the senses, that is satisfied with what is easiest, and voluntarily dispenses with anything beyond. But that elevated and, so to speak, complete sanctity we so often admire in religious people of our communion is certainly not the prerogative of yours. That virtue like a flame which ascends without ceasing, and never believes it has mounted sufficiently high; the ardor which grows more intense from day to day; the burning zeal that finds its strength renewed by labor; and that admirable kindling of the soul which purifies and transforms its nature—such fervor, I say, so overpowering and so durable, is not the appanage of your followers. Whence do we derive, then, that grace so abundant and efficacious but in the holy use of a sacrament which is its source? Experience shows us daily, without question, that extraordinary progress in holiness is due to the sacred current of this inexhaustible fount. When we come to it with confidence and love we carry away a vigor of which we did not before consider ourselves capable. We are strengthened in proportion to the frequency of our approach, and we grow weak and relaxed in proportion to our withdrawing from it. This fervor would grow lukewarm of itself, if it did not find aliment and augmentation in that which produced it. Can we do otherwise, then, reader, than esteem what visibly produces such excellent results? What appearance is there of our having scandalously altered the institution of our Saviour in this inconceivable mystery, when in our day it is as much the canal of divine grace and a source of consolation as it was in the very infancy of the church?"

Prior Nicolas de Brébeuf died June 23, 1691. He was buried beside his mother and brother in the church of St. Gerbold at Venoix. This church was unfortunately destroyed during the Revolution, so the precise spot where they lay is unknown. A new parish church has recently been erected, a chapel of which is consecrated to the memory of the Brébeuf family. A memorial window is to be emblazoned with its arms: a *bœuf furieux* sable, with horns and hoofs or, on a field argent. A tablet has already been hung on the wall with a Latin inscription composed just after the death of the prior of Venoix, nearly two hundred years ago. We give a rude translation:

"D. O. M.

"Pause, whoever thou mayst be, and weep over those who during their life were honored, and whom, dead, posterity will regret.

"In the church of St. Gerbold, near Caen, the same earth covers two brothers and their mother. The same disease carried off the mother and the oldest of her sons. The youngest was recently buried in the same church. With different degrees of merit they lived uprightly, but in different states of life. Both richly endowed, one had the natural charm of eloquence; the other, grandeur and magnificence of style. Equal as to talent and birth, they enjoyed the highest esteem in the world.

"In the year of this century sixty-one the excellent poet Brébeuf ended his days. If the epic he wrote in French gave him an in-

comparable superiority, his genius also gave out a brilliant light in other directions. Though a great poet, he was also modest, pious, and upright.

"The younger of the two brothers, canon, prior, and curé, when he spoke in public showed himself to be a true Christian orator. In his style there was grandeur without pretence, and a singular perspicacity in his persuasive language. He was eminently mild and indulgent. The candor of his nature was to be read in his countenance. He made himself beloved by every one. With his friends he exercised a holy liberty. He molested no one. He gained the favor of all. As he lived a Christian life, so he fulfilled his obligations to God when dying. Purified by the sacraments of the church which effaces our stains, he was buried on the anniversary of his birth, the 23d of June in this present year ninety-one, at the age of sixty-one."

The glorious name of these distinguished men has been rendered more illustrious by Jean de Brébeuf, of the Society of Jesus, a scion of the same ancient and noble race. Like them, he sprang from Normandy, happy to have borne such a child. New France found in him a second Paul, a worthy brother of Xavier. His flesh slowly consumed, burned by red-hot hatchets, and torn off with incredible tortures, he passed from earth to heaven, giving a rare example of Christian courage and heroic virtue.

---

## JOURNEY OF A GREEK PATRIARCH FROM BYZANTIUM TO MOSCOW THREE CENTURIES AGO.

In a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* there appears a most interesting article, under this heading, collated by Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé from documents relating to the history of Russia in the sixteenth century.

The article, which gives a graphic account of the visit made to Moscow in 1588 by Jeremy II., patriarch at Constantinople, when he was persuaded, or compelled by the then Russian czar, to institute the patriarchate of Russia in the person of Job, the first primate, and thus establish the supremacy of Russia over the Greek Catholic Church, is too long to translate entire. Yet a synopsis of it may prove interesting as well as instructive, as marking the vanishing point of one ecclesiastical supremacy, and the rise of another which now overshadows all Eastern Christianity. As M. de Vogüé justly observes, the picturesque though incomplete details of this voyage, given by his companion, a Greek priest, in a MS. which still survives, inspire us with a desire to make a more intimate acquaintance with the Patriarch Jeremy, whose personal trials and vicissitudes cast a dramatic interest over him. But a higher interest centres in him, because a man personally so obscure has really been the central pivot on which, three centuries ago, the equilibrium of Eastern Christianity rested. His

almost involuntary act gave birth to the Eastern question, which fire and sword and diplomacy have not yet contrived to settle on any permanent basis.

Although three centuries have passed since the time of Jeremy, yet neither the place nor the actors have greatly changed at Constantinople, where his troubles and trials chiefly were. After the Mussulman conquest the residence of the conquered Greeks and their priests was in the suburb of the Phanar. Here, remote from the glories of Sancta Sophia and their lost Byzantium, in a wretched and squalid suburb like the Jewish Ghetto at Rome, dwelt, or rather huddled together, the descendants of the proud masters of the world, shut in by a gate which gave access to those forlorn lanes and dingy dwellings. In the midst of this retreat dwelt the œcumenical patriarch, the head of the Greek Church, the Christian grand vicar of the East, in a plain wooden building erected on the ruins of an ancient monastery.

But had any one visited this humble temple on the occasion of one of the great festivals of the church he would still have found there the form and ceremony and pomps of the former age, though dimmed by time and persecution. The pontiff still sat on his ancient throne, preserved from the wreck and ruin; the deacons wore on their shoulders still their gold-embroidered vestments, and all the church paraphernalia were still there, with the relics in golden cases, the pastoral cross in precious stones, and the *pateritza*—a rod terminating in two twisted serpents, which was substituted for the cross.

The patriarch himself wore a splendid tiara of enamelled gold ornamented with portraits of the twelve apostles and surmounted by a diamond cross; and, sad mockery! on top shone the imperial eagle of Constantine, grasping the globe in its talons—the jealous souvenir but harmless symbol of an empire restricted now to the narrow precincts of this poor church.

Here, as in an imaginary world, dwelt these priests, to whom nothing was changed and on whom four centuries of Mussulman rule had wrought no alteration; who had changed no portion of his vestments, no word in his devotional book, no note in his chants, although the Turkish zabtie mounted guard at the door, and the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of the neighboring mosque, calling the "faithful" to prayer, blended with his devotions. In spite of this the Greek priest, placing his tiara on his brow, blessed his people and placed the same faith in his authority as in his benediction. Unchanged and unchangeable these things remained when in 1572, in this place and with these rights, they enthroned the Patriarch Jeremy as their spiritual head.

"But before presenting our hero to the reader," says M. de Vogüé, "let us briefly recapitulate the sad environments which he had to encounter in mounting the throne of Chrysostom. For a brief moment Eastern Christianity was inspired by a gleam of hope, when she encountered Mahomet II. over the yet smoking ruins of captured Byzantium, through his celebrated firman (or decree) which maintained the privileges of the œcumenical church—the right to assemble their synod and elect their patriarch. But this firman lasted only so long as lasts a good intention, and soon

became a dead letter. The list of patriarchs, up to the time of which we write, was but a long martyrology, and, if the truth must be told, a martyrology without dignity. It dealt no longer with catacombs and arenas. The Oriental drama was Shaksperian in its interludes of low comedy between auction sale and gibbet; for factions fiercely disputed for the empty honors of the Phanar, and the cupidity of the Turkish rulers was alternately appealed to by the contestants. The elect of yesterday, with purse emptied by his purchase, was immediately outbidden by a competitor, and had to yield his place—peaceably, if wise; if not, according to caprice of sultan or vizier, by exile or impalement." The author arrays "a sad procession" of patriarchs removed by death or exile from that high seat, and his recital reads like a page extracted from Dante's *Inferno*, so full of horrors is it.

But still, although the place was really disposed of according to the caprice or cupidity of sultan or court favorites, the shadow-right of election and of investiture of the patriarch nominally was vested in the hands of the ecclesiastical synod, which in the spring of 1572 assembled at the Phanar and elected Jeremy, a monk-metropolitan of Larissa, as their patriarch, who was solemnly installed on the Feast of the Ascension, the 25th of May.

Jeremy is described by his contemporaries as a tall man, of robust frame, with placid and immovable visage. Modest and of irreproachable morals, he had peacefully performed his duties at Larissa, for which his tranquil nature suited him. He seems to have been a fair type of the ordinary Oriental priest, good-tempered, feeble, lymphatic, and bigoted.

His first duty was to visit the sultan at the *serail* to receive his investiture from the Grand Seigneur, at the extreme point of Stamboul, directly opposite the Phanar, on the other side of the Bosphorus—a ceremony which, together with personal homage, involved the payment of the *kharatch* (or tribute) of ten thousand florins, paid the Turk for spiritual supremacy over his Christian subjects. The Sultan Mourad received the patriarch's homage in his palace, in the midst of those wonderful gardens of which Lamartine has said: "If a man had but one hour to spend on earth he should pass it here!" And the ceremony was humiliating enough, both to the patriarch and to the religion the Turk disdainfully tolerated. In the words of the chronicler: "The pontiff passed by the great church of Sancta Sophia (now a mosque) without daring to raise his eyes to the temple of his predecessors. He passed through the gate 'Humaïon,' where the body of one of his predecessors had hung for three days. He passed the third gate in the midst of black eunuchs, and taking off his slippers, which he left in their hands, stooped under the doorway, made intentionally low for the prostration of foreigners entering the royal presence; and there, squatted on a couch whose covering was cloth of gold embroidered with precious stones, he saw the Grand Seigneur, who thus received all infidels when he did not compel them to pass through a hole in the wall." The new patriarch had to prostrate himself on the floor at the feet of the sultan before receiving his firman of investiture. While this homage was being paid, in the next room a ceremony equally indispensable

was being performed—viz., the payment by the patriarch's vicar to the sultan's treasurer of the ten thousand florins tribute, without which the patriarch's investiture was only an idle ceremony.

These two ceremonies performed, the new patriarch left the *seraïl*, and, mounted on a white horse with golden trappings (the gift of the sultan), slowly rode over again to the Phanar.

In addition to his direct payment into the sultan's treasury the patriarch found it necessary to bribe high officials who could influence him. But, unhappily, these protectors thus purchased either died or were assassinated shortly afterwards, and the poor patriarch's troubles recommenced. So he had to renew his gifts to a new sultan and new favorites until his purse was empty, until the poor man complained to one of his correspondents at Tübingen (Samuel Hailand) that he feared to visit his provincial churches, lest on his return he should find another patriarch in his seat—an accident which had really happened to his predecessor, Metrophane. This predecessor one fine day suddenly reappeared at the Porte, demanding a retiring pension promised him, but not paid. The two parties bribed right and left, and a very scandalous litigation ensued. The result was the restoration of Metrophane to the patriarchate, which he enjoyed but two years, his term being cut short by death. But his nephew, Theolepte, claimed the succession, and disputed it with our friend Jeremy, and managed so adroitly as to have his rival thrown into prison at the Seven Towers under a charge of high treason. But here unexpected interposition came to his relief. The French ambassador at Constantinople, De Noailles, accompanied by the Venetian ambassador, demanded the patriarch's liberation, and the grand vizier commuted his punishment into exile at Rhodes. Jeremy, therefore, went to Rhodes, and took refuge at that place which Sultan Soliman had wrested from the Knights Templars fifty years before. But his absence did not aid Theolepte, his rival. "An impious and ignorant monk named Pacôme" seized on the patriarchate without election, and in the midst of a general tumult he was bodily pitched out of the chamber. By doubling the tribute Theolepte received the imperial firman in 1584; but both he and Pacôme finally sold out to Jeremy, who was reinstated, and who resolved to visit the Grand Duke of Russia, to whose munificence he trusted to recruit the finances of his church.

As M. Rambaud observes in his *History of Russia*, the sixteenth century was for Russia what the fifteenth was for France—a transition period, in which national unity and the concentration of power in single hands went on together. The French Louis XI., the great workman of French unity, seemed to have bequeathed his sombre genius to the two last Ivans of Russia. Ivan III. was a contemporary; but Ivan IV., surnamed "the Terrible," a generation later expelled the strangers from Russia, annexed the countries bordering on the Volga, as well as Siberia, and at his death Russia in Europe was the largest Christian state, and Russia in Asia existed in name. As Tolstoi, the Russian poet, says, "He passed over the earth like the wrath of God," and his death was as tragic as his life. It was he who first took the title of

czar after subjugating Tartary, the word meaning a Christian Cæsar.

The third Ivan had gained a title as protector of Christianity by wedding Sophia the Byzantine, the last of the Paleologi, whose family, after the Turkish occupation, had lived in poverty and misery at Rome when Paul II. was pope.

Such was the court and such the throne to which Jeremy appealed.

Rehabilitated in position though not in purse, the patriarch left Byzantium for Russia at the close of the year 1587. He was accompanied by two of his subordinates, Dorotheus, Bishop of Monobasia—his zealous friend and adherent—and, passing through the valley of the Danube, was joined by Arsenius, Bishop of Elassone, on Mount Olympus, who became their chronicler. The caravan went by way of Brest to Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, and thence rapidly passed to the Russian frontier. To while away the tedious hours of travel the patriarch recounted to his companions all the trials and tribulations through which he had passed in his strange career.

"He related to us," says Arsenius, "so many sad stories that the tears filled our eyes while he recited all his various persecutions and trials at the hands of the Turkish authorities."

Thus they journeyed on towards that strange, new, and terrible country over which the Czar Feodor Ivanovitch, son of Ivan the Terrible, then held sway in name, though the real king was Boris Godounof, one of the great bozars, or nobles, who had wedded his feeble master to his sister, Irene, and for fourteen years ruled in his name. He was at once the Warwick and the Richelieu of Russia, his nominal master being more monk than king.

Having in a fit of wrath stricken his eldest son a deadly blow, Ivan the Terrible pined away and died of despair, leaving as his successor a lame, weak child, Feodor, who mounted the throne in 1584. Incapable, gentle, and fanatical, his greatest pleasure was to steal away to the Convent of the Miracles, there to chant long liturgies with the choir and ring the bells with the sacristan, while his mayor of the palace governed and patiently paved his own way to the throne.

In his march to the throne Boris sought the powerful aid of the clergy to mould public opinion. He had called to the primacy of Moscow—then the highest religious post—one of his creatures, the old metropolitan Job of Rostoff, who, like all other church functionaries, was subject to the patriarch of Constantinople, the supreme head of the orthodox churches of the East.

It was the purpose of Boris, seconded by his pious master, to break the tie which made the whole church subject to a head invested by the sultan, and he had already been intriguing at Constantinople, both with sultan and patriarch, to effect the independence of the Russian Church, when Jeremy fell into his hands and became an instrument to effect his purpose.

The czar had already asked the aid of his clergy to bring this about, calling on them to know "if God would permit, and the sacred Scriptures did not forbid, the high patriarchal seat of the Eastern Church to be instituted at Moscow instead of Byzantium."

The clergy, in response, approved of the czar's project, but added

that it would be useful to obtain the consent of the entire Eastern Church, "that the Latins, and other heretics who write against our sacred faith, may not allege that the patriarchal seat was transferred to Moscow by the will of the czar alone."

Negotiations were therefore opened, and had been going on for some time, with the patriarchs of Byzantium and Antioch, and the synods of Alexandria and Jerusalem; but the proposal was coldly received by the high dignitaries of the Eastern church, naturally jealous of their ancient prerogatives. So, fearful of offending the czar, they temporized.

Such was the condition of affairs when the bozars of Smolensk, in July, 1588, informed the authorities of Moscow of the arrival in their town of a venerable voyager from Christian lands under the sway of the Turk. This was our friend Jeremy, who reached Russia with the very slender retinue and in the humble manner already described. The response from Moscow was a rebuke to the vairodes of Smolensk for the tardiness of their intelligence: "Beware of repeating your negligence. No envoy or private person from abroad should be permitted to enter Russian territory without our being promptly notified." At the same time a letter from the czar to the bishop of Smolensk contained these words: "If the patriarch requests permission to pray in our church we authorize him so to do. See that the church be properly prepared therefor, and a grand concourse of priests be assembled. You must go to the patriarch, and render him precisely the same honors and reverence which you are accustomed to render to our metropolitan."

The messenger sent to the patriarch was further instructed to inquire whether he still occupied the throne at Byzantium, "if he was travelling to collect alms, or if he was charged with a message to the czar from the sacred synod."

The czar's messenger insisted on the immediate departure of the holy men for Moscow, and during the ten days the journey lasted they enjoyed the sumptuous hospitalities of the czar. Arsenius grows eloquent over the good cheer and the talent of the cooks.

On the evening of the tenth day, as the travellers mounted a well-wooded hill, they saw their Russian guides rush up to the summit and there prostrate themselves in prayer. It was the "Hill of Monks," whence the traveller first sees the panorama of Moscow open at his feet; and the inhabitants of the Bosphorus, who had a right to be hard to please, testify to their surprise and admiration at the splendid sight. A new east, entirely different from their own and marked by a new character, revealed itself to them—one which seemed to come from a yet remoter east and a more mysterious one than their own. It seemed less a city than an immense monastery stretching away to the verge of the horizon, with the cross conspicuous everywhere on the cupolas of strange shapes and dazzling colors. The eye was wearied in the attempt to wander over all the spires and domes of gold, silver, or starry azure which pierced the heavens. On each of the innumerable churches glittered five metal cupolas. Between these churches multitudes of roofs, painted bright green, gave the city the appearance of a checker-board of bright green copper. Over all of these, as the

Acropolis dominates Athens, the triangular plateau of the Kremlin looked down on Moscow. To the right of the Kremlin the eye was irresistibly attracted to the Cathedral of St. Basilius—the dream of a mad architect, apparently modelled after the "kaouk," or voluminous turban of the pashas and Janissaries—with its twelve cupolas and their fantastic headgear. Between the cathedral and the sacred gate of the Kremlin the *Red Place*, denuded of its barracks by the conflagration of 1587, displayed the gibbets of Ivan the Terrible, and solemn processions filed constantly past, conveying poor wretches to the gallows, while mournful litanies were sung as accompaniments.

When the eye of the gazer left the heart of the city to survey the suburbs, beyond the second walls a labyrinth of streets and lanes, with gardens and ponds intervening, was distinguishable.

In the distance, on the hills bordering the river, reposed convents with crenellated ramparts bounding this pious and warlike city, equally convenient for prayer or for battle. The monks were half soldier, half monk, always ready to repel invasion from the Tartars, even as to-day, in the Rock Convent of Mar Saba, in the wilderness of Engaddi, the Greek monks are compelled to take similar precautions against attacks from the Bedouins, whom they have dispossessed.

Over the whole of this vast panorama sounded constantly the vibration of the iron bells from the hundreds of turrets and towers, so that the ear, like the eye, received the impression of a gigantic monastery from which prayer was ever ascending above the buzz and bustle of a capital absorbed in human activities and interests.

Well might these voyagers from a distant and far different land feel the double inspiration of pious emotion and of vague disquietude in gazing on this strange scene.

They were escorted to the base of the Kremlin, where apartments were assigned them with great care. The patriarch was installed in the house of the Bishop of Riazan, and his companions and servants allotted inferior chambers in the same building. While he and his companions were forbidden to leave the house, all persons were forbidden equally to visit him or them without special permission, which permission was accorded only to a few privileged persons. In fact, they found themselves in a kind of honorable captivity. Such was then the treatment of foreign ambassadors, and, as such, Boris was treating them with a special purpose, as will be seen.

The bozars, or nobles, came soon, with great pomp, to conduct the patriarch to their master, which Arsenius thus describes: "The nobles marched in front, magnificently attired in golden brocade covered with pearls. The monks, in black robes, followed. His beatitude advanced with his two legates, the metropolitan of Monobasia and myself, the humble Arsenius of Greece." The procession paused at the Golden Gate of the palace, passed through a court still called the Hall of Patriarchs —a small, dark chamber adorned with golden images of the saints, scarcely visible in the dim light.

Everything in this palace breathed the religious respect with which Asia ever has surrounded its rulers, and Jeremy was reminded of his visit to the Turkish sultan. Here he found the Czar Feodor, seated on a splendid throne, over his head

an image of the Virgin resplendent with precious stones, at his right hand a great globe of gold representing the world. In his hand he held an ivory sceptre glittering with diamonds and sapphires. He was surrounded by his higher clergy and monks in attitudes of respectful reverence.

Boris Godounof, called by Arsenius "the illustrious *archonte*," Duke of Kazan, occupied a place apart. The czar advanced a step to meet the patriarch. Two monks, one bearing the crown, the other the tiara, gave the compliments and benedictions, according to usage. The patriarch, in a piteous tone, told his sad story, and then the audience was over. The visitors were next taken to see the Czarina Irene, sister to Boris, and our Greeks imagined themselves once more on the banks of the Bosphorus on finding the costumes so similar; for in the sixteenth century Russian manners enforced on women a seclusion almost as strict as the Ottoman.

The czarinas inhabited lofty apartments in the palace of Térém not unlike the Turkish harems. Even in our days the visitor to the Kremlin cannot but admire this beautiful building. The procession halted at the gate, which men were not allowed to enter. Godounof alone was admitted to accompany the prelates. They were received in the first chamber by the female attendants of the czarina, clad in white from head to foot, without ornaments; and the gallant Bishop Arsenius avers that the splendor of these white graces dazzled more than the snows of their country. But his admiration was beyond all bounds at sight of the czarina and the splendors of her surroundings. In a niche gilded with the precious metal, surrounded by images of saints with diadems and precious stones adorning them, majestic and arrayed like unto them, as though she were one of them, sat the Czarina Irene on a throne of marvellous workmanship. She wore a tunic of Chinese silk richly embroidered with pearls and diamonds. On her head blazed a crown with twelve points—in honor of the twelve apostles—on each point a precious stone. The good priest, "plunged in pleasant stupefaction," records her dress and ornaments with the minuteness of a man-milliner, and the gems to be seen to-day at the Moscow Museum attest his veracity. In prostrating himself before this human idol he even took time to observe the pattern of the Persian carpet, representing the chase of tigers, stags, and swans, "which seemed to breathe." On rising he gives a similar inventory of the luxurious furniture. But all these things moved him less than the beauty of the czarina and the spell of her voice. For this pompous idol proved, after all, to be only a woman, and a most unhappy woman in the midst of her splendor. She addressed the patriarch with tears in her eyes, praying his all-powerful intercession with Heaven that she might bear an heir to the throne of the Ivans. Twice during the short audience she passionately made this appeal, and, to interest the holy man more surely, sent him subsequently a silver cup filled with the finest pearls as a reminder.

This latter trait, though not remarked on by the clever commentator in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was equally significant of the thoroughly Eastern type of this court and people.

Since the days of Sara down

to the present time all Eastern women regard her as without honor who has borne no children, and all other blessings cannot compensate them, in their own eyes or those of their neighbors, for this default, which, in the case of this poor czarina, it seems the prayers of the patriarch, that we may suppose earnestly and faithfully rendered in consideration of his cup of pearls and kindness of heart, was never removed.

And so Irene passes from history and from this touching chronicle of her sorrows.

These formalities over in the presentation of the patriarch to the two royal phantoms, who were but the puppets of this Russian Bismarck, the real business commenced, and Boris, taking his prisoner into a private study, had a serious talk with him. To the poor patriarch this grim statesman, who could not be bought with gold, as were the Turks, was far more terrible than they. He again resorted to his only weapon — supplication — and told his piteous story of persecution by the Turks and his long miseries of exile and outrage. At one point of his recital, depicting the desolation of the Holy Temple, soiled and profaned by the Turkish imaums, Jeremy burst into tears and exclaimed: "What earthly help can we hope for, except from holy Russia and our brothers of the orthodox faith? Therefore have we come here to ask Christian alms to rebuild a new temple to the true God in the ancient capital of orthodoxy." The Russian man of blood and iron, like his modern successor, was no sentimentalist. He recalled the patriarch to practical affairs, from weeping by the river of Babylon, by asking him what he had learned of the affairs of Poland during his trip. With the astuteness of the Greek the patriarch changed his note, and thereupon ensued a conversation which subsequently bore fruit.

During this conversation Boris broached the subject of the pious project of the czar, which was warmly applauded by the patriarch, since the cunning Russian had proposed that he, Jeremy, should be the first to fill the high seat of which they conferred. Was not this a dream to tempt the poor patriarch —to exchange his empty name for the reality on the glorious throne of Moscow, instead of the tottering chair of the Phanar, supported by bribing Turkish officials, and mendicancy?

Having secured his assent to the principle involved, the Russian made his second move, declaring that, in his master's judgment, the patriarchal seat ought to be established not at Moscow, but at Vladimir. Against this Jeremy vainly protested; but Boris declared it was impossible to remove the venerable Bishop Job from this seat, nor could a stranger, ignorant of the language and of Russian usages, fill that place at Moscow, not to speak of the czar's own wishes.

So Jeremy, who was but a child in the hands of the astute politician, felt he had committed himself in vain, but was powerless to escape the net he had rushed into. For Boris never had dreamed of giving him, a stranger, that high post. He had need, for his ulterior purposes, of his tool Job in that place, and his overtures to Jeremy about Vladimir were but intended to deceive; for he knew the patriarch would refuse what was equivalent to banishment and the loss of power. He knew he could use Jeremy, and he did so without scruple.

The result of this conversation was a convocation of the bozars by the czar, and the following communication to them from him at the dictation of Boris: "It has pleased God to send us the patriarch of Tsargrad, and we have thought the time propitious to elevate to the dignity of patriarch him whom God wills. If Jeremy of Tsargrad consents to accept the primacy of Vladimir, Moscow shall retain its metropolitan, Job. If Jeremy refuses, then let us establish at Moscow a patriarch taken from our national church."

Godounof then returned to confer with his prisoner, who proved obstinate.

"What is the use of a patriarch remote from the czar?" answered the obstinate old man, convinced that he could make his own terms. Upon this the czar reassembled his bozars and said to them: "Jeremy is unreasonable in his demands. Job has a prior right to Moscow, and ought not to be dismissed from the shrine of the holy Mother of God and the miraculous relics." So his opposition was vain. Boris now called to his aid the introducer of ambassadors, Stchelkalof, and the two alternately cajoled and bullied the poor patriarch until he yielded everything, consenting to do whatever pleased the czar, on condition of being permitted to return to his own country. Terror had seized upon him in the midst of these grim counsellors of Ivan the Terrible.

The formality of presenting three candidates to the synod, in conformity with the church usage, was gone through—and even in this Jeremy was not included—and, of course, Job, the choice of the czar, was the one selected and proclaimed Patriarch of all the Russias, 23d of January, 1589.

Six months had been consumed in these delicate negotiations, and Jeremy had not yet obtained his liberty. He was compelled to drink of his bitter cup even to the dregs, and to consecrate his rival with a pomp which doubtless embittered his regrets at his approaching return to his poor church at the Phanar.

The plans of Boris Godounof had at last attained that point when they might be brought to a head, and his tool and dupe, with whom he had played as the cat with the mouse, be allowed to perform his final function and depart to such peace as he might find at the Phanar under Turkish rule. On the 23d of January, 1589, the state prisoner, Jeremy, whose dreams of the Russian patriarchate had long since melted into thin air, and who only now thought of escape from his gilded cage, was called upon to perform the last act of the comedy in which he had been one of the chief actors. All Moscow was swarming like a hive of bees recently disturbed. From the early dawn the immense crowd, composed of nobles, monks, and tradesmen, thronged the open spaces near the palace. The cortége left the palace, headed by the czar, Boris, the two patriarchs, Jeremy and Job, and passed majestically down the red staircase. The great banners of the Virgin and the saints draped the streets along the path of the procession. The hundreds of church-bells in this "city of chimes" made the air vibrate for miles, while the silver bells of the Tower mingled their high notes with the deeper bass of the iron ones below. The procession passed through the great gate, above

which the colossal image of "Panagia" (the Virgin) towered aloft, seeming to survey with fixed eyes the sacred city spread out below her feet.

Reaching the cathedral, where reigned an obscurity like that of night, relieved only by the burning lustres with their thousands of wax candles, the priests and people, all alike happy, defiled along the naves. In the midst of the church an elevated platform had been raised, over which was a purple canopy of velvet. Up the steps of this platform slowly marched the patriarch, the tiara on his head, clad in pontifical robes, his arms supported by two acolytes. The bishops ranged themselves in a circle around him. Feodor, the czar, ascended his throne. The office commenced; the chant resounded in that melancholy but powerful melody dear to the Russian Church and dedicated to the czar and the two patriarchs. At a fixed time two cushions were placed together, surrounded by the men-at-arms. The metropolitan Job, the elect of God, appeared between the lights and clouds of incense. The patriarch of Byzantium, supported by archdeacons, appeared opposite to him. Then the multitude saw one of these venerable priests laying his hands on the head of the other, and invoking the people to salute their new spiritual master, while calling down the Holy Spirit to bless him. The two brothers exchanged the kiss of peace, while, kneeling on their two cushions, Jeremy of Byzantium and Job of Moscow remained until the rite was finished.

Well says M. de Vogüé that, in exchanging this kiss of peace with Job, Jeremy had communicated not only the breath of his own life, but also that of the institution which he personified; through it the Greek had passed to the Moscovite the better part of the moral heritage which Byzantium had guarded until then; and that after it he would return to the Phanar a discrowned pontiff. Truly the church-bells of Ivan the Terrible might well sound their most gladsome note to announce to the Russian people that the head of the Eastern Church had relegated his mission to them. Perhaps of all that crowd the piercing vision of old Boris Godounof alone beheld the future consequences of that day's work, which was his.

This memorable day finished with a sumptuous banquet at the palace. The czar dined alone at a small table, laying aside his diadem and substituting for it a purple cap surmounted by a ruby as large as an egg. Jeremy sat at the table next the czar, at his right. The banquet lasted for six hours, with eighteen changes of plates. The magnificence and luxury of this repast cannot be described; neither France, Hungary, nor Bohemia could surpass it.

On returning home the foreign prelates found substantial proofs of royal munificence in the splendid gifts awaiting them—the Greek priest catalogues all with exceeding unction—among which were precious vases, Siberian furs, the stuffs of Italy and of Damascus. So Boris royally rewarded this surrender on the part of the Greek prelates.

Poor Jeremy had given all that was asked of him, and received all he could now expect. Yet his deliverance was still delayed, although the sole wish he now entertained was to escape from the country where he had been in-

duced to entertain such high hopes and meet so bitter a disappointment. Under different pretexts, however, they kept him lingering until his presence might strengthen the new creation in which he had been forced to play so conspicuous a part.

Then the "honored guests," or prisoners, were liberated at last, and after a final audience with the czar, who escorted the patriarch to the Golden Gate with all the honors, they departed for Byzantium again.

When their vanishing shadows had ceased to be visible it might well have been said that they had left their souls behind them. Sadly did the Greek priests retrace their steps across the deserts, more than doubtful of the reception awaiting them at home. Traversing Poland, at Moldavia they found awaiting them a messenger from the sultan, ordering their return to Constantinople. Their long absence had excited suspicion at the Porte, as well as at the Phanar.

On reassuming his duties Jeremy had to assemble a convocation of the elders to ratify his acts in Russia. He encountered not only the opposition of his brother patriarchs of Asia, but also of his two travelling companions, Dorotheus and Arsenius, who turned against him, and who boasted of their refusal to co-operate with him in Russia. Yet, although they gained great credit for this, and ecclesiastical historians have praised them for their resistance, the archives of Moscow exhibit their seals and signatures, as well as those of the patriarch, appended to that document.

After bitter recriminations the council, finding that the matter was concluded, consented to the act, but affixed the condition that the successors of Job should afterwards obtain investiture from the œcumenical see of Byzantium, thus preserving the shadow after the loss of the substance. Practically this was never enforced, and formally abolished a century after by Denis II.

With this act, wherein he was the unwilling accomplice, the interest in our wandering prelate ends and history ceases to take notice of him. He died in obscurity. Five years later his mortal remains were deposited in a humble grave at the monastery of Chalki or of Pantocrator, and no man can point out his resting-place to-day. But the work in which he was the unconscious instrument has survived him, and "holy Russia" is the guide and guardian of orthodox Eastern Christianity to-day.

Four years later the king-monk, Feodor, followed him, and in his last moments had a vision, embalmed in the verse of the Russian poet, Pushkin, in which the dying monarch saw and conversed with the luminous apparition of "the great patriarch," whose image had impressed itself on the soul of the departing; since the scene at which they jointly officiated was one to stamp itself on the mind of the feeble fanatic as the greatest of his reign.

## PERRAUD, THE SCULPTOR.

THE life of this great artist furnishes a striking example of what can be effected by a determined will. The sculptor of the "Faun and Bacchus," of "Despair" and the "Adieux," was during his lifetime deservedly appreciated as an artist, but it had been given to very few to know him as a man. He was one of those who prefer to live unknown to the multitude, and whose existence may be summed up in one word—work.

Never, perhaps, had any artist, at the outset of his career, more difficulties to overcome, more obstacles to surmount, more opposition to vanquish, or more trials to undergo than Perraud; but his was an irresistible vocation. If others, at starting, have had to struggle against poverty and to conquer or soften family opposition, still there are none whose beginnings have been so full of difficulty, whether as regards the condition of origin, education, or surroundings, all of which were, in his case, directly contrary to the development of his mental and artistic faculties.

J. J. Perraud was born in an obscure hamlet buried among the valleys of the Jura. His father, a poor artisan, sent him as a child to tend sheep until he should be strong enough to follow the calling of a vine-dresser, to which he was destined. In his native village of Monay there was neither church nor school; nevertheless at ten years of age, having never seen either a statue, a painting, or any kind of carved work soever, he already busied himself with modelling, with no guide but his own fancy, or in imitation of such types as came in his way—figures, flowers, or other objects. "In summer," he tells us in the notes he has left of the first half of his life, "when I was a shepherd-boy, I used to get a kind of clay from the bottom of ditches, and fashion with it whatever came into my head—soldiers, or a *bourgeois* whom I had seen pass by; or else, with no tool but a wretched knife, I cut in wood models of ploughs and wagons, etc.," adding, with perhaps a reminiscence of the pride he had formerly experienced, "little men that could move their eyes."

At seventeen years of age he scarcely knew how to read. As we have said, there was no school at Monay, but at the commencement of every winter day-laborers who were short of work came in from the neighborhood to try their hand, for want of anything else, as pedagogues. For a monthly payment of ten or twelve sols, according to circumstances, they opened a class for reading and writing in some empty barn; after which—that is, when the return of spring sent back alike masters and pupils to the field—the class was naturally closed; those who had kept it quitted their tutorial functions, and, hiring themselves to farmers, were sent into the mountains to make cheeses.

In a letter written about ten years ago to M. Max Chaudet, Perraud thus recalls his early years: "You could never imagine what it is to exist in an atmosphere in which there is an utter absence of anything vivifying, in which

there is not an atom that can awaken the slightest intelligence—not a book to be had, or even seen, except the Parochial 'Hours' in Latin, which nobody understands, and for subjects of conversation nothing but the incessant, absorbing anxiety to find the means for procuring daily bread; to be always exposed to wind and weather, hot or cold, wet or dry; often laden like mules—under circumstances such as these the imagination reaches no further than the stable where one has to throw down the bundle of straw."

In the same letter Perraud relates how he discovered his vocation:

"At last, however, as ours is an age of progress, a new schoolmaster had the brilliant idea of supplementing the *Horæ* by little books in which were twenty-five trades, each of whose names began with a consecutive letter of the alphabet, with a woodcut on the opposite page representing the artisan at work. To me, always addicted as I was to disturbing the attention of the class by the manikins of my own production, these pictures were a revelation."

After many difficulties, among which was the, for a long time, insuperable one of obtaining his father's consent, Perraud was at last, at the age of seventeen, allowed to go as apprentice to a cabinet-maker at Salins, knowing nothing beyond what he had learnt from his book of "Hours" and his illustrated alphabet.

It was this peasant boy, left for so long in absolute ignorance of everything but what related to the trade of a vine-dresser, brought up without the faintest notion of history or grammar, who, by means of patient research and long hours of solitary study, was one day to become not only an artist of the highest order, but also a learned and literary man in the fullest sense of the word.

When still too poor to purchase any books he made the beginnings of a library with the extracts or transcriptions of books which he had contrived to borrow; and when later he increased this first treasure by the addition from time to time of a volume acquired at the cost of the hardest privations, he spent all his evenings, and frequently a portion of the night, in earnest and persevering efforts to make up for lost time, and, without the aid of any other professor than himself, to acquire the classical knowledge which he had been unable to obtain at the ordinary age. In this life of unremitting toil and study he persevered for years, and its significant results appear in his letters and in the writings of various kinds which have been collected by the loving hand of a friend, and which will shortly be published.

"You see," he wrote to M. Chaudet, "neither parents nor any single individual ever held out a perch for me; and, besides, it is amusing to do everything one's self and not have a suggestion from anybody."

Here we have Perraud exactly. His years of eager and persevering labor seem to have been ever present to his mind. He often referred to them in his letters and in conversation with his few intimate friends. A short time before his death, in speaking of his success in 1847, when he obtained the highest prize for his bas-relief of "Telemachus taking back to Phalantis the Ashes of Hippias"—of which Horace Vernet, who was one of the judges, said that "he who had ima-

gined that work could not be otherwise than a man of heart as well as talent"—Perraud wrote again: "I had attained the object of my ardent ambition, but the way had been rough. The progress which had led me on thus far had only been made very slowly, and by dint of going often over the same ground. The little that I knew I owed, more than anything, to my obstinate determination. . . . I could wish that the memory of that period of my youth, if it should survive me, might help to raise the courage of young men who find themselves in the same position as my own has been. I could wish that my example should convince them that nothing can be acquired without much trouble, and that we must incessantly appeal to all the powers that we possess, if we are to obtain even moderate results."

To judge of the space mentally and intellectually traversed by Perraud it is necessary to read letters written towards the close of his life. Here is one, for example, to M. Max Chaudet, dated from Fontainebleau, 1873:

"I do not remember if you know Fontainebleau. It is finer, more interesting, more varied, more vast than Versailles. I am speaking of the palace only. This Italian Renaissance, shaped in proportions so grand, is particularly remarkable for its stately and majestic aspect, which to my mind has always been somewhat lacking in French architecture. What bold and graceful combinations in the various forms of decoration! What gold! what painting! the remains of which strike with wonder those who know how to find them among so many meaningless restorations. Only, inversely to Michael Angelo, who was more architect and sculptor than painter, since he treated his paintings, if we may say so, in a sculptural manner, the *Primative* has composed his sculptures as if they were paintings; and as sculpture has not, like painting, the benefit of aerial perspective, he has contrived to do three times too much, and, besides, it is as bad as can be imagined—it is atrocious.

"I am not going to give you a description of this magnificent and truly royal abode, full of so many memories forming a part of our history, some glorious, others sad and painful, and some again ridiculously puerile. I visited the principal sites in the forest, some of which are exempted from commercial speculation and classed among the historical monuments of the country in the same way as are our cathedrals, etc. A particular species of oak, having a tall stem without branches, and high as the great fir-trees of my own part of the country, is magnificent. I went also to Barbizon, the inn adorned by artists, but the merits of which are far below the stories told of it in newspapers The innkeeper appears to have soon bethought himself of offering the panels most in view, and therefore most inviting, to the daubs of fancy-painters, and then selling them to tourists. Nothing remains but what is utterly insignificant."

In referring to his colossal group of "Day" he writes: "This great group, for which I am making so many sacrifices, almost deprives me of my senses. At night I am either painfully sleepless or else dreaming that it is all limbs without trunks—neither man nor woman, the woman thrown too much backward, the man on the left like a kite (I mean the coleoptera); then, when morning returns, I tranquil-

lize myself and go to verify the causes of my nocturnal troubles. . . . How much self-tormenting only to bring forth a mouse! . . .

"Perhaps you are thinking that when a man has such absurdities in his head he needs country air. But, *mon cher*, when inveterate gamblers go into the country it is still to spend their nights in gambling; and so I too, not being able to carry on my game anywhere but in my *atelier*, am quite forlorn when I find myself out of it. Heaven knows, however, that my brain is much more active than my body. . . . But, my young friend, I am growing old. It seems to me, when I am writing no matter what, that I see displayed before me all the wearisome repetitions which have been trailing along the ground from the beginning of the world. In fact, there is for the old no more anything new but a transformation. It is always the same thing: once the turn of the circle made, we begin again; there is only the difference between a modern crinoline and the hoop and camlet petticoat of our grandmothers. But the manikin is always the same: love, hate, presumption, passion, avarice, ambition, and all that follows in their train; this is what we begin to understand and to regard philosophically in proportion as the frame withers and the hair grows thin."

Perraud's death was hastened by his sorrow for the death of his wife. When she who had been the faithful aid and companion of his life was taken he felt that for him too all was finished in this world, and, patiently and calmly awaiting his end, he gradually sank after his great bereavement.

"In proportion," he wrote, "as Time multiplies the weeks and months of my sad solitude, he hollows it into a deeper chasm and makes a vaster void." And again: "I am like the leaf of a tree in the season when the fruit is fallen. I no longer shelter anything, but remain only waiting until the wind of autumn carries me away."

The invincible courage, endurance, and dignity of one so worthy of esteem, both in his private character as a man and his exalted merit as an artist, as M. Perraud, present a noble and encouraging example to many a young artist and to many a man of talent and perseverance yet unknown.

## "RES ITALICÆ."

ROME, September 17, 1879.

THE *Italia Militare* of August 31 published the following, which may be regarded as official: "Under the title 'Res Italicæ' the *Streffleur's Oesterreichische Militärische Zeitschrift*, an official Austrian review for military matters, has published a study of Col. Haymerle, formerly military *attaché* of the Austro-Hungarian embassy in Rome, in which study our affairs are discussed (especially from a political point) with an incorrect knowledge of facts and a singular fallacy of judgment. We cannot conceal the surprise we have felt in seeing underneath the article published in the *Streffleur's Oesterreichische Militärische Zeitschrift* the name of a person who, until a few weeks ago, occupied an official position among us; and our surprise increases, considering the special character of the review in which the work of Col. Haymerle has been inserted." There is a tone of injured innocence coupled with

ingenuousness in this note which is not unfamiliar in our recollections of the Italian Revolution. The unmistakable *etiquette* of the ancient fabric of Machiavelli crops out in its very wording. Col. Haymerle is the brother of the Baron Haymerle, who has been for some years the Austrian ambassador to the court of the Quirinal, and who is to succeed Count Andrássy as Minister of Foreign Affairs. On the colonel's return to Vienna this summer he published the result of his observations of Italy in the *brochure* already adverted to. The title is very comprehensive; but the subject-matter is very particular and very delicate, affecting the agitation in favor of "Unredeemed Italy," as the Austrian provinces of Trent and Trieste are here styled. The importance of the work is thus described by the *Pesther Lloyd*: "It is the first time that a personage in a high position reveals with so much frankness the action of *Unredeemed Italy*. Col. Haymerle has registered in this book the result of observations made during a series of years—observations which were naturally facilitated for him by the precious information with which his brother was able to furnish him. He shows the machinations, the ramifications, and the influence of *Unredeemed Italy*, not in the form of a sketch, more or less vague, but with particulars which could only be known by a man who held his position and was charged with the mission which belonged to him. It is a dark picture which he displays before our eyes. He shows that the revolutionary movement is much deeper and more serious than has been believed hitherto. But the most remarkable thing is that M. d'Haymerle does not hesitate to charge the Italian government and its agents with the responsibility for the excesses of the Unredeemed Italy. He proves that there is an excessive agitation against the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy not only in the press, in the associations, in the books, but that these machinations are carried systematically into the field of public education."

A brief review of the work will show whether Col. Haymerle has discussed Italian affairs "with an incorrect knowledge of facts and a singular fallacy of judgment," as asserted by the officious *Italia Militare*. He writes in the outset: "When we spoke in the preface of the political programme of the Italian action-party, we said that, first of all, it was a question of gaining Austrian territory, and that the annexation of 'Italian provinces under foreign domination' was for the present only announced *pro forma*. We will now tell precisely why Austria should be the first object of the political action of Italy. It is for motives of opportunity arising from the idea that it would be easier, when a favorable occasion is presented, to wrest provinces from the imperial state, which is exposed to several difficulties on account of its central situation in Europe and its internal conditions, than from other states which, being in a more advantageous geographical position, are therefore considered more powerful. Before entering into this idea it is necessary, for reasons of historic truth, to show how this political action is being prepared; a few facts of very recent date will suffice to give an approximate idea thereof." Here the author narrates at length how in 1876, when the Italians celebrated as a national feast the centenary of the battle of Legnano, one would naturally suppose that the relative demonstrations would be directed against the North Germans. On the contrary, in the presence of the Minister of the Interior, officially represented by the prefect of Milan, of deputations from the army and navy and from both houses of Parliament, the flags of Trent and Trieste were borne in procession draped in mourning, and discourses were delivered on the future annexation of those provinces. At the demonstration of Mentana in 1877, where France ought naturally to have been the object of the patriotic fury of the demonstrators—for it was the French *chassepots* that created the havoc among the republicans—Austria was mercilessly attacked in discourses which aimed at the annexation of Trent and Trieste. On the catafalque in the Pantheon of Rome upon which lay the remains of Victor Emanuel the ministers might have seen *immortelles* bearing the inscription, *Trieste* (or *Trent*) *to her King*; as also, among the flags of the One Hundred Cities of Italy which decorated the streets through which the funeral cortége passed, that of the capital of Upper Istria. The commemoration of the Five Days at Milan during which Radetzky and his troops evacuated the city is always an occasion for the bitter-

est invectives against Austria. The 6th of February, 1853—the day on which bands of armed assassins emerged from the wine-cellars of Milan and treacherously murdered every Austrian soldier found in the streets—is celebrated as a patriotic feast, and a grand procession is made yearly to the cemetery to lay flowers on the tombs of the so-called "martyrs of the justice of the Austrian slaughterers." The famous Peace Congress which was held at Milan in 1878 very nearly terminated ridiculously in a declaration of war against Austria. The fanatical demonstrations in favor of Unredeemed Italy which succeeded the Congress of Berlin are too recent to require recapitulation. The throwing into the canal at Venice of the arms of the Austrian consulate, and the violation of the laws of hospitality, sacred even among the barbarians, which was involved in the demonstrations that took place before the palace of the Austrian ambassador at Rome and before the consulates of Leghorn and Genoa, militate but too strongly against the loyalty of purpose of the Italians; while the fact that anti-Austrian demonstrations were organized in the most retired villages and towns of Italy, where little or nothing is known of politics, betrays a systematic prejudicing of the ignorant classes against Austria. In these demonstrations the mendacity of the orators and of the journals that promoted the movement is simply shocking. For example, it was given out that the army which occupied Bosnia was composed principally of Tridentine and Istrian regiments, and this was done for the malicious purpose of exterminating, if possible, the Italian race; and it was quietly stated, and stupidly believed, that one Italian regiment—the Twenty-second—lost two thousand men in the first engagement. The fact, however, is that the Twenty-second Imperial regiment of infantry is not Italian exclusively, but is composed indifferently of recruits from Gorizia and the Adriatic coast. Belonging to the Seventh Division, which had its headquarters at Trieste, it was sent to the seat of war with that division, but not for any special political motive. Even supposing that the regiment in question were exclusively Italian, the fact of its being sent to the field of action proves, not the malicious assertion of the Italian demagogues, but the significant truth that the government placed implicit confidence in the loyalty and bravery of the Italian soldiers.

These agitations are, unfortunately, not without their fruits, chief among which is a deep-rooted antagonism of the masses against Austria. Even the sympathy of the more educated classes is lessened considerably under the false impression of the terrorism which reigns in the empire; nay, more, one of the first conditions towards gaining popularity in Italy is to recognize, in some form or other, the aspirations of the people towards the future annexation of Trent and Trieste. And here a very natural query presents itself: Why should Austria alone be the object of Italian aggression? Do not France, and Switzerland, and England hold under their sway territories which are historically and geographically Italian? And is not the conservatism of Germany most odious to the advanced liberals of Italy? The explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon is to be found in a calculation on the greater probability of success should the realization of the "national programme" begin with Austria. After the violent conquest of Austrian territorics—which would in consequence increase the military force of Italy—the turn of the other nations would come. This probability is based on the hope of foreign complications in which Austria would be involved, and which would offer Italy a potent alliance against her, and also of internal difficulties which would paralyze her strength abroad. But this hope is a delusion. Although dualism is not the *beau ideal* of political organization, still for those who deduce therefrom the weakness of the monarchy the reply is ready: Austria will in any possible complication prove, as she did in 1858, that her people recognize but one law, and that is the law of patriotism. The Empire of Austria is made up of heterogeneous elements indeed; but these elements harmonize marvellously in affection for the house of Hapsburg and in their desire to preserve intact the integrity of the state. The army counts Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Ruthenians, Poles, Slavonians, Istrians, Rumenians, and Austria is proud of them, for their oft-tested valor and devotion to the emperor and to the state give to their national virtues the impress of a noble, patriotic rivalry. All these

nationalities have lived in political and economical union with Austria for centuries, and neither the Thirty Years' War, nor the hardships of the campaign of Silesia, nor the violence of the Napoleonic wars which oppressed Austria for twenty years could shake the solid edifice of the monarchy.

But turn to Italy. Individualities more antagonistic than those of the Sicilian, for instance, and the Piedmontese, of the Neapolitan and the Lombard, can hardly be imagined; while so terrible a national cancer as regionalism is known only in Italy. As to political instability in Austria, the accusation comes with a ridiculously bad grace from Italy. Since 1871 Austria has had but one Minister of Foreign Affairs; Italy as many as *seven*—Visconti, Melegari, Depretis, Corti, Cairoli, Depretis again, and now Cairoli anew. The facts of Villa Ruffi, Arcidosso, Rimini, and Benevento; the disasters which followed the attempt upon King Humbert at Florence and Pisa; in fine, the efforts of the republicans to overthrow the government, form a lively contrast with Austria, where such agitations are unknown. Can Italy undertake an isolated campaign against Austria? Certainly not, considering the numerical force of the respective armies. She would always have to calculate upon foreign alliances, as she did in 1859 and in 1866. But even in this Italy has little to hope for. The Italians interpreted the saying of Bismarck, that Austria should transfer her centre of gravity to the East, as an indirect encouragement of their aspirations. But it is nevertheless evident that the sincere friendship of Austria and Prussia is founded entirely on the interests of both nations.

Suppose that Italy should, in some way or other, effect the annexation of the desired provinces. Northern Tyrol would in that case become part of Germany, whose immediate vicinity to Italy would expose the latter's independence to serious danger. In fact, turn where they will, the Italians can discern no probability of their being able to secure Trent and Trieste. Italy cannot carry her revolutionary aspirations into the international field. The peace of Europe is too precious to be risked in favor of a nation that, under the pretext of a mission of liberation, is ready to help any state that violates peace, simply for its own advantage. Italy can gain nothing by provoking this antagonism with Austria. Granting even that she got possession of Trent, her territory would certainly be increased, but with this an increase in the public debt of from one to two milliards for the expense of the war. Or do the Italians indulge in the hope of imposing upon Austria the payment of five milliards, and repeating the history of France and Prussia? A war for Italy would be simply a financial catastrophe. At the end of November, 1878, Italy had in circulation 1,586,000,000 in paper money, and possessed but 150,000,000 in coin to support the currency. The *bourgeoisie* are taxed beyond endurance, the rural population is groaning in the most squalid misery, consequently there is little hope of being able to increase the resources of the state.

This is a brief summary of Col. Haymerle's book. He concludes thus: "If for some time a serious discontent has manifested itself among us in the public opinion and in the press, it is simply the natural consequence of the agitation that has been kept up continuously for years, by every means and in all manners, in the press, in the right of reunion, in the literature and in the instruction, against all that is sacred in our country—an agitation which has certainly done no harm to *our* position in Europe. As we have said, the government and people of Austria and Hungary desire a lasting friendship with Italy. But we ask absolute reciprocity, something more sincere than that friendship which is only to last as long as there is no embarrassment imminent, or which asks in exchange for services a grant of territory. The empire can lose a province in an unhappy war (we hope, however, that its valorous army will know how to avoid this disaster); but it will never renounce territory which its glorious history of centuries accorded to it as an inalienable inheritance."

This book is a bombshell thrown by a dexterous hand into the very midst of the Italian agitators. The consternation produced among the plotters assumed the aspect of a panic. It is disconcerting, to say the least, to be surprised in malfeasance. The Radicals protested and threatened. The Moderates deprecated in terms like those of the note of the *Italia Militare*. The burden, however, of all their declamations may be

reduced to the accusation that Col. Haymerle abused his position by publishing a work that brings odium upon the government to which he was accredited. This accusation is at cross-purposes with common sense. The mission of a diplomat is to promote and maintain good relations between his own state and that to which he is accredited; but, at the same time, his principal duty is to look to the interests of his own government. It is the same old law of well-regulated charity beginning at home. Hence he must be continually on the alert lest anything occur which is derogatory to the dignity or interests of his country; and should he discover an attempt, either secret or overt, against the one or the other, he is in duty bound to apprise his government of the same. Col. Haymerle, in publishing his observations on the anti-Austrian demonstrations in Italy, and drawing conclusions from the facts, did his duty; and that he did it well is evident from the rage of those whose machinations he revealed. Had Col. Haymerle worked directly and secretly against Italy, endeavoring to disaffect the people towards the existing institutions to the advantage of his own government, then, and then only, could the accusation of the Italian liberals be made and justly sustained. Had the facts narrated in the "Res Italicæ" been either exaggerated or falsified the Italians might complain; but the unbroken silence of official Italy, and the non-appearance of any categorical denial of the facts in any of the journals paid out of the *Reptile Fund*, are a very strong corroboration of Col. Haymerle's statements.

For the rest, the Italians, before charging any one with an abuse of diplomatic advantages, ought to review their own lives. La Marmora, in his book, *Un po' più di luce*, writes: "As to sending abroad an official representative of a sovereign, in order that he may conspire officially against the sovereign to whom he is accredited, it is such an action that I cannot imagine a government that would dare propose it, and much less a diplomat who could accept." Piedmont is that government! Its diplomats were as base as their employers. The great annalist, Cesare Cantù, speaking of the Revolution of 1859 and 1860, writes: "The Piedmontese party worked under ground. In 1850 Count Alessandro Orsi, of Ancona, published that a hatred should by all means be kept up against the papal domination, and he endeavored to unite the two liberal factions in favor of the house of Savoy. The Marquis Gian Antonio Migliorati, Sardinian *chargé d'affaires* at Rome, introduced to Orsi the principal men of action; he travelled through those States (the Papal), creating commissaries, gaining over the Carbonari and the Mazzinians, and made arrangements for a general congress to be held in Ancona. In Rome itself, under the shadow of the Count Della Minerva, the fusionists plotted." With the doings of Signor Boncompagni at Florence we are familiar also. Of this "patriot" Lord Stratford de Redcliffe said in the House of Lords that the grand duke could have legitimately hanged him at the door of his palace; and Lord Normanby wrote: "A thing of which we have no previous example—to wit, that Sig. Boncompagni took advantage of his diplomatic character to grant in the Sardinian Legation every kind of protection to the conspiracy organized against the Tuscan government to which he was accredited." Lord Malmesbury qualified Boncompagni's conduct as "incredible to an Englishman." Enough has been said to show the brazen effrontery of the Italian liberals in charging Col. Haymerle with abusing his diplomatic position, proclaiming at the same time their innocence of the manifest evil laid to their charge.

I cannot dismiss the subject of Unredeemed Italy without noticing the movements of the man who may be regarded as the very incarnation of the agitation. I mean Gen. Garibaldi. He left Civita Vecchia unexpectedly on the 1st instant, making direct for Caprera. It is now given out that he is about to return to the Continent. There is a something underlying the apparently erratic flights from and back to the island home of this man more positive than the idiosyncrasies of an invalid in his nonage. Garibaldi must be considered at present in the double condition of pensioner of the government and head of the revolutionary movement. When you read of his recommending "target-shooting" to the young men of Italy, and inculcating a general slaughter of the priests, and again throwing a sop of flattery to the "young sovereigns," he is Garibaldi the

"fat stipendiary," as Petrucelli della Gattina styles him; but when he writes to some friend begging that Cairoli be let alone, depend upon it he is Garibaldi the revolutionist. Why did Garibaldi leave the Continent so unexpectedly? Was his flight the logical or the chronological consequence of the appearance of "Res Italicæ"? It is alleged as both. But why do we not hear more of the *Democratic League?* A partial answer to this question is in the fact that some relatives of Garibaldi who were in financial embarrassments received from the king the sum of 300,000 francs. Depretis gave to Garibaldi himself the sum of 180,000 francs. This was in May last. Since then Garibaldi has been comparatively quiet. This is not idle gossip. About two months ago a pamphlet was published here by a person enjoying official confidence, called *Garibaldi the Ingrate.* The author of the pamphlet quotes the letter of a friend of his and a senator of the realm, who characterized the famous Manifesto as a financial scheme. This month another pamphlet by the same author has appeared, bearing the title of *Garibaldi the Politician.* The author gives another letter from his senatorial friend which contains some interesting revelations: "I had never authorized you, my dear Gio, to publish my letters. In your *Garibaldi the Ingrate*, which will be one of the finest pages in the history of Italian polemics, you quote a passage of one of my letters, and precisely that passage where I say, 'The conspicuous patriots, in signing the manifesto for Garibaldi, attempted a commercial speculation to the detriment of the state. Do you not believe it? The manifesto is a note which the government or some one else will cash.' But as you have made cosmopolitan right—permit me the phrase—of a part of my letter, I give you permission to publish all that I write to you. Know, then, *that the note was cashed.* In a few days, if not in a few hours, you will hear that the ills of Garibaldi require the baths of Civita Vecchia. It is because Civita Vecchia is Caprera. Now that the note is paid, the conspicuous patriots, the friends, clients, and relatives, wish the general to cross the sea, reserving to themselves to recall him when there will be other notes to cash. Poor leader of the One Thousand! No use in denying it: *Depretis remained stiff.* But his successor (Cairoli) had not the heart. He enacted the part of the good and prodigal uncle. . . . The note was cashed, and for some time we will not read of programmes and manifestoes *à la* 26th of April; but republican plots will be discovered instead."

---

## CURRENT EVENTS.

### THE DRIFT IN EUROPE.

THERE are mutterings of storm in the European camp, and the autumn military manœuvres have been attended by manœuvres of diplomacy less showy but far more threatening than the others. The two great chancellors flout each other at last; and the Austrian premier retires, for a time at least, from the leadership of affairs in his country. Russia holds out the hand of fellowship to France, who crippled her in the Crimea; Germany squeezes that of Austria, after striking it numb and nerveless at Sadowa. Italy, that talks so much and does so little, knows not which way to turn among the growing complications. The Austro-Germanic alliance puts a very effectual stop for the time being to the *Italia irredenta* cry. England stands watchfully aloof. She has no quarrel with either Germany or Austria, both of whom served her very well at the Berlin Congress. Their alliance against Russia, or Panslavism, as some call it, answers

her purpose singularly well at this juncture especially, when she is sorely troubled with discontent at home and dubious struggles in the East.

Altogether the condition of affairs in Europe is far from reassuring. Old jealousies are at work and new ones rising. As the German emperor rode into Strassburg the other day he was greeted by the inhabitants with closed blinds and deserted streets. Whatever enthusiasm was manifested was either manufactured or came from purely German sources. France still possesses the heart of Alsace-Lorraine, though Germany may hold its soil. In this connection many will be surprised to learn that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was made in opposition to Prince Bismarck's desire. It has often been rumored that the seizure came about by advice of the generals in opposition to the wishes of the prince. A correspondent of the London *Times*, who seems to have been used by the German chancellor from time to time as a medium of communication with the outer world, confirms the truth of the rumor. Writing to his journal from Paris, September 23, he says: "The peace of the world would certainly have gained more than Germany would have lost had Alsace-Lorraine, despoiled of all its fortresses, been made a kind of neutral zone, an honorable barrier between the two countries, and had Germany substituted for a sacrifice of territory, which a nation can never forget, a still heavier indemnity, which ever-prosperous France would soon have forgotten." He goes on to recall a conversation he had with the prince about a year previous. They were speaking of the San Stefano Treaty, and the conversation gave rise to these very reasonable reflections on the part of Prince Bismarck: "When an enemy is vanquished you may set your foot on his neck and make him give up what you want; but it is necessary to think of the consequences of victory as well as of the consequences of defeat. We should not be where we are had I in 1866 acted like Ignatieff and taken territory from Austria. At that time I had everybody against me. I had said on setting out, 'If we are victorious I shall not take any territory from Austria; we must not remain the perpetual enemies of Austria. It is necessary that in ten or twelve years we may anew agree and be on good terms with her.' On our being victorious everybody pressed me to take the territory; but I stood out, and I have often since had reason to be glad of it."

A sense of the truth of this, added to the pronounced Austrian leaning of Prince Bismarck at the Berlin Congress, may have provoked the genuine enthusiasm with which he was recently received in Vienna on his visit to Count Andrássy. The enthusiasm of his reception in the capital of the empire which can hardly help regarding him as its victorious enemy is in striking contrast to the chill greeting accorded to the German emperor at Strassburg. The explanation of the marked difference in the attitude of the inhabitants of these two cities may be found in Prince Bismarck's words above cited. As he spoke, however, the man to whom he was speaking could not help thinking of another and more recent war where a people was despoiled of something more than blood and money. "At this point I involuntarily glanced

at the prince, who was by my side." The prince read his thoughts, for, "without appearing to turn his eyes, he perceived the movement, and resumed: 'I know what you mean; but in 1871 I acted quite in the same way. At that time France was in our hands; Paris was captured, the Commune was in preparation, everything was disorganized; and had I done like Ignatieff I should have demanded Picardy and Champagne. But that entered nobody's head; and even when I was pressed to take Belfort along with Metz, I refused and said: 'No, Belfort is in the hands of the French; it must be left there.' Even as to Metz, too, on seeing the despair it caused poor little Thiers, I hesitated. But you know that at the end of such a campaign military men must always be taken into account. I had to listen to Moltke, who said to me: 'Metz in our hands or in French hands makes a difference of one hundred thousand soldiers more or less.' I could not throw on my country the burden of putting one hundred thousand men more into the field at a given moment."

Whether or not this conversation be wholly authentic, it sounds plausible enough. At all events the attitude of Germany towards France has from first to last been essentially different from its attitude towards Austria. In the one case it has borne the semblance of a fair stand-up fight where one party has thoroughly beaten the other, where the defeat has been honestly accepted, and where, as the chagrin of the vanquished wears away, a pact is struck with the conqueror. The other case is vastly different. Here a terrible blow has been dealt a mortal foe; but it is felt that the blow has not been mortal, and that sooner or later a desperate attempt will be made to return it. All the negotiations for peace were influenced by this overwhelming sense on the part of Germany. There was and could be no permanent peace between the two nations. All the world accepts this as an axiom. The French "war of revenge" is looked forward to as one of the certainties of the future. The possession of Metz means just what Moltke is represented as having said. It is the difference of a large army. He himself has never pretended to disguise the true nature of the relations between Germany and France. "What we have won by the sword we must hold by the sword" is his view of the relations between Germany and France. So he gripped Alsace-Lorraine.

When, in the days of Louis XIV., these provinces were annexed to France, Germany was only a geographical name. Though France at the time and subsequently was anything but a model nation, it was still a nation, and a great nation even. It was at least worth belonging to; whereas the German principalities were little better than a nest of robber chieftains. As time went on the affection of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine deepened for the country to which they had become attached. The language of the provinces is still largely German to this day, but the hearts of the people are wholly French. Did it happen, as it happened before, that the transfer was to a milder and a better government, the people might in time become reconciled to the change and yield their hearts up to the land whose common language is theirs. But no one will pretend that, even in the present condition of things,

the German is a milder or more beneficent government than that of France. It is harsher, more exacting, more military, and—no small consideration for a thrifty population like that of Alsace-Lorraine—the country and people at large are much poorer than in France. Here, then, lies a permanent bone of contention between two of the most powerful nations of Europe.

Nobody dreams that France and Germany are friendly powers. Everybody sees that France is the richer power. In a struggle to-day between Germany and France the story of the last war would probably be repeated. But who shall answer for ten or twenty years hence, when the German emperor, and his great chancellor and his leading generals, will in all human probability have passed away? It was with a view to this, probably, that Prince Gortchakoff, at last openly avowing the resentment he felt at his desertion by Prince Bismarck at Berlin, made the plainest overtures to France. It had always been his desire, he said, to see France occupy her proper place in the councils of Europe. She had been deprived of that place. He wished to see it restored to her.

Nothing could have been better calculated to touch French feeling, and the only weak point about it is that Prince Gortchakoff is no longer what he was. He is failing, and ambitious rivals, with aid undoubtedly from Berlin, are trying hard to push him from his place in the confidence of the vacillating czar. Nevertheless the Russian chancellor's interview with a correspondent of the *Soleil*, in which he freely unfolded his views regarding the restoration of France to her lawful place in the councils of Europe, added to the hasty meeting of the German and Austrian emperors at Alexandrowa, probably hastened the departure of Prince Bismarck for Vienna, and his conferences there with Count Andrássy and his successor in office, with the French and Turkish ministers, and even with Mgr. Jacobini, the Papal Nuncio. The result was, so far as appears, an alliance offensive and defensive between Germany and Austria; though it was also alleged that a proposal for a general disarmament was mooted, and that the mover was Prince Bismarck.

Of what was actually discussed or agreed upon between Prince Bismarck and the Austrian statesmen it is, of course, impossible to speak. The only thing certain is that Prince Bismarck did not spend his busy week for nothing; that the Russian and German press do not continue their bitter wrangle for nothing; and that Prince Gortchakoff has not solicited a French alliance for nothing. It is clear that the enduring friendship of the Russian and German chancellors is broken, and that new allies in view of future developments are sought by both. Whether or not Prince Gortchakoff yields to his own age and the ambitious youth and intrigues of others, Russian resentment at German interference at Berlin will abide. French resentment—it is a weak word here—will also abide. Italian resentment at having gained nothing at the Congress will abide and increase. Germany and Austria are thus, as it were, forced into a mutual alliance. And where is it all to end?

We called attention last month to the little that men profited by the lessons of history. Here we have all the national jealousies and mutual jealousies of statesmen to trouble the peace of Europe as in

the days of Louis XIV. There is this difference, however: that the armies to-day are larger, the instruments of destruction more terrible, and internal social commotions, unknown in those days, have assumed a form and force more formidable than armies and more permanent in character. Military supremacy is acquired at the cost of the liberty, the money, and the blood of the people. It is natural, then, to ask where all this is to end, for alliances at a pinch are as fragile as the paper on which they are written. Even Prince Bismarck has his moments of sobriety and humanity. According to a recent revelation of his accepted biographer, Dr. Moritz Busch, in the *Preussiche Jahrbücher*, he feels what the wisest of men felt long ago: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!" "One evening," says Dr. Busch, "the prince complained that his political achievements had given him but little joy or satisfaction. 'They did not make any one happy,' he continued, 'either myself, my family, or any one else; and they made many unhappy. Without me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have perished, and parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not have mourned.'"

That would be a fitting epitaph to write upon his tomb, but the feeling it conveys is not likely to deter him in any of his undertakings. Of all the "swallowers of formulæ" he is surely the greatest living. He is likely to be influenced by no sentimental regards for other people's feelings or rights. He is Prussian first and nothing else afterwards, and the recent Prussian elections, which have turned in his favor, are likely to make him more so than ever. He is, and will in all probability continue to be until his death, the prime mover in European politics. One great aim he has in view: the consolidation and pre-eminence of Germany. To this end he works everything, and in his own way. Military pre-eminence Germany enjoys now; real consolidation is another matter. Before that can be achieved there must be peace and contentment at home. Poverty, grinding taxes, swollen armaments, together with civil and religious disabilities, even without interstate rivalries, are poor conducives to peace and contentment at home. Nor does the vote of a parliamentary majority or the proclamation of military law remove these troubles where they exist.

As for military pre-eminence, that is always a challenge to rivals. It is not in the nature of things that it can last for ever. It will disappear with time; it sometimes disappears with those who created it. It is a costly and a dangerous luxury at the best. It is a trophy held against all comers, apt to be stolen by surprise or fairly won by those who go into training to win it.

Statesmanship is conducted on the lowest principle of trade: every man, every nation for itself at all hazards. Let the rest go; let the weak suffer; we are concerned first, last, and wholly with Germany or Russia, with Austria or France, with England or Italy. Nationality rather than humanity is our article of faith. There was only One in history who looked beyond nationality to the great undying human family. It was the Father of the human race, who bade his apostles to go and teach all nations, and baptize and make them Christians. He alone was the universal law-

giver, and his spirit is preserved in his church alone. It speaks in Leo as it spoke in Peter, as it spoke in the long and venerable line of pontiffs and apostles, as it will speak to the end of time. So long as that voice is neglected and the law of Christ rejected, so long will the nations be at war, so long will injustice reign and the brotherhood of man appear but the frenzied dream of a conspirator against society. It is doubtful now even whether the leading European statesman was playing much more than a part in his prolonged negotiations with the head of Christendom towards the restoration of religious peace and liberty to the Catholic subjects of Germany. If he cares to hold out he can. No Catholic army will march into his territory to compel him to free the Catholics from their thraldom; no Catholic hand be raised to threaten his life. It comes down to a question of absolute justice, favored, with him, by political expediency. Remarking on the French elections in 1876, he said: "I doubt if the French radicals will get into power; but should they, I am sure they will begin eating the priests before they tackle the Germans; the task is so much easier, and I have no desire to balk their appetite in that direction."

His grim prophecy has proved true so far. The French radicals are trying to eat the priests. But in those days the German radicals were not quite so pronounced as they have since become. The German radicals have an appetite for monarchs and statesmen as well as priests, and the German emperor has become painfully alive to that fact. It may be that Prince Bismarck is sincere in his attempts to bring about an understanding with the German Catholics, and that he is awaiting the results of the federal elections before taking final action in the matter. It was certainly difficult for him to go directly against the sense of an adverse majority in the Reichstag, while he already had difficulties enough on hand. With a working majority, which is now likely to be secured to him, he may change his policy, and, in the soberer views that seem to come upon him with his years, recognize the truth that no man will be truer to his country and more loyal to his government than he who is true to his conscience and loyal to his God.

---

Since the above was written the returns of the Prussian elections have come in. The various parties going under the name of Liberal have suffered a bad defeat, while the Conservatives and Catholics rejoice in a proportionate gain. "The elections," says the *Germania*, the leading Catholic journal, "show that the people condemn the *Culturkampf* and demand their religious rights and liberties." It remains to be seen whether Prince Bismarck will regard the matter in that light. The *Germania's* opinion is based on the fact that the Catholics, weary of the long and thus far fruitless negotiations between Prince Bismarck and the Holy See, boldly set forth as their cry, "Abolition of the May Laws." The Catholics understood the issue perfectly and responded admirably. They returned an increased majority. The Liberals, on the other hand, who have all along been hesitating between the dreaded chancellor and their own convictions, had nothing definite to put before the people, and so lost their confidence. The Conservatives went

honestly for Bismarck and shared with the Catholics the Liberal losses.

The government is not yet strong enough to stand alone. It is between the Catholics and the Liberals. In order to carry a measure it must secure the support of the Liberals or Catholics. Neither will serve without pay. The Catholics have named their price. They desire a restoration of the old religious *régime*, at which nobody grumbled while it lasted. It was conciliatory on all sides. The demand is only made rigorous by the fact of Prince Bismarck having gone so far in the other direction, which he must now see is condemned by the common sense of all lovers of freedom. The demands of the Liberals are vague, and they vary between what is reasonable and the extreme pretensions of the Socialists. It remains for Prince Bismarck to choose.

In France the government seems resolved on forcing through the Ferry educational measure, in spite of its rejection by the senate and its condemnation by the public opinion of France, and of all countries so far as public opinion has chosen to express itself. The majority of the councils-general rejected it, after having been invited to express their opinion by M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior. The measure has met with marked disfavor in all quarters, save among the extreme partisans of revolution. Gambetta, the strongest man in the government, is strongly in favor of it, and his is really the arm that sustains so obnoxious a measure. It seems to us that this ambitious and unprincipled man is resolved on forcing a crisis with the hope to lift himself into the president's chair, assume the office and functions, if not the character, of a dictator, which well accords with his calculated rashness and scornful ignorance of the principles that regulate a well-governed society. His newspaper, the *République Française*, now supports a general amnesty to the Communists, large numbers of whom have already been restored to freedom and to France. Some of them are now posing as patriots, seeking for election to the Chambers, defending the Commune, and promising a return to the days that preceded and accompanied the first French Revolution. One of these is Humbert, the editor of the infamous *Père Duchéne* during the days of the Commune. It will be a disgrace to France if he is elected, and will encourage the whole brood of sedition to lift up their heads and aspire once more to their evil eminence. These are the men whom Gambetta now favors in the name of liberty and order, while he declares that Catholicity is the enemy of France. Well, let France choose between the rivals. She has had ample experience of both.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DE VIRTUTIBUS INFUSIS. Prælectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticæ quas in Gregoriana Universitate habebat A.D. 1878–9. Camillus Mazzella, S.J., in eadem Universitate Sacræ Theologiæ Professor Romæ. Typogr. S. C. de Prop. Fid. 1879.

The first volume published at Rome by Father Mazzella, in continuation of the series begun at Woodstock, is a new and improved edition of the treatise on the theological virtues formerly printed at the Woodstock press by the scholastics of the college for private circulation. We have long been familiar with this excellent work, the first one of Father Mazzella's productions which came into our hands. It is a satisfaction to us to reflect that we were among the first to appreciate and recognize their merit, since universally applauded, and rewarded by the high encomium bestowed upon them by Pope Leo XIII., as well as by the appointment of their author to fill the chair of Perrone, Franzelin, and Palmieri in the Roman College.

In a theological sense the most interesting and the most difficult of the topics treated in this volume is the one whose subject-matter is faith.

The controversies, not only between Catholic authors and their various opponents, but also among the most eminent Catholic theologians themselves, on the numerous and important questions connected with faith, are well known to all students of theology. The exposition of the Catholic doctrine by Father Mazzella is complete and masterly. His treatment of the questions disputed in the schools is thorough and impartial, and his own opinions, which are chiefly in accord with those of Suarez, are most clearly stated and ably defended, with a philosophical method and an elegance of Latinity characteristic of the author.

Besides the scientific aspect of this admirable work, which is undoubtedly to be ranked in the first class of theological treatises, it has another. The very nature of the topics treated, and their close relation with the first principles of solid spirituality and Christian piety, give an author who has as much of the warmth of true devotion as of the light of speculative faith and intelligence, a grand opportunity of doing what the Fathers and St. Thomas were wont to do—*i.e.*, of furnishing nutriment to the heart as well as to the head. Father Mazzella has written in this spirit and according to this method. The work before us can be used as well in giving a retreat as in lecturing a class, and those who have spiritual and moral conferences to prepare for persons sufficiently educated to digest something stronger than milk for babes, will find here a treasury of ideas, abundant germs of thought, and rich results of the author's study of Holy Scripture, the Fathers, and even the best of the ancient philosophers. Will Father Mazzella's volumes be republished in this country as a part of the Woodstock Course? We hope so, for otherwise we fear their circulation will not be so easy and general as it should be.

BIBLE HISTORY. To which is added a short History of the Church. For the use of schools. New York: P. O'Shea.

The *Lessons in Bible History*, by Mme. Catharine White, one of the most distinguished of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in this country, is decidedly the best book of its kind with which we are acquainted. The author now presents to the juvenile world a much smaller and easier manual for study, condensed and abridged from the larger work. A summary of church history has been added, which is contained within fifty duodecimo pages, and is a model of succinctness and accuracy, while it is at the same time easy. The little book is published with remarkable neatness and good taste, and adorned with very pretty illustrations. The larger work was not published in a manner worthy of the same commendation. It is much to be desired that a new edition of it should be issued without delay, in a style of elegance similar to that which makes the abridgment so attractive as well as so useful a book for children.

Both these books were carefully revised and corrected under the express

direction of the Cardinal Archbishop. The preparation of the smaller history was the last of the efforts of the gifted, highly educated, and holy lady, who, at the time we are writing these words, is daily and hourly expecting the summons to meet her Lord. The writer of a notice of this little book which has been brought under our observation in one of our weekly Catholic newspapers—a notice which does not deserve the name of a criticism—if he had been aware that the author was in a dying state, would have refrained from the rude and disrespectful language which he made use of, and which every person who may have read it can qualify as it deserves. The lady on whom he has cast ridicule will soon be in a condition to repay him as the saints are wont to repay those who use them despitefully. We trust that her prayers will obtain for him the grace to write henceforth in a manner less unbecoming a Christian gentleman.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY. The Celebration of its Fiftieth Anniversary, or Golden Jubilee, on June 24, 1879. By Walter H. Hill, S.J. St. Louis: Patrick Fox. 1879.

This book is far more interesting than the mere title would indicate. In addition to the facts which more immediately regard the college itself, its rise and progress during its fifty years' existence, there is almost necessarily connected therewith the early history of the missions established in the far West about the same period. It consequently gives us, in very pleasing form, an insight into the difficulties and labors of the pioneer missionaries of Upper and Lower Louisiana, the former being now the State of Missouri. In these pages we follow with unfailing interest the wearisome journeys and self-sacrificing exertions of that noble band of devoted Jesuits, Fathers Van Quickenborne and Timmermans, who with seven novices—all Belgians—left their place of retreat in White Marsh, Maryland, April 11, 1823, to establish a mission in the West. In the number of these novices was the venerable and illustrious De Smet, who became the apostle of the American Indians. It took them eighteen days to go from Baltimore to Wheeling, and six weeks before they reached St. Louis, then but a small town of five thousand inhabitants. To give some idea of the progress effected during the last fifty years, we may mention the fact that in 1829 there were but fourteen Jesuits (including lay brothers), while now there are three hundred and thirty-four members of the same illustrious order in the province of St. Louis.

This work gives a list of one hundred and thirty-eight graduates, but, strange to say, only two of these entered the clerical profession. Their Jesuit brethren farther East are far more successful in that respect, as a large percentage of the graduates of St. John's, Fordham, and especially of St. Francis Xavier's, in this city, have swelled the numbers of the priesthood.

This work of Father Hill will amply repay the perusal even of those who were in no way connected with the University of St. Louis. It is very modest in its tone and entertaining in its varied contents.

---

IN the present number we begin a new study in female character and French life by Miss Kathleen O'Meara, whose story of *Pearl* ran out in the last number of the magazine. So far as we are enabled to judge, *Pearl* met with singular favor from our readers. The new story, *Follette*, is of a very different kind and character. It throws a sweet and tender and deeply interesting romance around the life of a simple little French peasant girl, whose love and suffering win the reader's sympathy as thoroughly as though they were those of a heroine of history. This is altogether owing to the writer's felicitous art. Those who watch the growth of Miss O'Meara's writings will discern in her later productions evidence of a firmer touch, a truer artistic sense, a wider range of observation, and a deeper thought than they may have at first suspected. The rich material was there always; experience and growing knowledge are perfecting it into symmetrical strength and beauty.

# LITERARY BULLETIN.

## The Young Catholic's School Series.

THE Catholic School Board of the Diocese of Pittsburgh and Allegheny has, after a thorough examination of the different series of school-books, and due deliberation as to the merits of each, adopted **The Young Catholic's Series of Readers and Speller Grammar-School Speller, Hassard's History of the United States, Introductory History of the United States, Deharbe's Catechisms Nos. 1 and 2,** as text-books to be used, exclusive of all others of the same class, in the Diocese of Pittsburgh and Allegheny. Several other text-books, such as geographies, grammars, arithmetics, etc., have also been adopted, thus giving to the entire diocese a uniform set of school-books. The Right Rev. Bishop has sanctioned the decision of the board, and the change in books has already begun. This makes the third diocese in which the Young Catholic's Series are used exclusively—Cincinnati, Vincennes, and Pittsburgh.

---

**The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1880** is now being printed Dealers and others are requested to send in their orders at once. It will be ready for delivery early in November.

The *Ave Maria* thus notices the new edition of Father Hewit's **King's Highway:**

"We are pleased to see that the demand for this excellent book has been sufficiently great to call for a second edition; but we cannot help thinking that if the learned author had not restricted it so exclusively to a particular class its sale would have been larger and its circle of influence widened.

"The work is suited for all non-Catholics, of whatever shade of belief, who hold that the Bible is the word of God and its teaching divinely authoritative. The number of such believers, though rapidly diminishing, as the author remarks in his preface, is still very large, and it is certainly worth while to continue addressing arguments to them.

"Of the merits of *The King's Highway* we have no need to speak, the name of the respected author being sufficient recommendation for anything he may write. No one could be better qualified than he for the task of preparing such a work, having himself passed over the road which he now seeks to make clear to his readers. There are few books we could so unhesitatingly recommend to inquiring non-Catholics who believe in the Holy Scripture as *The King's Highway*. The concluding paragraph of the preface, in which the author makes the dedication of his volume to the Sacred Heart, is so beautiful and so characteristic of the writer that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

"'Its concluding pages and preface have been written amid the charming silence and solitude of the shores of that beautiful lake * whose original and Christian name was given to it on the day of its discovery, the eve of Corpus Christi, by the heroic martyr, Father Isaac Jogues. I have had the happiness of laying the corner-stone of the first Catholic church on the borders of the lake, the site of which is in the midst of scenes of historic interest, where formerly the sounds of bloody warfare were loud and frequent. On a still and bright Sunday afternoon, the magic panorama of nature wearing its softest and most attractive aspect, the air laden with the fragrance of sweet-fern, the psalms and litanies of the Roman Ritual were chanted, and the foundations of the church of Caldwell, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, were blessed A crowd of Catholics and Protestants, including the offspring of various races and nations, white, colored, and Indian, picturesquely mingled together, devoutly partook in, or listened with respectful and curious interest to, the solemn prayers and psalmody, and gave attentive ears to the eloquent voice of the preacher whose discourse closed the services of that auspicious day. In memory of this event, I dedicate this book to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, with the prayer that it may become the corner-stone of many new sanctuaries consecrated to his glory in the hearts of my readers.'"

The third edition of Father O'Brien's book on **The Holy Mass** is almost sold, large orders having been received from London and Dublin. The London *Weekly Register* gives the following excellent epitome of the book. It is the best notice we have seen of it, and we therefore give it in full: "Numerous as have been the works written upon this same lofty theme, from St. Augustine's *City of God* to Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia*, we have not for a long while met with any book about the Holy Mass so exhaustive and enthralling as the one now under notice, or one in which the materials have been so thoroughly well arranged. It is a very encyclopædia of information. And brief though the alphabetical index is, it enables the reader with unerring accuracy, by the help of that little gossamer clue, to thrid the intricacies of the labyrinth to almost any point required. The mere list of the principal authors consulted by Father O'Brien in writing his work—a work the composition of which has evidently been for him a labor of love—is portentous. The origin of the word Mass, at the very

* Lake George.

outset, is traced variously to the Hebrew *massah*, debt or obligation; to the Greek *myesis*, imitation; to the Scandinavian *viet*, banquet; and to the Latin *missa*, or *missio*, a dismissal, the last being the most generally favored by liturgical authorities. The different kinds of Masses are carefully distinguished from each other, as high, low, nuptial, votive, or requiem. The first Mass ever celebrated was, traditionally, that offered up by St. Peter after the descent of the Holy Ghost, the scene of it being that very same cenacle on Mount Sion to this day an object of special veneration in the holy lands in which the adorable Eucharist was first instituted. Until the coming of the Paraclete the apostles did not, it is said by the authorities, presume to perform so august an action. The language in which that first Mass was offered up is believed to have been the one then mostly prevailing in Jerusalem, the vernacular of our divine Lord himself and of his most Blessed Mother, meaning the Syriac or Syro-Chaldaic. Afterwards at Antioch and other Grecian cities Mass was said in Greek; but later on, at Rome and throughout the entire West, in Latin, the most widely diffused of the then dominant languages. Latin is since then—since, that is to say, the very dawn of Christianity—the living language of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church. It preserves to the church its immutability, it facilitates its unification, it secures to it the literary treasures of nineteen centuries.

"The six sacred vestments worn by the priest in celebrating Mass are, one by one, carefully described. The amice, from the Latin verb *amicire* (to clothe or cover), has been variously called also a humeral, an ephod, and an anabolagium. Its significance is as 'the helmet of salvation.' The alb, from *albus*, white, has the exquisite figurative signification of the purity or newness of life required under the new dispensation. The cincture, otherwise the zone, girdle, band, or belt with which the alb is gathered in at the waist, is a linen cord signifying the girding up of the loins enjoined by our divine Lord himself. The maniple, worn on the left wrist and of the same material as the stole and chasuble, mystically reminds the celebrant of the trials and troubles with which life is surrounded. The stole, as worn around both shoulders, is the distinctive symbol of the priesthood. The chasuble, from *casula*, a little house (originally, like the seamless garment of our Lord, enveloping the entire person), is, according to the regulations of the rubric, one or other of five colors—white, red, green, black, or violet. The amice, again, represents the veil that covered the face of our Lord; the alb, the vesture in which he was clothed by Herod; the cincture, the scourge ordered by Pontius Pilate; the maniple, the rope by which he was led like a lamb to the slaughter; the stole, the cord by which he was fastened to the pillar; the chasuble, the purple garment in which he was saluted with mock homage by the soldiery. The berretta, from *birrus*, cape or hood, a square cap with three arched prominences rising from the crown, symbolic of the Adorable Trinity, is of great antiquity. Besides being worn by clerics in every-day life, it is worn by the priest in the sanctuary only during the less solemn portions of the Mass. The zucchetto, from the Italian *zucca*, a gourd, is the skull-cap worn by bishops, cardinals, and popes, the first wearing the calotte in violet, the second in scarlet, and the third in white. The Roman collar, in French *rabat*, is an article of clerical attire which has only come into use since the sixteenth century. The cassock, or soutane, on the other hand, comes from a very remote period.

"The five sacred vessels of the altar are next particularized. The chalice, or eucharistic cup, resembling in shape the open calyx of a lily, is always now of either gold or silver, the inside of the silver one being invariably gilt. The paten, called by the Greeks *agios diskos*, the holy tray, formed invariably of the same material with the chalice, rests on the latter like a cover, bearing upon it, up to the Offertory, the large bread for consecration. The ciborium, from *cibus*, food, a cup-shaped vessel like the chalice, only shallower and with a closely-fitting cover, contains within the Blessed Sacrament, which is always kept under lock and key in the tabernacle. The monstrance, or remonstrance, called also the ostensorium, is a portable tabernacle in which the Adorable Host is revealed during exposition through a circular aperture, in which is the lunette in which its disc is sustained. The radiating spikes and beams of gold and jewels surrounding the remonstrance symbolize the divine splendor of our Lord's countenance on Mount Thabor at the time of his Transfiguration. The chalice linens are carefully particularized. The corporal, so called from the fact that our divine Lord's body rests upon it under the Sacred Species, is the square piece of linen spread over the centre of the altar at the beginning of the Mass, and on which the chalice is placed. The purificator, or mundatory, is the piece of linen, twenty inches by four, which is of comparatively modern introduction, being unnamed by the ancient liturgists. The pall, a stiff piece of linen about five inches square, which ordinarily covers the mouth of the chalice, is, with the corporal when not in use, shut up in the burse. The veil, formed of the same material with the stole, the maniple, and the chasuble, covers the chalice in crisp folds, and is surmounted, as well on leaving as on going to the altar, by the burse, an embroidered pouch containing the corporal and pall, this burse being of the same material as the veil, the stole, the maniple, and the chasuble. The pyx, a gold or silver box of about the dimensions of a watch-case, contains the Adorable Host when it is carried by a priest, in a si ken purse hung about his neck by a string, when it is conveyed to the sick or dying. The pyx is thus borne secretly in heretical countries like England; the ciborium in Catholic countries being borne openly in procession to the ringing of bells as a warning to wayfarers, who kneel, as it passes, in homage to our Lord going on his mission to the afflicted.

"An interesting chapter is given to the subject of sacred music and musical instruments. A brief one even has relation to the incense, the boat, the spoon, the thurible, and the thurifer. Others relate to the altar, the relics, the crucifix, the wax candles, the tabernacle (the interior of which must always be of wood covered with silk), the Missal (portions of which, printed in red letters, are hence

Legislative Library Ontario.

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXX., No. 177.—DECEMBER, 1879.

## LEO XIII. ON SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

SINCE the publication of the magnificent Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the importance of promoting the study of scholastic theology and philosophy, numbers of intelligent and educated laymen have had their attention directed to the topics of that remarkable document. More especially they are desirous of knowing the reasons for so strong and urgent an admonition to all bishops and other chief directors of Catholic education to cultivate the study of scholastic metaphysics and particularly of the philosophy of St. Thomas of Aquino. What is the great and urgent need at the present time for teaching and studying philosophy, and the decisive reason for insisting that the system to be taught and studied should be that of St. Thomas in preference to all others?

We will endeavor to give some brief and practical answer, according to our ability, to these natural and laudable inquiries.

Of course what the Pope has chiefly in view is the interest of religion and morality. Sound and truly rational philosophy is necessary for the refutation and destruction of errors dangerous to religion, the good order of society, and private morals. It is necessary for the enlightenment and confirmation of Christians in the principles and doctrines which are inseparably connected with the faith and with the divine law, and for promoting in general their intellectual and moral perfection. This sound philosophy is to be found in the tradition of ancient wisdom handed down and exposed in the great Catholic schools by their great writers, and more especially in the writings of St. Thomas and his successors or expositors in the same line of rational doctrine.

Philosophy is necessary, because the whole preamble of faith, the basis of all rational knowledge and certitude, all natural theology, all science of the soul and of morals, all evidences and criteria of revelation, all motives of the credibility of the Christian religion and proofs of the divine institution and authority of the Catholic Church, are within its scope and domain. Moreover, it is so closely connected with dogmatic and moral theology that they cannot be successfully taught

Copyright: Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1879.

without the aid of sound philosophy.

In our own day, we have a great number of errors, more or less completely, and more or less directly subversive of all religion, whether revealed or natural, of morality, of the political and social order, and of genuine science and civilization, to contend with. These errors have their theoretical root and origin in certain false principles of reasoning and of the investigation of sensible and historical facts. They are, fundamentally, errors in respect to logic, metaphysics, psychology, cosmology, rational theology, and ethics.

One class of the enemies of the Catholic Church and of revelation denies all reality of knowledge, in the order of metaphysics or ontology. This class embraces the sceptics, agnostics, and positivists. The disciples of Hume, Kant, Comte, and Spencer subvert all rational science. They relegate the whole of objective reality and truth, or all which transcends the phenomena of sensible cognition and of consciousness, to the unknowable.

The disciples of Locke and the sensist school, admitting no source of knowledge except sensation and reflection, are really no better in respect to their fundamental philosophy than these, and have prepared the way for them.

Then, there is the whole tribe of Spinosa and the pantheists, and the motley crowd of rationalists, semi-Christian or anti-Christian.

Mixed up with these, or following in their traces, are the multitude of social reformers and destructives, the political *doctrinaires*, who seek to carry the revolution into practical matters.

The field of argument and intellectual conflict with all these foes of religion, morality, science, and political order, is mainly in the domain of metaphysics and the other branches of rational philosophy connected with metaphysics. It is in a sound philosophy that the defensive and offensive armor of those who combat for Christian theology, Christian ethics, and genuine Christian civilization, against all these hordes of barbarians, must be found.

But where is this sound philosophy to be sought for and to be found?

History tells us that the revival of paganism and the decadence of Catholic Christianity began before the era of the Protestant rebellion. The close of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern period, the age of Leo X., was attended by signs of general upheaval and revolution in Christendom. One of these signs was a general disesteem for the prevailing philosophy of the Catholic schools and a mania for restoring one or other of the old pagan systems, inventing new systems, reconstructing the whole building on the ground supposed to be left vacant by the passing away of an antiquated, obsolete philosophy. When the Reformation broke out, this spirit of innovation had free course, ran, but was not much glorified by success, among all those who abandoned the Catholic communion. The result has been that in England scarcely anything worth any consideration has been achieved in philosophy, while in Germany, and all that part of the intellectual world which has followed the German direction, system after system of dreamy, baseless speculation has appeared and disappeared, leaving the *caput mortuum* of materialism

and pessimism as the latest result and loathsome residuum of disintegration and corruption.

In Catholic countries, and among the remnant of Catholics in countries where Protestantism is prevalent, there has been, as well, a decadence in philosophy. The ancient philosophy has retained some of its old strongholds, and has been partially preserved in the common teaching of colleges and seminaries, in imperfect and variant forms. New systems, nominally Catholic, yet really so dangerous to Catholic faith that the Holy See has thought it necessary to condemn them, have been invented and propagated, in Germany and elsewhere. Such are those of Hermes, Günther, the Traditionalists and the Ontologists, all condemned by the more or less severe censures of Pius IX.

The great corrupter of philosophy at its very source and fountain-head was Des Cartes, with his methodic doubt and false pyschologism. He made it the first principle of a new philosophy to reject all the wisdom of the ancients and begin entirely afresh from the foundation. Hence, he is referred to by his disciples and admirers as the author of a new epoch, the father of a new age. He has done in philosophy what Luther did in theology, and with like disastrous results.

The natural consequence of the decadence of philosophy, of the disputes and dissensions of various schools, and of the paucity of works of a high order of excellence has been, a general neglect, a superficial and imperfect method of instruction and study, of philosophy even in Catholic schools, until a somewhat recent period. There is now going on what may be called a philosophical revival. There has been a general awakening of interest, a growing sense of the importance of this branch of science, and a rapidly extending conviction of the necessity of returning to the old, scholastic system in respect to principles, methods, and substantial doctrines. It is enough to refer to the columns of this magazine and to the pages of the *Dublin Review* for a number of years past, for evidence of this movement. The honor of being its chief standard-bearer certainly belongs to Father Liberatore, of the Society of Jesus. Almost twenty years ago he published his text-book of scholastic philosophy, which has been growing in reputation and influence ever since, and has been supplemented by several other volumes of the highest merit. Several other eminent writers, such as Kleutgen, San Severino, Stöckl, and Ramière, have promoted the same cause by their excellent works. Pius IX. was always most anxious to promote the improvement of education, especially among those devoted to the ecclesiastical state. He is well known to have expressed the conviction, that in prolonging and augmenting the course of studies in ecclesiastical seminaries, it would be wise to increase the time and effort bestowed upon the study of philosophy in preference to lengthening the course of theology. Leo XIII. has only followed up in a more solemn and decisive manner that which Pius IX. had initiated or projected for the advancement of philosophical studies. He has given voice and sanction to the desires and aims of many eminent men holding high positions in the church or in the ranks of learned Catholic laymen, and has imparted by his authoritative declarations new impetus and force to a move-

ment, already very general and rapidly progressing, toward the re-establishment of scholastic philosophy in its ancient and just supremacy, as the queen of all the natural sciences and handmaid of theology.

Practical measures and regulations in regard to the adjustment of a curriculum of study, the selection of text-books, and similar matters, come under the category of discipline, directly, and not under that of doctrine; although the motives and principles of disciplinary law are derived from doctrine. In his disciplinary regulation of the Roman colleges which lie under the immediate diocesan authority of the Pope as Bishop of Rome, Leo XIII. had already taken measures for improving the method of philosophical instruction before the promulgation of his Encyclical. Liberatore and San Severino were prescribed by an edict, as the text-books which must be used by the professors of philosophy and their classes. And, as a result of this official expression of the judgment of Leo XIII. in favor of the superior excellence of these text-books, they have been already introduced into a number of colleges outside of Rome and Italy. We have heard, also, of two new text-books, following the same doctrine and method, which have been prepared in France, for use in French colleges, and one of these has been adopted by the Sulpicians of Baltimore. As a general rule, the directors of seminaries and colleges in all parts of the world are awake to the importance of a more thorough instruction in philosophy. Not to speak of secular colleges, in ecclesiastical seminaries to a considerable extent, and making all due exceptions, only one year has been given to philosophy, and the instruction given has been necessarily elementary and superficial. In many cases, the students in the class of philosophy have not had any course of Logic and Metaphysics at college. They must, therefore, begin at the beginning. Very few young students can really master a good compendium of Logic, General and Special Metaphysics, and Ethics, in one year, even if most of their time is given to this one branch of study. Experience proves that a professor cannot take even a small class of intelligent and diligent students, in which each one can receive a great deal of his personal attention, through a course of Logic in one of the larger text-books, in less than six months. Two years, at least, are necessary, for the most intelligent and diligent students, under the most favorable circumstances, in order that they may acquire a competent knowledge of philosophy, sufficient as a basis and preparation for a solid course of theology. When other studies, in mathematics, physics, modern languages, etc., must be prosecuted at the same time, a subtraction must be made from the time and attention given to philosophy, and this makes it necessary to lengthen out the period assigned for remaining in the class of philosophers. Moreover, where there are large classes, with only the average amount of ability and application, we must assent to the opinion so strongly expressed by Liberatore in his preface to the *Institutiones Philosophicæ*, that a complete *triennium* is necessary. As for secular colleges, the preparatory schools must be first advanced to a higher grade, the conditions for matriculation must be raised considerably, and the course of study must be so ar-

ranged that youths will not graduate before the age of twenty-one, in order that there may be time gained for a sufficient study of Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics, during the Junior and Senior years, without prejudice to other branches. If we were to consider the case of the intermediate schools, or of those colleges called scientific, we should wade too deeply into a current that would carry us off from our present subject.

We think it must be obvious that there is no lack of important reasons, why Leo XIII. should deem it befitting his office, and most opportune to present circumstances, to address an Encyclical Letter to the prelates of the church concerning philosophical as well as theological education. Indeed, it is enough to read carefully the Encyclical itself to find these reasons amply exposed. The excellence and value of philosophy, its supreme dignity and utility, in which it is only surpassed by theology, cannot be disputed without denying that there is any true and certain philosophy. We are not writing for the benefit of agnostics, but for that of Catholics. For these, only one more point needs explanation, viz., the reason for inculcating on all bishops and others who bear rule and preside in the church and in institutions under her spiritual jurisdiction, that they shall adopt the scholastic philosophy as taught by St. Thomas.

It follows from the admitted reality of philosophy as a true and certain science, that it is ascertainable with certainty in what authors its correct exposition can be found, and which are the works where the truth is most clearly and ably exposed. In all natural sciences these things are ascertainable, and the universal judgment of the competent furnishes a practically unerring rule for men in general. There is such a general verdict of the competent in favor of the intellectual pre-eminence in philosophy of three men, Plato, Aristotle, and St. Thomas. From a purely scientific point of view, the judgment of Leo XIII. can be justified and defended.

But there is another aspect of the case, in which it must be regarded by Catholics. This can be manifested by the analogy of theological science. Theology, properly so-called, exists only in the Catholic Church. It is a science, but it is not a purely natural science. It is built on faith, and morally necessary for the maintenance, propagation, and defence of faith. It is necessary, therefore, that a certain criterion should exist for judging what theology is sound and safe, and a sufficient authority for the control and regulation of theology. Catholic theology must find its sources and rules in Scripture, tradition, the decisions of the church, the writings of the Fathers, the Doctors, the standard and approved theologians. Philosophy is a purely natural science, but it is subject to theology, and to the authority which regulates theology. It has a necessary relation to and connection with that which is properly the domain of faith and morals, in which the church is infallible, and the judgments of her supreme head final expressions of her unvarying and unerring doctrine. In this relation and connection, philosophy must have a sufficient security of possessing the principles, method, and substantial truth by which it can be kept from injuring either faith or morals, or becoming useless for their pro-

motion, and made subservient to both, and to theology as a rational science, and to the perfection of man in general. All distinctively Christian civilization, while it adopts all that it finds which is good, develops under the influence of the church and of the Christian religion. Christian philosophy, while it adopted all that was good in pagan philosophy, was developed and grew side by side with theology. All pagan philosophy, in scientific form, really possessing an intrinsic and permanent value, substantially exists in the Greek philosophy, and, *par excellence*, in the writings of Plato and Aristotle. Christian philosophy has its sources in the writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and in those of their successors. St. Thomas is the prince among the doctors in theology, and he is also the prince among the scholastic doctors in philosophy. He has no equal and no rival. Any comparison with his predecessors, coevals, or successors only brings out more clearly his superiority. Whoever has studied his works enough truly to appreciate them, and has enough knowledge of the works of other great authors on similar topics to make a comparison, must understand and feel that his genius, and his faculty of exposition, are unique. His erudition, in so far as the resources at his command permitted, was adequate to the exigencies of his great task, which was to compose a sum of theology and philosophy. In physics, he was of course unable to rise above the level attained in his age. But in speculative theology and the primal philosophy, the *data* and the instruments for bringing these sciences to their substantial perfection were as perfect as they ever will or can be, and the transcendent genius to employ them in the most perfect manner had been given to him, together with the highest gifts of sanctity which perfect the intelligence and the will supernaturally, and elevate all natural virtues to their most sublime degree.

These did not suffice to render him infallible, or to enable him to proceed so far in the attainment and teaching of theological and philosophical science, that all further progress is impossible. Theology is, plainly enough, a science which never can be finished in this world. With that we are not at present concerned. Philosophy can and should make progress, and advance toward that ultimate perfection which cannot be reached so long as the limitations of thought belonging to our present state continue. This is particularly true of all that part of it which touches on the realm of physics. What we may call the physico-psychical branch of science is really a new science and one which is progressing experimentally. Whether or no it is proper to include it under the head of psychology, it has an intimate relation with it, and sustains the doctrine of St. Thomas against that of other systems. There are also questions in respect to space and time, and questions in cosmology, which have hardly more than begun to be thoroughly discussed. In our remarks upon the modern decadence of philosophy in the Christian schools, we have not intended to include all its single departments, but only those of the Second Part of Logic, Ontology, and the higher or ideological part of Psychology. Formal Logic has been neglected, but

not corrupted. Natural theology and ethics have been diligently and successfully cultivated. Certain parts of psychology and cosmology have been copiously and ably treated. We accord, also, to many works written by Protestants on single topics or branches of philosophy, and we say the same in respect to theology, that meed of distinguished merit which is their due. The failure has been in the co-ordination of all under the primary philosophy, the dominating metaphysics which gives the principle of a real synthesis. "Philosophy, in a word," says the chaplain of the Belgian court, Dr. Van Weddingen,* "is the science of the laws, and functions both representative and spontaneous, of the self-conscious subject, and of the objective reality regarded in its ultimate elements." "Two celebrated philosophers, the lamented Frederic Ueberwegg and Trendelenburg, have defined the peripatetic system as the 'doctrine of essential objectivity.' The Thomist system has been conceived in the same spirit." Every other system either subverts partially or entirely this objectivity, or presents it falsely or in a deficient manner, and by consequence alters the true idea of the subjective which depends on the objective. What is known, and how, and by what subject, is the substantial matter of the primary philosophy. In this great science there are but two great masters, Aristotle and St. Thomas. And it is this philosophy which we affirm to have been brought to its essential perfection by St. Thomas. We may compare it to the essential science of astronomy as contained in Kepler's laws. When such a science is gained, it is gained once for all, it can never be altered. From it, as from a starting point, all real progress must advance. Upon it, as a foundation, all scientific building must rest. Like all the greatest masterpieces of human genius, the works of Aristotle and St. Thomas are permanent and perpetual.

Leo XIII., in his wise and pastoral solicitude, admonishes therefore the learned and the principal instructors of the young and unlearned, to go to the pure, perennial source of philosophy in the works of St. Thomas, and the less learned or learners to go to streams and rivulets derived from this fountain. There is only one passage in this part of the Encyclical which to our apprehension is somewhat ambiguous: "But, lest the counterfeit for the true, or the corrupt for the pure be imbibed, be watchful that the doctrine of Thomas be drawn from his own fountains, or at least from those streams which, derived from the very fount, have thus far flowed, according to the certain and concordant judgment of learned men, without diminution or impure mixture; be careful to guard the minds of youth from those *which are said to flow thence, but in reality have been swollen by foreign and unwholesome waters.*"

The first part of this passage is plain and obvious enough. The second part, though equally clear as to the *quæstio juris*, is not so to us, as to the *quæstio facti*, if there is one in the mind and intention of the pontiff. There are different interpretations of certain doctrines of St. Thomas, in philosophy as well as in theology, which are tolerated in the church and disputed

* *Rev. Générale*, Sept., 1879, p. 444. This article contains a complete and able analysis of the Thomist philosophy.

between certain sections of professed Thomists, all of whom are above any censure in regard to their orthodoxy. The Pope cannot be supposed to intend officially to rebuke any advocates of any one of these variant interpretations, whatever his own private opinion may be. For instance, although he has directed the use of Liberatore or San Severino in his own pontifical colleges, we cannot suppose that he intends a doctrinal condemnation of the system of Rosmini so earnestly combated and rejected by these two authors. Nor is it likely that he intends to give any sanction, *ex cathedrâ*, to the opinion concerning substantial generations, the chemical composition of composite bodies, and the nature of the relation of the soul as *forma corporis* to the first matter of its organic body, so strongly maintained by one class of metaphysicians and physicists, and with equal firmness combated by most Catholic physicists and some distinguished metaphysicians, such as Father Ramière and Father Bayma. All that Leo XIII. can be supposed to intend in relation to such matters is, to propose the right way of determining what the real doctrine is which is consistent with the certain principles and doctrines of St. Thomas, viz., by the thorough examination of the genuine and pure teaching of the great Doctor, and by argumentation from his known and undoubted first principles and fundamental doctrines.

It may be that there are some spurious systems or particular opinions claiming to shelter themselves under the prestige of the great name of St. Thomas, which are at present somewhat in vogue in Italy, or elsewhere, which Leo XIII. had specially in his eye, although he did not see fit to designate them. The axiom of St. Thomas, *nil est in intellectû, quod non erat prius in sensû*, has been perverted by the advocates of the sensist philosophy. Giobertians and other advocates of a spurious ontological doctrine have steadily endeavored to claim St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and St. Buonaventura as their patrons, and to insist that the spirit and the deepest principles of St. Thomas really agree with their own primary idea. There may be some semi-Giobertian or modified ontologistic speculations, plausibly adjusted so as to evade the direct statement of condemned propositions, which are still rife in Italy. Probably those who are more familiar with the actual posture of these affairs than we can be, may be able to throw some light on what is to us obscure in this particular sentence of the Encyclical.

Of one thing we are sure. The Holy See is always slow and careful in closing up open questions and narrowing the limits in which free opinion and discussion can expatiate. Thorough investigation and discussion always precede final, authoritative decision. In many cases, the decision is never given, though it is ardently desired and confidently expected by persons and parties of great weight and influence. In other cases it is long postponed. Existing controversies among those who consent in recognizing St. Thomas as the great master in theology and philosophy must necessarily go on, study, investigation, and reasoning must be pursued, as the way to arrive at truth and agreement, in so far as certainty is attainable and conclusive argument possible. In those matters where we must perpetually come short of this result, and the

supreme authority, assisted by the Holy Spirit, does not render a decision; which it never does and never will merely to gratify our curiosity; we have to remain content with probability, with conjecture, and with ignorance.

In so far as the connection of metaphysics with physics is concerned, no one can reasonably complain that any obstacle is placed in the way of physical investigations, the acceptance of discovered facts, or really probable theories based on these facts, or in the way of constant efforts to harmonize metaphysical and physical theories with each other by sound deductive and inductive reasoning.

The Council of the Vatican has explicitly declared that: "It is so far from being a fact that the church opposes the cultivation of human arts and branches of knowledge, that she actually aids and promotes all these in many ways. For she does not ignore or despise the advantages flowing from them into human life; rather, she acknowledges that as these things proceed from God who is the Lord of the sciences, so, if rightly used, they, by the aid of his grace, lead to God. Nor does she prohibit to branches of learning of this sort the use of the proper methods and principles belonging to each one within its own circle."

In the same sense, Leo XIII. declares that scholastic philosophy "can only by the grossest injustice be accused of being opposed to the advance and development of natural science." And also, that "if anything is investigated with too great subtlety by the scholastic doctors, or too carelessly handled, if there is anything which ill agrees with the proved doctrines of a later age, or which in any way is not probable, it does not enter our mind to propose this to be followed by our own age."

The study of physics, not only by secular students in Catholic colleges, but by those destined to the ecclesiastical state during their collegiate and philosophical course, will receive a new impetus from the philosophical revival and from the Encyclical of Leo XIII. As a necessary consequence of the equal impetus given to all branches of scientific culture, we shall have more metaphysicians who are acquainted with mathematics and physics, and more physicists whose minds have been symmetrically cultivated, and whose mental horizon has been enlarged by philosophy. This will be a great advantage on both sides, and a great advantage to the cause of the Catholic Religion. We shall gain a more universal and synthetical science, to the corroboration and illustration of the Faith, which is infinitely above all natural science, yet condescends to accept its aid.

Some will undoubtedly wish to know, how those who cannot study the scholastic philosophy in the works of St. Thomas and his voluminous commentators, can gain some knowledge adequate to their own intellectual capacity, and sufficient for the purposes of their own mental culture and occupations. There are those who are even obliged to give elementary instruction in philosophy, and who can either never hope to study it in its sources, or, at best, cannot wait for the end of such a study, even though they may be able to begin it and prosecute it to a moderate extent. Those who can read Latin may easily find what they need for their own information and for preparing them to teach young pupils,

in several accurate and copious text-books which have been published within the last twenty years. There are also valuable writers in the Italian, German, and French languages, and new books of the same kind are continually appearing, as well as many most learned and ably written essays in the highest class of European periodicals, which are more or less accessible to those who are able to avail themselves of these sources of knowledge.

For those who can only pursue their reading in English books, we confess that their opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the scholastic philosophy are very limited. Those who must teach can only, for the present, avail themselves of the few books we possess in the English language, endeavoring to select the best, and wait for better times. The same is true of those who merely wish to learn. We have endeavored to give them a modicum of help from time to time in this magazine, in spite of the extremely small measure of thanks we have ever received for our labors. During the past year, we have given a succinct and compendious *résumé* of all that "doctrine of essential objectivity," which constitutes the essence of the primal philosophy, in a series of articles, beginning with one on "The Reality of Being," and ending with one on "The Reality of the Supernatural Order" which links the evidence of Natural Theology with the evidence of the Christian Revelation.* This *résumé* may be relied on as a perfectly faithful presentation of the pure doctrine of St. Thomas without any foreign admixture whatsoever. It is to be hoped that some of the excellent works written in the languages of Europe may be, ere long, translated; as, for instance, Kleutgen's *Philosophie der Vorzeit*, and Liberatore's philosophical treatises. We need, however, a complete and extensive work on philosophy written in English, and a compendium for class instruction, derived from and based upon such a work. Who is able, and who is willing to accomplish this task? We do not know. Even if we had all the works of the kind we have indicated as needful or desirable, actually finished and lying in great piles of MSS. on the shelves of our office, we do not know how they could be published. There is an obstacle in the way of all literature which is not popular. Such stock is heavy and dull and there are no takers. In this part of the book market the bears have control. *Moriamur in nescientia nostra* is the practical maxim. The grand Encyclical, itself a specimen of what the best philosophical and literary culture of a mind of high order can produce, though not technically a Papal Bull, will, we hope, scatter all bears and put an end to their supremacy.

* The Catholic World, April—August, 1879.

# FOLLETTE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

### GRIPARD'S TROUBLES.

It was not a cheerful party that gathered round the table at supper that evening at Quatre Vents, although the meal was hot and a fire blazed merrily in the wide, black chimney.

Old Jeanne's eyes were red with crying, and Follette's bright glance was veiled by a sadness which, though it lent it a softer fascination, irritated Gripard beyond endurance.

Victor was the only one who wore his usual face of good-humored content. He did not talk, seeing that Gripard was in no mood for it, but ate his supper sparingly, without any offensive show of hunger. Gripard's rheumatism was worse than usual, and his temper, soured by pain and recent contradiction, was also worse than usual. He was an ill-used man. He had harbored a nest of serpents, traitors, ingrates, and, now that he had found them out, he could not turn them out and he could not run away. Old Jeanne was as necessary to him as his pipe or his stick, and had been as docile as one and the other all her life; but she, too, had turned restive and was defying him. It was pretty much as if his pipe had begun to puff into his face, or as if his stick had turned in his hand and struck him.

As to Follette, there was something altogether unnatural in the child's conduct. There she sat opposite to him, coolly peeling her potato. There was something in the pose of her delicately-curved throat that made his fingers itch to wring it. He felt that he might as well try to lift Quatre Vents on his rheumatic old back, and carry it to the other side of the river, as try to break Follette's will or turn her from her purpose. Where did the soft thing get the courage to brave him in this way? She depended on him for the potato she was eating, for the gown she wore. If he turned her out she had no one to go to. He had often hugged himself with this thought of the child's utter dependence on him. He had seen the toddling thing growing up and blossoming out into girlhood, full of health and activity and intelligence, and he had said to himself that all this was his property, and belonged to him as much as the pig he bought at the market or the vegetables he raised in his garden. She was his chattel, to be used by him according as he wanted it. When Jeanne grew too feeble, or when she died, this strong, supple-limbed young creature was there to take her place, to cook and wash, and mend and knit, and toil and moil for him, and nurse him when the rheumatism made him helpless and dependent on others. But, lo and behold! this domestic animal, this vegetable, this chattel had suddenly pro-

claimed itself a human being with a will and a free soul, and turned upon him, like that worm! And Jeanne, who had been as obedient as a dog to him ever since he was a baby, had joined the rebel, and defied him as coolly as Follette. He had only himself to thank for it all. Why had he kept that curly-headed viper at his hearth so long, or tolerated his presence in the house after he had turned him out? To be sure he might turn out these two just as easily; but what was he to do when they were gone? Who would starve and slave and pinch for him, and poultice his rheumatic old arms and legs, as Jeanne did? The very thought of letting a stranger in about the place, to spy upon him and find out his secret, drove him crazy. Jeanne was loyal to him as the bark is to the tree. If she found out where his money was hid she would not tell it to her own right hand; but if any one else found it out he would never know an hour's peace. He could not put Jeanne to the door, but she was none the less a wicked old woman, who deserved to be whipped.

Victor was the only one Gripard had to turn to; now that these rotten reeds had broken in his hand, Victor was a staff for him to lean upon.

The meal was eaten in sullen silence. Follette cleared away the table, and she and Jeanne carried off the bowls and plates to the scullery, where they shared the washing-up between them.

Victor filled Gripard's pipe and handed it to him.

"Thank 'ee, lad. I need a pipe. It's a hard world."

"This frost is good for the celery," said Victor, anxious to say something consolatory, "and the cabbages are splendid; they will fetch a good price at the market."

"And the mushrooms — they an't frozen, are they?"

"No. I took care of that. I covered them with three feet of straw."

"Straw? Eh? I never bade you get straw. Straw costs a lot of money, eh?"

"Patron, I didn't invent gunpowder; but I know how to get a truss of straw gratis," said Victor, with a knowing laugh.

"Nothing's got gratis that's worth having," retorted Gripard; "but I trust thee not to see me robbed, eh?"

"That's the least I may do, patron."

"Parbleu! I should think it was. But that's no reason. You'll be turning against me one of these days."

"Never, patron, while I've life in my body. I'm not clever like some, and don't set up for it; but I have a heart, and a conscience too."

"We'll see, we'll see. Time was I never would have believed it of Jules."

"We're different, Jules and I."

"So much the better for you. He's a bad fellow."

"Not bad, patron; only idle and a bit of a spendthrift," said Victor, knowing well that, in Gripard's eyes, there were no such abominable vices in the calendar as these two.

"He'll end on the gallows," said the miser vindictively.

"I'm glad he's going, for Follette's sake," remarked Victor, lowering his voice and bending towards Gripard. "You never could have put an end to *that*," nodding significantly, "while he was in the way."

There was an interval of silence as far as tongues were concerned, but the clatter of crockery and the clacking of wooden shoes went on in the scullery.

"Look ye here, my lad," said Gripard in a confidential tone, and removing his pipe; "I don't want Follette to meet that fellow before he goes. I'll have no kissing by moonlight, and exchanging of coins, and that sort of *bétises* that ties up young folk as tight as M. le Curé's blessing. See to it."

"I will, patron; but how can I prevent Follette going to meet him in the forest?"

"Say nothing to *her*. Tackle *him*. Tell him I'll thrash him if he comes in her way again."

"He won't believe me."

"Then say you'll thrash him yourself. Are you afraid of him?" said Gripard with a sneer.

"Not I!" said Victor, tossing his head.

But in his heart he was afraid of him, for Jules was the best boxer in all the country-side and as brave as a lion. Victor had a plan in his head, however, which might answer as well as a hand-to-hand fight, while it involved no risk of broken bones.

Jeanne rose an hour earlier than her wont next morning, and was ready betimes for her journey to Cotor. It was only a drive of six miles, but at her age this was a serious undertaking, and it was gratifying to see that her friends treated it with becoming solemnity. It was known all over Bacaram an hour after Jeanne knew it that Jules was going to Paris, and that Jeanne was going to Cotor to see to his gear before he set out on the bold adventure. There was quite a little demonstration at the door of Quatre Vents as Follette helped the old grandmother into Mme. Bibot's market-cart, kindly lent for the occasion. One neighbor came with a *chaufferette* to keep the traveller's feet warm, another insisted on wrapping his goatskin round her knees, and as the cart moved off a chorus of "Bon voyage, Madame Jeanne!" "Heureux retour, voisine!" followed it down the road.

Jeanne's heart was warmed by all this sympathy, and she set out in good spirits. After all, there was much to be thankful for in what had at first seemed nothing but cruel bereavement. Her boy was singled out from all the lads at Bacaram to rise above his fellows. Instead of staying at home like Victor Bart, digging and hewing, and earning a miserable living like other poor young fellows, her Jules was called to be an artist. There was a chord in the simple soul of the peasant woman that vibrated in unison with his to this call of the gods; like the trees of the forest, that chant in praise while deaf to the music their murmurous leaves are making, so Jeanne's soul sent up unsung alleluias for the gift that had come to her boy. The early sunlight dancing on the snow and shifting the shadows of the forest touched her with a new sense of beauty, though she knew it not; for her mind was not with them, but with the lad who was moulding figures out of red clay, and singing to himself at his window on the hillside.

When the high-wheeled cart drew up at the foot of the hill Jules looked up from his work. He recognized the well-known figure, small and wonderfully active, although the head was bent and shook a little; and before Jeanne

had set foot on the rugged up-hill path he was at her side, fondling her in glad surprise. The manufactory stood half-way up the mountain, and Jules' lodging was in a cottage close by overlooking the busy village that drew its life from the brick building with its stacks of chimneys and its working hive—a flow of activity that never ceased streaming in and out of it.

No time was wasted in idle sentiment, but Jeanne proceeded at once to take stock of Jules' wardrobe; and great was her dismay at the sorry plight it presented.

"Hast thou no blouse but that one on thee, that is dyed as red as if thou hadst murdered a man in it? Where is the one I made thee at Easter?"

"Mother, it has gone the way of all blouses."

"Oui, dà, the way of all blouses with thee, except the one on thy back. Thou hast no more thrift than a baby. Gripard is right: thou wilt die a beggar."

"I will die an artist, mother. Artists don't hoard for the morrow. They grow rich like the cornfields, working and trusting to the good God. Wouldst thou have me a miser like Gripard, say?"

"I would have thee learn to be thrifty," said loyal Jeanne. "Where are thy socks? And thy shirts?" The remnants of Jules' hosiery was dragged out and elicited much wailing and là-là-ing. How was she to get things ready in time, and what sort of a figure would Jules make in Paris, if he did not learn to keep his clothes, and not give them to every beggar he met? Jeanne was examining the dilapidated garments with many a shake of her head, when Jules, with his hands full of red clay, wheeled round on his stool, and, pausing from his work, "Little mother," he said, "you will be proud when you hear of my statues in marble being copied by the old comrades in the manufactory here, will you not? I shall long to hear that you praise them. And Follette—she will love me the better when I am an artist, and have fought my way to the front with the men of genius, will she not?"

"Very likely; the young ones are caught by that sort of thing. They think more of a lad when the world praises him; but thy old granny would love thee none the better if thou wert the greatest sculptor in France."

"But you will be prouder of me, mother? It is a grand thing to be master of the marble; to make it breathe, to give a voice to the dumb block. Think of it, mother! And the marble never dies: it is eternal; the man who conquers it gains immortality. Thy Jules will some day count amongst the immortals!" added the young man with a kindling eye.

"Bonté divine! Of course thou wilt! Hast thou not a soul, and, marble or no marble, dost thou not mean to save it? My son, I like not to hear thee uttering this wild talk about the marble making thee immortal," said Jeanne, drawing her hand out of a sock and looking at her grandson with a dubious, uneasy glance.

Jules gave her a merry, indulgent look as he tossed back his curls and laughed.

"Mother, that is another kind of immortality; the marble will come first, and that after. Have no fear about me. I shall not forget my soul amidst the masters. Think, if my father had lived, how proud he would have been to see me an artist!"

"Child," said Jeanne with solemnity, and she laid down the garments, and crossed her withered hands on her lap, and looked at him with grave eyes—"child, I would rather see thee dead than thou shouldst forget it; I would pray the good God to let the marble fall on thee and crush thee before it should lead thee away from the straight paths of thy father. He was a good man. See that thou walkest in his steps, marble or no marble."

"Nay, mother, I mean to do so, with God's help. Have you no more faith in me? Have I not always lived like an honest lad? And have you not told me time and again that I had the fire and would be a sculptor?"

"Ay, ay; but I'd rather see thee a good Christian, and thy hands stained with red clay all thy days, than that thou shouldst go forth to glory and lose thy soul."

"Have no fear of that, mother. God will watch over me, and your prayers will do the rest," replied the young man gently. "But, mother, you will not let Follette forget me? I wish Victor were out of the way," he added, and a frown gathered on his open brow.

"Thou hast naught to fear from Victor; the child has no love for him," said Jeanne, with a nod full of significance.

"But Gripard likes him, and Follette would never dare disobey her uncle."

"Dost thou think so? Be tranquil; she will not obey him if he wants her to give thee up for Victor."

"You think so, little mother? But he is hard, the old man, and he can be cruel. I would not have Follette made a victim for my sake."

"Tut, tut! The patron is not an ogre. It was Victor that set him against thee. And thou wert always thwarting him. What call hadst thou to quarrel with Victor for beating the hunchback?"

"What call had I?" said Jules, with an indignant flash in his dark eyes. "Every man has a call to stand up for poor Nicol; nobody but a coward would strike him a blow."

"But the blow was struck, and quarrelling with Victor could not mend matters; it only brought the punishment on thyself, foolish lad! See that thou keepest a cool head and a silent tongue in Paris, or evil will betide thee," said Jeanne, lifting her finger with a warning shake.

She believed in the boy's genius as she believed in the stars, and she looked for its triumph as surely as she looked for the coming spring; but she feared his impulsive ways. He was always fighting somebody's battles, and no good came of it, except that the old folk smiled on him while they shook their heads, and the young ones loved him and thought him a hero.

"The fair is on the 21st, mother; it seems a pity to miss it, and I would not if I could help it," said Jules; "but the brewer and his wife are going on the 20th, and they have offered me a lodging for two nights in Paris, if I go with them and do a few jobs on arriving. So I thought it was better to miss the fair and go."

"Thou art right. It was a blow to think of thy going in such a hurry, but it is best so. I shall be easier to know thou art in company. The journey is long and full of dangers."

Jeanne had never seen a railroad, and had that mysterious awe

of the steam-horse with which ignorance invests the unknown.

"I will come to Bacaram after Mass on Sunday," said Jules. "Ask Follette to meet me in the forest at the cross-roads to say good-by; will you, petite mère?"

"I will tell the child, and she will be foolish enough to go, I dare say," grumbled Jeanne.

She stayed with Jules till late in the afternoon, and then the cart came back for her, and Jules carried the little bundle of mendable clothes down the hill, and kissed her, and settled her comfortably with the replenished chaufferette under her feet, and stood on the roadside watching the cart till it turned round the mountain and the rumble died away.

Gripard's rheumatism had shifted from his legs to his shoulder; so, though he was suffering a good deal, he was able to leave his chair and mope about. When the sun shone he hobbled out into the garden, where he would lift the straw with the end of his stick, and peer at the mushrooms, and sniff about like a dog trying to scent a thief. He used Follette as a crutch, and leaned his bony weight on her round young arm unsparingly. But Follette did not grudge it. Anything was better than having him stuck there in his high-backed chair from morning till night, snarling and snapping at everything, the perpetual tap of his stick on the floor going on like a drop of water, his sharp ear pricked at every passing footfall, always on the watch for an enemy, a thief, a spy, somebody to suspect or accuse. It was intolerable to Follette, who had to sit there shivering at her work because the old man did not like being left alone with old Jeanne.

She used at first to escape on one pretext or another for half an hour now and then; but since this discovery about herself and Jules Gripard could not bear her out of his sight, and catechised her so closely if she went on an errand for ten minutes that the poor child resigned herself to her fate, and sat meekly at her wheel by the hour.

Jeanne had given her Jules' message about the meeting on Sunday at the cross-roads, and this consoled her mightily and helped her to bear the week's imprisonment in a cheerful spirit. Victor had grown so kind and gentle that she felt remorseful, and began to think she had judged him too harshly. He was on the watch to save her trouble in no end of little ways; and so unobtrusive, never forcing his help on her, but following her about with his eyes like a dumb animal. She pretended not to see it, but it touched her all the same.

Sunday morning came at last, and a lovely winter's morning it was. The sun shone brightly on the snow, and the robins and blackbirds flew in little companies to the window-sill of Follette's room, and hopped and sunned themselves while she made her toilet. She made great haste to wash up the bowls and clear the kitchen after the breakfast—which was hot on Sundays—so as to have more time to plait her hair and adorn herself carefully. Jeanne had been to early Mass, as usual, so that Gripard might not be alone during the long Office, to which Victor also went. Follette would gladly have dispensed with his company to-day in the walk to church; not that it much mattered, for they were sure to fall in with neighbors at once, and so avoid a tête-à-tête.

"The bell is ringing, little one;

thou wilt be late," Gripard cried at the foot of the stair in his shrill voice.

Follette took a last look at herself in her small glass, turning her head this way and that to see that the satin plaits peeped out to the best advantage from the crimson kerchief that had been carefully coiled round the well-set head; she shook her petticoat, and then, throwing on her dark blue cloak, she twined her coral rosary round her wrist and tripped lightly down the stair. But a terrible blow awaited her in the kitchen. There sat Gripard in his hat and great woollen coat, which only appeared on first-rate occasions. Was it possible he was coming to church? Follette's heart gave a great leap of terror, and then ran down into her wooden shoes.

"What a time thou hast been!" said her uncle. "Give me a hand, child. Where is Jeanne? Gone a-gadding, eh? Oh! là-là. Sapristi!" he groaned, leaning on Follette till she shook under the weight, while he lifted himself out of his chair.

"You are coming out, my uncle?"

"Yes. What else should I have my hat on for?"

"But, my uncle, it is bitterly cold; the church is like an ice-house; you will fall ill!" pleaded Follette, feeling guilty, but driven desperate.

"I've kept the chimney-corner too long," said Gripard; "if I don't bestir myself I will be a cripple. Oh! là-là. Sab-r-r-e de bois!"

There was no help for it. Out they hobbled, first going down the road to Mme. Bibot's, where Gripard had purposely sent Jeanne while Victor got him ready.

Jeanne threw up her hands with a cry as if she beheld a ghost.

"Go home and mind the house till we come back," said her master sharply; and he turned away, without paying more attention to her amazed protest than if it had been the mewing of a cat.

Follette's heart was full to bursting. It was too cruel of Gripard. Did he know, and was he victimizing himself on purpose to spite her? How could he possibly know? The fact was, he only guessed, and, in order to foil Follette's little scheme, he was sacrificing himself with a heroism worthy of a better cause.

Victor had spied on her many a time when she never suspected it, and knew that she and Jules often met in the forest after Mass on a Sunday, and he had given Gripard the hint that they were almost certain to meet there to-day.

"I will go and meet Jules, and thrash him, if you like, patron," said Victor; "but I'm afraid it will only make matters worse. Follette will hate me more than ever, and she will love Jules the better for being persecuted on account of her."

"Let the fellow alone," said Gripard. "I will see that he has his walk for nothing."

So he was trudging along in the snow with poor Follette. The bells were ringing. Nearly everybody was in church, for Gripard's progress was very slow, and they only met a few loiterers on the road, hurrying on to make up for lost time.

Follette's brain was busy thinking how she might escape after Mass and run off to the forest. Some neighbors might come to the rescue and offer him an arm, or perhaps a lift—there were always a few carts from the other side of the valley—and he might be glad

to accept the offer. It struck her as odd that Victor was not there. But he had kept shyly aloof latterly, and perhaps it was out of kindness that he kept away this morning. Oh! what had put it into her uncle's head to come out?

When they arrived at the church it was crowded. There was a movement of surprise amongst the congregation on beholding Gripard; nods and smiles greeted him and Follette. The miser had no friends, but he was not unpopular. He never wronged anybody, and he was a man who always spoke the truth.

Follette led him up to Jeanne's prie-dieu—her uncle clutching her still with a hard grip, as if he feared she was going to escape—and, after settling him comfortably, she was turning to find a seat for herself when he pulled her by the sleeve and pointed to the ground by his side. It flashed through Follette now like a certainty that he knew she wanted to meet Jules, and had come to prevent it. She knelt down where he bid her, and where she dared not even steal a glance round the church to see if by chance Jules might have come here to Mass on his last Sunday. She swallowed her tears and made believe to say her prayers.

Gripard made no pretence of saying his, but sat there, leaning on the knob of his stick, alternately watching Follette and staring about to make sure if any one else was watching her. When Mass was over he seized her arm with the same hard grip and went hobbling on to the door.

Victor was there waiting for them.

"Take my arm, patron. It's a solider crutch than Follette's—no disrespect to her," he said good-humoredly.

"Nay, nay, the petiote does very well; she's just the right height," said Gripard querulously, motioning him away.

Victor gave Follette a look full of meaning. She was more and more mystified. Gripard stopped to exchange good-morrows on the *Place*. Neighbors were chaffing him on his devotion and congratulating him on his good health.

"Health! Every bone in my body is aching. I believe there's rats in them," said Gripard; but he seemed in no hurry to get home, in spite of the rats.

"You ought to be rubbed," said Mme. Bibot. "Poor Bibot got great relief from it; many and many's the time I've rubbed him till the arms dropped out of me."

"You're looking finely all the same, M. Gripard," said Mme. Tarac; "it's my belief you're shamming, and we'll have you taking a wife one of these days!" (Tarac was just Gripard's age, and thirty years older than his wife.)

"You talk like a fool," was the polite rejoinder.

"May be; but for acting like a fool there's no fool like an old one," retorted Mme. Tarac.

"Ay. Tarac's a proof of that," said Gripard. Upon which the company laughed, and Mme. Tarac walked off in high dudgeon.

Follette felt they were all in conspiracy to keep her waiting there.

"You will catch your death of cold standing in the snow, uncle," she said as quietly as she could, but inwardly exasperated.

"Thou art right, petiote; let us go," replied Gripard, and he hobbled on.

Follette dared not attempt to hurry him, but every step seemed a mile to her. The Angelus bell was clanging high up in the air.

Children were making snowballs and pelting one another, the missiles and their laughter exploding simultaneously; but the fun was loudest when some daring youngster took a sly shot at an elder, who turned round and rated the bold little company with very big words that hit nobody, but excited the merriment of the passers-by. Skaters were scudding along on the frozen pathways; lovers were pairing off for their Sunday stroll. Every one was gay and happy except Follette.

Jeanne saw them coming up the road, and came out to meet them at the door.

"A nice trick to play us!" she exclaimed as Gripard came limping on.

"Make me a bowl of hot soup," said Gripard. "Sabre de bois! how my bones do ache."

Follette took off his hat and coat and settled him into his chair.

"What fly bit you to go out such a morning?" said Jeanne. "I shouldn't wonder if you got your death. Follette, blow up the fire and put the kettle on."

Jeanne went to the cupboard, but uttered an exclamation of dismay on opening a certain box.

"There isn't a grain of barley! Did you go about it yesterday, child?"

"No; I thought there was plen—"

"You had no business to think; you should have done as you were told," said Jeanne, cutting her short.

Follette had been told nothing, and there was plenty of barley, as she would have said; but this was only a *ruse de guerre* on Jeanne's part, and Follette, with a prisoner's instinct, was going to seize the chance it offered.

"I'll run off and get some," she said, hurrying out.

"Let the barley bide," called out Gripard; "Victor will go for it when he comes in. I want the little one to rub my leg. Oh! là-là, I wish the devil had the rheumatism!"

"I'll rub you," said Jeanne; "but I want the—"

"Then want it," snapped Gripard. "I'd as soon have a brick scraping me as feel your horny hand on my leg. Let the little one come and rub me."

There was no escape. Follette knelt down beside him, and began to rub his bony limb with her soft young hand, her heart swelling all the time in a conflict of tender, rebellious, and angry thoughts. He kept her at it till her arm ached and her back was stiff with stooping. Then he told her to rest a bit; he found the warm friction very comforting, but she must not tire herself by keeping at it too long. What a fool Jeanne was not to have thought of it before! Mme. Bibot was right: hand-rubbing was very soothing to the bones.

The afternoon was spent rubbing Gripard's leg and resting to begin again at it. Follette felt certain that the whole day's misery was a settled plan, got up to torment and thwart her, and that even the pain in his leg was a spiteful invention of her uncle's, for she could see he was suffering badly from his arm. At last he let her go, and she went up to her room, and took off her Sunday gown and kerchief, and sat down by the window, glad to be alone and away from her uncle's cruel, peering eyes, and even from Jeanne's glances of vexation and pity.

Follette pitied herself with all her heart, for she felt very miserable.

The prospect of seeing Jules had so lit up the week that, now it had vanished, it was as if a lamp had gone out and left her in the dark. But she was more sorry for Jules than for herself. She knew he had waited for her as long as there was a possibility of her coming, and then he had gone away disappointed, perhaps hurt, perhaps mistrustful. He had told her laughingly that she would come to like Victor better when there was no one else to make love to her. The words came back to her like a sting. Who knows? He might have thought—there was no saying what he might not have thought. And she had no way of explaining anything. She did not know how to write. How bitterly she regretted this, and how she reproached Gripard for not having let her go to the village school like other children! There was no one even she could send with a message. If Victor had been true she might have asked him; he could write, and he often had business that took him into Cotor. But she was afraid of Victor. Jules believed he was a sneak, and so did Jeanne. She dared not trust Victor. Follette sat down on the foot of her little bed, and, with hands folded in her lap, listened to the Vesper bells, and looked out towards the forest, and bethought her how strange it was that, ever since this great joy of loving and knowing that she was loved had come into her life, she had known no peace, only fear and contradiction. But she could bear it all, and make no complaint, if only she might see Jules once before he went away, or at any rate send him a message. As this idea of a messenger again occurred to her she saw something approaching in the distance from the other side of the bridge. It was Nicol, advancing with his peculiar hopping, halting gait, shouldering his hump at every step. Follette bethought her at once that she would send the dwarf with a message.

"I will trust him," she said to herself; "he is fond of Jules, and he hates Victor."

Jeanne's voice calling to her woke her from these meditations, and, jumping up, she ran down stairs.

Her face bore no trace of her recent heart-ache, for she had not been crying, and this prospect of Nicol as a deliverer had lit up the darkness suddenly, so that her eyes shone with an excitement that might have passed for joy.

Gripard was in a good humor. He was elated by the success of his little scheme, although it had cost him dear; and now that the continued rubbing had driven the rats out of his leg, he smoked away comfortably, and his wizened features wore an air of cunning and amusement as he listened to something Victor was telling him.

"The patron says you have as good as cured him," said Victor when Follette entered the kitchen, and, kneeling down, began to rub away again at the leg; "but I tell him you ought to make him pay for it. That's only fair. Come, Follette, strike your bargain while you have the whip in your hand."

"Diable! diable! what's this?" said Gripard, removing his pipe and surveying Victor with pretended wrath. "Art thou going to set the petiote on to such tricks as that? I'm to pay for the use of her arms, eh? Parbleu! I'd better have back the rats."

"Don't give in, Follette," said Victor; "nail the patron to it. If he doesn't give in we'll whistle

back the rats. Come, shall we make it twenty-five centimes an operation?"

"Sabre de bois!" shouted Gripard, pulling his cap violently round his head and bringing down his stick with a tremendous thump.

Jeanne had come clacking out from the scullery at all this noise, and stood, with arms a-kimbo, laughing till she shook.

"Say twenty centimes, petiote," she said, "and a *pot de vin* when the last rat is gone."

"Good! Let it be twenty centimes and the *pot de vin*," said Follette, ready enough to fall in with a joke that amused her uncle.

"Tut, tut! A doctor that would bargain with a patient like that would be dubbed a quack," said Gripard. "It would ruin his character. Don't mind them, petiote; they're at some mischief, the pair of them. I see it in Victor's eye. Rub away, and trust me for the fees. There are ten centimes for a *denier adieu*. *Voyons!*"

Victor and Jeanne cried out indignantly, but Follette pocketed the paltry fee, with the remark that she was not proud, and ten centimes was better than nothing.

"Thou shalt go to the fair, and have a present to buy something pretty," said Gripard, as Follette's warm hand sent the blood coursing through his frigid old veins.

"Thank you, uncle; but I don't want to go to the fair," she replied.

"Nonsense! I was joking the other day when I said thou shouldst not go. The rheumatism made me cross. Thou must not bear a grudge to thy old uncle for that," said Gripard, pinching her ear. "Victor will take care of thee, and Mme. Bibot will give thee a lift home. Thou shalt go and have a merry day of it."

Follette made no reply, but went on rubbing as if her arm were a pump-handle worked by machinery. She had made up her mind that she would not go to the fair. She was not going to be chaperoned by Victor, and she would not dance with him; but there was no need to say so now and put Gripard in a rage. It was such a mercy to have him in a good humor! Follette could not understand why he had all of a sudden become so amiable, making jokes, and throwing away two sous, and pinching her ear. It seemed almost as unnatural as if a dog had taken to singing comic songs. But, whatever the cause might be, it was a relief, and Follette was thankful for it.

Nicol took the miller's horse to water every morning, so Follette knew where to find him. Many a time when making her hasty toilet she had watched him from her window, half in pity, half in disgust, as the great gray horse came plodding on to the river's edge with the grotesque figure of the dwarf perched on his back like a goblin. But when she met Nicol he only saw the pity, and he was grateful for it. He knew that more people than the *gamins* mocked him and fancied there was something uncanny about him—thought it unlucky to meet him at new moon and believed that he had an evil eye. Nicol pretended to laugh at it all, but in secret he winced under it, and it kept alive in him that vindictive spirit which so often goes along with physical deformity. But if he was keen to resent an injury he was just as quick to feel a kindness, and would go even far-

ther to prove his gratitude than to gratify his revenge. Nobody made a confidant of him, and yet somehow he came to know everybody's secrets; and sometimes he would use this knowledge to serve his purpose with a cunning that fostered the vague belief in his impish character. Follette had never laughed at him, and more than once she had hunted away the children when they threw stones at him. Nicol remembered this. He knew, too, that Jules Valdory loved Follette, and Jules had often stood up for him and cried shame on Victor Bart for beating him. He loved Jules and he hated Victor Bart.

"Good-morning, Nicol," said Follette, going near to the edge of the stream, where the big horse stood splashing the water with his shaggy hoofs.

"Good-morning, Mam'selle Follette," said Nicol, brightening as he looked at her.

"Nicol, I have a secret to tell you."

"Nicol finds out most secrets for himself," said the hunchback, with a knowing nod.

"And he keeps them?" said Follette.

"That depends. If a friend wants them—no."

"Nicol, I want you to take a message for me to Cotor," said Follette confidentially.

"To Jules Valdory? I'll take it."

She evinced no surprise at this cool reply, but continued in the same friendly tone: "Tell him it was not my fault yesterday. Gripard kept me at home all day. Tell him I was very sorry; and give him this for me," she added, taking a tiny box from her pocket and handing it to Nicol.

"It's not money or money's worth?" said the dwarf, turning the box in his hand.

"No, it's not. It's nothing," said Follette.

"Nothing?" said Nicol, with a twinkle in his eye.

"As good as nothing at all; it's only a bit of hair."

"Your own hair, Mam'selle Follette?"

"What matter whose it is?"

"Oh! but yes. If it was M. Gripard's or Victor Bart's Nicol would not take it."

Follette burst out laughing.

"You needn't be afraid. It's my hair, since you must know, and I want you to give it to Jules. And tell him I won't go to the fair; tell him I will never go till he comes back. And he's to mind and write to Jeanne as soon as ever he gets to Paris. And be sure, Nicol, and tell him why I didn't go to say good-by yesterday."

"I will tell him," said Nicol, thrusting the box into the pocket of his ragged little coat. "But he knows all about it. Victor Bart went to meet him at the cross-roads yesterday."

"Victor went to meet him! Did they fight?"

"Pshaw! Pas si bête!" retorted Nicol, with a shrug of contempt. "Victor is too fond of himself to fight a big strong fellow like Jules!"

"What brought him to the forest, do you know?"

Nicol put his forefinger to the side of his nose, and, accompanying the gesture with a wink, "What brings the cat where there's a chance of a bird?" he said. "But never you fear, Mam'selle Follette. Victor Bart is a son of the devil, and he's sure to come to an evil end."

There was such a gleam of devilish hatred in the dwarf's eye as he uttered this comforting prophecy

that for the first time Follette felt afraid of him. The fear got into her face, and Nicol saw it.

"Don't be afraid of poor Nicol, Mam'selle Follette. No one shall ever harm you while he can hinder it. Nicol is no fool, but he's not the devil either, for he never returns evil for good."

The big horse plunged his head into the water up to the shoulders, and then drew it up and shook himself, sending a shower-bath out of his mane towards Follette. She leaped aside, laughing, and with a pleasant "*Bon jour*, Nicol, à revoir!" ran home.

She was happier after this, and went about her work with a lightened heart that day. Gripard, who watched her closely, noticed the change and hugged himself. Trust him to manage a woman! In a month the *petiote* would have forgotten Jules and be ready to marry Victor. It was a mercy Jules was going. Everything was turning out in the most natural way according to Gripard's wishes. But Follette must go to the fair. The fair, as long as Gripard remembered it, was the grand opportunity for young men on matrimony intent. The crowd made a solitude for lovers to whisper sweet nothings in one another's ears, and coo and blush unobserved. Then there was the dance. Gripard's hard features softened into something like a smile as he recalled the days when he led out a certain blue-eyed damsel on the green, and footed it to the ring of the merry castagnettes. Many a doubtful suit he had known lost and won to the sound of the castagnettes. Victor must lead out the *petiote*, and the prettiest girls on the mountain-side should be jealous of her.

"I will give him a crown, and he shall treat her to cakes and a ribbon," said Gripard to himself. "Diable! I am growing young in my old age, plotting for those youngsters."

But he was plotting without one of the youngsters, who had a will as strong as his own. He had yet to find out the stubborn strength of resistance that lurked in that delicate little chin with its childlike dimple, in that generous, rosy mouth with its tender curves. He could not read these signs, but he was soon to discover the power of endurance and indomitable firmness they revealed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## POMBAL.

"EL MATADOR DOS PADRES."

In one of the principal squares of Lisbon may be seen the statue of King Joseph Emmanuel, son of John V., King of Portugal. At the foot of the statue is represented his Minister of State, Don Sebastian Carvalho y Melho, Count d'Oeyras, Marquis de Pombal.

The relative position of the figures ought to have been reversed. The minister was the tyrant of the monarch, as well as the scourge of his subjects. In the present notice we shall limit ourselves to giving an account of the manner in which the Marquis de Pombal earned his title of "Slayer of the Fathers," after enumerating the causes of his enmity against the Company of Jesus.

Pombal, who was a "philosophic" atheist and an encourager of the Calvinists, had certain reasons of private ambition for wishing to introduce Protestantism into Portugal. While pretending outwardly to be the enemy of the English, he was secretly doing all in his power to bring about a marriage between the Princess de Beïra and the Duke of Cumberland —a marriage which would have eventually entitled the latter to the crown of Braganza. Like the rest of the Portuguese, the Jesuit Fathers were naturally opposed to English and Protestant domination in their own country. They were confessors to all the royal family, and Pombal regarded them as the chief obstacle in the way of his designs—an offence which he never forgave them.

Nor was this the only cause of his bitterness against the order. It is a well-known axiom that a man hates those whom he has wronged. Pombal had carried ruin and devastation into the flourishing missions of the Jesuit Fathers in Uruguay, and, in order to obtain possession of a pretended gold-mine which, he asserted, was worked by the Jesuits, he had effected the violent expulsion of thirty thousand Christians from Panama. Accordingly, he never pardoned them either the terrible misery which he had brought upon the earthly paradise of their poor Indians, or the non-existence of the gold-mine.

The old Portuguese nobility also were held by him in almost as much detestation as the Jesuits; and, by a series of manœuvres as secret as they were diabolical, he contrived to bring about the destruction of the former in such a manner as to entail that of the latter.

At the time of becoming prime minister Pombal, then fifty years of age, had spent his life in an incessant and not always successful struggle of ambition. On coming into power he drew upon himself the displeasure of the nobles by his utter disregard of many respected customs and habits of thought, and by publicly marrying, in the face of her peers, a lady of "blue blood" (*sangre azul*). Having, on this account, to bear a certain amount of contempt on their part, he remembered it and planned a fearful revenge.

Under the pretence that he was

in danger of assassination he made King Joseph sign an extraordinary decree, "On the event of a minister of state being assassinated," and then charged the senator Gonzalès Cordeïro to obtain "continual and unlimited informations." The number of prisons was immediately trebled; and even then there was not room for the prisoners. Forty years before Paris, Lisbon had her "Reign of Terror." Spies swarmed in every part of the city, anxious to secure the reward promised to every discovery of a person "*wishing*" to assassinate the prime minister.

The Portuguese nobility had made the great mistake of despising their enemy. They had not taken into consideration his character, which combined the stealthiness of the tiger-cat, the ferocity of the hyena, and the ability and cruelty of a demon. Nothing that served his purpose came amiss. Decrees, libels, search-warrants, arrests, proscriptions, confiscations, and even riots—all did duty. His talents were immense; and, because he fought against the church, the Encyclopædists of France complimented him for being the partisan of "generous ideas."

In spite of his pretended alarm De Pombal was in no danger of assassination, and at the end of four years, his fantastic decree having produced a plentiful harvest of arbitrary arrests, accompanied by condemnations to imprisonment, exile, spoliation, and death, the paid spies somewhat relaxed in their activity and the remaining nobles were beginning to breathe again, when an attempt, real or pretended, was made on the life of the king.

On September 3, 1758, King Joseph was returning from the mansion of the Tavora family, not in his own carriage, but in that of a member of the secondary nobility, Antonio Tejeïra, when two pistol-shots were fired by an unseen hand, slightly wounding the king in the right arm.

It was two years since the attempted assassination of Louis XV. by Damiens. Against all proof and common sense alike, the Jesuits had been accused of having instigated the act.* Here was a splendid opportunity for Pombal also to accuse them of being the agents who armed this unknown hand. Towards the men whom he had arrested in the midst of their career of triumphant self-devotion beyond the seas, whom he had pillaged and persecuted in every possible manner, he felt himself so guilty that nothing would satisfy him short of their extermination. This he now resolved to bring about by means which should in the first place enable him to wreak his vengeance on certain families of exalted rank whom as yet he had been unable to touch; hence the impenetrable cloud of silence and secrecy which for some months enshrouded his proceedings.

It was, however, no easy matter to implicate the Jesuits, who were confessors to all the royal family, and who could not be supposed to gain any possible advantage by such an attempt. Many persons believed that the pistol was fired at the king by mistake, being probably intended for the owner of the carriage in which he happened to be. There is, however, reason to suppose that it was otherwise.

* Even Voltaire (see letter of March 3, 1763) writes: "I have never spared the Jesuits, but I should rouse all posterity in their favor if I accused them of a crime of which Europe and Damiens himself have cleared them. Were I to do so I should be but a base echo of the Jansenists."

The familiars only of the palace of Alcantara were aware that the king paid frequent visits to a noble mansion which, embowered in spacious gardens, overlooked the Tagus. The master of this dwelling was the aged Marquis de Tavora, one of the highest of the old Portuguese nobility. One of his daughters had been refused in marriage to Pombal's eldest son. Other noble families had in like manner declined his advances. All these refusals were carefully borne in mind.

It was rumored at court that the king paid an unbecoming amount of attention to the young and beautiful Dona Teresa de Tavora, wife of the eldest son of the marquis. In this case, according to the code of the hidalgos, the insulted husband was bound to avenge himself, were it even on the person of his king.

And it is probable that he did so. The exception made in favor of the young marchesa, in the midst of the atrocious cruelties inflicted on her family, goes to prove at the same time both the injury and the attempted vengeance. There is proof of another and characteristic kind in the remarkable interest shown by the French ambassador, at the express order of the dissolute court of Louis XV., to the young wife, who was safe and sound, while it did not in the least trouble itself about her husband, whether guilty or not, tortured in the depths of a dungeon, nor the innocent father, nor the admirable mother, put to death after long torments.

During three months, however, Pombal made no sign. It was his habit first to lull his intended victims to repose, the more surely to pounce upon them.

On December 12, after sunset, numerous detachments of horse-guards passed through the city, while troops of infantry were posted in all the streets of the Quarter of the Nobles. Lisbon asked itself what festivities were going to take place; the affair of the pistol-shot was well-nigh forgotten. About seven o'clock in the evening a few persons, followed by a regiment of soldiers, arrived before the principal entrance of the palace De Tavora, every place of egress being silently surrounded. They knocked in the king's name, and at the same moment the torches were lighted.

Many a time had the king knocked at the door of that knightly and hospitable dwelling. He was kind-hearted, although pitiably weak, and there is no reason to suppose that he knew anything of what was passing at that hour.

The doors being opened at the summons, those without entered and spread themselves over the whole house, taking prisoner every human being found in it, master and servant, young and old, and carrying off all this assemblage to the new prison built by Pombal beneath the College of San Antonio.

Pombal was a great builder of prisons. The number of his victims demanded considerable accommodation, for at one particular time in Lisbon he had more than four thousand prisoners of state, and this in a capital of (at that period) one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

Dona Eleanora, the Dowager Marchesa de Tavora, was separated from her children. Masters and servants, men and women, disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them up. In letters of the time we find that Pombal was enraged on discovering that some poor ameliorations had been made in the

dreadful state of the captives by the pity of subalterns.

Besides the De Tavora family a large number of hidalgos had also been arrested and thrown into dungeons that same night. Among them was the greatest noble of Portugal, Don Josè de Mascarenhas y Lancastre, Duke of Aveïro and cousin to Dona Eleanora. Several of the Jesuit fathers, amongst whom was the confessor of the Prince Don Pedro, Father Hyacinth da Costa, were also suddenly carried off to prison.

All Lisbon was paralyzed with terror. A hand of iron weighed upon the city. In the streets nothing but mercenary soldiers were to be seen, and the king no longer went out of his palace. Whoever dared to express doubt as to the guilt of the arrested persons, or the least pity for them, was summarily arrested also. According to the laws of Portugal accused persons had a right to be judged by their peers. Pombal denied his victims the benefit of this right. He created a tribunal composed of creatures of his own, and entirely devoid of legal authority. This tribunal he named the "Court of Mistrust," and over it he appointed *himself* president.

As it was not yet, apparently, so much a question of the Jesuits as of the nobility, the French Encyclopædists were somewhat offended at these monstrosities, and we hear of the "bad effect" produced in the philosophic world of Paris by the frightful vagaries of Pombal, whom, nevertheless, it was desirous to excuse as far as possible, on account of his "generous ideas."

Not content with presiding, Pombal took upon himself the "examination" and "instruction" of the cases. It was he who gave the verdict and pronounced the sentence, which still exists, written by his own hand.

And how was the examination conducted? By intimidation of every kind, shamelessly employed, by "testimony invented," and witnesses forced by torture to assent to accusations which they were never allowed to retract, and thus furnishing a reason for a judicial carnage the attendant horrors of which are, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of any civilized nation.

The Tavora family, as well as the other accused, remained silent under the fearful torments to which they were subjected, with the sole exception of the Duke d'Aveïro, who, in the extremity of agony, half dead as he was, and not knowing what he said, assented to whatever was put in his mouth, and thus accused his fellow-prisoners and—the Jesuits.

Pombal, on hearing this, uttered an exclamation of ferocious joy. He had obtained what he wanted. What this implied we shall see further on.

No sooner had the unfortunate Duke d'Aveïro recovered his senses than, learning what he had done, he retracted, declaring that excess of torment alone had wrenched from him accusations against persons who were innocent. It is needless to say that his earnest entreaties had no effect in inducing Pombal to allow his retractation. Sentence of death was pronounced against the De Tavora family, their relations and friends, as well as all their numerous domestics and dependants, on January 12, 1759.

Pombal, fearing the popular indignation, had the scaffold prepared by night, outside the city, in the Plaza of Belem, which was occupied by two regiments of mercenaries.

The platform, lighted by torches, rose eighteen feet from the ground. The square and the river side were so thronged with soldiers that the spectators took refuge on the Tagus, where from hundreds of boats and other craft arose a mingled murmur of groans and curses.

Thus passed the night of January 13.

With the first gray sign of dawn arrived the numerous domestics of the Duke d'Aveïro. These were all bound to stakes at one corner of the scaffold and burnt alive. Then followed the Marchesa Eleanora de Tavora, alone; a rope round her neck, a crucifix in her hand, and her garments torn into rags by the torture. Pombal was there; for his *Memoirs* give, with a sort of infernal satisfaction, the full details of which he was an eye-witness on this night.

With calm dignity Dona Eleanora mounted the scaffold, pressing to her heart the image of her God. The executioner approaching to bind her feet, she said to him gently: "Man, I pray you not to forget who I am. Do not touch me except to kill me."

The man knelt down before her (Pombal himself relates it). Dona Eleanora was of those races who leave no service, even the last, without its recompense. Drawing her ring from her finger, she held it out to him, saying: "Every work deserves its reward. This is all I have, and I give it you that you may do your duty well." The executioner rose and did his duty.

After this first noble blood had reddened the block the aged Marquis de Tavora, Dona Eleanora's husband, was beheaded, and next the husband of that Dona Teresa who had brought death and destruction on the noble house into which she had been welcomed as a beloved daughter. Then followed the other sons of Dona Eleanora—the youngest of whom was not twenty years old—her daughters, and her son-in-law; then the long file of officers and servants of her household, who died in their torments like brave men and Christians.

Last of all, his garments nothing but tatters, came the Duke d'Aveïro, whose racked limbs could scarcely support him. He was fastened on the wheel; and for nearly an hour he struggled with this ghastly instrument of death, which slowly crushed his bones, while the clamor of his appalling agony could be heard even in Lisbon.

The butchery at last consummated, the scaffold with all that was upon it was set on fire, and crumbled, with the half-burnt corpses, into the Tagus.

After what has been related it matters little to know that all the friends and relations of these victims were kept in prison, their palaces and mansions razed to the ground, and the very sites they had occupied sown with salt.

The arms of the De Tavora and their so-called "accomplices" were effaced in the Hall of the Knights at Cintra, where their escutcheons still remain veiled with black, like the portrait of Faliero in the Ducal Palace at Venice.

This last fact is remarkable, because the iniquitous judgment of January 12, 1759, has for long years past been annulled. Pombal lived long enough to feel even in this world the hand of God. All his victims were rehabilitated during his lifetime by decree of the High Court, solemnly given on April 7, 1781; and by this same decree Pombal was disgraced.

But at the time of which we are speaking this tardy and insufficient retribution was far off. It was not to be hoped for during the lifetime of Joseph, who never shook off his tyrant's yoke.

Of the two special objects of his hatred Pombal had as yet, however, only paralyzed one, the other, which was the principal, having hitherto escaped him; but the massacre of the hidalgos had been made to serve as a stepping-stone to the destruction of those whom he hated yet more deeply,* and which gained him the title of *El Matador dos Padres* (the priest-killer).

Having extorted from the Duke d'Aveïro an accusation against the Jesuits, he at once signed an order to incarcerate ten, among whom were the provincial of Portugal, Enriquez; Father Malagrida, the director of Dona Eleanora; Oliviera, confessor of Maria, Duchess of Braganza, and even the king's own confessor, Father Josè Moreïra.

The second bound of the tiger was in the night (always the night) of February 16, when all the houses of the order in Portugal, colleges as well as dwellings, were at one and the same time surrounded by soldiers, so that all the Jesuits in the kingdom awoke to find themselves prisoners. *En masse*, and without distinction, all were accused of being concerned in a plot against the life of the king. To give an idea of the slavery in which the king lived it suffices to say that neither he nor the queen could obtain permission to see Father Josè Moreïra, for whom they both had the warmest affection.

Besides this general accusation, the greater part of the fathers were charged with having been the private advisers and friends of the conspirators, and to have fomented disloyalty and discontent both in the confessional and the intercourse of daily life.

On June 28, after the fathers had for six months been crowded together in the prisons, new and old, and subjected to the most disgraceful treatment, Pombal launched against them a decree of general proscription. Others before him had known how to turn imprisonment into a means of slow and deadly torture, but it was left to him to bring this cowardly weapon to such perfection that, out of the well-nigh ten thousand* victims incarcerated in his dungeons, only eight hundred emaciated beings ever came forth alive.

Historians have preserved some of the letters written by these captives, who were more worthy of commiseration than the sufferers in the *Piombi* at Venice. One of these letters, from Father Laurence Kaulen, who signs himself "the prisoner of Jesus Christ," is dated from the prison or fortress of San Juliano at Lisbon, October 12, 1766—*i.e.*, the seventh year of his imprisonment. It was, he says, "written in the depth of a dark and pestilential dungeon, where the water filtered through the walls, rotting the poor garments of the captives and leaving them almost without covering; the jailer being a man of extreme hardness of heart, who sought only to increase the wretchedness of his prisoners, already worn out by prolonged sufferings." They were, he adds, "of-

* Mme. de Grammont, the sister of M. de Choiseul (the minister, by the way, who was later so closely to imitate Pombal, although in a less sanguinary persecution of the order), one day asked the Spanish ambassador to the court of France: "*Est-ce que le grand marquis du petit pays a toujours son Jésuite à cheval sur le nez?*"

* The official number returned at the inquiry instituted by Queen Maria on the revision of the attainders was 9,640.

fered liberty and every kind of good treatment, on condition of their abjuring the Company of Jesus."* It is needless to say that not one was found who would do so.

In these dungeons of San Juliano—where not only every solace but every necessary was denied them, except just so much prison bread as would keep them from dying at once of starvation, without allaying the pangs of hunger—there were 27 fathers of the province of Goa, 1 of Malabar, 10 of Portugal, 9 of Brazil, 23 of Maragnon, 10 of Japan, and 12 of China: 92 in all, 37 of whom died during their imprisonment. Three French Jesuits who were among the captives were demanded—not, of course, by the government of M. de Choiseul, but by Queen Marie Leczinska in person.

The number of Jesuit fathers who died in Pombal's prisons, or were shipped off, crowded into the holds of unseaworthy vessels, to perish by water, amounts to more than seven hundred. More than two thousand were thrown into trading vessels, without provisions, to be landed on the coast of Italy, after the decree of proscription was issued; and this was done only because the prisons were full to overflowing.

In vain did the pope, Clement XIII., protest against these iniquities. Pombal's answer was insolently to send back the papal ambassador and confiscate all the property of the Jesuits (1761).

In this noble army of martyrs and confessors one figure in particular stands out with exceptional glory—that of Father Gabriel Malagrida, one of the greatest missionaries Portugal had produced. He was seventy-three years old, forty of which he had spent in winning souls to God in heathen lands. When the courtiers of King John V. once asked him "what right he had to *disturb the peace* of the poor Indians with ideas of a world to come," he answered, "The right which Jesus gave me in dying for them."

He had won thousands to the faith, and still thirsted to win more. He had suffered well-nigh all that a man can suffer. Protestant teachers had hunted him with dogs through the forests; savages had repeatedly bound and tortured him; again and again had he joyfully intoned what he believed to be his hymn of death, only to find himself spared to work and preach and suffer afresh. The body of this valiant soldier of Jesus was covered with the scars of his glorious confessorship; he had wrought miracles like St. Francis Xavier, he had converted whole countries, and the fame of his sanctity had reached Europe from the distant scene of his apostolate.

In 1749, King John V. desiring his presence to aid him in making a good death, he was recalled by his superiors from the American missions. At that time Pombal's success was not equal to his ambition. He was jealous of the warm attachment of the old king to Father Malagrida, and it was said that his implacable hatred against him then began. Pope Benedict XIV. said of King John: "Happy king! who has had the hand of an apostle to uphold him in his last hour."

Father Malagrida returned to his forests on the accession of Jo-

* This touching letter is given at length in the *Journal de la Littérature et des Arts*, published by the Protestant Christoph de Murr. It produced a deep and painful impression in Europe, and preceded by a short interval the fall of Pombal.

seph Emmanuel, and at the same time Pombal came into power. He had for some time been minister of state when the queen-mother, the widow of John V., desired also to have the aid of the saintly father on her death-bed, and her son, King Joseph, commanded his recall.

Pombal trembled. His war against the Jesuit Fathers, and the devastation of their flourishing missions, had already begun, under the leadership of his worthy brother, in the colonies; and he had reason to dread the testimony which the holy missionary might bring against his emissaries and their work. He endeavored to hinder his being recalled, but failed, and from that moment resolved upon his destruction.

Historians mention that on several occasions when his intrepid zeal had brought him face to face with death Gabriel Malagrida had said, with the certainty of an inspired prophet: "God has promised me that I should not fall beneath the blows of the heathen. I shall have *the supreme happiness of the supreme ignominy.* I shall die in a Christian land, surrounded by Christians, who will applaud my execution."

Pombal knew of this prophecy. One day, when conversing with his brother, Paul Mendoza Carvalho, the instrument of his spoliations in Maragnon, he said, laughing: "The reverend father shall have his wish!" And he began that work of darkness which appears to belong to a demon rather than a man—the long, sustained, and infernal scheme by means of which a saint, a heroic propagator of the faith, a prophet held in veneration by the Vicar of Christ himself, and endowed in a distinguished manner with Heaven's choicest gifts, was to be seemingly transformed into a despicable being, shamefully fallen and disgraced, unworthy of the priesthood, a heretic, a regicide, a corrupter, an impostor, and the dupe of vile and senseless illusions which could only be suggested by the spirit of darkness.

First, contrary to all probability, Malagrida was declared to be implicated in the "conspiracy" of the De Tavora family. This was but a pretext for closing upon him the door of a dungeon. Once buried in that darkness, it matters not to detail the abominable cruelties practised upon him at twenty feet under ground. During two years the aged saint was the property, the *thing*, of Pombal, who was far more scientific than the wild Indians in the matter of tortures.

Is it possible to believe that God would permit this grand and lofty spirit, which had known the language of Heaven, to be driven by torments into a madness that would impel him to write—he who lay in complete darkness, without pen or paper or ink—write, with his torn and paralyzed fingers, two large volumes of blasphemies which belied his faith, his life, the death he was dying, his whole self?

And these two books of which Pombal declared him to be the author—where were they? Why were they never produced? How is it that no one has ever seen them, and that nothing has ever been known of them but the titles, *The Reign of Antichrist*, and the *Life of the Blessed St. Anne, dictated by Jesus and his Holy Mother*, and the collection of so-called *Extracts* produced by Pombal, and which are extravagant in their utter wickedness and absurdity?

Is it easier to believe in two vol-

umes of blasphemies said to be the work of a saint, and which do not exist, or to believe in "extracts" fabricated by Pombal, the perpetrator of so many falsehoods, and who on one occasion pushed his audacity to the length of fabricating a pretended bull of Pope Clement XIII.?

The said "extracts" were nevertheless masterly manufactures in their way, and served their purpose marvellously. Throughout Portugal there arose a cry of derision and contemptuous disgust against the very man whom Portugal had well-nigh worshipped; and when Pombal laid the heap of stupid blasphemies before the Tribunal of the Inquisition all Lisbon applauded. The Tribunal of the Inquisition, however, refused to give judgment, because it saw clearly through the fraud. The grand inquisitor was a brother of the king. This was no hindrance to Pombal, who was more powerful than the king's brother, since his talons strangled the king. He simply deprived the grand inquisitor of his office, and installed his own brother, Paul Mendoza Carvalho, in his place.

To this new chief the requisite pontifical institution was, naturally, lacking. This circumstance, again, was not allowed to stand in the way. Pombal, playing pope for the occasion, himself conferred the institution, and all went on wheels.

"To be first strangled, and then burnt by the executioner, so that even the tomb shall not preserve his ashes"—this was the sentence pronounced by the manufactured inquisitor-general.

On the evening of September 21, in presence of the whole population of Lisbon, solemnly convoked for the occasion, the holy confessor of the faith was brought forth, his hands tightly bound, a bandage over his mouth, and his person enveloped in the grotesque and hideous figures of flames and demons which Pombal had found in the garrets of the Inquisition, where the dust of long years had been accumulating upon them, and of which he now availed himself the better to provoke the yells and insults of the multitude. Thus, in the paraphernalia of a heretic of the middle ages, exhumed by an atheistic philosopher, Father Gabriél Malagrida appeared upon the scaffold.

Had he the appearance of a man stricken by mental alienation? Was there any fear, any folly or degradation, perceptible in the countenance or bearing of the condemned?

Far from it. The numerous accounts which remain all testify to the venerable serenity of this holy martyr. His pale and emaciated visage beamed with the peaceful joy of one who was about to realize the fulfilment of his ardent longings. At the moment before dying he made an effort to bless the people, and a light so visible surrounded his head that the exclamation, "A miracle!" ran through the crowds, struck with religious awe. His last words on quitting his dungeon, before they gagged him, had been to pardon his murderer.

Clement XIII., on hearing the account of his death, said: "He is a martyr at the feet of Jesus Christ."

And Pombal? Pombal sent to prison those whom he had heard murmur the word "miracle," and remained absolute master of Lisbon, which the Queen of France justly called "the city of dungeons."

On the death of Joseph, in 1777, a great cry arose against his minister. He was driven from the city, and the prisons were opened, yielding up the hapless beings, so long buried in a living death, from the depths of darkness in which so many innocent victims had languished out their last agony.

Pombal, disgraced and execrated, died at the castle bearing his name, and, in spite of the entreaties of his son, refusing the last sacraments. For fifty years his body remained without sepulture. The inhabitants of the little town of Pombal would not suffer it to be buried in their church, and the Marquis de Villanueva, his successor as minister of state, refused to allow it to be transported to Lisbon, where, in the days of his greatness, he had erected for himself a sumptuous tomb. The corpse was simply enclosed in a coffin, and remained, covered with a pall, in the convent of the Franciscans at Pombal.

In conclusion we must mention a singular coincidence. In 1829, on the official return of the Jesuit Fathers into Portugal, Father Delvaux was charged with their reinstallation, which took place with the eager concurrence of the government and the population. He set out, honorably escorted, from Lisbon, and commenced his journey by the diocese of Coïmbra. But we will quote his own words in the written report to his superior:

"Pombal is the first population of the diocese of Coïmbra after leaving Lisbon. Now, to all the parishes that we were to pass through the bishop had sent orders for our triumphal reception. In order, therefore, to escape the ovation, I hastened to the convent of the Franciscans, and there celebrated Mass. It is impossible to express what I felt while offering the Victim of Propitiation, the Lamb who on the cross prayed for his murderers, for the repose of Don Sebastian Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal, *corpore præsente!*

"For fifty years, then, he has been waiting, on his way to a tomb, for the return of the Company of Jesus from the exile to which he had so harshly condemned it, and whose return he himself had foretold.

"And whilst I was fulfilling this religious duty all the town and neighborhood were astir with the triumphal reception which we were compelled to accept, or rather to endure. All the bells were ringing, and the prior came in procession to fetch our fathers and conduct them to the church, which was brilliantly illuminated. It was like a dream."

## THE VOTIVE CHURCH OF BROU.

*Fortune, infortune, fort une.*

On our way from Mâcon to Geneva we stopped at Bourg to visit the celebrated church of Brou, erected by the illustrious Margaret of Austria, aunt of the Emperor Charles V., in fulfilment of a vow made by her mother-in-law, Margaret of Bourbon.

The province of Bresse, to which Bourg belongs, is covered with ancient remains. There are Celtic monuments, Roman encampments and roads, the ruins of a temple at Isernore, and feudal towers and castles here and there, interesting to archæologists, and dear to the poet and romancer from their association with brave knights of the olden time; but the object of surpassing attraction is certainly the church of Brou, one of the most beautiful as well as best preserved Christian monuments in France.

Bourg is agreeably situated on the left bank of the Reyssouse, on a slight eminence looking off at the east over a pleasant undulating basin shut in by the hills of Revermont. To the north the eye follows the sinuosities of the river through fertile meadows that reach to the very Saône. In the town itself there are but few remains of the middle ages. The old walls are mostly demolished and the moats turned into gardens. The church of the Dominicans was built by Amédée VIII., Count of Savoy (1416–1434), to whom Bourg is also indebted for an order of nuns popularly known as the *Hirondelles de Carême* (perhaps because they take to penance so cheerfully), whose first directress, named Colette, has been beatified. But the most important monument in the town is the church of Notre Dame, which dates from the time of the chivalrous Amédée V. (1285–1323), who added Bresse to his estates by marrying Sibyl, daughter and sole heiress of Guy, lord of the land. We attended an early service in this grim old church. It was Whitsunday morning, and children stood around the entrance selling reed-like crosses, such as the young St. John the Baptist is represented with, at a *sou* each. All the people in the church held these crosses, like palms, in their hands. After being blessed by the priest they are taken home to insert in the fields and gardens to draw a blessing upon their crops. The building was crowded, but so absorbed were the people in their devotions that it was quiet and peaceful as the Cenacle. There was a certain solemn grandeur in the gray walls and lofty arches that gave it, though without any pretensions to beauty, a charm no modern edifice possesses, rich as it may be in ornamentation. We cannot enter the most commonplace church of the middle ages without emotion. The heart, if not the eye, finds a moral beauty in a place sanctified by the devotion of centuries, and we wish these old aisles, these gray columns, these blackened arches, and these tarnished altars could tell us what whispered secrets they have guarded all these years. Like us, each generation has brought here its

own joy and anguish, and found in some of these secluded chapels wherewith to allay the one and temper the other.

The office over, we went in search of the church of Brou, which is a mile and a half east of Bourg, in the country. On the way we met crowds of people hastening into town for High Mass, most of them with wooden crosses in their hands. We were greatly struck with the peculiar head-dress of the women—a parasol-like hat, with lace streamers and border, half veiling the face, giving the wearer an oriental look. It is certainly a most becoming *coiffure*, and as we passed a knot of country women, all wearing these canopies, running up to a point like a mandarin's umbrella, as if to protect them from the possible inclemencies of the weather, we could not help fancying that, if they did not really belong to the Celestial Empire, they might, at least, be the fair subjects of the king of Ava, one of whose sonorous titles is said to be Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas! A fairer kingdom could not be desired, were these a sample of it.

We soon came to the church of Brou, which stands in a large green, where cows and goats were leisurely browsing as if in their own pasture. We were at once struck by the freshness of the dazzling white walls after more than three centuries, the light traceries of the windows, and the façade wrought into endless pinnacles, crockets, gables, and canopies. The principal entrance is through a broad, elliptical archway guarded by numerous saints that have stood here, witnesses of the truth, amid all the vicissitudes of the kingdom, empire, and republic, without losing anything of the eternal beatitude on their faces. We paused a moment to catch something of their serenity and repose, and then hastened into the church for the service. The bell was ringing in the gleaming white tower, and there was only time to glance at the nave as we passed along. We saw it was not tarnished and time-worn like the churches at Bourg, but fair as a bride, though built over tombs and stained with a widow's tears. Passing through a door in the rich rood-loft, we found ourselves in the choir, which is completely shut in by high walls, like a church within a church. It is, in fact, a mortuary chapel, or chantry. Carved stalls of black oak are ranged against the walls, and between them and the high altar are the three superb tombs which give celebrity to the church. At the right is that of Margaret of Bourbon, whose vow led to its erection; at the left that of Margaret of Austria; and between them lies Philibert le Beau, Duke of Savoy, husband of one and son of the other. These tombs were now resplendent in the jewelled light of the immense eastern windows around the apsis, which threw their rich purples and crimsons, like a regal mantle, over the recumbent statues. The tall candles on the altar were already lighted, and we went into a chapel on the Gospel side and knelt down close beside the tomb of Margaret of Austria, where we could see the movements in the choir and join in the service.

The old Augustinian convent connected with the church is now used as the theological seminary of the diocese of Belley, and the students in white robes came slowly into the choir in a long file, and bowed their heads nearly to the

ground as they successively made their genuflections before the altar. The whole function was conducted with remarkable solemnity. Who ever becomes accustomed to the wonderful effect in such churches of the burning of the lights, the smoke of the incense, the mysterious movements of the priest, the chant of the Gospel, the attitudes of the surrounding clergy standing with closed hands as if in love and veneration? There were only two or three persons present besides the clergy, who were completely wrapped in their devotions. The subdeacon carried the missal from side to side with a reverence quite oriental, almost touching the sacred volume with his forehead. Great clouds of incense veiled the Host at the elevation, after which the students sang high and clear: *O salutaris Hostia!* It was like a clarion at the coming of the Lord! After Mass they went group by group into the oratory of Margaret of Austria, which had been arranged like a grotto for the Month of Mary. All light was excluded but that of the lamps and tapers around the Madonna, and ferns and flowers gave it an odor of the fields and woods. The shepherds of Bethlehem would not have felt out of place in so rural an oratory any more than the peasant of Bresse so devoutly telling his beads right before Our Lady. At noon the students all came into the choir again to say the Angelus, and, encircling the tomb of Philibert le Beau in their broad, white-winged robes, they sang with great expression a noon-tide hymn to the Virgin. We were then left alone in the church, and spent several hours in examining it at our leisure and recalling its touching history.

The place where the church of Brou now stands was covered with a dense forest in the year 927, when St. Gérard, the twenty-fifth bishop of Mâcon, resigned his see in order to retire from the world. He came to Bresse and built a cell in the depths of the wild wood. But he could not escape from the fame of his sanctity. So large a number of cells sprang up around his hermitage that he was soon obliged to organize a community, to which he gave the rule of St. Benedict. This monastic establishment flourished several centuries, but had utterly declined by the latter part of the fifteenth century. The place, however, continued to be regarded with veneration on account of its holy memories, and was chosen by Margaret of Bourbon as the site of her votive church. This princess was, by her father, a descendant of St. Louis of France. Her mother was the daughter of Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy. She married Philip II., Duke of Savoy, who, while hunting on his estates in Bresse in 1480, was thrown from his horse and his life seriously endangered by the consequences. The pious duchess, in her alarm, had recourse to prayer, and made a vow, if his life were spared, to build a church and Benedictine monastery at Brou. The duke recovered, but Margaret died three years after without having been able to fulfil her vow. She left it as a sacred legacy to her husband and infant son. The duke gave an annual sum to the existing church till he could accomplish her wish, but he, too, died without fulfilling his intentions. He renewed the vow, however, in his will, and bequeathed the obligation to his son. Philibert, surnamed *le Beau* from the beauty of his person, was now seven-

teen years of age. He had been brought up at the court of France, where he was a great favorite on account of his amiable disposition and brilliant parts. He was skilled, too, in the use of arms, and, notwithstanding his youth, accompanied his father in the expedition of Charles VIII. to Naples, where he gave proofs of valor. His first wife having died young, he married Margaret of Austria, whose memory is still so dear to the province.

Margaret of Austria was the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, only daughter of Charles the Bold. She was born in 1480, and was only three years old when affianced, if not married, to the Dauphin of France, afterwards Charles VIII. The ceremony took place in the château of Blois, where she was left to be educated with all the care due to her birth and the position she was to occupy. But political motives induced Charles to marry Anne of Brittany, then betrothed to the Emperor Maximilian, and a double dispensation was obtained from Rome to dissolve the engagements already made. Margaret accordingly returned to her father at Brussels. Though personal motives had nothing to do with the affair, the proud spirit of Margaret was humiliated. It is said that finding the wine poor one day at dinner, she inquired whence it came, and, on being told it was from France, replied: "I am not astonished; oaths are good for nothing in that country."* Her hand was now sought by several princes, and in 1497 she was betrothed to Don Juan, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

* The wit of Margaret's reply turns on the similarity of the words *serments* (oaths) and *sarments* (grape-vines).

She accordingly embarked for that country, but while in the British Channel a terrible tempest sprang up, which so endangered the safety of the fleet that for a time all hope was lost. The princess, however, did not lose her wit or presence of mind. She called for ink and paper, and wrote the following distich:

"Cy git Margot, la gentille demoiselle,
Qui eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle."

"Here lies Margaret, high-born maid,
Who had two husbands and died unwed."

She put the lines in her jewel-casket, which she fastened to her arm, that she might be recognized should her body be found. The storm, however, happily abated, and Margaret arrived safely at Burgos, where she was met by her affianced bridegroom, to whom she was securely married by the primate of Spain. But the following year she became a widow, and afterwards lost her infant son, in consequence of which she returned to the Netherlands. Several great princes now became her suitors, from whom she chose Philibert le Beau, Duke of Savoy. The town of Bourg expressed great joy at this marriage, and, when visited by Philibert and Margaret, had medals struck in their honor and plays performed in the open air—among others, the expedition of Hercules and Jason in search of the golden fleece, acted before the mansion of Laurent de Gorrevod, Governor of Bresse.

But the ill fortune that seemed to have pursued the princess did not leave her long in the enjoyment of her new happiness. The duke, one day after the heat and fatigue of the chase, stopped for a luncheon beside a spring not far from the banks of the Rhone. The coolness of the place brought on an attack of pleurisy, and he died September

10, 1504, in the château of Pont d'Ain, in the very chamber where he was born little over twenty-four years before. Margaret had him buried in the church of Brou beside his mother, Margaret of Bourbon. From this time a profound melancholy took possession of her heart. She chose for her device:

*Fortune, infortune, fort une,*

as if all changes, whether for good or ill, would henceforth be indifferent to her. She renounced all new ties and resolved to devote herself to the happiness of her people. During the minority of Charles V. she was the regent of the Netherlands, which office she filled with great prudence and ability. Under her rule agriculture and trade prospered. She patronized artists and learned men. Jean Molinet was her librarian and Cornelius Agrippa her historian. She even cultivated literature herself, and has left works in prose and verse. One of her poems thus echoes the deep melancholy of her soul:

"Cœurs désolés, par toutes nations,
Deuil rassemblés et lamentations,
Plus ne querez l'harmonieuse lyre,
Liesse, ébas et consolation:
Laissez aller plaintes, pleurs, passions,
Et m'aidez tous à croitre mon martyre,
Cœurs désolés!"

which, literally rendered, thus runs:

"Hearts bereft in every nation,
Full of mourning, lamentation,
Seek no more the soothing lyre,
Joy, diversion, consolation:
Leave your sighing, tears, and passion,
Help me bear my suff'rings dire,
Hearts bereft!"

Besides being one of the most accomplished princesses of the time, Margaret was devoted to the interests of religion, and zealous in promoting the splendor of divine worship. Cardinal Granvelle was her confidential adviser, and to her he was indebted for his cardinal's hat. She took a leading part in the league of Cambrai and in the treaty of peace called *la Paix des Dames*. As dowager of Philibert le Beau she still held rule over Bresse, and she resolved to execute at once the vow of Margaret of Bourbon. In 1506 she obtained a brief from Pope Julius II. authorizing her to build the church under the invocation of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, and an adjoining monastery for Augustinian friars instead of Benedictine monks, according to the original vow. Margaret had particular devotion to St. Nicholas of Tolentino—a saint who often regretted he could only offer tears to his Saviour in return for the blood shed on the cross—and her veneration seems to have been shared by the people of Bourg, where he has been regarded as a benefactor ever since the terrible pestilence of 1629, when the authorities vowed to make an annual procession on his festival. This was kept up till the Revolution, and re-established in 1824. The *pains de St. Nicolas* are blessed on these occasions. This saint is one of those generally invoked in time of pestilence and calamity. A beautiful legend tells how, when Cordova was visited by the plague in 1602, a statue of St. Nicholas was carried through the streets in solemn procession, and, meeting a large crucifix borne in the opposite direction, the saint raised his arms supplicatingly, and the Christ loosed his hands from the cross and bent down to embrace him, from which hour the plague was stayed—a scene that has been celebrated in art.

Margaret expressed great satisfaction at the brief from Rome, and had it publicly proclaimed at Bourg. She likewise announced to all Europe her intention of building a church at Brou, and in-

vited competent artists to take part in the work. A great number responded to her appeal in France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany. The edifice was begun in 1511, and completed in twenty-five years. The chief architect was André Columban, of Dijon. It is related that, after laboring a time on the church, he perceived that the sum agreed upon for its completion would be insufficient, and secretly fled to a hermitage in Franche Comté, where he lived five or six months in solitude. The town and country were searched for him in vain, and Philip of Chartres was appointed to carry on the work in his stead. But finally, regretting the step he had taken, Columban returned privately to Brou in the garb of a hermit. He had the mortification of seeing that his plans had been changed, and what had been done was in an inferior manner. While, therefore, the workmen were at dinner, he entered and effaced all the plans and substituted his own. The workmen were amazed. This went on for some days, when complaint was made to Laurent de Gorrevod that the work had been thrown into confusion. A watchman was appointed, who detected Columban and led him before the governor. The architect confessed everything, and was not only reinstated in his office, but his means were increased. The whole expense of the building amounted to two hundred and twenty thousand gold crowns, equivalent to about four hundred thousand dollars—a small sum for so superb a church. But wages were low at that time, and the materials, chiefly from the ducal forests and quarries, only cost the labor of procuring them. The white stone of which it is built was only three leagues off. The alabaster was also from Bresse. The bricks and tiles were made at Brou. The oak for the stalls came from the neighboring forests. The white marble, however, was from Carrara, and the black from Burgundy.

The church of Brou is of the later Gothic style. In front are three gables, the central one the highest, beneath which is the grand entrance—a door having two compartments, with a statue of St. Nicholas of Tolentino between them, and St. Peter and St. Paul at the sides. Above is our Saviour, before whom kneel Philibert le Beau and the Princess Margaret, attended by their patron saints. Still higher up is a large statue of St. Andrew, protector of the order of the Golden Fleece, leaning on his cross—said to be the likeness of Columban, the architect. The emblazonry and ciphers, as well as the flowers and foliage around the niches, doorways, and gallery, are wrought with great delicacy. The coats of arms were for the most part effaced at the Revolution, but the emblems of religion were respected. Within we are struck by the majesty of the church. The proportions are good, and there is a lightness of effect in the architecture that is in harmony with the whiteness of the stone and the delicacy of the ornaments. And yet the pillars of the nave are seven feet in diameter. All the keystones of the arches bear some device, such as the arms of Philibert and Margaret, or their ciphers interlaced with *lacs d'amour*. On others are carved two ragged staffs, saltire-wise, and a flint with three flames beneath—the cognizances of the dominant parties in France at the time of Charles VI. The Duke of Orleans, who was then regent, assumed two

knotty staffs *en sautoir*, with the motto, *Je l'envie*, referring to the stout blows he was meditating against the Duke of Burgundy. The latter took a flint with the motto, *Ante ferit quam flamma micat*—it strikes before it flashes—an ominous device. Perhaps he had already planned the assassination of Louis of Orleans.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross—the most beautiful and significant of all forms, lifting, as it does, its supplicating arms perpetually to heaven like a ceaseless prayer. How many such immense crosses there are on the earth with their continual appeal, staying the doom of Sodom! The peculiar inflection of the axis of the church is said to have reference to the body of Christ in the sepulchre.

We paused at the entrance to dip our fingers in the black marble basin containing the holy water, and read the mournful device of the thrice-widowed Margaret graven around the brim:

*Fortune, infortune, fort une.*

The rood-loft, of soft white stone, wrought all over with flowers, garlands, and emblems, looks like a rich bridal veil suspended here, as a votive offering, to screen the tomb in which lies buried a lost happiness. Among the saints standing on the loft, twenty-four feet above the pavement, is St. Nicholas of Tolentino, shedding tears, not of earthly woe, but of a diviner grief, gazing up at the pale image of Christ. On one of the pillars of this rood-loft is graven a heart beneath a coat of arms. The inscription is no longer legible, but it once ran thus: "Here lies the heart of the high and puissant lord, Claude de Chalant, styled of Château-Vieux, in his life-time Seigneur of Verzon and Arbent, Baron of Cuzance, Richefort, and Mornay, who departed this life in the adjoining house, July 22, 1551. Pray God for his soul." It is said this epitaph was erased by a duke of Savoy, who, on reading it, drew his poignard fiercely across it, exclaiming: "I fancy there is no other high and puissant lord in these domains but myself!" This was probably Emmanuel Philibert, surnamed *Tête de Fer*, one of the proudest princes of the house of Savoy.

The three tombs of the choir stand amid black oak stalls that line the walls like rare old hangings covered with prophets and saints and many a holy emblem. They are of pure white marble from the Carrara mountains, resting on black bases from Burgundy. That of Margaret of Bourbon is under a Gothic canopy against the wall. She lies on the top in her ducal mantle and coronet, her hands crossed on her breast and her face turned towards the tomb of her son. At her feet is crouched a greyhound looking wistfully up, as if expecting her to awake. Several genii hold shields on which are graven her arms, or her cipher interwoven with that of her husband. Around the tomb are statues of SS. Margaret, Catherine, Agnes, and Andrew. The latter saint, so frequently met with in this church, was regarded with special veneration by the house of Burgundy. Philippe le Bon had at great cost obtained a portion of the cross on which St. Andrew was martyred, and made it the badge of his glorious order. But the most beautiful features of the duchess' tomb are the *figures eplorées* standing around her, deeply hooded, their pale, contracted faces expressing the most profound grief.

Directly before the steps of the high altar, on a line with the tomb of Margaret of Bourbon, is that of Philibert le Beau. A fine, recumbent statue represents him as alive, in all the manly beauty that gave him his name. He is clothed in armor with the insignia of his rank —the ducal crown on his head, and the collar of the Annonciade on his neck with its mysterious device, F. E. R. T., surrounded by *lacs d'amour*, thus interpreted by the learned historian of the church of Brou: *Fide et Religione tenemur* —Faith and religion let us maintain—though generally supposed to refer to the memorable victory of Amédée V. over the Turks before the island of Rhodes in 1310, and to mean: *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*—By his valor he saved Rhodes. This device, so dear to the house of Savoy, is everywhere graven on the tomb of Philibert le Beau, as well as his cipher interwoven with that of his wife. Six genii surround the recumbent prince in attitudes of sorrow, holding his sword, helmet, shield, device, and huge iron-barred gauntlets. His hands, folded palm to palm, are turned toward his mother, but his face toward the tomb of his wife. At his feet is a mild-looking lion whose ferocity is spent. Twelve wrought pillars support the upper part of the tomb, where, as on a *lit de parade*, sleeps the duke, noble as a demi-god. Beneath, as under a canopy, he lies dead, wrapped in his winding-sheet, his face livid, his body lifeless. Death is represented here with horrid truthfulness. You fear to touch the statue as you would a corpse. The quality of the marble and the obscurity of the sepulchral recess contribute to the effect. Around stand ten sibyls — ancient prophetesses who saw the truth "as in a glass darkly."

The tomb of Margaret of Austria is supported by four columns amid a throng of saints—St. Peter with his key, St. John the Baptist with his lamb, the Magdalen with her vase, St. Margaret with the dragon under her feet, St. Barbara with her tower, St. Agatha with the forceps and a palm, and St. Nicholas of Tolentino with the resplendent star that shot through the heavens before his birth. This tomb has also a double representation of the princess. Above she is alive, dressed in robes of state, her drapery rich, her features and hands beautiful. A sleeping greyhound is stretched at her feet, and around her are genii bearing her arms and sad device: *Fortune, infortune, fort une.* Below she is crownless, her head bare, her waving hair falls around her shoulders, a long robe clings to her form, her face is pallid, and her feet are bare. On the left foot is the wound said to have caused her death. It is related that Margaret of Austria, when about to leave Mechlin for Brou, desired some water to be brought her one morning before she rose. The attendant accidentally let fall the glass goblet, which broke into a thousand pieces. One fell unperceived into the princess' slipper and wounded her foot when she put it on. Gangrene took place, and it was found necessary to amputate the foot. She accordingly regulated all her worldly affairs and received the sacraments. The physicians gave her opium to deaden the pain, but the dose was so great that she never woke again.

The death of Margaret of Austria took place on St. Andrew's day, 1530, in the fifty-first year of

her age. She had remained faithful to the memory of Philibert, refusing all offers of marriage, among others from the king of England and Ladislaus of Hungary. She ordered by her will twelve hundred livres to be distributed among the poor after her death, and fifty livres apiece to one hundred girls of Bresse and Burgundy as a marriage portion. She ordered her body to be buried beside her last husband's at Brou, and founded anniversary Masses for the repose of her soul. Her heart was deposited in the chapel of the Annonciade convent at Bruges, which she had founded not far from the tomb of her mother, Mary of Burgundy. Two hundred poor people, dressed at her expense—a glorious cortége—each with a wax torch of three pounds weight, accompanied her remains some distance from Mechlin, and a like number met them near Bourg and did not leave them during the three days of her obsequies. The Emperor Charles V. sent deputies to attend the funeral, which was conducted with great pomp, and was exceedingly affecting from the affluence of the poorer classes, by whom she was much regretted.

Margaret left her unfinished church to the care of Charles V., her nephew and heir, but he by no means fulfilled all her intentions respecting it. It was too far distant, perhaps, for him to take great interest in it. He had the high altar erected, and gave it a painting, now in a side chapel, of St. Augustine and his mother and St. Nicholas of Tolentino. It bears the following inscription: "The invincible Emperor Charles V., heir of the most serene lady, Margaret of Austria, Duchess of Savoy and Countess of Burgundy, gave this picture in 1574 to the high altar of the church she founded and chose as the place of her burial, by the instrumentality of the most glorious Antoine Perrenot, Cardinal Granvelle, Viceroy of Naples."

On the Gospel side of the altar is the chapel of Margaret of Austria, consecrated to the mystery of the Assumption. It is now separated from the choir by her tomb. Over the altar is a magnificent reredos of alabaster, seventeen feet high and twelve broad, with sunken Gothic recesses, where are carved all the mysteries of the Virgin's life with fairy-like delicacy. It is surmounted by an alabaster statue of the Madonna between St. Margaret and St. Mary Magdalen. Beneath are SS. Andrew and Philip. The chapel is lined with marble stalls, with the princess' arms and the ciphers P. M. (Philibert and Margaret) on the panels. In the stained-glass window is the coronation of the Virgin, with Philibert and Margaret in rich robes below, presented by their patron saints. A relief over the window depicts Christ in a triumphal chariot drawn by the four symbolic animals, denoting the Evangelists, attended by the four Doctors of the church. Before him are Adam and Eve, and the mother of the Machabees with her seven sons. Behind the chariot are the apostles, martyrs, and saints of the New Law, with the inscription: "Christ triumphant over death, after establishing peace on earth and opening heaven to the righteous, is led in triumph by angels amid songs of joy and gratitude." Everything in this chapel of the dead tends to exalt the soul and fill it with a holy joy.

Behind the princess' chapel is her private oratory, with a large

fireplace, and a squint in the wall through which she could see the altar of the Assumption as well as the high altar in the choir. Behind this is the chapel of the dukes of Pont de Vaux, founded by Laurent de Gorrevod, who was distinguished for his birth, his valor, and the dignities to which he attained. He was the governor of Charles V., and subsequently his chamberlain, and was his deputy at the conference of Toledo concerning the deliverance of Francis I. He was Grand Master of Spain, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Marshal of Burgundy, Governor of Bresse, Grand Equerry of Savoy, Prince of the Holy Empire, Duke of Nola, and first Count of Pont de Vaux, which Louis XIII. afterward erected into a duchy. All these resounding titles seem like successive blasts from the trump of human glory, that sound melancholy enough at the tomb, where earthly greatness avails so little. Margaret of Austria honored him with her special confidence, and to him she entrusted the erection of the church of Brou, in which she allowed him to build a chapel as the burial-place of himself and his family. He died at Barcelona, but his body was brought to Brou for burial, and a fine tomb of bronze erected to his memory, which was converted into cannon at the Revolution. The corresponding chapel on the opposite side of the church is that of Margaret's chaplain, the Abbé de Montécut, remarkable for the beauty of the windows.

The apsis of the church is completely filled with five immense windows, in which are emblazoned the arms of Margaret and her ancestors, and those of the house of Savoy and their alliances. These coats of arms, about seventy in all, are richly colored, and form a brilliant page of heraldry very interesting to study. At first they would seem to savor too much of worldly pride for the house of God, but they may be regarded as a tribute of earthly grandeur to Him to whom power alone belongs. When we first saw them in the golden morning sunlight, they looked like emblazonries of heavenly illumination mingled with the insignia of all that is grandest on earth. The central window represents Christ appearing to his Mother and the holy women after the resurrection. In the next, at the right, is Philibert kneeling before the risen Saviour, with his patron saint beside him. In the one at the left is Margaret of Austria attended by St. Margaret. In the arms on Philibert's side can be traced his descent from St. Louis of France. On Margaret's they extend, through her father, back to Rudolph I. of Hapsburg.

Everywhere around the church are to be seen Margaret's initials interlaced with her husband's by *lacs d'amour*, and the melancholy refrain of her motto:

*Fortune, infortune, fort une.*

The windows, arches, stalls, tombs, and marble basins all bear them. The motto has been variously interpreted. Some regard *infortune* as a verb, and it was so used in former times. According to this it would signify: "Fortune has brought me great misfortune." But it is more commonly believed to mean: Good fortune or misfortune, it is all the same, which every one stranded hopelessly on a sorrowful shore must feel the force of. Life has nothing more to offer.

The church of Brou has suffered more or less from the casualties of

time and political events. During the siege of Bourg in the reign of Henry II. (1557) the roof was stripped of 5,676 pounds of lead chiefly used for carrying off the water. This was a serious calamity in a country where rains are so frequent as in Bresse. When the Revolution broke out the church doors were securely fastened, and the assailants contented themselves with destroying all the emblems of nobility on the exterior. The nave was subsequently used as a place of storage for hay, straw, etc., for the army of the Alps; and this, which might seem to be ruinous, really secured the safety of the building. The hay was an effectual barrier that protected the choir and tombs. By the time it was cleared the public mind was calmed. The adjoining monastery was converted into barracks, and used as a prison for priests and monks who would not violate their conscience. Then the cavalry was placed here, and the cloisters divided into stables to the utter destruction of their beauty. In the time of Charles X. the whole establishment was restored to the church.

In 1856 the vault containing the remains of Philibert le Beau and the two Margarets was opened. The duke's coffin, solidly enclosed in lead, had resisted the action of time, and was not opened; but those of the princesses were so fallen to decay that their remains had to be transferred to new coffins. This was done with great care by a physician in presence of a committee of distinguished gentlemen. The bodies had originally been enclosed in cowhide. It was found that Margaret of Austria had been buried in the holy habit of the Annonciade nuns. Only a few bones—scarcely one entire—remained of the high and puissante Margaret of Austria, the daughter of an emperor, dauphiness of France, dowager princess of Spain, duchess of Savoy, and sovereign lady of Bresse. The motto she chose seemed to sum up the history of her life, from which earthly happiness appeared to fly. Her first expectations are disappointed; the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, which she hoped to occupy with Don Juan, eludes her grasp; the handsome Philibert of Savoy dies: her very remains are now reduced to dust in the tomb. Yes, standing beside it, we may well echo her weary sigh:

*Fortune, infortune, fort une.*

But her memory has been fortunate in Bresse, where it is still cherished. For nearly three hundred years the voice of prayer daily rose around her tomb, and after a short interruption has been resumed, let us hope, never to cease again.

When the remains of the two duchesses were transferred to new coffins it was resolved to perform a solemn funeral service. The chapel of Margaret of Austria was hung with black and converted into a *chapelle ardente*. Here the three coffins were borne by the clergy amid solemn chants, surrounded by torches. From the church tower floated the colors of France, Austria, and Sardinia. The inside of the church was draped in mourning, and around were displayed the arms of France, Burgundy, and Savoy. The oriflamme of St. Denis was suspended in the mortuary chapel. A solemn Mass of Requiem was performed, attended by all the dignitaries of the department and an immense crowd of all

ranks. The governments of France and Sardinia were represented. This was probably the most brilliant assemblage that had been witnessed at Brou since the day the representatives of Charles V. accompanied the remains of Margaret of Austria to her tomb more than three hundred years before. The bishop of Belley made a touching eulogy. Regimental music accompanied the services, to the sound of which all that remained of Philibert le Beau and the two duchesses of Savoy were once more lowered into the tomb.

As we turned away from the fair church of Brou that encloses the sepulchre of Margaret of Austria, we remembered one other tomb where lies buried the hope of the vast empire of Ferdinand and Isabella—the exquisite white marble tomb of Don Juan, Margaret's first husband (or second), in the stern granite church of the Dominicans on the rock-strewn moorland near Avila, in Spain—moorland, church, and tomb all lonely, desolate, and infinitely touching.

In front of the church of Brou is an immense sun-dial, elliptical in form, about thirty-three feet by twenty-six, composed of twenty-four stone cubes set in the ground, on which are graven in Roman characters the twenty-four hours of the day in two series of twelve hours each. On the meridian in the centre are graven the months of the year. There is no style, or hand, to the dial. The person who wishes to ascertain the hour stands on the letter indicating the month, and the shadow he forms approximately indicates the time. This curious dial was constructed at the time the church was built, but became so injured in the course of centuries as to require renewing, and the astronomer Lalande restored it at his own expense.

On returning to Bourg we again went to the church of Notre Dame —a fine building whose grave simplicity is the more striking after the elaborate decorations of that at Brou. It stands on the site of an ancient chapel which contained a miraculous Madonna venerated from time immemorial, as it still is, especially on Lady-day, the patronal festival of the town. In the middle ages it was a place of pilgrimage, and among other illustrious pilgrims it boasts of was Aymon, Count of Savoy, in 1342. He was afflicted with a serious disease that resisted all the efforts of medical science, and he resolved to have recourse solely to heaven. But let us quote the naïve chronicle that gives the result:

"Now there befell Count Aymon a grievous malady, and to obtain grace and solace therefor he set forth from his castle at Chambéry in great devotion and humility to visit the blessed remains of Monsieur Sainct Claude, and offer to God and his glorious Mother, and the said holy body, a wax light to burn day and night before the tomb of Monsieur Sainct Claude. His devotions accomplished, he returned therefrom to his castle at Chambéry. But after a certain time, finding himself not healed of his malady, he conceived in his heart a singular devotion, and registered a vow to go and make an offering to God and his glorious Mother in the church of his good town of Bourg in Bresse. On the Vigil of the Assumption of Our Lady he reached the church of Bourg, and performed his devotions with great humility, vowing and promising to offer in honor of God and Our Lady two candles to burn perpetually, day and night, before the image of the most high and glorious Mother of God established and honored in the said town. And after registering his vow and offering his devotions, the said count was healed and cured in all points of his malady; and continuing to persevere in his singular devotion, and rendering thanks to God

and his glorious Mother, he ordered the day of the Assumption of Our Lady to be kept in this church with special solemnity in remembrance of the favor done him, and a solemn Mass to be sung by the priests of the church, in the midst of which Mass a sermon was to be delivered on the grace obtained by those who have recourse to the glorious Virgin Mary with all their heart—the sermon to be made with the face turned towards the image of the glorious Virgin. For this day's commemoration and remembrance he gave them in perpetuity the sum of ten florins a year. And now the Count Aymon was cured and had peace in the land, he blessed God and set himself to lead a good and holy life."

The foundation of Count Aymon was punctually paid down to 1790, when the source of the revenue was alienated by the government. But it is something to see an offering of gratitude perpetuated over four hundred years, and no one can look without emotion at the venerable image before which the Count of Savoy paid his humble vows, and set up his wax tapers to burn so many centuries, and the annual sermon on Our Lady's grace was delivered.

In the sacristy of Notre Dame de Bourg is a beautiful painting of the Flemish school that formerly belonged to the church of Brou. It represents our Saviour falling under the weight of his cross, and Margaret of Austria, as Veronica, richly clad, and with a look of earnest compassion on her noble face, offering him a veil to wipe the sweat and dust from his brow. Beside her is painted her emblem —the marguerite, or daisy. The painting is on a panel formerly belonging to a triptych. Another depicts the Last Supper with some princes of the house of Savoy as the *donatori*.

This painting is a touching memorial of Margaret's piety. It was in the presence of the Divine Sufferer she learned to bear her own woes so heroically, and to rise above the fluctuations of fortune so truly that she could sincerely say :

*Fortune, infortune, fort une.*

---

## FANNY KEMBLE'S GIRLHOOD.

Fanny Kemble, or Mrs. Pierce Butler, the "Old Woman" whose "Gossip" has amused many in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but whose complete *Records of a Girlhood* have only appeared in print in 1879, did not quite answer to the conventional notion of an actress. She was neither "fast" nor "Bohemian," but a very good example of the old-fashioned English type of girl, healthy, fearless, frank and womanly, full of common sense notwithstanding certain natural and excusable vagaries, and thoroughly true and straightforward. The poetical and abstract side of her art was dear to her, but the unreality which is the most inconveniently prominent attribute of the stage marred her pleasure in her profession—a profession she never grew to love and glory in. Her talent as an actress must have been altogether a secondary thing in her individuality; besides which, her aunt's genius suggested comparisons necessarily to the disad-

vantage of the younger woman. Apart, however, from a profession in which she took as a family inheritance a good, if not a supreme, rank, she was a gifted woman. One of her characteristics, a thing in which she stands apart from most of her sex, was a keen sense of humor joined to great animal spirits. In one of her letters to Mrs. Jameson she thus assails the latter's opinion that humor is of necessity, and in its very essence, vulgar: "I think humor is very often closely allied to poetry; not only a large element in highly poetic minds, which surely refutes your position, but kindred to the highest and deepest order of imagination, and frequently eminently fanciful and graceful in its peculiar manifestations." Her autobiography reads more like a man's than a woman's, and chiefly on this account: that while her judgments are womanly, and her fancies peculiarly so, there is a vigor of physical enjoyment, an absence of morbid narrowness or conventionality, and a tendency to make the best of things which are opposed to the ordinary female delight in trivialities. A good deal of this buoyant disposition she owed to her French mother, the granddaughter of a Swiss farmer, the child-actress with whom George IV. amused himself by putting her under a huge glass bell intended to cover a large group of Dresden china; the clever *cordon-bleu* whose savory cookery outvied even her acting talents; the lover of fishing and country life, for which she had as many capabilities as she had attraction for it. Fanny Kemble was a fearless horsewoman, too, and much given to country pursuits and love of fine scenery, though fate was against her in shutting her up for the greater part of her youth in large cities and dingy streets. To her love of independence and desire to wield influence—to have "a mass of people under your control, subject to your influence, and receiving your impressions" *—to her pride in human achievements and admiration of power in the shape of discovery, invention, and mechanics (witness her ecstasies over the Thames Tunnel, George Stephenson, and the first railroad from Liverpool to Manchester), to her appreciation of the nobility, gravity, and completeness of the character of Shakspere's Portia, she added more commonplace traits. She was fonder of dancing than even the generality of girls, and she had a *penchant* for luxury, or what she calls "silver-fork existence," which her circumstances excused, but which seems incongruous in a woman so full of an ideal of self-dependence. Her stage career was exceptional in its ease as to minor details; she had no early struggles to attain a position (this also implies that she had no regular training), and was as well shielded from all that was disagreeable or dangerous as if she had been a duchess' daughter. Her name and appearance floated her artistic capabilities enough to make her the fashion at once, and as a dramatic author she had also singular success; so that from the

* She once told Lady Byron, who was herself an enthusiast and fond of making disciples to her views, that she often wished, during her readings, to say something *from herself* to her audience; but that, on wondering what she "might, could, would, or should have said to them from herself, she never could think of anything but two words, 'Be good,' which, as a preface to the reading of one of Shakspere's plays—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, for instance—might have startled them. Often and strongly as the temptation recurred to her, she never could think of anything better worth saying to her audience, and she had some hope that sometimes in the course of her reading she said it effectually without shocking them by a departure from her proper calling. . . ."

moment she appeared on the stage her family suffered no more privations. She herself was able to afford every possible luxury, and to provide for her brothers' careers and her parents' comforts; but the unlucky suits and entanglements which the possession of Covent Garden Theatre had entailed upon her famous uncle, John Kemble, crippled the efforts of her father, and eventually led to his being obliged to make his home, as John Kemble had done, out of England. She tells her own story in so bright and genial a way that it is defrauding the reader to condense or paraphrase it any further. Of her school-life she remembers rather the wild escapades than the desultory knowledge she picked up, as when she tells of her roof-walking adventure at Boulogne and her teacher's exasperated exclamation (in French) of "It must be that devil of a Kemble." At an English school kept by her aunts she first met her cousin, Horace Twiss, afterwards an author and statesman prominent in the history of the Reform Bill; at a Paris school she came across Rio, the French art critic, one of the knot of remarkable men celebrated in the *Récit d'une Sœur*, and himself a striking figure, whose stature, commanding aspect, and "powerful black eyes" struck the young girl's fancy. She lived a good deal with a couple of the Parisian bourgeoisie, and compares their life and surroundings, as she remembers them at that time, to the faithful and minute pictures of such interiors by Balzac; a wedding in the family being the occasion for mirth of a sort different to one's stereotyped ideas of French stiffness in domestic affairs. The old custom of the distribution of the *jarretière de la mariée* was enforced, the garter being "a white satin ribbon, tied at a discreet height above the bride's ankle, and removed thence by the groomsman and cut into pieces, for which an animated scramble took place among the male guests, each one who obtained a piece of the white favor immediately fastening it in his buttonhole." The schoolgirls acted little plays of a milk-and-water type, but in her holidays Fanny Kemble's father took her to real plays, one of which, *Les Anglaises pour Rire*, was a caricature of the English female tourists of that day, not utterly inapplicable even yet to the average of Continental travellers:

"Coal-scuttle poke bonnets, short and scanty skirts, large splay feet arrayed in indescribable shoes and boots, short-waisted, tight-fitting spencers, colors that not only 'swore' at each other, but caused all beholders to swear at them—these were the outward and visible signs of the British fair of that day. To these were added, in this representation of them by these French appreciators of their attractions, a mode of speech in which the most ludicrous French, in the most barbarous accent, was uttered in alternate bursts of loud abruptness and languishing drawl. Sudden, grotesque playfulness was succeeded by equally sudden and grotesque bashfulness; now an eager intrepidity of wild enthusiasm, defying all decorum, and then a sour, severe reserve, full of angry and terrified suspicion of imaginary improprieties. Tittering shyness, all giggle-goggle and blush; stony and stolid stupidity, impenetrable to a ray of perception; awkward, angular postures and gestures, and jerking, saltatory motions; Brobdignag strides and straddles, and kittenish frolics and friskings; sharp, shrill little whinnying squeals and squeaks, followed by lengthened, sepulchral 'oh's'—all formed together such an irresistibly ludicrous picture as made *Les Anglaises pour Rire* of Poitier and Brunet (two of the foremost actors in Paris) one of the most comical pieces of acting I have seen in all my life."

The Kembles were all above the average in one way or other; the men, whether actors or not, having a hereditary taste for philology, though none of them spoke foreign languages easily. Fanny's brother John—whose Spanish experiences as a volunteer in General Torrijos' ill-fated insurrection in 1830 caused his father so much anxiety and mortification, and whose utopianism was so very unpractical and unsatisfactory, flying in the face of respectability, and of the successive expectations of church preferment and legal honors, as well as of steady conventional life, which the elder Kemble had formed for him—settled down subsequently into a quiet student at Hanover, where he married a German wife, became the intimate friend of the Grimms and curator of the Royal Museum, and published works on Anglo-Saxon. It is interesting to follow the hints given of his and his fellow-volunteers' careers. Archdeacon Trench, equally a philologist, was of the Spanish party, though his "early crusade . . . did not militate against the well-deserved distinction he has achieved in the high calling to which he devoted himself." John Kemble, eager and studious as he was, disappointed his father by leaving Cambridge without taking his degree, and going to Heidelberg, which Englishmen at that time did not frequent, as is a good deal the fashion at present. He was, like most men who made their mark later, and like many who never came into public notice at all, an ardent, sincere, but subversive reformer, seeing only the theoretical side of things, a follower of Mill and Bentham, an opponent of privilege under all shapes, a democrat, a radical, a utilitarian. In later life all this exuberance of feeling left a deposit of genuine worth, and John Kemble became a man noted for sympathy with every noble object, but who devoted himself chiefly to unobtrusive acts of practical kindness to those within his reach. Still his father was never fairly reconciled to his change of plans, for, as his sister says, "when a man has made up his mind that his son is to be lord chancellor of England he finds it hardly an equivalent that he should be one of the first Anglo-Saxon scholars in Europe." Young Kemble's school and college contemporaries formed a somewhat remarkable group, and the Kembles' house in Gerard Street, Soho (now a wholesale lamp manufactory), one of the old, handsome, neglected houses common in unfashionable neighborhoods, full of carved staircases, coved ceilings, crooked passages, and architectural surprises in general, was one of the gathering-places of the eager, impulsive youths. Arthur Hallam, the hero of "In Memoriam," Alfred Tennyson and his brothers, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling—who, Miss Kemble says, was "by far the most brilliant and striking in his conversation," but whose life "was sufficiently prolonged to disprove this estimate of his powers," yet who so impressed those he left behind as to have become the subject of two most interesting biographies, one by Julius Hare and the other by Carlyle—Richard Trench, the future philologist, William Donne, the Romillys, the Malkins—one a distinguished lawyer and Indian judge, another the earliest Alpine explorer, and whose enthusiasm was not limited to mere pedestrianism, but included botany and the novel human interests suggested by visits to hitherto un-

known valleys—William Thackeray, and Richard Monckton Milnes, the poet (now Lord Houghton), were some of the Kembles' most intimate acquaintances. A little later Fanny Kemble began to make friends of her own, chief among whom was a very remarkable woman, whom she introduces to the reader under the initials of H. S., and her letters to whom form the chief groundwork of her autobiography.

"She had been intimate from her childhood in my Uncle (John) Kemble's house, and retained . . . an affectionate kindness for his widow, whom she was now visiting. . . . The device of her family is *Haut et Bon:* it was her description. She was about thirty years old when I first met her [here follows a minute description of her person]. Nobility, intelligence, and tenderness were her predominating qualities, and her person, manner, and countenance habitually expressed them. Her intellect was of a very uncommon order; her habits of thought and reading were profoundly speculative; she delighted in metaphysical subjects of the greatest difficulty and abstract questions of the most laborious solution. On such subjects she incessantly exercised her remarkably keen powers of analysis and investigation, and no doubt cultivated and strengthened her peculiar mental faculties and tendencies by the perpetual processes of metaphysical reasoning which she pursued."

This line of study, however, did not impair her distinguishing love of truth and straightforwardness, which she shared with her young friend; and even in her outward appearance she was singularly devoid of the usual woman's aptitude to give up one's own comfort to the necessities of fashion, for she is described as wearing her chestnut hair in thick, short, clustering curls, and as being

"Eccentric in many things. . . . Her boots, not positively masculine articles, were nevertheless made by a man's bootmaker, and there was only one place in London where they could be made sufficiently ugly to suit her. . . . Her whole attire, peculiar (and very ugly I thought it) as it was, was so by malice prepense on her part. And whereas the general result would have suggested a total disregard of the vanities of dress, no Quaker coquette was ever more jealous of the peculiar texture of the fabrics she wore. . . . She wore no colors, . . . and her dress, bare and bald of every ornament, was literally only a covering for her body; but it was difficult to find cashmere fine enough for her scanty skirts, or cloth perfect enough for her short spencers, or lawn clear and exquisite enough for her curious collars and cuffs of immaculate freshness." *

Her home was in Ireland, not far from Dublin—Ardgillan Castle, standing on a cliff above the picturesque fishing village of Skerries, with the Morne Mountains in the distance. The song of "The Two Lives" † gives a description of the dell, completely sheltered from the sea and thick with trees, with a spring answering "with its tiny tinkle the muffled voice of the ocean breaking on the shore beyond," where Fanny Kemble, on her visit to her friend,

"Sat and devised, as the old word was,

* *Apropos* of eccentricity in dress—a trait not so uncommon in correct England as the rigid etiquette of some circles seems to imply—Miss Kemble tells a pleasant story of some old maiden ladies, one of them her godmother, who lived in a picturesque oak-panelled and staircased house in Stafford, and kept up the old fashion of a nine-o'clock supper, which, extraordinarily abundant and delicate as were all the meals, was yet the most elaborate of all: "One of the sisters, going out one day, called to the servant who was closing the door behind her, 'Tell the cook not to forget the sally luns [a species of muffin] for tea, well greased on both sides, and we'll put on our cotton gowns to eat them.' The mistress of this household was sixty, large, tall, and fat, habitually dressed in a white linen cambric gown, plain and tight as a bag, . . . finished at the throat with a school-boy's plaited frill, which stood up around her heavy falling cheeks by the help of a white muslin or black silk cravat. Her head was very nearly bald, and the thin, short gray hair lay in distant streaks upon her skull, white and shiny as an ostrich egg, which (when she went out) she covered with a man's straw or beaver hat."

† By an anonymous author. It treats allegorically of two paths, represented by the peaceful, sheltered beauty of the dell and the "magic of ocean," "murmuring loud and strong."

of things in heaven and things in earth, and things above heaven and things below earth, and things quite beyond ourselves, till we were well-nigh beside ourselves; and it was not the fault of my metaphysical friend, but of my utter inability to keep pace with her mental processes, if our argument did not include every point of that which Milton has assigned to the forlorn disputants of his infernal regions."

A later friend was Mrs. Jameson, then just married, whose

"Various and numerous gifts and acquirements were exercised, developed, and constantly increased by a life of the most indefatigable literary study, research, and labor. . . . Her face, which was habitually refined and *spirituelle* in its expression, was capable of a marvellous power of concentrated feeling such as is seldom seen on any woman's face, and is peculiarly rare on the countenance of a fair, small, delicately-featured woman, all whose personal characteristics were essentially feminine."

Through Mrs. Jameson Miss Kemble came in contact with Lady Byron, whom she presents to the reader in a very interesting aspect, and with a character, while *not* cold or unsympathetic, much superior, even intellectually, to her husband. She was devoted to the good and improvement of her sex, and looked upon the experiment of opening new careers to women in a way equally removed from social prejudice and from undue partisanship. It is true that, with these determined principles, she was outwardly quiet and reserved,

"With a manner habitually deliberate and measured, a low, subdued voice and rather diffident hesitation in expressing herself; and she certainly conveyed the impression of natural reticence and caution. But so far from ever appearing to me to justify the description often given of her, of a person of exceptionally cold, hard, measured intellect and character, she always struck me as a woman capable of profound and fervid enthusiasm, with a mind of rather a romantic and visionary order."

On the occasion of a new and cheap edition of Byron's works being published, which was likely to spread chiefly among the young clerks and shop-keeper class of readers, for whom Lady Byron "deprecated extremely the pernicious influence it was calculated to produce," she seriously thought of writing a notice of the author, to be appended by way of preface to the book, to modify or lessen the effect she dreaded. "Nobody," she said to Miss Kemble, "knew him as I did (this certainly was not the general impression upon the subject); nobody knew as well as I the causes that made him what he was; nobody, I think, is so capable of doing justice to him, and therefore of counteracting the injustice he does to himself, and the injury he might do to others, in some of his writings." She did not eventually carry out this project. That Miss Kemble herself, when scarcely eighteen, should have so clearly discerned the evil influence exercised on her mind by the reading of Byron, chiefly "Cain" and "Manfred," as to give up reading any more of his poems until, after two years' abstention, she "broke through the thraldom of that powerful spell, and all the noble beauty of those poems remained thenceforth divested of the power of wild excitement," goes to show the amount of self-control she possessed in early youth. Her estimate of the influence of Byron, written, of course, many years later, and embodying deliberate reflections formed by her varied experience and her peculiarly sharpened powers of observation, seems, though perhaps not original, at any rate very sensible. He was,

she says, only a sort of quintessence, an intensified, individual extract of the thought and feeling of his contemporaries, another vehicle, like Goethe, Alfieri, and Châteaubriand,* "each with his peculiar national and individual accent," for the utterance of the same mind.

"The mine whence they drew their metal was the civilized humanity of the nineteenth century. . . . It took all the ages that preceded it to make the *blasé* age, and Byron, pre-eminently, to speak its mind in English. . . . Doubtless, by grace of his free-will, a man may wring every drop of sap out of his own soul and help his fellows like-minded with himself to do the same; but the everlasting spirit of truth renews the vitality of the world, and while Byron was growling and howling, and Shelley was denying and defying, Scott was telling, and Wordsworth singing, things beautiful and good, and new and true."

During a long visit to her aunt, Mrs. Henry Siddons, in Edinburgh, Fanny Kemble made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott and became intimate with the Combes—George Combe, the lawyer and phrenologist, whose domestic affairs, she jestingly remarks, were none the less troublesome because the servants' "bumps" were manipulated and examined before the engagements were made; and Andrew Combe, the physician, whose character, quite as earnest, was also more lovable than his brother's. She recalls another acquaintance, more typical and therefore interesting, of a sort of which one seldom hears in connection with classical Edinburgh. This was a fishwife of Newhaven, a fishing village within reach of a walk from the city, and whom she first met at her cottage, "Combing a magnificent curtain of fair hair that fell over her ample shoulders and bosom and almost swept the ground. She was seated on a low stool, but looked tall as well as large, and her foam-fresh complexion and gray-green eyes might have become Venus Anadyomene herself, turned into a Scotch fishwife of five-and-thirty." Her eldest boy "was a fair-haired, fresh-faced young giant, of his mother's strain, and, like her, looked as if he had come of the Northern vikings or some of the Nibelungen-Lied heroes. She was a splendid specimen of her tribe, climbing the steep Edinburgh streets with bare white feet, the heavy fish-basket at her back, hardly stooping her broad shoulders, her florid face sheltered and softened, in spite of its massiveness, into something like delicacy by the transparent shadow of the white handkerchief tied hoodwise over her fair hair."

As became such a woman, she was very proud of her fine children, of whom there were eleven, the last promising to equal the eldest, even when only an "infant Hercules," as Miss Kemble (rather too conventionally) calls him. Mrs. Henry Siddons, for whom her niece entertained one of those adoring friendships not uncommon in very young girls, was especially an earnest, conscientious woman, not a particularly good actress, but, having been left a young widow, with the management of the theatre for her children's chief support, she fulfilled all the duties this entailed in a spirit of Christian unselfishness and considerateness. In her house "religion was never directly made a subject of inculcation, but God's service took the daily and hourly form of the conscientious discharge of duty, unselfish, tender affection towards each other, and kindly Christian charity towards all." When hearing of the "technical" requirements which some good, sincere people mistake as the *sine qua non* of so-called religion, the fact

* Alfieri, however, through the circumstances of his position, redeemed his pessimism by patriotism, while Goethe, though fully as heathen, was less ambiguous in his profession of cynicism than Byron. Châteaubriand was so utterly different from either that comparison is difficult.

of her aunt's "serene, courageous self-devotion, when during a dangerous illness of her youngest daughter she would . . . go to the theatre and discharge duties never very attractive, and rendered distasteful then by cruel anxiety, but her neglect of which would have injured the interests of her brother, her fellow-actors, and all the poor people employed in the theatre, and been a direct infringement of her obligations to them," recurred to Miss Kemble's mind as a truer instance of religious conviction and of its habitual influence in the direction of faithfulness to duty than most loudly "professing Christians" could point out. Fanny Kemble's own sense of religion, undeveloped in very early youth, became later on of a very healthy type; sentimentality never entered into it, and she clearly saw her own deficiencies wherever they existed and were backed up by pet weaknesses of her lower nature. Once she says:

"I always feel afraid of theological or controversial writings, and yet the faith that shrinks from being touched lest it should totter is certainly not on the right foundation. I suppose we ought, on the contrary, to examine thoroughly the reason of the faith that is in us. Declining reading upon religious subjects may be prudent, but it may be indolence, cowardice, or lack of due interest in the matter."

On the other hand, an examination of a kind necessarily resulting in disintegration or self-torment she sensibly condemned, as when she writes to her friend, H. S.: "You appear to me always to wish to submit your faith to a process which breaks your apparatus and leaves you very much dissatisfied, with your faith still a simple element in you, in spite of your endeavors to analyze or decompose it." Then she calls our "spiritual convictions the intuitions of our souls that lie upon their surface like direct reflections from heaven, distinct and beautiful enough for reverent contemplation, but a curious search into whose nature would, at any rate temporarily, blur, and dissipate, and destroy . . ." our only steadfastly-grounded faith; and spite of the apparent sentimentality of this judgment, most people can recall a feeling, vague or otherwise, which answers to this, and is generally the product of early associations and impressions rather than the direct, easily-worded result of regular theological teaching; and it is in this fellowship of souls that the church finds the secret bond that makes so many, apparently lost sheep, really of the "household of the faith."

Another of the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons' sister, Mrs. Whitelock, who lived a large part of her life in the United States, and took rank here as one of the best actresses in the early part of the century, was an eccentric and lovable woman, but considered by her family as something of a social dead-weight:

"She really seemed like a living parody or caricature of all the Kembles. . . . She had the deep, sonorous voice and extremely distinct utterance of her family, and an extraordinary vehemence of gesture and expression quite unlike [them], . . . and which made her conversation like that of people in old plays and novels; for she would slap her thigh in emphatic enforcement of her statements, which were apt to be upon an incredibly large scale, not unfrequently prefacing them with the exclamation, 'I declare to God!' or 'I wish I may die!' . . . My father used to call her Queen Bess (her name was Elizabeth), declaring that her manners were like those of that royal *un*-gentlewoman. But she was a simple-hearted, sweet-tempered woman, whose harmless peculiarities did not prevent us all being fond of her."

This single-minded woman, "grotesque in her manner and appearance," was "a severe thorn in the side of her conventionally irreproachable" sister-in-law, Mrs. John Kemble, a shrewd, fashionable, worldly, and, though not superficially vulgar, yet scarcely a high-bred woman. On the approach of some coroneted carriage she would observe pointedly to her visitor: "'Mrs. Whitelock, there is an *ekkipage*.'* "'I see it, ma'am,' replied the undaunted Mrs. Whitelock, screwing up her mouth and twirling her thumbs in a peculiarly emphatic way, to which she was addicted in moments of crisis." And the woman of the world would rather deny herself the pleasure of receiving titled visitors than risk presenting to her fine friends the "flounced white muslin apron and towering Pamela cap" of her "amazingly odd companion." This unconscious exhibition of the social "cloven foot" brings to mind the comical answer Fanny Kemble's Aunt Dall (Adelaide De Camp) made, upon her first arrival in New York, on the abundance of heraldic devices which Mr. Kemble noticed on the panels of private carriages. "I wonder what they do for arms." "Use legs," said Dall promptly.

Among her professional friends Miss Kemble singles out a few of the best-known actors, and gives little incidental sketches of them with a dash of her own criticism to season them. Charles Young, "that most kindly good man" and devoted to children,

> "Was a universal favorite in the best London society and pleasant country-houses, where his zeal for country sports, his knowledge of, and fondness for, horses, his capital equestrianism and inexhaustible fund of humor, made him as popular with the men as his sweet, genial temper, good breeding, musical accomplishments, and infinite drollery did with the women."

His physical appearance was eminently fitted for tragic parts, while his mental qualifications would have tended to make him a comedian;

> "Ludicrous stories, personal mimicry, the most admirable imitation of national accent, a power of grimace that equalled Grimaldi (a famous clown), and the most irresistibly comical way of resuming, in the midst of the broadest buffoonery, the stately dignity of his own natural countenance, voice, and manner. . . . It would be difficult to say what his best performances were, for he had never either fire, passion, or tenderness, but never wanted propriety, dignity, and a certain stately grace. Sir Pertinax McSycophant and Iago were the best things I ever saw him act, probably because the sardonic element in both of them gave partial scope to his humorous vein."

His son, the Rev. Julian Young, later on a friend of Miss Kemble's, inherited all the comic perceptions and tendencies of the actor; the writer has met him at his Warwickshire rectory and at various parties in the neighborhood where his stories were reckoned as indispensable and prominent a part of the entertainment as the cook's most wonderful dishes. It was believed that he kept a note-book to remind him in whose company he had told such and such an anecdote; and, as a fact, he seldom repeated himself. His mother, Julia Grimani, was of an old Venetian noble family, impoverished and thrown on its own resources, and her marriage was a beautiful but brief romance, the memory of which remained always fresh in the faith-

* Such was at that time (1827) the received pronunciation of the word equipage in good London society, also "pettikits" for petticoats, "divle" for devil, "Lunnon" for London.

ful mind of her husband. We learn little that is new of Charles Mathews, whose amusing autobiography, supplemented by Dickens' editorship,* has recently been published.

. . . "He has been unrivalled," she says, "in the sparkling vivacity of his performance of a whole range of parts in which nobody has approached the finish, refinement, and spirit of his acting; . . . the broadest farce never betrayed him into either coarseness or vulgarity. . . No member of the French Theatre was ever at once a more finished and a more delightfully amusing and *natural* actor."

Of Charles Kean—whose "ranting" has often been sharply criticised, and whose stage-tricks, as they appeared to the writer, were certainly the very reverse of a natural expression either of horror, command, heroic energy, or any other of the usual ingredients of a tragedy—the author was an admirer and disciple, in this instance disagreeing with her father, whose conception of Kean's parts was constitutionally antagonistic to the violence inseparable from Kean's delineations of them. She thought him a genius because he had power and took his hearers by storm:

"Some of the things he did," she acknowledges, "appeared on reflection questionable to my judgment and open to criticism; but while under the influence of his amazing power of passion it is impossible to reason, analyze, or do anything but surrender one's self to his forcible appeals to one's emotions. He entirely divested Shylock of all poetry or elevation, but invested it with a concentrated ferocity that made one's blood curdle. He seemed to me to combine the supernatural malice of a fiend with the base reality of the meanest humanity. His passion is prosaic, but all the more intensely terrible for that very reason."

She thought less of his Richard III., because he lacked the *innate majesty* necessary for a royal villain. In a very detailed analysis of his stage qualifications, in which her very praise of Kean "begs the question," she acknowledges that as an artist he lacked the more delicate, mental intuitions necessary to perfection in his calling, but she thought his "power" the "first element of greatness." It is essentially the judgment of a very young observer.

Mrs. Kemble was the chief critic of Fanny's own theatrical performances, and her judgment the chief director of her daughter's conceptions of her various parts. The comic perception Miss Kemble inherited from her, and, though it was developed, as she thinks, only in later life, it appears palpable to the reader in her correspondence as a young girl. Her later summing up of the comparative merits of comedy and tragedy is worth giving:

"Except in broad farce, where, the principal ingredient being humor, animal spirits and a grotesque imagination, which are of no particular age, come strongly into play, comedy appears to me decidedly a more mature and complete result of dramatic training than tragedy. The effect of the latter may be tolerably achieved by force of natural gifts, aided but little by study, but a fine comedian *must* be a fine artist; his work is intellectual, and not emotional. . . . Tact, discretion, fine taste are quite indispensable. . . . He must be a more complete actor than a great tragedian need be. . . . A highly educated perfection is requisite for the actor who, in a brilliant and polished representation of the follies of society, produces by fine

* A criticism in the *Nation* of October 9 on this book seems somewhat pedantic, arguing to the effect that the career of the actor would have been of greater interest than that of the architect, which takes up two-thirds of the volume. An actor's career, to be embodied in a valuable literary record, requires so much detail of a dry and technical sort that it would be a far less popular subject than the delightful medley of fun, adventure, and home-life which has been given the public under the name of the *Life of Charles Mathews*.

and delicate and powerful delineations the picture of the vices and ridicules of a highly artificial civilization. Good company itself is not unapt to be very good acting of high comedy, while tragedy, which underlies all life, if by chance it rises to the smooth surface of polite social intercourse, agitates and disturbs it, and produces even in that uncongenial sphere the rarely-heard discord of a natural condition and natural expression of natural feeling."

But the charm and interest of Miss Kemble's recollections lie rather in their social than in their technical and professional side. This is apt to be the case with women of any profession, and, though a less dignified characteristic than acute powers of criticism might be, it is a more natural one and commands the sympathy of the multitude of the obscure. One often finds the biography of an average man more full of human interest than a record of the public deeds of a far more important person; and of such persons it is only the private life which stirs genuine interest, when it is told with anything like simplicity. Thus the picture of Belzoni, the Egyptian traveller, and his house at Craven Hill, near London, is worth all the disquisitions one could make on his labors and writings: ". . . our colossal friend" looking down upon the Kemble children from the other side of the six-foot wall that separated their gardens; and Mme. Belzoni, "who used to receive us in rooms full of strange spoils . . . from the East," and who "sometimes smoked a long Turkish pipe, and generally wore a dark blue caftan, with a white turban on her head." Another Italian, not so celebrated, was among the girls' friends—Biagioli, their Italian master, a contemporary and associate of Ugo Foscolo, and a Dantesque scholar; his remarkable appearance, high forehead, long, grizzled hair, wild, melancholy eyes, and severe and sad expression, being as correctly reproduced for the reader as they were impressed on the memory of the writer.

Weber was also among the Kemble coterie at the time his *Der Freischütz* was played at, and his *Oberon* composed expressly for, Covent Garden. His immense temporary popularity hardly seemed to him a counterpoise for the personal impression his insignificant figure and sharp, ugly, sickly face too palpably made on his acquaintances; and when London forgot him and ran wild over Rossini and his light, sparkling musical fancies, the joyless life of the German composer was still further embittered. Again, the lack of sensitiveness not only of the public, but of many public singers themselves, to the intrinsic beauty and fitness of his music, apart from their effect and outward influence, was a sore point, and justly stirred the indignant contempt of a thorough artist. It is mentioned that the melody known as Weber's Waltz, said to have been his last composition, found after his death under his pillow, was not his, but a tribute to his memory by a younger German composer, Reichardt, or Ries. The Procters —the parents of Adelaide Procter, whom the author knew as a little girl—were familiar acquaintances, and so was Theodore Hook, the wit, whose cleverness, unlike Sydney Smith's, was almost always cruel, and sometimes verged on brutality. Her associates were of all ranks from artists to dukes, and her visits to country-houses weave into her book an element of high life in its best aspects; for she seems seldom to have met with dull and common-

place people. The Dacres should be especially mentioned, as they were an exceptional couple. Lord Dacre (who inherited his title from his mother) had, as Mr. Brand, studied in Germany, and based his philosophy on a thorough examination of Kant's system; and these studies had, if Miss Kemble may be taken as an authority on this subject, "enlarged and elevated his mind far beyond the usual level and scope of the English country gentleman's brain, and freed him from the peculiarly narrow class prejudices which it harbors." In his youth he had been on the point of going to Canada to found a model colony, where Acadia was to revive again and all the errors of the Old World were to be avoided His mother's death put a stop to his project, but he did his best to promote social and political reform at home. "He was an enlightened liberal . . . in every domain of human thought, and a great reader, with a wide range of foreign as well as English literary knowledge. He had exquisite taste, was a fine connoisseur and critic in matters of art, and was the kindliest natured and mannered man alive." His wife, besides beauty, charm of manner, social tact, and various accomplishments, had also individual mental characteristics that singled her out from the crowd of amiable women; her drawing and painting, chiefly of animals, had nearly as much vigor as Rosa Bonheur's "But the most striking demonstrations of her genius were the groups of horses which Lady Dacre modelled from nature; . . . it is hardly possible to see anything more graceful and spirited, truer at once to nature and the finest art, than these compositions, faithful in the minutest details of execution, and highly poetical in their entire conception." She was also an unusually fine Italian scholar, and her

> "English version of Petrarch's sonnets is one of the most remarkable for fidelity, beauty, and the grace and sweetness with which she has achieved the difficult feat of following in English the precise form of the complicated and peculiar Italian prosody. . . . Had she lived in Italy in the sixteenth century her name would be among the noted names of that great artistic era; but as she was an Englishwoman of the nineteenth, in spite of her intellectual culture and accomplishments, she was *only* an exceedingly clever, amiable, kind lady of fashionable London society."

Naturally the guests of such hosts numbered among them all the most earnest, clever, and worthy men of the liberal party and many others of no party, few of them superior, but some equal, to Lord Dacre himself. Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Sydney Smith were among these, and the talk and general atmosphere of the place was on a higher level than in average country-houses, however pleasant and hospitable. The Sheridans and their beautiful married daughters, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and the Duchess of Somerset, were among the Kembles' closest acquaintances, and their frank vanity and self-approval seems quite condoned by their pleasant, cheerful ways and cordial manners, not to speak of their inimitable wit, especially Mrs. Norton's, and delicate appreciation of talent in others. It is a curious circumstance that the then obscure young Mr. Cunard, of New Brunswick, owed much of his success to the influence of Mrs. Norton, who brought him into easy and intimate relations with Lord Lansdowne, Lord Normanby, and other cabinet ministers who were likely to be of use to him in his

project of an ocean steamship line. Of a very different type was another foreigner who crossed Miss Kemble's path at this time—Rammohun Roy, the Hindoo reformer, scholar, and philosopher, who originated a new sect in India neither Christian, heathen, nor Jewish, but a mixture of all three.* Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painter, and friend and admirer of Mrs. Siddons, was naturally a familiar acquaintance of Miss Kemble, who gives a view of his character unknown to the generation who have only heard of him as an artist. He was one of those morbidly sensitive men whose manner to women was unfortunately courteous without any ill intentions on his part. As a portrait-painter he was negligent and unpunctual, often leaving his best works unfinished, having received their price beforehand; and as an artist he deferred to the false and bad taste

"which, from the deeper source of degraded morality, spread a taint over all matters of art under the vicious influence of the 'first gentleman of Europe.' . . . The defect of many of Lawrence's female portraits was a sort of artificial, sentimental *elegantism*; . . . several of his men's portraits are in a simple and robust style of art, worthy of the highest admiration. He had a remarkable gift of producing likenesses at once striking and favorable, and of always seizing the finest expression of which a face was capable."

Perverted as his taste was, he still had an ideal, and said that he had once been "haunted by the wish to paint a blush, that most enchanting 'incident' in the expression of a woman's face, but after being driven nearly wild with the ineffectual endeavor, had had to renounce it, never, of course, he said, achieving anything but a *red face*." Henry Greville, the brother of Charles Greville, the author of the famous *Memoirs*, receives a large share of attention at Miss Kemble's hands; Mme. Pauline Craven, in her recent *Souvenirs of England and Italy*, borrows some of the sketches of him and the Bridgewater House society from the pages of these *Records*, and sings the praises of the young exquisite, whose nature was, however, so much more genial and kindly than that of his scandal-loving brother. The fact that his life of idleness, ease, and luxury had not spoilt his heart is worthy of notice as an exceptional one, for his social qualities, savoring somewhat of Horace Walpole's historical finicalness, were not more conspicuous than "his unwearied serviceableness to his friends, and his generous liberality towards all whom he could help either with his interest, his trouble, or his purse." Speaking of his life of idleness, it is only fair to add that he was at one time in diplomacy—a not very arduous occupation, and one that seldom has a rightful claim to be called a profession, but which, in his case, became at least a means of enlarging the field of his kindnesses to others.

A contrast to this figure, whom she unconsciously sketches in a very minute manner, is that of an old cottager of ninety-seven whom she knew well, whose "quaint wisdom" often deeply struck her, as she confesses, and whose rose-covered cottage, though associated in her mind with a good deal of that sentimental and æsthetic patriotism that English rural scenes, seen comfortably from a social vantage-point as pleasant and characteris-

* Long before I knew who he was the face of Rammohun Roy was familiar to me through a marble bust of him in my grandfather's dining-room. He was much *fêted* by the Low-Church party early in this century, and hence the acquaintance.

tic pictures, are apt to excite, nevertheless must have stirred some deeper and truer chords in the heart of a woman so genuinely natural as Fanny Kemble.

"The last time I saw that old man," she says, "I sat with him under his porch on a bright sunny evening, talking, laughing, winding wreaths round his hat, and singing to him. . . . He was a remarkable old man; . . . there was a strong and vivid remnant of mind in him surviving the contest with ninety and odd years of existence; his manner was quaint and rustic without a tinge of vulgarity";

—an attribute which Miss Kemble might have known, had she had either experience of genuine countrymen or reflected upon the matter theoretically, is essentially a city institution, and even in city life, as she afterwards remarked herself, belongs to the English trading classes; for she says "an artisan is apt to be a gentleman compared to the clerk and small shopkeeper." At Bristol, where she was once playing, she fell in love with

"A bewitching old country dame whose market-stock might have sat, with her in the middle of it, for its picture—the veal and poultry so white and delicate-looking, the bacon like striped pink and white ribbons, the butter so golden, fresh, and sweet, in a great basket trimmed round with bunches of white jasmine. . . . The good lady told us she had just come up from the farm, and that the next time she came she would bring us some home-made bread, and that she was going back to brew and bake. She looked so tidy and *rural*, and her various avocations sounded so pleasant as she spoke of them, that I felt greatly tempted to beg her to let me go with her to the farm, which I am sure must be an enchanting place. . . . And *while the sun shone* I think I should like a female farmer's life amazingly."

Years after, on her husband's Georgia plantation, with a neglected herd of slaves whom she perseveringly strove to improve and benefit, Mrs. Pierce Butler had enough of the realism of country life; and even the modified roughness of an English farm would have been, as she knew, a sore trial to the girl who so frankly confessed her natural attraction for "fine people." Here is another pretty picture such as Hawthorne (and most of his Northern countrymen) never tire of:

"One or two cottages by the roadside, half smothered in vine and honeysuckle, . . . were certainly the poor dwellings of very poor people, but there was nothing unsightly, repulsive, or squalid about them; on the contrary, a look of order, of tidy neatness about the little houses that added the peculiarly English element of comfort and cleanliness to the picturesqueness of their fragrant festoons of flowery drapery. . . . The little plots of flower-garden one mass of rich color; the tiny strips of kitchen-garden, well stocked and trimly kept, beside it; the thriving, fruitful orchard. . . . And beyond the rich, cultivated land rolling its waving corn-fields, already tawny and sunburnt, in mellow contrast with the smooth, green pasturages with their deep-shadowed trees and bordering lines of ivied hawthorn hedgerows. . . . A lovely landscape that sang aloud of plenty, industry, and thrift."

But, what is still better than a picture, she gives an animated scene which reminds one of Ben Jonson and Elizabeth—a living "bit of ancientry" technically called a "rush-bearing":

"At a certain period of the year, generally the beginning of autumn, it was formerly the wont in some parts of Lancashire to go round with sundry rustic mummeries to all the churches and strew them with rushes. The religious intention of the custom has passed away, but a pretty rural procession still keeps up the memory of it hereabouts. First came an immense wagon piled with rushes in a stack-like form, on the top of which

sat two men holding two huge nosegays. This was drawn by a team of Lord W——'s finest farm-horses, covered with scarlet cloths, and decked with ribbons, bells, and flowers. After this came twelve country lads and lasses, dancing the real old morris-dance with their handkerchiefs flying. . . . After them followed a very good village band, and then a species of flowery canopy, under which walked a man and woman covered with finery, who, Lord W—— told me, represented Adam and Eve. The procession closed with a fool, fantastically dressed out, and carrying the classical bladder at the end of his stick."

Fanny Kemble did not come to the country which was to become hers by marriage with any feelings of pleasant expectation, and a short sentence she does not shrink from printing is decidedly uncomplimentary in its double meaning: "The foreboding with which I left my own country was justified by the event. My dear aunt died, and I married, in America; and neither of us ever had a home again in England." Disposed as she was to pick out the worst features of the New World, her descriptions of the places she visited as an actress contain a good deal of sarcasm, mingled with admiration wrung from her by her truthfulness and her growing knowledge and appreciation of the conditions and the people that surrounded her. She characterizes the New York city fathers in 1832 as "not very rich, and economical and careful of the public money, . . . leaving New York ill paved, ill lighted, and indifferently supplied with a good many necessaries and luxuries of modern civilization "—a judgment she supplements by a note written fifty-six years later, to this effect: "Times are altered. . . . New York is neither ill paved nor ill lighted; the municipality is rich, but neither economical, careful, nor honest in dealing with public moneys." Every detail of domestic life—hours of meals, the women's looks and dresses—come in for a share of attention, and are curiously and critically compared with English ways and people, as is the fashion of every English traveller in this country, till the iteration has become tiresome; but the summer climate, the clear atmosphere, the grand scenery, the quick surprise of the bursting of spring after a long winter, the unrivalled sunsets of America our author unstintingly admires, and condenses her praise in Channing's striking phrase when discussing the relative merits of England and America: "The earth is yours, but the heavens are ours." The frequent fires and the noisy volunteers of "hook-and-ladder" companies excited her pleasurably, and the abundance of flowers and fruits (she landed early in September) delighted as well as astonished her, especially the displays of wreaths and devices at funerals; while as to her own room, it was daily crowded with bouquets such as the millionaires or princes of England seldom indulged in. Philadelphia she liked better than New York, because of its "dull, sober, mellow hue," more agreeable than the latter's "glaring newness"; but its public, which "has high pretensions to considerable critical judgment and literary and dramatic taste, and scouts the idea of being led by the opinion of New York," only provokes the reflection that "it is rather tiresome that fools are cut upon the same pattern all the world over. What *is* the profit of travelling?" She was certainly then in a cynical mood, but she eventually married a Philadelphian. Baltimore, "as far as I have seen it," she says, struck her as "a large,

rambling, red-brick village on the outskirts of one of our manufacturing towns, Birmingham or Manchester. . . . It is growing daily and hourly, but" its great gaps and vacancies in the middle of the streets, patches of gravelly ground, parcels of meadow-land, etc., "at present give it an untidy, unfinished, straggling appearance." The Catons and Carrolls, however, struck her as "like old-fashioned English folk"; and of the pretty women for which Baltimore was famous, and whose faces make them, even in Miss Kemble's eyes, "the prettiest creatures she had ever seen," she has the characteristically English estimate to add that "they are short and thin, and have no figures at all, either in height or breadth, and pinch their waists and feet most cruelly, which certainly, considering how small they are by nature, is a work of supererogation. . . ."

Boston in 1833 she calls

"One of the pleasantest towns imaginable; . . . it is built upon three hills, which give it a singular, picturesque appearance. . . . The houses are many of them of fine granite, and have an air of wealth and solidity unlike anything we have seen elsewhere in this country. Many of the streets are planted with trees, chiefly fine horse-chestnuts, which were in full leaf and blossom when we came away (this was the latter end of May), and which harmonize beautifully with the gray color and solid, handsome style of the houses. . . . The country all round the neighborhood of Boston is charming, the rides I took in every direction lovely. . . ."

Years after this, when the new parts of Boston were built, she thought the city even further improved, and compares "the vistas of the fine streets looking towards Dorchester Heights, and those ending in the blue waters of the bay and Charles River," to both Florence and Venice, "under a sky as rich and more pellucid than that of Italy." Her frame of mind about America gradually improved, and she speaks of the "glorious Hudson," with its thick woods and varied foliage, with enthusiasm, and closes the letter in which this eulogium occurs with a word of gratitude:

"This is a 'brave new world' more ways than one, and we are every way bound to like it, for our labor has been most amply rewarded in its most important result—money; and the universal kindness which has everywhere met us ever since we first came to this country ought to repay us even for the pain and sorrow of leaving England."

Her subsequent home on the Hudson was long a centre of New York society in summer, and drew to it the best men in every profession, the most charming women, and the pleasantest foreign visitors; while its neighborhood to West Point gave its life an element of gayety inseparable from the society of soldiers.

# PURGATORIO.

TRANSLATED BY T. W. PARSONS.

Dante and Virgil have here reached the second circle of Purgatory, the pavement and side of which are of livid stone. Here the envious purify their sin by being clothed in vile haircloth garments, having their eyelids sewed up with iron wire, and leaning one on the shoulders of the other, and all of them against the rocks of the mountain. There are heard voices of invisible spirits in the air recalling deeds of charity and love—virtues the opposite to the sin of envy. Dante draws near, asking about their condition, and the Siennese Sapia replies and reveals herself to him, detailing the sin of envy she had committed.

## CANTO THIRTEENTH.

We at the summit of the ladder stood,
Where now a second cut the mountain breaks;
That mount which turneth evil unto good.
Here a like cornice round the hillside takes
Its winding passage like the former one;
Save that its arc a quicker curving makes.
No shade is seen there, sculpture there is none:
As the smooth bank, so does the path appear
Of the same livid color as the stone.

If to inquire we wait for people here,
The Poet reasoned, our election might
Have more delay than we desire, I fear.
Then steadfast on the sun he fixed his sight;
Making one side the centre of his move,
And turning round his left side towards the right,
And saying: "O sweet light that shin'st above
The world to warm it, in whom I confide,
Entering on this new way, our leader be!
Even such as one up here would have his guide:
If no distraction turn our eyes from thee,
Thy rays through life must ever lead us on."
Now as on earth is reckoned for a mile,
We for about such distance here had gone,
In what our prompt will made a little while;
And towards us flying, although not in sight,
Spirits were heard who did in gentle style
Unto the table of Love's feast invite.
And the first voice that passed us as it flew,
In a loud tone exclaimed: "They have no wine";
And still repeating that, behind us drew.
And ere that voice in distance died, the sign
Was of another passing spirit heard,
Crying: "I am Orestes"; then it sped
Even as the other, passing with this word.
'O Father! speak, what sounds are these?' I said:

And, straightway with my question, hark! a third,
Saying: "Love those men who have done you wrong."
And the good Master said: Here envy's sin
Is scourged, and so the lashes of the thong
Are drawn from Love, their penance to begin.
The bridle of a counter-strain will be;
That also thou wilt hear, I judge, ere long,
Before thou reach the Pass of Pardon. See!
Through the air yonder, fix thy gaze, and keep:
Thou wilt discern some sitting side by side,
Each by himself, along the craggy steep.
Then straining more my vision, I descried
Shadows with mantles of like dolorous hue
As the stone was. And as we nearer came,
I heard them calling: "Mary, pray for us!
Michael and Peter," every saint by name.
I doubt if walketh among living men
A man so hard that had not felt his heart
With pity pierced at what I witnessed then.
For when more nearly I approached that part
Where of their action perfect view was had,
Mine eyes wept so that no more tears remained.

They seemed to me in haircloth vilely clad;
Each with his shoulder the next form sustained,
And all behind were propped against the bank.
So the poor blind, in want of everything,
Stand at the pardon-crosses in a rank,
Asking an alms; and one his head doth bring
Down o'er his fellow's head beside his cheek,
That pity sooner in the breast may spring
Of passers, not more from the words they speak
Than from their look alike soliciting.
And as no sunbeam comes to their dead sight,
So to the shades of whom I speak the sun
In heaven yields largess never of its light;
For a steel wire the lids of every one
Runs through, their visual organ stitching tight.
A falcon's eyelids in like mode are seeled,
Lest he prove haggard. But methought it mean,
While they so plainly were to me revealed,
To walk among them so, myself unseen.
I turned to my sage counsel. He full well
Knew what it was the silent man would say,
And waited not for me my wish to tell,
But said: 'Brief then, speak wisely as you may,'
Virgil on that side of the cornice kept
Where one might fall, no girdle going round
Of outer bank such slip to intercept:

Against the bank which formed the inner bound
Ranged the doomed shadows, through the horrible seam
Squeezing forth tears until their cheeks were drowned.

'O people certain to behold that beam,'
Turning I said, 'which is your one desire—
So may heaven's grace resolve the scum with speed
Of your soiled conscience, that through natures higher
The river of your mind, from envy freed,
May flow pellucid—tell me, for to me
Right gracious it will seem, gracious and dear,
If among you a soul there chance to be
Who is Italian; haply if I hear
It may be well for him.' 'O brother mine!
We all are citizens (one beyond where
We stood replied) of one true city: thou
Mean'st, lived in Italy a pilgrim there.'

This voice to hear a little onward now
I moved, and marked one spirit by her mien
Expecting something: if you ask me, how?
Like a blind person she upraised her chin.
'Spirit who conquerest thyself to climb,
If thou be that one which replied, I said,
Make known to me what in the former time
Thy place or name was.' This response was made:
'I from Sienna came, and go with these,
Purging my life of sin and weeping so,
To Him whom soon to pardon may it please!
Sapient indeed I never was, although
Sapìa called among the Siennese;
And far more joyful at another's woe
Was I than at my own good fortune glad.
And lest thou deem that I deceive thee, know
From mine own lips what a fool's mind I had,
Descending now the archway of my life.
While mine own citizens near Colle's hill
Were with their adversaries joined in strife,
I prayed my God to do his dreadful will.
Routed, they took the bitter pass of flight;
In turn of battle I beheld the chase,
And felt a rapture making all joy light,
So that I lifted insolent my face,
Crying to God: No more I dread thy might.
Like the poor blackbird for a little shine,
My peace with God I sought at life's extreme,
Nor yet were partly paid this debt of mine,
Had it not been that, as I truly deem,
Pier Pettinaio, in his orisons
Remembering me in charity, did grieve.

But who art thou that our conditions
Questioning go'st breathing, as I believe,
And with eyes open so thy language runs?'
'Mine eyes like yours might here be sealed,' I said;
'Not long, however, for these orbs of mine
Not much through envy erred. Far greater dread
My soul suspendeth of their doom who pine
Under the torment of the laden tread;
Even now their penance weighs me more than thine.'

And she to me: 'Who hither was thy guide
Up among us, if thou return expect?'
'The one with me who speaks not,' I replied,
'And I am living; therefore, spirit elect,
If thou wouldst have me move my mortal tread
In thy behalf, prefer me thy request.'
'Oh! this to hear is wonderful,' she said:
'So strange God's love for thee is plainly exprest.
Then help me by thy prayers; and I entreat
By what thou most desirest, if soe'er
Thou feel the Tuscan soil beneath thy feet,
Report me rightly to my kindred there.
Thou shalt see them among that empty race
Who put their trust in Talamone's dream,
With greater loss of hope and more disgrace
Than when they hunted for Diana's stream;
But worse loss yet their admirals must face.'

---

## CIVILIZING BY FORCE.

THE recent Zulu campaign has suggested this question: Is it civilized to civilize by force? Obviously there must arise one correlative question before this question in chief can be solved: Who has decided that a particular nation is civilized, or wherein consist the proofs of its civilization? The question, What do you mean by being civilized? has never been answered in any catechism. No philosopher could define civilization. No critical thinker would venture to construct a formula which, defining what civilization certainly is, would exclude speculation as to what it may be. If you say that civilization includes religion, includes natura culture or education, includes refined modes of living, personal and social, and includes also political perfectibility, you will have every one down on you with his private conceptions as to what is the most civilizing of religions, the most civilizing of cultures or educations, of codes of manners, domestic and social, and of political theories or institutions. The word civilized is now as far from a dogmatic interpretation as it was when Adam

first reluctantly assumed a toilet, or when Laban veiled Leah to deceive Jacob. We have got so far as to agree upon certain proprieties of public morals, upon certain canons of public justice and public fitness; but as to what must necessarily be included in, and what must necessarily be excluded from, the total sum of the requisites of civilization not even any two Christian sovereigns would quite agree.

There is a sort of consensus of impression that the world may be divided into the civilized, the half-civilized, and the barbarous; yet no nation would consent to be classified on such a point by any arbiter who denied to it the first place. Every standard of civilization must be arbitrary. Cetewayo might plead that if Napoleon I.—who tried to force one code of laws on half Europe—discouraged marriage before the age of twenty-five, it could not possibly be barbarous to slightly extend the time of singleness, or make every man fight first and marry afterwards. If Cetewayo is "barbarous" Napoleon was "half-civilized"—an estimate which Napoleon did not adopt. Again, the king of the Zulus might reasonably urge—supposing that he were given to writing "articles," a pursuit which he may possibly cherish in his enforced leisure—that if European civilization is chiefly demonstrated by standing armies, by horrible engines of destruction and manslaughter, and by "diplomatic scoundrelism of the deepest dye," it is fastidious or hypercritical to object to Zulu politics, or to Zulu social ethics, and also toilet. And, once more, he might urge that if that great civilizer, the English *Times*, openly excused foreign invasion on the ground of interest, and throned British greed as a lofty principle, it must be pardonable to defend himself and his imperfectly clad subjects against a civilization which is simply burglary made imperial. The whole thing is but a question of degree. Principle is much the same on all sides. A "scientific frontier" is a graceful imperial euphemism for taking what you want but have no right to. A man who breaks down his neighbor's garden-wall, and rebuilds it further off at his own expense, is only desirous of obtaining a scientific frontier, and deeply regrets his neighbor's injury. Selfishness is only culpable when—it hurts one's self, but is always pardonable in the proportion of self-profit. This is diplomatic morality. The civilization of powerful states is their aggrandizement. Russia took this view in regard to Turkey. She stole from Turkey in the name of civilization. The czar was too great to be called a robber. He was the Christian appropriator of Moslem lands. Being civilized—that is, in his own opinion—he might do what he liked for the half-civilized. Civilization calls robbery annexation. Naboth's vineyard might not be taken by the half-civilized, but the civilized may take all that they can get. For "civilized" read "big standing armies." Civilization is made to mean, essentially, material force. There may be trifling, refined distinctions between civilized and half-civilized, or between half-civilized and positively barbarous; but Krupp guns, Martini rifles, "national prestige," are the true credentials of the claim to be civilized.

Theoretically Christian states respect justice, and even practically they can sometimes afford to do so. The British government behaved well to the Maories in New Zea-

land in leaving them in possession of their own lands; though the Maories had a habit of eating or else enslaving the enemies they were so fortunate as to conquer—which we do not know that Cetewayo ever did. And so, too, it may be said that some of the English Puritans in New England, as well as certain of the colonists in Pennsylvania, did purchase some of the lands from the "savages," though they had a charter from their sovereign to possess the lands, and to make themselves at home as best they could. There is generally a leavening of the conduct of the "civilized" by certain professed principles of justice, and by occasional, fitful indulgence in its practice. But so far as example is concerned, it cannot be said that civilized races stand out pre-eminently from the uncivilized; nor, indeed, in some points, from barbarians. Let us take a recent sad illustration of a mistaken conception of civilization. We would allude respectfully to the death of Prince Louis Napoleon in his unhappy personal hostilities with the Zulus. Too young, perhaps, to be discriminate in magnanimity; grandly brave, but not equally judicious, he joined a campaign against the "barbarous" Zulus, with whom, however, he had no personal quarrel. He wanted "to see fighting," to have experience of a campaign, to gain the glory which was a tradition of his race. So, sword in hand, he went to Africa; and there, fighting as a brave lad, he fell proudly—a youthful victim to a mistaken civilization. Now, was it civilized, for the sake of his own personal glory, to fire one single shot against the Zulus? He, poor lad, was simply the victim of his traditions, the heir of a race which made the glory of human life to consist in cutting throats and robbing lands. He was the princely scion of imperial civilization. His grand-uncle had made many scientific frontiers, though his last—St. Helena—was too narrow. His father wanted the Rhine as a frontier; but Chiselhurst was the last frontier he enjoyed. The Prince Imperial hoped to rule "glorious" Frenchmen; but there is a little stone placed in Zululand where he fell. It is an awful story of a false civilization. From the little house in Corsica where the first Napoleon was born, to the stone memorial in Zululand where the "fourth" Napoleon fell, there was one bitter historical satire on civilization.

If from civilization in politics we turn, for edification, to civilization in religious and social grooves, it cannot be said that "modern thought" has helped to increase our self-respect or increased our moral right to civilize others. Politically we may be excused for being half civilized, because other nations make it hard for us to sheathe the sword, and because diplomatists try day and night to outwit us; but at least religiously and socially we might aspire to such standards as would show the world that we appreciate civilization. We are not speaking of any nation in particular, but of all nations which now claim to be civilized. In the noble work of Balmes on the comparative effects on civilization of the old and the new Christianity—that is, of Catholicism and Protestantism—he shows that a fallacious theory of civilization has produced a thousand sham "progresses" and sham "enlightenments." It is perfectly true that education (which has been assisted by the art of printing), and also

knowledge of countries (which has been assisted by the "locomotive"), have both made mighty strides since the Reformation; but between the spread of information and the advance of civilization there is no sort of necessary connection. We should assume that civilization should be judged of in three aspects: the unity and the power of religion, the (sufficient) material comforts of the masses, and the interchange and harmony of different classes. Now, what has Protestantism, or the new civilization, done for religious unity and power? We need not stay a moment to reply. What has Protestantism, or the new civilization, done for the material good of the masses? Well, in England and in Germany, the two most Protestant nations, but especially in wealthy, commercial England, the masses in the great towns have no more material comfort, no more home happiness, refinement or culture, than have the masses in Bagdad or Canton. At the least they are as little blessed as they can be. Last October a sermon was preached in Westminster Abbey, by an Anglican clergyman of some dignity, in which it was stated that in no country was there such "humiliating and debasing pauperism" as in prosperous and Protestant England. And the *Daily Telegraph* very candidly admitted: "It is to our national Protestantism we owe our national pauperism." So much for the civilization of the masses. And as to our third point—the interchange and harmony of different classes—it may be said that the modern ideas of "society" include, primarily, the separation of classes to a degree which would disgrace "barbarous" countries. So that, speaking widely, we may say that the new civilization has not only not improved the human race, but has, religiously, socially, ethically, restored to it some touches of the "barbarous." The mere fact that individuals are above conventional principles, and act bravely, conscientiously, charitably, does not affect the "universal"—in which the "particular" is not included—the "universal" being loss of civilization.

The question, "Is it civilized to civilize by force?" can only be approached after some sort of agreement as to who are the "civilized" or the "uncivilized." The "uncivilized" might be disposed to reply, "Who made you a ruler or a judge over us?" They might say: "Your civilization has not improved you in the course of centuries; on the contrary, you are more selfish, more material." They might point—if they were well acquainted with such subjects—to the comparative effects of a Catholic civilization and of a civilization which has taken its place, in such countries as have been brought under the double influence, in the course of the last three hundred years. We do not propose to go into such an immense and profound subject as that which has been argued on the one side by M. de Laveleye and on the other by Bishop Spalding and the Baron de Haulleville: the subject of the direct and of the indirect influence of supernatural upon natural civilization. It would take a volume to outline such a controversy. We are content with the general admission of the immense majority of writers, of travellers, of politicians, of Protestant clergymen, that the world has lost faith, has lost contentment and harmony, by the introduction of the new civilization. And it is on

this ground that we must take the side of the "uncivilized" and the "barbarous" in their repugnance to be civilized by the great Powers, whose civilization is but selfishness with materialism, and is at the best veiled by a sham Christianity. If we were asked what is the true type of a civilizer in these days of brutal rifle-shooting and annexation, we should point to the Roman Propaganda, which has done more for the material benefit as well as for the intellectual culture of a score of "uncivilized" races than have all the monarchs and diplomatists put together since Columbus first saw the New World.

It is not lawful, say Catholic theologians, that any nation or civil prince shall use force to compel a nation to receive missionaries or to listen to the teachers of Christianity. To use physical force there must be the right of jurisdiction; but even where that jurisdiction is admitted no Catholic prince would be justified in using force, though he would be justified in using moral influence. If in countries where no "foreigner" is allowed to travel—and this is still the case in Japan, though with certain modifications of privilege—Christian missionaries choose to jeopardize their lives, they do so in the martyr-spirit of true missionaries, but under the condition that they use solely moral force. It will be said that they can only use moral force, since they necessarily carry their lives in their hands; but the principle is the same, that they would not be justified in an appeal to arms, assuming that they had an army at their back. Now, if it be a principle that no prince may use physical force to introduce a better religion into any country—be that country his own or another prince's—it must also be a principle that he may not use physical force to introduce better politics, better government. Yet since there must be a point where national, barbarous usages would excuse, and even compel, foreign interference—such, for example, as eating foreigners or horribly using them, or even practising abominable cruelties towards the natives—the question must arise, Who is to be the arbiter as to the exact point where the duty of interference becomes established? We should wish to reply that the head of the church is that arbiter; but we should be met with "heretical" rejoinder. Still, an arbiter there must be, or any prince may make a pretext of the existence of grave abuses to enter and to appropriate another country. There is nothing more easy than to "get up" a good case for the justification of foreign intervention. The "Bulgarian atrocities" were but the outcome of a prolonged system of inciting vexed Moslems to revenge themselves. And then came the following plausible argument: "Bulgarian Moslems have murdered Christians; Russia is a great Christian power; therefore Russia may appropriate Bulgaria." This was the mendacious pretext of a recent war. But did the Russians or the Bulgarians do most injury? Was the war or were the atrocities most injurious? We know the answer now; but the question at the time was not submitted to moral arbiters, but was solved solely by the cutthroats and the plunderers. Here is an example of the dire consequence of repudiating the moral force of the central power of Christendom. And from that repudiation has sprung the enfeeblement of moral

principles, and therefore of the political morals of the age. Politics and morals being dissociated by diplomatists, equally in theory and in fact—because diplomatists reject a divine arbiter—it follows that diplomatists have to create their own morals, which is the same thing with saying that they have none at all.

How can it be civilized to civilize by force, when there is not one civilized nation in the world? Partly civilized, partly pagan or materialized, "Christian" governments are only half Christian. Now, to affirm that the barest modicum of civilization, as demonstrated by frock-coats and silver forks, or by representative parliaments and a police force, or by going to church on a Sunday when it is a fine day, can constitute the divine, moral right to force such a civilization on other countries is like maintaining the principle that a man may enter his neighbor's house to impose on him his own superior views of life. It is not, say theologians, until you have exhausted moral effort that you may proceed to convert the hardened by gunpowder. But what is the use of moral effort without example? Is there anything in the example of France or Germany, of England, of Italy, of Russia, which is calculated to impress the aborigines of pagan lands with the divine superiority of Christianity? And since it is Christianity which is always pleaded as that majestic, refining influence which "emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros," how shall the unchristian races be brought to recognize the emollience which is demonstrated by force *plus* diplomacy? "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes" has reference to the precision of pointing a Martini and to the astuteness of outwitting a weaker rival. India knows how she was civilized, and so do some parts of Southern Africa. Yet the application of force would not be necessarily inconsistent with the principle of civilizing by example. Unhappily the English in India, like the Cromwellians in Ireland, and the Russians in Turkey and everywhere else, have not combined the divine spirit of Christianity with their system of civilizing by force. They have done their best to make Christianity odious. As to the modern Turk, his conception of Christianity must be that it is the religion of demons. All that he has ever been made to see of it—save only in the bright example of the Catholic few—has been that it is the pretext for injustice and rapine, for inciting to murder and rebellion. And much the same has to be said about India. Burke said of India that the occupation by the English had not instilled one single virtue into the natives. It had, however, instilled many vices. And so, again, it must be asked: Can it be said of Americans that they have civilized the American tribes nearly so much as they have cheated or murdered them? The sole exception —that is, on a large scale—to the deteriorating influence of modern civilizers has been the fruit of the labors of the Catholic missionaries, who have civilized by force of example. Here, indeed, is the one true civilization. Where merchandise or territory has been the primary object of civilizing a coveted country, that country has been only rendered more "material"—though chiefly to the advantage of the civilizers; but where Catholic missionaries have been the unselfish pioneers they have done a

good which not even "civilization" could undo.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion that to civilize by force is, in modern senses, a contradiction in terms. In the vulgar sense of civilization—which is the silver fork and the police force—we may admit many of the pleas of modern civilizers; but in the higher and deeper sense of the Christian faith we must both ridicule and condemn the affectation. The whole world at this day might have been Christian, if Christian states had not apostatized. For what is it but apostasy to break that Christian unity which alone can present a divine front to the unbelieving? In T. W. Marshall's work on *Christian Missions* the author shows that the chief mission of modern civilizers has been to throw up obstacles in the way of the world's conversion. He elaborately proves (by the testimony of adversaries) that for every one pagan convert to Christianity a thousand pagans have been hardened by their civilizers. This is chiefly because outside the Catholic Church there can be no divine unity as to principles. But it is also because materialism and heresy go hand-in-hand to preach a broken Gospel; whereas the Catholic missionary, while preaching the whole Gospel, does so in the spirit of self-sacrifice. As to any hope of profoundly civilizing barbarous races, or races which, though not barbarous, are not Christian, by a half-system of broken truths and selfish policy, such a delusion is as irrational as to imagine that an ascetic can be inspired with enthusiasm by a voluptuary. Make the sum of civilization to consist in lively commerce, with decorous manners, carpeted rooms, and daily papers, and there is no reason why most of the big nations should not aspire to be benefactors by the sword; but adopt the Catholic ideal of the Roman Propaganda, and there is not one nation which thoroughly realizes it. And we do not see how, with the beam in our own eye, we can claim the right to force the beams out of others' eyes. We think it better to drop the cant of superiority, and to say plainly we want to aggrandize our nation. This, at least, would be truthful, if not chivalrous. To civilize in the highest sense is that divine, eternal purpose which was cradled in the stable at Bethlehem; but modern civilization suggests less of redemption than it does of the "thirty pieces of silver."

## DE VERE'S *LEGENDS OF THE SAXON SAINTS.**

THE title of Aubrey de Vere's latest book of poems is modestly misleading. The *Legends* are far more than legends. They at once picture and illustrate a period, dim, indeed, and far away in the mists of history, but very real and of vast importance on after-time. The verse in which they are told corresponds with the subjects chosen. It is at times sweet and tender, at times heroic and strong. The quaint old Chronicle of the Venerable Bede, written twelve centuries ago, where fact is often interlined with legend, furnishes the ground-work of the poems. The period of the *Legends* is the seventh century. It was towards the close of that century that Bede wrote his history. Paganism still disputed the sway with Christianity for the possession of what we now call England, but what was then the Heptarchy; that is to say, a number of petty independent kingdoms as jealous of their boundaries and nationalities as are France and Germany to-day. Although when Bede lived and flourished Christianity had made great headway in the land, it was still a comparatively new growth on Anglo-Saxon soil. Christian and pagan were in constant contact, often in conflict; and the air was full of legend as the land was of heroic and barbaric lives.

"St. Augustine," says Mr. de Vere, "landed in the Isle of Thanet A.D. 597, and Bede died A.D. 735. The intervening period, that of his Chronicle, is the golden age of Anglo-Saxon sanctity. Notwithstanding some twenty or thirty years of pagan reaction, it was a time of rapid though not uninterrupted progress, and one of an interest the more touching when contrasted with the calamities which followed so soon. Between the death of Bede and the first Danish invasion were eighty years, largely years of decline, moral and religious. Then followed eighty years of retribution, those of the earlier Danish wars, till with the triumph of Alfred, England's greatest king, came the Christian restoration. Once more periods of relaxed morals and sacrilegious princes alternated with intervals of reform; again and again the Northmen overswept the land. The four hundred and sixty years of Anglo-Saxon Christianity constituted a period of memorable achievements and sad vicissitudes; but that period included more than a hundred years of high sanctity, belonging for the most part to the seventh century—a century to England as glorious as was the thirteenth to mediæval Europe."

Such is the period which the poet has chosen to depict. His pictures are taken from the lives of the men, Christian and pagan, who lived then and wrought, and whose stories are sketched in the meagre outlines of Bede's history. Those dry bones the poet has taken and quickened by the power of his fancy, but with such realistic art that as we read we live and move and breathe in a world remote. We are no longer in the England that we know, but the England that

* *Legends of the Saxon Saints.* By Aubrey de Vere. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

came to us in far-off yet delightful glimpses as we lisped our early history, when all the world was young and more full of legend than Venerable Bede himself. The very language partakes of this early grace and simple but expressive beauty. Take, for instance, the opening of the poem that describes the introduction of Christianity into the island: "King Ethelbert of Kent and St. Augustine."

"Far through the forest depths of Thanet's isle,
That never yet had heard the woodman's axe,
Rang the glad clarion on the May-day morn,
Blent with the cry of hounds. The rising sun
Flamed on the forests' dewy jewelry,
While, under rising mists, a host with plumes
Rode down a broad oak alley t'wards the sea."

We are at once transplanted from the present to the past. We tread the Saxon forest, see the royal host, and are prepared naturally for Old-World sights and scenes: for the stag-hunt, the feast and the song—a pagan song, but pagan of the North, harsh, strenuous, and rugged, not of the refined and musical South. "Attend!" sings one:

"Three years gone by,
Sailing with Hakon on Norwegian fiords,
We fought the Jomsburg Rovers, at their head
Sidroc, oath-pledged to marry Hakon's child
Despite her father's best. In mist we met:
Instant each navy at the other dashed
Like wild beast, instinct-taught, that knows its foe;
Chained ship to ship, and clashed their clubs all day,
Till sank the sun: then laughed the white peaks forth,
And reeled, methought, above the reeling waves!"

Here is another picture, by another chief, of Northern pagan life told at the feast:

"A Norland chief dies well!
His bier is raised upon his stateliest ship;
Piled with his arms; his lovers and his friends
Rush to their monarch's pyre, resolved with him
To share in death, and with becoming pomp
Attend his footsteps to Valhalla's Hall.
The torch is lit: forth sails the ship black-winged,
Facing the midnight seas. From beach and cliff
Men watch all night that slowly lessening flame:
Yet no man sheds a tear."

Gustave Doré's poetic pencil might find a congenial subject in either of these pictures; there are many such, as an off-set to the coming of the Christian monks sent by Gregory, with Augustine at their head.

"In raiment white, circling a rocky point,
O'er sands still glistening with a tide far-ebbed,
On drew, preceded by a silver Cross,
A long procession. Music, as it moved,
Floated on sea-winds inland, deadened now
By thickets, echoed now from cliff or cave:
Ere long before them that procession stood."

The meeting of Augustine and Ethelbert, and Augustine's discourse to the pagan king and his court, we leave to the reader's enjoyment, quoting only one keen, prophetic passage imaging the England that we know—an England lying under a darker shadow than obscured it even in its pagan days, for sins against light are darker far than densest ignorance. The "man of God" is gazing on Thanet's shore, "gold-tinged, with sunset spray to crimson turned in league-long crescent." And musing of the future, he says:

"That time may come
When, rich as Carthage, great in arms as Rome,
Keen-eyed as Greece, this isle, to sensuous gaze
A sun all gold, to angels may present
Aspect no nobler than a desert waste,
Some blind and blinding waste of sun-scorched sands,
*Trod by a race of pigmies, not of men—*
*Pigmies by passion ruled!*"

No poet is gentler with humanity than De Vere; yet does no scorn bite as his, where he cares to use it. And surely nothing is there more deserving of a true man's scorn than a great race lost to, and despising even, its own great past and history, and traditions and highest gifts. Such a race is that photographed in the two cruelly true lines that we have italicized.

The characteristics of De Vere's poetry are so well known to most of our readers, and have been so frequently dwelt upon in this maga-

zine, that it will be unnecessary to dilate upon them now. We purpose instead culling a passage here and there, so as to let the poet speak for himself in one of the most delightful volumes for which English literature has yet to thank him. The difficulty with him, now as always, is one of selection; for this poet is not a mere word maker. All that he does has purpose and is of high worth. It would be hard indeed to point out a passage in these *Legends* that has no special place and might be omitted without sacrifice. This is praise that can be accorded to few of our modern English poets, certainly not to Wordsworth, whom De Vere so much, and we do not deny so rightly, admires.

Perhaps few poets in any language have ever so truly presented the virginal delicacy of fair Christian purity and chastity as Aubrey de Vere. Few also can so strongly picture what are called the pagan virtues in their highest form and in their reachings after truth. The noble Hephestion, in *Alexander the Great*, is an instance of what we mean. Indeed, such a character makes one fall in love with the paganism that could give rise to it. The truth is, Hephestion is not a pagan at all, but a true child of God, born among pagans in a pagan time, yet who really responds to the higher aspirations of his God-given nature, and thus becomes a pure "law unto himself." In "Odin, the Man" we have another such in the present volume. He has not the gentle character of Hephestion. He is a monarch vanquished by Roman arms, and who, according to the legend, led his people from Mount Ararat into the bleak North, to be there nursed, amid heroic hardships, into God's avenging race for the destruction of the corrupt and corrupting empire of Rome. This is the man whom Northern legend deified. He is brought on the scene immediately after his defeat and while Pompey is in pursuit of him. The very verse breathes noble fury and pants with the hot breathing of a warrior fresh from a hard-fought field. Here is the future he holds out for his people:

"Increase is tardy in that icy clime,
For Death is there the awful nurse of Life:
Death rocks the cot. Why meet we there no wolf
Save those huge-limbed? Because weak wolf-cubs die.
'Tis thus with man; 'tis thus with all things strong:
Rise higher on thy Northern hills, my Pine!
That Southern Palm shall dwindle.

. . . . . .

I want no Nations!
A Race I fashion, playing not at States:
I take the race of Man, the breed that lifts
Alone its brow to heaven: I change that race
From clay to stone, from stone to adamant,
Through slow abrasion, such as leaves sea-shelves
Lustrous at last and smooth To *be*, not *have*,
A man to be; no heritage to clasp
Save that which simple manhood, at its will,
Or conquers or reconquers, held meanwhile
In trust for Virtue; this alone is greatness."

More strenuous Saxon than this we rarely see; the very words are rock-hewn and smite like bolts. The picture of the great pagan leader, reaching up to the truth from such fragments of it as have come to him and from the aspirations of his own noble nature, is sublime. All his thoughts are for his people, that they may be valorous and great, virtuous and true.

"Above the mountain summits of Man's hope
There spreads, I know, a land illimitable,
The table-land of Virtue trial-proved,
Whereon one day the nations of the world
Shall race like emulous gods. A greater God,
Served by our sires, a God unknown to Rome,
Above that shining level sits, high-towered:
Millions of Spirits wing his flaming light,
And fiery winds among his tresses play;
When comes that hour which judges Gods and men,
That God shall plague the Gods that filched his name,
And cleanse the Peoples."

And here is Odin's beautiful farewell to Ararat:

"Farewell, Ararat!
How many an evening, still and bright as this,
In childhood, youth, or manhood's sorrowing years,
Have I not watched the sunset hanging red
Upon thy hoary brow! Farewell for ever!
A legend haunts thee that the race of man
In earliest days, a sad and storm-tossed few,
From thy wan heights descended, making way
Into a ruined world. A storm-tossed race,
But not self pitying, once again thou seest
Into a world all ruin making way
Whither they know not, yet without a fear.
This hour—lo, there, they pass yon valley's verge!
In sable weeds that pilgrimage moves on,
Moves slowly like thy shadow, Ararat,
That eastward creeps. Phantom of glory dead!
Image of greatness that disdains to die!
Move Northward thou! Whate'er thy fates decreed,
At least that shadow shall be shadow of man,
And not of beast gold-weighted! On, thou Night
Cast by my heart! Thou too shalt meet thy morn!"

There are other pagans, however, who are drawn in what to most readers will appear more natural colors: with all their innate ferocity and hatred of Christianity. There is fierce old Penda, for instance, King of Mercia, as resolute an old pagan as the devil could wish for, yet not without some grains of magnanimity in his nature. If he hated Christ he hated a liar more. The Christian star, under the penitent Oswy, is in the ascendant. Penda sends his son, Peada, on an embassy to Oswy's court. Peada is converted to Christianity. When Penda hears the news he takes grim resolve:

"A Christian, say'st thou? Let him serve his Christ!
That man whom ever most I scorned is he
Who vows him to the service of some god,
Yet breaks his laws; for that man walks a lie.
My son shall live and after me shall reign:
Northumbria's realm shall die!"

He means to keep his word, and, as was apparently the custom in those earlier days, he swore dreadful oaths and prepared him for the fray.

"'Man nor child,'
He sware, 'henceforth shall tread Northumbrian soil,
Nor hart nor hind: I spare the creeping worm:
My scavenger is he.'"

But the bravest of us sometimes count without our host, and so it happened to Penda. Oswy fails to turn the Mercian's wrath aside, and prepares to defend his kingdom against the united hosts of Penda and his allies. The description of the battle is too good not to give entire:

"Windwaed field
Heard, distant still, that multitudinous foe
Trampling the darksome ways. With pallid face
Morning beheld their standards, raven black—
Penda had thus decreed, before him sending
Northumbria's sentence. On a hill, thick set
Stood Oswy's army, small, yet strong in faith,
A wedge-like phalanx, fenced by rocks and woods;
A river in its front.

. . . . . .

An hour ere noon,
That river passed, in thunder met the hosts;
But Penda, straitened by that hilly tract,
Could wield but half his force. Sequent as waves,
On rushed they: Oswy's phalanx like a cliff
Successively down dashed them. Day went by:
At last the clouds dispersed: the westering sun
Glared on the spent eyes of those Mercian ranks
Which in their blindness each the other smote,
Or, trapped by hidden pitfalls, fell on stakes,
And died blaspheming. Little help that day
Gat they from Cambria. She on Heaven-Field height
Had felt her death-wound, slow albeit to die.
The apostate Ethelwald in panic fled:
The East Anglians followed. Swollen by recent rains
And choked with dead, the river burst its bound,
And raced along the devastated plain
Till cry of drowning horse and shriek of man
Rang far and farther o'er that sea of death,
A battle-field but late. This way and that
Briton or Mercian where he might escaped
Through flood or forest. Penda scorned to fly:
Thrice with extended arms he met and cursed
The fugitives on-rushing. As they passed
He flung his crownèd helm into the wave,
And bit his brazen shield above its rim
Levelling a look that smote with chill like death
Their hearts that saw it. Yet one moment more
He sat like statue on some sculptured horse
With upraised hand, close-clenched, denouncing Heaven:
Then burst his mighty heart. As stone he fell
Dead on the plain."

Perhaps a finer description even than this is that of the battle between King Oswald's little band and the forces of Cadwallon, Prince of Cambria:

"The sun uprose:
Ere long the battle joined. Three dreadful hours
Doubtful the issue hung. Fierce Cambria's sons,
With chief and clan, with harper and with harp,
Though terrible yet mirthful in their mood,
Rushed to their sport. Who mocked their hope that day?
Did Angels help the just? Their falling blood,

Say, leaped it up once more, each drop a man
Their phalanx to replenish? Backward driven,
Again that multitudinous foe returned
With clangor dire; futile, again fell back
Down dashed, like hailstone showers from palace halls
Where princes feast secure. Astonishment
Smote them at last. Through all those serried ranks,
Compact so late, sudden confusions ran
Like lines divergent through a film of ice,
Stamped on by armèd heel, or rifts on plains
Prescient of earthquake underground. Their chiefs
Sounded the charge:—in vain; Distrust, Dismay,
Ill Gods, the darkness lorded of that hour:
Panic to madness turned. Cadwallon sole
From squadron on to squadron speeding still
As on a wingèd steed—his snow-white hair
Behind him blown, a mace in either hand—
Stayed while he might the inevitable rout;
Then sought his death, and found. Some fated Power,
Mightier than man's, that hour dragged back his hosts
Against their will and his; as when the moon,
Shrouded herself, drags back the great sea-tides,
That needs must follow her receding wheels
Though wind and wave gainsay them, breakers wan
Thundering indignant down nocturnal shores,
And city-brimming floods against their will
Down drawn to river-mouths."

Such was the stubborn material with which the mild Gospel of Christ had to contend, and out of which it was to fashion the race that Odin had imagined and prayed for. The sword was needed as well as prayer against foes of this kind, who knew and respected no law of right save might. Even their conversion was often of a doubtful quality. An amusing instance is given in the story of "How St. Cuthbert kept his Pentecost at Carlisle." In the saint's visitations he comes across "a Jute devout," and we will let the "Jute devout" tell his own story of spiritual hardship and wrong:

"Southward once more
Returning, scarce a bow-shot from the woods
There rode to him a mighty thane, one-eyed,
With warriors circled, on a jet-black horse,
Barbaric shape and huge, yet frank as fierce,
Who thus made boast: 'A Jute devout am I!
What raised that convent pile on yonder rock?
This hand! I wrenched the hillside from a foe
By force, and gave it to thy Christian monks
To spite yet more those Angles! Island Saint,
Unprofitable have I found thy Faith!
Behold those priests, thy thralls, are savage men,
Unrighteous, ruthless! For a sin of mine
They laid on me a hundred days of fast!
A man am I keen-witted; friend and liege
I summoned, showed my wrong, and ended thus:
'Sirs, ye are ninety-nine, the hundredth I;
I counsel that we share this fast among us!
To-morrow from the dawn to evening's star
No food as bulky as a spider's tongue
Shall pass our lips; and thus in one day's time
My hundred days of fast shall stand fulfilled.'
Wrathful they rose, and sware by Peter's keys
That fight they would, albeit 'gainst Peter's self;
But fast they would not save for personal sins.
Signal I made: then backward rolled the gates,
And, captured thus, they fasted without thanks,
Cancelling my debt—a hundred days in one!
Beseech you, Father, chide your priests who breed
Contention thus 'mid friends!' The saint replied,
'Penance is irksome, Thane: to 'scape its scourge
Ways there are various; and the easiest this,
Keep far from mortal sin.'"

This whole poem of St. Cuthbert is peculiarly sweet and attractive. The poet has contrived to throw into the happiest combination and contrast an extremely simple and honest humanity united with the highest sanctity illumined by that light which is from above. It is the longest of the *Legends*, and perhaps the most interesting. The saint's life is given from his youth up to his death; a number of characters and of Old-World scenes are introduced in the most natural manner possible, yet the entire story does not occupy more than thirty-two pages. We cannot resist the temptation of tracing, by a hint or a line here and there, the growth of this great character, who to those who read this poem will ever after live in their memory as Aubrey de Vere has drawn him:

"St. Cuthbert, yet a youth, for many a year
Walked up and down the green Northumbrian vales
Well loving God and man."

We are told how rumor went that

"When all night
He knelt upon the frosty hills in prayer,
The hare would couch her by his naked feet
And warm them with her fur."

This is almost a companion picture to that of Ceadmon among his kine:

"Then strode he to his cow-house in the mead,
Displeased though meek.
. . . . . .
Hearing his step, the kine
Turned round their hornèd fronts; and angry thoughts

Went from him as a vapor. Straw he brought,
And strewed their beds; and they, contented well,
Laid down ere long their great bulks, breathing deep
Amid the glimmering moonlight. He, with head
Propped on a favorite heifer's snowy flank,
Rested, his deer skin o'er him drawn. Hard days
Bring slumber soon. His latest thought was this:
'Though witless things we are, my kine and I,
Yet God it was who made us.'"

Thus has it ever been. No men have truer sympathy with nature and God's creatures than the saints of God, who see God always and everywhere. So Cuthbert, "to manhood grown," dwelt in Lindisfarne, where, year by year, he

"Paced its shores by night, and blent his hymns
With din of waves."

Thus twelve years passed, and then God's mandate fell on him and "drave him forth a hermit into solitudes more stern." He went to Farne,

"A little rocky islet nigh,
Where man till then had never dared to dwell,
By dreadful rumors scared."

But God was everywhere to God's servant, and nearest where men were farthest removed. There

"He saw by day
The clouds on-sailing, and by night the stars;
And heard the eternal waters. Thus recluse
The man lived on in vision still of God
Through contemplation known: and as the shades
Each other chase all day o'er steadfast hills,
Even so, athwart that Vision unremoved,
For ever rushed the tumults of this world,
Man's fleeting life; the rise and fall of states,
While changeless measured change."

To him in his retreat mourners and "sinners bound by Satan" come, and at his touch "their chains fell from them light as summer dust." Age creeps upon him there, "by fasts outworn, yet ever young at heart." At last comes King Egfrid in state, and calls him, compels him rather, into the see of Northumbria. The wise ones wondered at the call, knowing not that

"Simpleness
Is sacred soil, and sown with royal seed,
The heroic seed and saintly."

As so often has happened in the history of the church, this simple and holy recluse, who had lived a life of contemplation and prayer, proved a great bishop. He ruled in the church wisely and well, without ever losing a particle of his native simplicity; for God worked in his faithful servant. He was the father of his people, as well as the guide and teacher of them and of his clergy. All flocked to him "where'er he faced."

"Rejoiced he was
To see them, hear them, touch them; wearied never:
Whate'er they said delighted still he heard:
The rise and fall of empires touched him less,
The book rich-blazoned, or the high-towered church:
'We have,' he said, 'God's children, and their God:
The rest is fancy's work.'"

And his people loved him, "the more because, so great and wise, he stumbled oft in trifles." He spoke to them in parables, as our Lord spoke, and some of the parables are given, as indeed we might imagine the saint giving them. Once three maidens came to him, "lovely as Truth," and smiling put the question, "What life, of lives that women lead, is best?" He answers: "Three; for each of these is best": the maiden's, especially she who is God's priestess—his alone; the Christian wife; and the Christian widow. We can only here give one, that appeals to the largest number of women's hearts:

"The Christian Wife comes next:
She drinks a deeper draught of life; round her
In ampler sweep its sympathies extend:
*An infant's cry has knocked against her heart,*
Evoking thence that human love wherein
Self-love hath least. *Through infant eyes a spirit*
*Hath looked upon her, crying, 'I am thine!*
Creature from God—dependent yet on thee!'
Thenceforth she knows how greatness blends with weakness;
Reverence, thenceforth, with pity linked, reveals
To her *the pathos of the life of man,*
*A thing divine, and yet at every pore*
*Bleeding from crowned brows.* A heart thus large
Hath room for many sorrows. What of that?
*Its sorrow is its dowry's noblest part.*

She bears it not alone. Such griefs, so shared—
Sickness, and fear, and vigils lone and long—
Waken her heart to love sublimer far
Than ecstasies of youth could comprehend;
Lift her perchance to heights serene as those
The ascetic treadeth.'"

If the dignity and nobleness and high office of Christian wifehood have ever been painted in truer and finer lines than these we should be happy to see them. Something greater than a poet even, or perhaps it is truer to say the very highest poetry, speaks here: that poetry that appeals to all humanity alike and deifies what it touches. No wonder that to men listening to such discourse

"The erroneous Past
Lay like a shrivelled scroll before their feet;
*And sweet as some immeasurable rose*
*Expanding leaf on leaf, varying yet one*,
The Everlasting Present round them glowed.
Dead was desire, and dead not less was fear—
The fear of change—of death."

Readers will get but a faint idea of the manifold beauties of this volume even from the extracts we have given. There are fourteen legends in all, and we have only quoted from two or three, not for any superior excellence in them over the others. A line is sufficient to betray the true poet, as Giotto's circle revealed the great artist. Throughout this volume run numberless lines and touches that are at once the truest inspiration and the highest art, which we take to be the perfection of poetry. None but a master-hand can fashion lines that themselves are poems. We select a few here and there, almost at haphazard. Thus Odin says of his anguish when "the one flower of his life" fell to his foot:

"It dashed me on the iron side of life:
I woke a man."

Augustine almost opens heaven when he describes "the Almighty, All-compassionate,"

"Down drawn from distance infinite to man
By the Infinite of Love."

Here is a fine image: the saint is speaking of the future primates of England:

"From their fronts
Stubborned with marble from St. Peter's Rock
The sunrise of far centuries forth shall flame."

A coming storm is grandly foreshadowed:

"Through the clouds
A panic-stricken moon stumbled and fled,
And wildly on the waters blast on blast
Ridged their dark floor."

And here breaks the dawn:

"The matin star shook on the umbered wave;
Along the east there lay a pallid streak,
That streak which preludes dawn."

Queen Bertha is drawn "riding through the April gleams"

"With face so lit by love
Its lustre smote the beggar as she passed,
And changed his sigh to song."

"Truth and love," says Heida the Prophetess,

"Are gifts too great to give themselves for naught;
Exacting Gods."

Ceadmon's song is all wonderful and clear though mystic. How beautifully is the thought of creation expressed. At the words "Let there be light!"

"Lo!
On the void deep came down the seal of God
And stamped immortal form."

What a fine picture is this of King Oswy:

"A man in prime, with brow
Less youthful than his years. Exile long past,
Or deepening thought of one disastrous deed,
Had left a shadow in his eyes. The strength
Of passion held in check looked lordly forth
From head and hand; tawny his beard; his hair
Thick curled and dense. Alert the monarch sat
Half-turned, like one on horseback set that hears,
And he alone, the advancing tramp of war."

There are many such portraits in the poems. Before the king and his court and Hilda's sisterhood Ceadmon sings "his lordly music"—

"The void abyss at God's command forth-flinging
Creation like a thought: where night had reigned
The universe of God."

And in Lent, "tremulous and pale, he told of Calvary," and of that Passion which,

> 'A river of bale, from guilty age to age
> Along the astonied shores of common life
> Annual makes way, the history of the world,
> Not of one day, one people."

St. Catherine is presented as

> "That Alexandrian with the sunlike eyes."

Surrounded by the pagan sages,

> "Slight and tall,
> 'Mid them, keen-eyed the wingless creature stood
> Like daughter of the sun on earth new-lit."

The poet, speaking of Ceadmon's song before Hilda and the court, says: "In part those noble listeners *made* that song."

> "Their flashing eyes, their hands, their heaving breasts,
> Tumult self-stilled, and mute, expectant trance,
> 'Twas these that gave their bard his twofold might—
> That might denied to poets later born
> Who, singing to soft brains and hearts ice-hard,
> Applauded or contemned, alike roll round
> A vainly-seeking eye, and, famished, drop
> A hand clay-cold upon the unechoing shell,
> Missing their inspiration's human half."

How sadly true is this! High thoughts find faint echoes in these days of "soft brains and hearts ice-hard." They are quenched in the tumult of the petty strifes that vex the world. Men are deaf to inspiration. The poets are deserted for the ledger, and the prophets for the rise and fall of stocks. "Quotations" nowadays mean the exchange reports, and the finest qualities of the mind are turned to an ardent study of commercial statistics. The daily newspaper is the organ of inspiration, and the novel the refuge from boredom in leisure moments. The poets have felt the downward drag of the times, and, instead of resisting, have yielded to it. The best liked are those who have most degraded their divine gift, and for the heroic passion of old have given us animality. They have gone back to paganism, without acquiring the grace and spirituality and tender beauty that the higher pagan poets possessed. Our poets, like our painters and sculptors, have not the art to veil grossness. They pour out the reekings of befouled imaginations, and call it poetry and art.

Amid such singers a voice like De Vere's breaks like a blast of war or a vision of a prophet. He summons to high and heroic thoughts and deeds. Base passion he brushes by as the soiled thing that it is. The others revel in it. His eye is lit with the light of heaven, while his heart is full of the great struggle of human life upwards. He sings to souls immortal, not to the children of a day. His poems may be searched through and through, and not an impure thought or unchaste line he found in them. Can this be said of any other living English poet? He began with the lyre; he is ending with the harp, the instrument of bards and of the prophet-king. His early sweetness is blending with the heroic, and the depth that was once cold and obscure is warming into light and life. His vision widens as his purpose becomes clearer, and no English poet to-day can utter thoughts at once so comprehensive and deep and ennobling as Aubrey de Vere. We have given a few instances in the present notice. Those who take up these *Legends* will find them teeming with thoughts to arrest the attention and with passages of surpassing beauty.

"Contrast strange," says Kenwalk,

> "These Christians with the pagan races round!
> Something those pagans see not these have seen:
> Something those pagans hear not these have heard:
> Doubtless there's much in common. What of that?
> 'Tis thus 'twixt man and dog; yet knows the dog
> His master walks in worlds by him not shared."

Thus we contrast De Vere with the more popular poets of the period.

# THE RELATION OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE TO THE PLASTIC ARTS.*

It was once said by an observant bishop that the tower of St. Stephen's in Vienna was a *Sursum Corda* done in stone. This striking phrase may be applied to church architecture, as it ought to be. It is this art which in the dusky naves and lightsome choirs of our Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals helps us to gather together and elevate our wandering thoughts. To this beautiful art, the mother and forerunner of the plastic arts, also belongs the task of expressing a high ideal, of awakening the Christian consciousness, of setting before us unity in variety, and the harmony of creation according to the interpretation of Christianity. The Jewish Church, with its knowledge and fear of the Almighty as its head, though forbidden to make an image of him and scarcely allowed to pronounce his name, yet possessed a temple. Christianity has changed these relations. The *Sursum Corda* is only the introduction to the Preface which, in the course of the ecclesiastical year, not only presents to us the belief of the unity of God in the Trinity, but likewise the whole history of the Saviour, through a long succession of scenes from his life and that of his church. Architecture alone cannot cover this ground; and though, in her many symbolical branches, she may foreshadow something of all these mysteries, the house of God, if it is to be a perfect and artistic expression of Christian doctrine, requires the presence of the plastic arts, not as an ornament, but as an essential development and amplification of the keynote indicated by the architectural forms. Were we to content ourselves with the vague *Sursum Corda* suggested to us by the proportions of beautiful churches, we should be retrograding in matters of art, much as in religion one may fall back from church doctrine to deism. In the best period of art, when many artists were at once architects, sculptors, and painters, it was understood as a matter of course that all the arts, in order to produce healthy and truthful work, must advance and develop equally side by side.

After the loss of the ideal of family life in common, by which we mean the styles which sprang from the various manifestations of Christian unity and from the variety of its phases of organic life, error and confusion fell upon the higher fields of art. Thence resulted the supplanting of this simple style by an unnatural mannerism, which appeared the worse for its tendency to adorn, by its trivial conceits, those subjects which more earnest ages had handled with reverence and holy fear. Painters clothed the limbs of their half-naked figures with fluttering, ragged drapery; sculptors tried their hand at clouds, waterfalls, and sunbeams; and both outstripped with their operatic allegories and apotheoses the eccentricity of forms of constructive art, which contemporary archi-

* An article by L. von Führich, Vienna, in a monthly publication entitled *Historico-political Papers for Catholic Germany*, edited by Edmund Jörg and Franz Binder, Munich, Literary and Artistic Institute. 1879. Vol. lxxxiv., No. 1.

tects had already rendered as uncertain as possible.

Painting in the worst *rococo* period exercised an overwhelming domination in this new field, while a so-called element of picturesqueness was infused into sculpture and architecture; but though this prominence of a degenerate but active art was prejudicial to its sister-arts, especially architecture, its possibility was still a proof, in spite of all errors and confusions, of the inherent link between all arts, and formed a blurred memorial of the tradition of art-unity. This spirit, obscured and rendered well-nigh unrecognizable, was not wholly lost, and the feeling yet remained that a building shorn of significant imagery was like the earth-world, beautiful indeed and vast, but shorn of the human world, that measure of all things, and capable of "thinking out once more the great thought of creation." There yet remained a glimmer of the feeling that in art, as in the creation of man, the breath of life is needful for the outer building of the body, and that this "spirit," manifested by means of the plastic arts, lights up the features of the body. It was impossible for the latter to wear their rightful expression and take their proper part while their mistress was busy with affected conceits and playful trivialities. The penance had to be borne in the shape of the bald period of "classicism"—a cooling of the spirit of art and of the relations between the arts. Then followed a period of self-satisfaction on the part of the masters of painting, who practically had learnt their art from the painters of the contorted and grotesque, but who, while they acknowledged their technical power, nevertheless rejected their frivolous mannerism.

But the bond which united the arts was loosened, if not broken, and needed to be renewed—an intention typified by the saying of Cornelius, "Not the arts, but Art." Rome was the centre where these artist-reformers gathered together, where their object and aspirations found expression, and where the first frescoes of the new school testified to the new-found union of architecture and painting. But modern Italy had no appreciation of the earnestness of these efforts, and even on the hard soil of the German fatherland they found but a cold reception, in spite of the strong and generous help of a public-spirited king.*

If it was a bold undertaking, made in sober earnest, to discover a new style of architecture, the men who undertook it had no pretensions to invention, and aimed chiefly at rebuilding their own artistic principles on the lines of eternal moral principles. They fondly hoped that, by so doing, a style would arise of itself, naturally based upon the models and experience of their forefathers, minus their weakness or mistakes—an art-language of the present expressed with all the freedom that a choice of many and increased vehicles of thought must needs give. Earnestness and devotedness, however, are not characteristics of our age. Whence could art-certainty come, or express itself boldly in a new style, when certainty was nowhere to be found in life? And yet one could not do without its shadow, harmony, without which all art disappears.

To arouse a movement towards depth and earnestness in painting, which has been called the most abstract of all visible expressions of

* King Louis of Bavaria.

art, it was desirable to cause a corresponding movement to take place in architecture, the least abstract of the beautiful arts, as a contemporary architect has christened it. In this lies the key to a succession of developments. As long as unity of life is not ours we can have no individual style; and unity of life we shall never have without seeking it with all our hearts. Thus we build, as it were, according to the dictionary, in all styles, making them our own in all their details, studying their characteristics with minute carefulness and keen observation, ticketing them in our maps and compendiums, and choosing our "properties" impartially according to the style, Gothic, Greek, Arabic, or Renaissance, which we wish to imitate. Such a system, as soon as it is accepted as a normal and permanent one, must lead to yet greater monotony and uniformity. What seems an *embarras de richesses* is only the baldest poverty of resource. It is worth notice that the knell of art, as such, should have coincided with the rise of our modern "art-industries." Art, once extolled by literature as an independent deity, sinks into the commonplace when, instead of upholding her own high standard and dignifying the smaller details of life, she becomes the handmaid of luxury, and, surrendering her mission, allows her highest forms to fall into the meaningless and the trivial.

It will be asked if our greatest painters, even Cornelius himself, have not worked for, and interested themselves in, the creation of an artistic spirit as connected with commerce. By all means; but they drew their forms from the idea, while we have lost the idea in our dalliance with fantastic forms, some of which we have copied from those of our forerunners, but applied not only to fitting but to incongruous and ridiculous uses. Should the glitter of show-shops, lit up by thousands of torches and full of changing color, make us forget the beauty of the eternal stars? We are gone astray in endless conceits.

When the old Pinakothek at Munich was in course of building, Klenze had appropriated about a hundred thousand gulden for silk hangings for the walls of the picture-galleries; whereupon Cornelius, in a memoir addressed to the king, expressed himself thus: "The art of painting is set aside and neglected for these enormous developments of luxury; and yet, modest as the artist's estimate of himself may be, he can confidently assert that his works will last and will be looked upon with pleasure and profit long after all silk hangings are in rags, and gilding faded and blackened." He was right in quoting the saying of the Greeks, "We set no value on gold and glitter, but only on wisdom and art." This was a serious appeal to the pride of architecture; but Cornelius acknowledged that the decoration of the *Loggie*, to be in keeping with their object, must be of a light and arabesque-like character. "But," says he, "everything really light, cheerful, and fanciful must have its root in the fullest depth of feeling and of fancy, and even in the ripest and gravest experience of earnest thought. Lightness of treatment must be so only in appearance; and if it is not to be merely superficial, and thereby sink to the level of worthless and commonplace decoration, it must be the matured outcome of a life dedicated to all that is holiest and

greatest in art. . . . Only the painter of the 'Stanze' could have conceived the *Loggie*. . . . If we give ourselves up too early to a specious lightness I believe I can correctly foretell that things will be produced flat, shallow, unstable in color, false in proportion, like the so-called continuation of the *Loggie* by the Zuccheris, which we can only look upon with disgust and contempt."

These truths were too strong to be borne by the spirit of the times, and the noble master was once more obliged to take to the wanderer's staff; but he had prophesied only too wisely. It is well for him that he is not present to see what in his eyes was the core of all art—its spirit and meaning—banished under the name of the pedantic; to see the plastic arts cavalierly treated as "decorative arts," especially in the province of monumental and memorial buildings; to see in the great centres of modern culture thousands of buildings devoted to the most earnest and serious objects, buildings on which monoliths of granite and marble and giant capitals are lavished, but where, when it comes to sculptured figures, the contractors debate the possibility of terra-cotta mouldings and other deceptive substitutes; and to see how, when the frescoing of a large church is in question, a contract is given to a decorative painter only, with discretion to find a "hand" to do the secondary figure-work. Such are the practical results of the principle that the plastic arts have no higher aim than the finishing-off and adornment of architecture. We can understand this principle if the spirit of our age be right in looking upon art as a refined form of luxury and acting as an idle play-goer—now delighting in this spectacle, now in that—while from the reality thus travestied for his amusement he would recoil with displeasure; but we cannot understand it when it seeks to justify itself as an element of church architecture.

The inherent importance and power of imagery is proved by the very prohibition against it in the Mosaic law and the adoration of images in the gentile world. When the "fulness of time" was come, and God became a visible, tangible brother of mankind, the relation of art to the perfected worship of God changed also. Imagery came forward and took precedence even of the art of oratory, for the "Word was made flesh" and "we *saw* its beauty." Then was the most perfectly beautiful Image introduced into the great shrine of the world, born into it exactly at the right time and place, placed there by the Almighty Artist who fashioned Adam's body, the all-powerful Architect who grounded the foundations of the world. But even before he built the shrine of the earth he had the Image in his mind, for he is himself the Image, and for it only he adorned the earth with all her grace and beauty. This belief seems to us to lie at the root of any Christian conception of imagery.

The yearning of the early church for an authentic image of the Saviour and his Mother found expression in the tradition that St. Luke had preserved their features in a portrait. How quickly the fear of idolatry disappears with the commandment not only not to make an image of God, but not even to bring the Eternal into comparison with anything human by so much as the breath of his awful name! How quickly this reticence is exchanged for the veneration of im-

ages, thus giving to the plastic arts a dignity such as never fell to the lot of any other form of creative art! The Christian enthusiasm for images gave the church hosts of martyrs during the century of persecution, following the controversy on the subject, which disturbed the erring church of Byzantium. Again, in the Western schism and disruption images had fully their share. The church was so convinced of the importance of the doctrine of image-veneration that she summoned an œcumenical council to decide the question. She even dispenses, in cases of necessity, with the need of a consecrated place for the celebration of her mysteries, but never with the presence of a crucifix upon the altar.

Is it likely that all this should have happened, and still happen, concerning a thing simply within the province of "important decoration"? How did such a peculiar and pernicious error ever get foothold within the domain of sacred art? How, in the sight of the decay of profane art into, mere luxury, could this error become a cloak for "correctness of style"?

The awakening of the historical and critical spirit in the beginning of this century made rapid strides as connected with science and art. In the latter field the influence of the romantic school of poetry, and even of Goethe himself, fostered many a seed of enthusiasm for "Old-German" art. Gothic architecture, embodied in so many memorials of ancient fame, fired all hearts with the poetic and patriotic suggestions of its peculiar style of beauty. The same spirit was kindled in painting by the woodcuts of Albert Dürer and the marvellous collection of pictures which Boisserée's exile and wanderings gave him the opportunity to make. It was chiefly through painters that the impulse first spread which aimed at reviving among their contemporaries the old-fashioned earnestness of thought and singleness of purpose; and this effort it was which after a while called forth the bitter taunt of Goethe, that they were trying to resuscitate mediævalism by a narrow and cramped mannerism. It is true that the lesser minds in the wake of this movement were easily mistaken, and sometimes sought, in the mere imitation of archaic forms and childish details, to make up for the noble simplicity and ancient earnestness which eluded their feeble search; but the master-minds never forgot, and always loudly proclaimed, that the same principles that gave broad power to Raphael and rugged strength to Dürer entailed the taking up of their own duty as evident at present—the duty of building for themselves, out of their own individual consciousness, on the old time-honored foundations. While with genuine enthusiasm they studied the wonders of the old world of art, and sought to probe its secrets to their very roots, they rightly held that a servile copying of its outward forms was a profanation, although such a foolish habit of "swearing by the master's *dictum*" had existed at all times as an art disease. But as in science it is not those disciples who most rigidly adhere to their master's mode of speech who contrive most to further and disseminate his teaching, so it is with art. "The letter killeth, but the spirit quickeneth."

This is perhaps best illustrated by the fossil art of the Greek church compared with the progressive, living art of the church of the world.

It is true that every free motion is threatened by a thousand dangers and subject to a thousand errors. It is not surprising that every earnest artist, every Christian who strives to enter into the spirit of the church, should be shocked at the senseless decoration, the meaningless deformities with which our grand cathedrals have been overlaid during the last hundred years. But from this extreme sprang a reaction equally far from truth, a cold, bald "correctness of style" which, in its way, stands on a level with the elaborate correctness of costume which our modern painters cultivate, and lay the more stress on the further removed they are from being able to infuse vital, creative power into their works. It is very much open to question if it was a wise course to pursue, to banish from our churches, almost without exception, the works of the three last centuries, which our forefathers have created in a truly devotional spirit, and in sight of which they have wept and prayed. No one would not rejoice to see removed from a Gothic building an awkward urn or barrel-shaped monument, the walled up-windows, restored to their shape and use, once more filled with "storied" panes, all foolish baubles swept out of the house of God, and the traces of the simplicity and greatness of olden times sought out and carefully, lovingly renewed. Yet our venerable cathedrals are something more than mere monuments. We do not keep them up or restore them, like, for instance, an ancient triumphal arch, merely for the sake of their historical and æsthetic interest. They are living witnesses of a holy worship that gathers the present generation under their roofs, and resemble a venerable patriarch who binds together the present and the past, and, while belonging rather to the old time than the new, is yet enriched by the experience of the latter. We ought to consider future generations, and be careful how we disturb, in the name of devotion, memorials that may be instructive to them; for it should never be forgotten that history is *the* great architect, and that her influence in many of our old cathedrals is so inwoven into the original plan that to "restore" certain parts would be to disturb the harmony of the whole.

The study of the arts belonging to past ages has never been so fully pursued, so minutely accurate and, as it were, so objective, as it has become in our day. We live in a gathering, classifying epoch, distinguished by the possession of more than common means with which to work towards the above end. The study of history is of the greatest importance for the development of the future, and will, it is to be hoped, bear more abundant fruits than it has ever done hitherto. But he who has experienced, though it be but slightly, what it is to try to impress upon his neighbor what he has himself felt and thought will acknowledge how difficult the task will be, and how great the transformation, to deliver to the coming generation the spirit and individuality of the present. How much more when it is a matter of reconstructing the past! The effort often does but provide opportunity for the success of sceptics, to whom history and being are alike objects of doubt.

Is it otherwise in the field of art? Must it not be otherwise in architecture, where all goes by rule and measure and everything is sharply defined, and, through architecture,

the foundation-art, in the other arts also? Whoever believes this falls into a mistake which is more striking the more closely the copyist adheres to the spirit of the ancient forms; in other words, a new and well-proportioned building in a style of past ages is the least artificial work, while the sham increases when in either sculpture or painting, but more especially the latter, the chief stress is laid on an archaic realism of detail. Ecclesiastical art is a prayer, and one who exercises his genius with this conviction can perhaps follow literally in his forefathers' steps as long as he works with compass and rule; but it becomes impossible the moment he takes brush or pencil in hand. Fancy Fra Angelico, who painted his pictures kneeling, having such a thought or consciousness in the background, and what havoc it would work in all his beautiful creations, leaving a taint of unreality and pretentiousness on all he did. Such an after-intention must needs have disturbed the harmony of his work.

Quite otherwise is it with the artist whose heart has steeped itself in the same childlike devotion and manly earnestness that belonged to the old masters, but which yields new blossoms in its new disciple. His works will be like the old ones, but with a living difference the more vigor of present life they embody, and the louder they speak to the present generation in a familiar as well as forcible tongue.

No doubt much reverence is needful in the matter of the restoration of old, time-honored buildings, and even in the action of their most reverent lovers much remains to be desired. In following closely the plan of the old builders a delicate artistic perception is imperatively necessary, and, even apart from what the harmony of the whole demands, it will "restore" with greater modesty (especially where mere ornament is in question) the more penetrated it is with reverence for the old gray walls.

Most cathedrals are incomplete as regards images. Where the ideal link between the original builder and the decorator from whom centuries divide him is broken or interrupted, it will be the mission of the latter to give expression to the ideas of the master, or, where these are hidden from him, at least to reproduce such thoughts as filial piety, as of a child unwilling to wake his slumbering father, would suggest. But, whatever pains we take to imitate the old, we shall never get the old to look anything but old, or the new anything but new. The greater the effort at outward assimilation the more force does the ideal lose in the eyes of contemporary opinion, without the end being reached—*i.e.*, to make the new part a homogeneous growth of the old building.

The real object, however, remains, and this is not to set up a faultless but dead image of what our forerunners created, but to hold up before the present generation, not according to its tastes but according to its necessities, and in its own tongue, the ideal that inspired the old masters, but is still living, higher than any of its manifestations, the counterpart of Him who is with us *all* days, and the spirit of which we are bound to carry out with our whole soul and all our resources. For this reason it is a truer ideal which prompted men in past ages to have themselves painted, with their own costumes and the signs of their calling, in scenes representing sacred history

or the lives of the saints, than that which bids us paint Abraham in the correct costume of a nomad sheik, or, lacking as we do the naïve boldness of a past age, affect the forms of a certain century of the Christian era, and thereby relegate artistically and correctly into the past the forms of saints and apostles. Such an effort would have been impossible to a believing age. But when we turn from the forced disruption of the old understanding between the past and the present, and consider the question of new works of the constructive and plastic arts, we cannot, without great disadvantage to each, look upon each as a separate whole, but must compare their mutual relations. Architecture naturally takes the first place. She fashions, with arduous labor, the hardest materials of nature into expressions of the freedom of thought. Perhaps in the very arduousness of the undertaking lurks the temptation to let her freer and lighter sisters feel her power. Her power is obvious, but, in art as in justice, the principle that "might is right" is a dangerous one. In her highest uses architecture no doubt does more than merely supply surfaces for the plastic arts; but, on the other hand, neither is image-work a mere decoration of architectural surfaces. Painting, it is true, if it aims at keeping its place, must accommodate itself to this keynote of the architecture; but if the keynote wilfully, and for the sake of technical architectural purism, hinders the expression of the ideal that underlies all art, architecture itself remains the greatest loser.

How goes it with the relations between music and poetry? Is the text which the music accompanies deemed the ornament of the latter? Or, on the contrary, is the music merely the ornament of the words? Music is no mere garment of the latter, but is intimately associated with it, as body and soul blend together in the creation of a higher life. If it were otherwise how could composers often breathe life into such feeble words as we see chosen? The plastic arts seem, as it were, the eyes and voices of architecture. Its soul is the idea which finds expression in both forms, but the influence of the plastic arts is further-reaching than that of architecture. If art is but the representation of the spiritual through the material, it follows that for the perfection of a harmonious whole it will be necessary to determine beforehand what share the plastic arts are to have in any given church-building, and to consider as soon as the ground-plan is made what spaces are to be reserved for them, and, according to the importance of the material, what the dimensions and the places assigned to them shall be. And this in order to make as easy as possible a task already serious and severe, requiring in the artist no less humility than aptitude, and strictly confining him not only to necessities of form and rule, but also to the relative necessity of harmonizing his work with the general tone of the building.

Let no one, therefore, be too eager to lay down hard and fast rules which, looking only to the noble Gothic style of building, exclude or cramp the development of the plastic arts. The one is not subordinate to the other, but coordinate, and the true end of art should be to establish perfect harmony between them.

# A NOVEL DEFENCE OF PROTESTANTISM.

## UNREST AMONG PROTESTANTS.

THERE are published every now and then in the periodicals and newspapers of the different Protestant denominations articles which show unmistakable signs of an element of unrest at work in their adherents concerning their anomalous position in the Christian world. The constantly increasing divisions among them as denominations, and between individuals of the same denomination, and the many symptoms of defection of faith in their ranks, in our day, are also marks of a fatal disease too plain not to occupy the attention and thoughts of serious-minded Protestants who look beyond the present, have at heart the good of mankind, and are actuated by a sincere love for Christ. With this class should be ranked Rev. J. W. Santee, D.D., who is the author of an article, remarkable in some respects, on this subject in the October number of the *Reformed Quarterly Review*, entitled "The Church of Christ, with Reference to Special Periods in her Development."

Its author evidently has emancipated himself to an unusual degree from the common traditional Protestant prejudices against the Catholic Church; and this deliverance is most likely due to his having ventured, in his search after truth, beyond the narrow limitations of his sectarian training. It appears that the day has gone by, among the more enlightened of the Protestant community, when it was considered the proper thing, in speaking of the Catholic Church, to denounce the pope as Antichrist, her hierarchy as an usurpation, and her worship as idolatrous. The truth is, the schoolmaster has been abroad among the more recent Protestants, and there are scholars among even their more popular sects who are no longer content with the idea that Christianity began in Wittenberg A.D. 1619 or thereabouts, or that the science of theology was first taught by Martin Luther and John Calvin, neither of whom was distinguished either for his theological knowledge or training. It is, therefore, with no little interest that the attentive observer of the different religious phases of human nature reads the productions of this class of scholars, written in explanation and defence of the abnormal attitude of Protestantism considered as a development of Christianity. It is with this view that we lay before our readers, with some current remarks of our own, Dr. Santee's clever article.

## PREFATORY.

With the consciousness that he may be treading on forbidden ground, and lest he should implicate others in the responsibility of what he is about to say, Dr. Santee introduces his subject by the following statement:

"The author of this article desires to say, at the outset, that he alone is responsible for the statements made and for the sentiments expressed, and no blame whatever is to rest on the institution in which he studied, nor on the editor or publisher of this *Review*. What is here written is not done hastily, but is the result of patient research in the

course of his studies. Of one thing the author is fully convinced, that much of what has been written and said has been one-sided, and truth has been made to suffer. In the great controversy between Romanism on the one side and Protestantism on the other, this is clearly apparent. As an example, in our histories of this great movement very little account is made of the case as presented by Romish historians, and our histories necessarily become one-sided and unreliable. D'Aubigné furnishes an instance in point. Truth is of more account than either side, and for that we should ever be concerned. Between these two sides, Romanism and Protestantism, we hold *decidedly* to the latter, and do so on the principle of development, believing that it is an advance on the former; but nothing is to be gained for truth by denying and ignoring all the claims which Romanism truthfully can make. It is too late in the day to deny its claims, and to say that it is a system only of falsehood and deception. On the other hand, the truth is that Romanism stands proudly in history as one of its mightiest factors, and by it society, in the middle ages, was saved from anarchy and confusion, and that through the influence of the church on society civilization originated. The power of the church was exerted and made itself felt on society, in what is called the dark ages, with such splendid results. But history never stands still. Its living force is unceasingly going on. The golden thread which history had been drawing out over its pathway reaches onward and higher, the living factor or principle develops to higher stages and forms, so that what suited one period is unsuited for another; and in this way one age or period is preparatory to another and higher, the present making room for the coming, so that the measure of one age cannot be the measure for the succeeding one. In the great stream of history from the beginning, that which is sacred forms the principal; this continued from age to age, while other powers, playing an important part for the time, passed off and were forgotten. It is so in every age: history develops in the interest of the sacred: this must continue, for the kingdom of Christ is founded upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. Such is the lesson of the past."

To the mind of a casual reader of the above the question might easily arise, Granting the truth of what is said of the Catholic Church, how will the writer justify the rejection of her authority? It would be giving the learned author more credit for the virtue of simplicity than he would be willing to ask to suppose that this difficulty was not clearly before his mind when he planned and wrote his thesis. He evidently had it in view from the start, and laid out the special line of his defence purposely to justify this revolt, and justify it more satisfactorily and successfully than had hitherto been done. The germ of his defence lies here: "But history never stands still. Its living force is incessantly going on," etc. It is this false idea of history which is the ground-plan and essential thought of the whole essay. Not God's church in history, but history in God's church, is the great factor. The development of this idea is the whole aim and burden of his task. The human depends not on the divine for its development and progress, but the divine depends on the human for its form, growth, and triumph. With the pseudo-scientists and false philosophers of our day, he separates effects from their causes and reverses the universal law of all life. The universe is not the creation of Almighty God, but the result, according to Haeckel, of the evolution of matter. God is not the self-existent, infinite being, but the result, according to Strauss, of the wish of man. The church is not the creation of Christ, but the result, according to Dr. Santee, of "the needs" and "exigencies" of different periods in history. These, not Christ, are the architects and builders of the Christian Church.

Doubtless Dr. Santee would in-

dignantly reject these conclusions, and quote against them his own words on the church; but he will allow us to say that his idea of the church is very one-sided, and his language on the subject at least indistinct, if not equivocal. And notwithstanding this denial, we shall see, before the end, that his premises not only cover these conclusions, but that, in following them out in his attempt to save Protestantism, he will be compelled to extinguish Christianity. We give his own words, under his own heading, on the

"IDEA OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"In the Creed of Christendom one article of faith is, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.'* The salvation or redemption of the race does not lie so much in the form of individual belief or confession as it does in scheme or plan from Heaven, wrought out in history and here appropriated by the individual, and the living power thereof made his own. This plan is the church of Christ, the body of the Lord, and in history is the outward manifestation of his undying life and power. Into contact with it the individual life must come to be made a new creature. So the apostle, 'Christ in us'; 'When Christ who is *our life*,' etc.; 'I live, yet not I,' etc. 'By the kingdom of heaven, or of God, he understood generally that divine order of things which he had come to establish. It was a kingdom not of this world, though in the world, to which, as a kingdom revolted from God and ruled by Satan, his own stood directly opposed. And so he answered the question of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God would come, that it was already in the midst of them; its first germs and beginnings, that is, were already present in the persons of himself and his disciples. . . . This kingdom, moreover, embraces, in the words of Jesus, heaven and earth, and the whole course of human history from his time onwards. He represented the growth and spread of his kingdom under the images of the seed developing till it bore fruit an hundredfold, and of the little mustard-seed growing up into a lofty, overshadowing tree; a flock of sheep with its shepherd, whose voice it knows; a family, with its master, its men-servants and women-servants; a town, a nation, a kingdom, whose king he was himself; these are the images by which he exhibited the organic coherence of his church, the power and authority belonging in this his kingdom to himself and his representatives' (Döllinger, pp. 27, 28). We see what the church is; that it is not of man, but for him; not of earth, but from Heaven. The church is a heavenly institute coming to men sordid and sinful, and that, while the divine is the golden thread running in the deepest part of this ever-widening current, there is also the human, another important factor in carrying forward towards the end this wonderful work of God. In all church history we see these factors, and the divine, above all other forces, guarding the truth and assuring order, so that this kingdom is never left to itself. 'I am with you always.'"

There is much that is true in this passage; and if this one truth had been kept steadily in view, that "in all church history we see these factors [the divine and the human], and the divine, above all other forces, guarding the truth and assuring order," the doctor would have escaped all error. But Dr. Santee immediately takes his departure from it, and moves, most cautiously in the beginning, towards his objective point, applying his ideas of history in the first instance to the episcopate of the church. At this stage of his argument he modestly declines to decide whether the episcopate is of divine origin or not. It suffices to know that "the period needed it, and the exigencies of the times called for it," and behold! there was in

*NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—It is surprisingly strange that among Christian professors the word "Catholic" should give offence. It is erased by denominational orders from the Creed, and scouted by Popery-haters, in ignorance, it would seem, of its meaning and significance, as one holy, universal body.

the Christian Church the evolution of the episcopate. This is the interesting historical sketch of the process by which this evolution was effected:

"THE NECESSITY FOR CENTRALIZATION.

"It is easily seen that in any age so peculiar as that in which Christianity appeared and began to develop a strong arm was needed to uphold and continue it amidst the fierce opposition arrayed against it. It came into the midst of a violent, selfish, sinful people, and therefore, in the beginning, we have much of the supernatural in connection with it. As it came from Heaven, it at once appealed to the divine, and so certified to its claims. This is especially set forth in the Acts of the Apostles and early Christianity. It had to take root in order to grow, and hence this divine care. In its progress of expansion it also encountered opposition within itself, and this form of opposition at times threatened disastrously. The opposition which it encountered from without and from within, overcome always by virtue of the inherent, divine power in the church, formed a standing miracle and an argument in favor of its claims. In the Acts of the Apostles we have the beginning of organization. It is not left to caprice or to individual will. When the difficulty which arose as to the admission of the Gentiles into this kingdom came to be adjusted, we find a body, a power, organized with James at the head,* which determined the question and rendered judgment. And that was the law—it was final. And so afterwards particular men and places, because of position and influence, became centres towards which the eyes of the faithful were directed, and the judgment which was delivered by them, as a general thing, was respected and obeyed. It was felt that there should be a centre, a head, to which the participators could look and around which they could come, and thus, with an enthusiasm common to them, carry forward the great work. In this period there is this peculiarity already: that according to its needs it developed a form in and by which it could best carry forward this great interest. It demanded a centre, and towards that the history tended until it had fulfilled its mission.

"Whatever may have been the origin of this centre in what is known as the episcopate, whether it is of apostolic origin or not, it is more to our purpose to see that the period needed it, that the exigencies of the times called for it, that needs, both from without and from within, demanded it, and that the power to confer authority and dispense the grace in this kingdom was comprehended more in its own bosom, and from thence conferred upon those called to the various offices in the church."*

If the episcopate can be accounted for on these grounds, why not apply the same process to evolve the Papacy, the supremacy of the see of Rome? This is what our consistent ecclesiastical evolutionist now attempts. His theory exacts of him the ignoring altogether the express promises of Christ, recorded in the New Testament, referring to the person and office of his apostle Peter, as well as the historical testimony of the belief and the practice of the early church as witnessed by the writings of the Fathers. Yet this is less irrational than what is commonly held by his brethren; hence from its standpoint his vision is more clear and his horizon more extensive, and, with certain candor and courage, he describes to them what he sees. Barring his false theory, his description of the middle ages is unusually fair, considering the quarter from which it comes. Here is what he says:

"THE FULL ESTABLISHMENT OF THIS ECCLESIASTICAL POWER.

"The life of the church is ever the same. As our human life, always the

* NOTE OF THE REVIEWER.—With Peter at the head.

* NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—That there is a succession from the commencement down in this living current is apparent, from which authority is transmitted, but not as held by Episcopalians. Their theory of apostolic succession is clearly untenable, as the history of Anglicanism conclusively shows."

same, may be affected at times by foreign elements, bringing disorder and interfering with its development, but by proper care will again right itself, so the life of the church. It may meet with opposition and be threatened, but the golden cord remains intact and unbroken. In the development of this power tending to centralization we are met by the same fact. The general current is ever preserved sure; the guiding power of the Holy Ghost continues here the same, and keeps safe the golden thread, and, though apparently out of view and deep down in the current, it is sure and abiding. In this early period, as in all others, there is much of the human. In these seats of the church, as special centres, where the episcopate had become established, there was an attractive force, and in the course of time these seats obtained an influence and power over others less favored which were commanding. And in this way, gradually, the power of the episcopate extended and became established and made itself felt, and thus by degrees arrogated to itself powers and functions which originally did not belong to it nor were claimed by it. It might be an interesting question how at first the claims between these seats originated, and how one after another grew into favor and prominence. As one after another, for various reasons, gained ascendency, others became obedient, until we find this whole ecclesiastical order fully and firmly established at Rome and centred in the person of the bishop there. It continued over a long time, involved a violent struggle, took in special questions and claims; and now power and authority are centred there, and what comes from thence carries with it weight. This is the form which the development of this kingdom took during this period—no doubt the best form—and it is not asserted that the validity of its acts nor the perpetuity of this kingdom depended on the persons occupying these seats, for some of the occupants were sordid, selfish men, unworthy of the place. Notwithstanding that, the kingdom of Christ was here, in this form and in their hands as instruments, developing itself, guided and taken care of by the Holy Ghost guarding this precious deposit. We see the part which the human took in making the history of this period, and we are enabled to notice the working of these two forces, the divine and human, side by side. Power is now centralized, and from the chair of St. Peter proceeds an authority as from none other. This may seem strange, but without question the spirit of the age required it, its needs demanded it. This becomes clear in the subsequent history.

"Whatever questions may attach to this man at Rome, whatever powers and prerogatives he claimed, it is certain that his influence was great and reached far and near. That much is clear. As to spiritual authority, and even to his supremacy, there is indeed much confusion for a long period of time, and there was no clear utterance as to this unity over this formative period until the time of Leo I. (461), who advanced his 'claim to be primate of the whole church.' 'In him the Papacy became flesh and blood.' Even with his iron will and superior attainments and talents and other ability needed, it was no easy task to win this claim. He encountered opposition from various sides, and the primary idea of the Papacy, vast and extensive in its proportions as conceived by this clear-headed and shrewd servant of the kingdom, was not in his day, nor has it been to this time, realized. One thing, however, is now clear: the kingdom of Christ, developing over these centuries, because of inward and outward necessities, has now a visible centre of unity, in which resided power and authority, all of which were needed for the ages succeeding. This spirit of centralizing, creating a centre of unity, was of incalculable service for this and the succeeding periods. Without question it was the best form, in the then existing condition of society, which could be had for the development of the life of the kingdom of Christ. It assisted in determining and fixing vital principles, settled points in doctrine, and assisted in setting forth clearly and distinctly what, in principle, had been at hand long before—*a regula fidei*, as the sign in and by which to conquer. The influence of this man at Rome, both in the spiritual and secular, was extensive, and in him, as the centre of unity, one peculiar characteristic of this period, we have the exponent of power wherewith to meet the various forms of opposition to the life of the church both from within and from without. Though the kingdom of Christ, the church, had been countenanced by the secular power, other forms of opposition from the world had been

preparing. During the pontificate of Leo I. great good came to the church and the state by means of his influence. On two different occasions the city of Rome was saved from its enemies through his own personal influence. The opposition which the kingdom of Christ was called to encounter came from Northern Europe when the vast hordes of uncivilized and unchristianized barbarians were let loose and came pouring down over the fairest portions of the continent, overturning and destroying everything in their course. What a grand field for the display of the power and force of the church; what a glorious problem to Christianize and civilize these untutored, uncultured sons of the forest! Upon the solution of this problem the church entered, and out of these raw and rough children, ignorant of the Gospel of Christ, without civilization, the church made obedient and faithful subjects, not by the sword, but by the power of the Gospel of Christ. In these peaceful contests we see the strength and glory of this kingdom, civilizing and Christianizing these savage hordes; and to do this splendid work we also see the part that was acted by this man at Rome, the centre of unity. There is perhaps no more splendid page in history than that covering this period, and what has heretofore been regarded as dark and gloomy, characterized as 'the dark ages,' now stands out as bright; and by the power and activity of the church the wilderness of the North was transformed into a paradise, and out of the uncivilized masses order was brought, and civilization took the place where confusion and barbarism before reigned. This was effected through the instrumentality of the man at Rome, in whom power was centralized, by whom monasteries, abbeys, and ecclesiastical orders were founded, and which proved of such immense benefit to the people.

"What monuments this kingdom of Christ reared during this period! All honor to the church of the middle ages! The monuments of this spirited age are still seen throughout middle and northern Europe. And is it not a fact that precisely for such a work in the condition of society this period had been preparing measures and means wherewith to do it? How strong the power of the church now; how this power was centralized and consolidated and established firmly, as upon a rock! And ere long this power was to be tested. In the course of time the secular power acquired strength and began to encroach upon the rights of the church. When the emperors attempted to intermeddle with affairs pertaining to the church, is it not clear that a strong central power, having gathered around itself force over the ages already, alone was able to cope with such formidable opposition and defeat it? It seems that it gathered strength, that it became vigorous and powerful for this period, putting on its strength, and as a strong man began to deal its ponderous blows. The question now was not whether such a pope should be sustained over against such an emperor or ruler, but rather this: Shall the kingdom of Christ take care of its own interests and have the kingdom of the world subject, or shall the state rule the church? That was the question, and the answer can be neither doubtful nor indistinct. The guiding hand in all church history comes distinctly to view in this period, and that golden thread, however hidden at times, is here also, remaining untarnished and unbroken. When the man at Rome in the chair of St. Peter asserted his power and demonstrated it by placing his heel on the neck of his opponent, or ordering him to remain exposed, barefooted, on pain of penalty, we have only the principle that right, truth, light, and justice—yea, rather, that the kingdom of Christ, the church of Christ—can never yield to the power of the world; that she must rule, and not be ruled; that she must triumph over all forms of opposition, and that the secular must become obedient to the ecclesiastical. Who now could calculate the untold injury to light and truth, to the *ecclesia* of Christ, had the contests in which the emperors and the popes were engaged terminated differently? No; whatever may have been the character of the popes, all honor to them for their heroic stand, and for their unflinching devotion to right and their noble allegiance to the kingdom of Christ, in which they were permitted to be such grand actors. With their vast influence they accomplished great good for the people, and did much to save society from anarchy and confusion. We have no confidence in the theory that they were sworn enemies of the rights of the people and of light. Through them, as instruments under the

guiding hand of the great King of kings, we have civilization, and the splendid results coming with it."

The beneficent influence of the Papacy in Christianizing and civilizing Europe is well known to Catholic readers, for they have not been as by a conspiracy shut out from true history; but these candid acknowledgments of our enlightened author will awaken, if we be not mistaken, a nest of Protestant hornets, and set them buzzing about his ears, provided all sincere conviction in the truth of Protestantism has not departed, and there is strength enough left to make them stir. A generation ago the honest confession of such unpalatable truths to his fellow-Protestants would have surely cost the reverend doctor his ecclesiastical head.

Had Dr. Santee taken for his subject the human side of the church of Christ, and endeavored to show how Christ, in building his church, framed her government and appointed her officers in view of the needs and exigencies which would arise in the course of her divine mission in the world; and, in proof of this, brought forth the facts and arguments bearing on this point in his present article, he would have made a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history. This was not his aim, and he takes particular care emphatically to inform his readers that as against Romanism he is decidedly a Protestant; hence he does not purpose to prove that there is a human element in the action of the church, and show what that is, but to substitute the human for the divine element in the church, so far as this will enable him to justify, in his own mind at least, the religious revolution inaugurated in the sixteenth century by Martin Luther. It is the unavoidable task of every one since the day of Pentecost who would set up a new Christianity to get rid the best way he can of one or more, or all, so far as they clash with his design, of the divine claims of the Catholic Church. But this enterprise is more easily attempted than satisfactorily accomplished. For when Christ promised in these words, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," Christ identified himself with the perpetuity of the Catholic Church. When Christ declared that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against the church" Christ bade defiance to all the powers of darkness, the designs of men, and the kingdoms of this world to overthrow, defeat, or even hinder the work which he had committed to her charge and commanded her to do. For the church is Christ's body, as St. Paul teaches, and Christ is her soul and life, and through her instrumentality he continues the work of the redemption of mankind as really and truly to-day in this world as when, in the body born of the Virgin Mary, he trod upon this earth in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. Christ and his church are one, as the soul and the body united make one personality; and, therefore, he who wars against the church wars against Christ, and he who conquers her conquers him.

But the success of Dr. Santee's theory exacts this achievement, and what he has built up by the aid of the "needs" and "exigencies" of history it is now his task to pull down. He sets about it thus: After showing from Catholic authorities the need of reform of abuses in the church, he gives a sketch of the middle ages down to the sixteenth century:

"CONDITION OF SOCIETY.

"As already said, over the middle ages the kingdom of Christ was a living power; its golden thread continued unbroken; and when we take into consideration the condition of society, the wonder is, not that excesses and shortcomings appeared, but that society was not hopelessly ruined. 'Let us call to mind,' says Balmes in his *Protestantism compared with Catholicity*, p. 32, 'the events which had taken place in the midst of Europe: the dissolution of the decrepit and corrupt empire of Rome; the irruption and inundation of Northern barbarians; their fluctuations, their wars, sometimes with each other, and sometimes with the conquered nations, and that for so many ages; the establishment and absolute reign of feudalism, with all its inconveniences, its evils, its troubles and disasters; the invasion of the Saracens, and their dominion over a large portion of Europe; now let any reflecting man ask himself whether such revolutions must not of necessity produce ignorance, corruption of morals, and the relaxation of all discipline. How could the ecclesiastical society escape being deeply affected by this dissolution, this destruction of the civil society? Could she help participating in the evils of the horrible state of chaos into which Europe was then plunged?' That sad consequences growing out of such a condition of society and threatening its overthrow were averted is owing to the kingdom of Christ having these heroic men at Rome, who were not afraid to grapple with the enemies of the church in the persons of the unscrupulous and selfish emperors and rulers.

"After the conversion of the Northern hordes many of the barbarian chieftains of the North, having embraced Christianity, became the friends and benefactors of the church. They munificently endowed the bishoprics and subsequently the monasteries; they allotted to them large and rich domains; they erected palaces and castles for the bishops, and extensive cloisters for the monks of St. Benedict and for other religious orders which sprang up at a later period. . . . All classes vied with one another in munificence toward the church and toward her ministers. Splendid churches, spacious hospitals, and palatial colleges and universities sprang up all over Europe. Many of these noble edifices still remain, and they are even at this day the admiration of the world, which, with all its boasted progress, could scarcely produce anything to equal, certainly nothing to surpass, them in grandeur. . . . Others have been diverted from their original destination, and have become the palaces of worldly pride and pomp instead of asylums for the poor of Christ.' And now what a grand prize in this untold treasure for the selfish and covetous! And one design of the selfish emperors and rulers was to obtain control and management of these immense seats and their revenues. To do this they sought to 'thrust their own creatures into the principal vacant sees and abbeys. The chief merit of the candidate, in their eyes, was his courtly subserviency. In carrying out this wicked scheme for enslaving the church, and virtually ruining it by foisting into its high places unworthy ministers, they encountered frequent and sturdy opposition from the bishops and abbots; but whether these resisted the usurpation or not, the popes were sure to stand forth on such occasions as the uncompromising champions of the freedom and purity of election and the independence of the church. From this sprang many, if not most, of the protracted struggles between the popes and the German emperors during the middle ages.' And who will deny this? With all this the thread of history, the divine cord is unbroken, though at times apparently deep in the current. In this place falls the long and protracted controversy on investitures, waged between the popes and the emperors. 'A custom has long prevailed, especially in the empire (German), that on the decease of the prelates of the church the ring and pastoral crosier were sent to the lord emperor. Afterwards the emperor, selecting one of his own familiars or chaplains, and *investing* him with the insignia, sent him to the vacant church without waiting for the election by the clergy.' Again: 'At this time the church had not a free election; but whenever any one of the bishops had entered upon the way of all flesh, immediately the captains of that city transmitted to the palace the ring and pastoral staff; and thus the king or emperor, after consulting his council, selected a suitable pastor for the widowed flock.' In cases like these it will not be difficult to de-

termine as to who was right. This contest, as is well remarked, 'was one between moral principle and brute force, between reason and passion, between morals and licentiousness, between religion and incipient infidelity. Gregory VII. was driven from Rome by the forces of Henry IV., and he died an exile at Salerno, in Southern Italy.' In a passage from one of his epistles occurs the following: 'I would rather undergo death for your salvation than obtain the whole world to your spiritual ruin. For I fear God, and therefore value but little the pride and pleasures of the world.' Is it any wonder that disorders came into this kingdom? And who can fail to see the preparation for the wonderful upheaval in the following age? Let this be well understood: that the source of the trouble during the stormy period preceding the Reformation lay chiefly in the fact of the studied and persistent opposition and 'the settled policy of the German emperors, and subsequently the French kings, to throw every possible obstacle in the way of the appointment of good, disinterested, and zealous bishops. They thwarted the popes at almost every step in the continued and earnest endeavors of the latter to secure good pastors to the vacant sees.' What a slumbering volcano is here at hand preparing for an eruption! Let an occasion arise, and these embers may soon be fanned into a flame, and a state of things created threatening the peace of all Europe. Far back, in this way, we find the sources of the movement now coming. It was not the work of a day, did not fall directly from heaven, and all that was needed was a spirit who would throw himself in the foreground—a spiritual Cromwell—and whom the selfish rulers, avariciously grasping after the goods of the church, could use for their purposes."

This "spiritual Cromwell" appears on the stage of history in the person of a German, by name Martin Luther. Dr. Santee tells his Protestant brethren some homely but wholesome, though perhaps not very palatable, truths concerning the life and character of Luther, in a sketch of what he calls

"THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

"On the 10th of November, 1483, Martin Luther was born. Of his youth it is said by D'Aubigné 'that as soon as he was old enough to receive instruction his parents endeavored to communicate to him the knowledge of God, to train him in his fear, and to form him to the practice of the Christian virtues. He was taught the heads of the catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, some hymns, some forms of prayer, a Latin grammar, etc.' Pretty good training this, and worthy of Protestant imitation. He was none of the best boys, for while at school at Mansfield 'his master flogged him fifteen times in one day.' He said himself: 'My parents treated me cruelly, so that I became very timid; one day, for a mere trifle, my mother whipped me till the blood came.' He received a good education, and was a man of fair talents. He was studious, and through him, to a great extent, the studies of men were turned into another direction from what they had been, and in this way 'the Reformation brought a revival of religious feeling, and resulted, by a reactionary influence, in a great quickening of religious zeal within the Catholic Church' (Fisher's *Hist. of Ref.*)*

"It is said by D'Aubigné 'that he received ordination with trembling at his own unworthiness.' He was scrupulous to a fault; he was zealous and devoted—traits worthy in any man. The immediate cause which brought Luther into public notice was an attack which he made on a notorious character who had been entrusted with the preaching of the indulgences—a man of the Domini-

*NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—It is said that, while in the University of Erfurth, Luther one day found a Bible, which he eagerly read, and it was only after he had entered the convent of the Augustinians at Erfurth that he "found another Bible, fastened by a chain." So there were Bibles in that day, too. What shall be said to this bit of history, when Protestant historians tell us that "the press had been *half a century* in operation, and that at least *twenty* different editions of the *whole* Latin Bible were printed *in Germany only* before Luther was *born*"? And "I may remark that before that event there was a printing-press at work in this very town of Erfurth, where more than twenty years after he is said to have made his discovery. . . . Besides the multitude of MSS. copies not yet fallen into disuse, *the press* had issued *fifty* different editions of the whole Latin Bible, to say nothing of Psalters, New Testaments, or other parts" (Maitland's *The Dark Ages*).

can Order. Whether it was a matter of jealousy on the part of Luther—who was naturally vain and conceited—or not, in the then condition of society, with a mind not specially in love with the see of Rome, and having standing behind him the selfish and avaricious emperor, he made the attack with every promise of success. The fact that jealousy existed may be inferred when it is asserted 'that the principal members of his order were his warmest advocates, while of the Dominicans the principal members were his opponents.'

"At the commencement of this history Leo X. occupied the papal chair. He must have been a man of extraordinary attainments, a man of taste and of elevated, enlightened views, and who at this time was concerned in beautifying and adorning the capital, calling about him the best talent in art, science, literature, etc., so that when this trouble in Germany took place and was reported to him he remarked, smiling, 'that it was all a monkish squabble originating in jealousy.' It proved, however, no small squabble for the pope or for the church. With Luther there was no plan; he evidently had no fixed purpose as to what was to be done, and as he entered on his task 'he trembled to find himself alone against the whole church.' He had no desire to break with the pope, for on the 30th of May, 1518, he wrote to Pope Leo X. thus: 'Most holy father, I throw myself at the feet of your Holiness, and submit myself to you with all that I have and all that I am. Destroy my cause or espouse it; pronounce either for or against me; take my life or restore it, as you please; I will receive your voice as that of Christ himself, who presides and speaks through you. If I have deserved death I refuse not to die; the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. May he be praised for ever and ever! May he maintain you to all eternity! Amen.' But besides him there were other actors who became conspicuous as the work progressed; these were the avaricious emperors and rulers. 'It is a striking incident, and yet illustrative of the spirit of the age, that the Emperor Maximilian sent word to the Elector Frederick of Saxony to take good care of Luther—we might have need of him some time or other' (Fisher's *Hist. of Ref.*, p. 49). A great prize was at stake—the immense wealth of the church. What did men like these emperors and electors care for the kingdom of Christ, who were interfering with her dearest interests and rights continually, and who stood ready to use these men to further their selfish ends? In this wise the way was prepared; one cord after another was weakened and broken, until at last this whole field in which the church had won such splendid victories became lost to the pope, and continues so until this day. Having thrown off at last the authority of the see of Rome and asserted independence of thought and freedom in religious worship, the gate was opened which let loose this ever-restless spirit; and it is a singular fact that before Luther and his co-laborers closed their eyes on their work this work had divided into two great Confessions, and these immediately began to subdivide from thence on, with no prospect of reaching an end, or which the shrewdest calculus can determine when that will be.*

"In making an estimate of Luther, who was the principal champion of this movement, history furnishes no evidence that he was a saint (neither his co-laborers) or that he was better than those who stood opposed to him.† It required no

* NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—"The first fifty years that followed on the outbreak of the Reformation witnessed incessant wranglings, disputes, and mutual anathematizings between the several Protestant parties; first between Luther and Zwinglius, next between the rigid Lutherans and the Crypto-Calvinists, and so on. When, after long intrigues and tedious negotiations, the Chancellor of Tübingen, James Andrea, succeeded, about the year 1586, in obtaining acceptance for the so-called *Formulary of Concord*, the theological strife receded from the arena of public life into the school; and for the whole century that followed the Protestant Church was distinguished for a narrow-minded, polemical scholasticism and a self-willed, contentious theology. The Lutheran orthodoxy, in particular, degenerated more and more into a dry, spiritless, mechanical formalism, without religious feeling, warmth, and unction. . . . The Protestant orthodoxy, having succeeded by anathemas and persecution in reducing to temporary silence the first commotions of the yet impotent rationalism, sank into soft repose on its pillow. But in the midst of German Protestantism an alliance had been formed, which at first appeared to be of little danger, nay, to be even advantageous, but which soon overthrew the whole scaffolding of doctrine that the old Protestant orthodoxy had raised up, and precipitated Protestant theology into that course which has in the present day led it entirely to subvert all the dogmas of Christianity and totally to change the original views of the Reformers" (*Der Protestantismus in Seiner selbst Auflösung*, von Einem Protestanten. Schaffhausen, 1843, pp. 291–3.)

† NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—"Whoever supposes that the Reformers were exempt from grave faults

extraordinary men to commence the work; the age had been prepared and now was ready. In his intercourse with his opponents, Catholics and now Protestants, he was coarse and often vulgar.* Melanchthon deplored his furious outbursts of temper: 'I tremble when I think of the passions of Luther; they yield not in violence to the passions of Hercules.' An exceedingly interesting part of his life is that when he fell into the snare of the woman he afterwards married; and Erasmus had some very ugly things to say reflecting seriously on his moral character. No wonder that his love-scenes became nauseating to Melanchthon and his best friends. His *Tisch Reden*, much of which is worthy, contain too much that is discreditable, undignified, and downright shameful. Associated as he was with selfish men,† who had an eye not on this kingdom or its advancement, but on its wealth, the work went on; and now commenced the secularizing of property and diverting it from the legitimate use for which it had been set apart. Those immense treasures, some lasting to this day, passed beyond the reach of the pope, and had to do service otherwise and in other ways than originally designed. That same spirit, vandal-like, lies at the root of the English Reformation under Henry VIII. These are facts, and, as Protestants, let us be just to history."

That was a strange way to reform abuses in the church: to open her doors to political "rulers avariciously grasping after her goods!" But some folk have strange ideas as to how room is to be made in the church for "a higher stage of development of the life and power of the wonderful kingdom of God." Protestantism has from its start looked for and sought support from political rulers in its war against the church, conscious that it lacks the vitality and strength to take root in a people where it received no such support from the state. Hence "the 'Confession of Augsburg,' which has also been called the 'peace of religion at Augsburg,' proclaimed the monstrous principle, contrary also to the liberty of conscience which it sought to establish, that subjects were to follow the religion of their territorial chief—*cujus regio ejus religio*. "When a prince or a free town, or an immediate noble, adopted the Reformed creed, his subjects were obliged to do the same, or to migrate and sell their property." *

CONCLUSION.

The following sentence contains the gist of Dr. Santee's whole argument, and sums up his conclusions:

"The kingdom has developed beyond the Papacy, and to make transitions to Rome is going backward, and giving up the very idea of development, surrendering so much of truth. God is in history, the Lord is in his church; he takes care of his own, and that golden thread will ever be unbroken, but extends onward. He will bring order out of confusion."

"The kingdom has developed beyond the Papacy." The mistake in this assertion consists in supposing that the mode of exercising the papal authority of the church was identical with the authority. The authority is always the same,

and infirmities must either be ignorant of their history or have studied it under the influence of a partisan bias" (Fisher, *Hist. of the Ref.*, Preface, page 8).

* NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—"In confirmation let any one turn to the famous *Tisch Reden*, of 1,350 pages, collected and published by those who were his intimate friends. It is curious how he talks on nearly every subject—thus: "May the name of the Pope be ——.' 'If I thought that God did not hear my prayer I would address the devil.' 'I owe more to my dear Catharine and Philip than to God himself.' 'God has made many mistakes. I would have given him good advice, had I assisted at the creation. I would have made the sun shine incessantly; the day would have been without end," and so on *ad nauseam*.

† NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.—As an illustration take the case of the Landgrave of Hesse, one of the strong defenders and supporters of the Reformation, a wretched bigamist by consent, as the original document testifies.

* Baron Hübner's *Life of Sixtus V.* p. 39.

and never varies, because it is divine, Christ-given; but its exercise varies according to the "needs and exigencies" of the times. Thus, the authority was exercised in the earliest period of the church in face of martyrdom, or in the Catacombs, or in later times in exile, and was extended, by the common consent of Christendom, largely into the domain of politics; and in our day it has been restricted, and possesses scarcely any political or temporal status. And yet in no period in the history of the church has the divine right of the papal authority been so unreservedly acknowledged by so many souls, and so widely exercised, as at the present day, when the author under review would have us believe that "the strength of the Papacy is decreasing rapidly." But his theory of the natural evolution of the government of the church of Christ exacts the extinction of the Papacy, and he is bound to play the part of its executioner and kill the pope, if he can. The attempt is rash, and he ought to take the warning conveyed by the words of M. Thiers, that those who partake of such food are sure to die of it: *Le Pape! qui en mange, en meurt.*

"To make transitions to Rome is to go backwards." Not if the going away from Rome was turning one's back upon God's holy church. To retrace a misstep is not a backward but a forward movement. And Protestantism was not an effort after a higher stage of Christian life, but the emancipation of the passions of men, under the pretext of the liberty of the Gospel, from the wholesome restraints of God's holy law. Hence thousands, and among the best, the brightest, and most enlightened of Protestants, convinced of this, have reversed the movement of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century by making the transition to Rome.

"Transition to Rome . . . is giving up the idea of development." Indeed! How is it, then, that one of the most distinguished scholars of this century, Cardinal Newman, gives as the motive for his transition to Rome that Rome was a development of Christianity and Protestantism was not? Has Dr. Santee read Cardinal Newman's *Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine?* If not, he should; and if he finds it not convincing its refutation would be a task worthy of his pen. Protestantism, looked at either from a historical or philosophical stand-point, was not a development of Christianity, but a revolt against Christianity.

"Transition to Rome . . . is surrendering so much truth." Is it? But what Christian truth has Protestantism on which it speaks with unfaltering voice? Not one. Put all its negations together, and not a single revealed truth of Christianity remains standing. Put all its affirmations together, and you have nearly all the body of truths of the Catholic faith. If Protestantism be right in its denials, then there is not a word of truth in Christianity; and if it be true in its beliefs, then Catholicity is Christianity. The transition to Rome is not the surrender of any one Christian truth, but the road to that centre which in its divine unity embraces all truth.

"God is in history, the Lord is in the church." Undoubtedly; but so to interpret history and explain the church as to place "God in history" in antagonism to "the Lord in the church," as the article in the *Reformed Quarterly Review* does, is,

to say the least and in the mildest way, very absurd.

"The Lord takes care of his own, and that golden thread will ever be unbroken, but extends onwards." The idea that "the golden thread" —by which we suppose the author means the divine life and unity of the church—will remain "unbroken" and "intact," which are oft-repeated expressions from his pen, is a great truth, looking at the church on her divine side, but also a great error if you look at the church on the human side. For what is the Christian Church? The Christian Church is a creation of Christ. Its nature is the same as Christ's, constituted of two essential elements, the divine and the human. On the divine side she is one, holy, indestructible, "a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but holy and without blemish"; "the pillar and ground of truth"; always perfect and always beautiful. Such is the divine side of the church. What, now, is her human side? The human side of the church is constituted by her members, men, women, children, with their ignorance, weaknesses, propensities to sin. Her popes, bishops, priests, and people are not superhuman beings dropped down from the skies into her lap, but just such beings as we are, and liable to sin and to lose the grace of God. Hence the church, on the divine side, is always perfect; on the human side always imperfect. Now, one may attack the church, but never prevail against her; one may separate from the church, but not break her unity, for Christ is her life and her unity is divine. So far Dr. Santee is correct. But it is quite another matter to apply this to the human side of the church. Her members may disobey her authority, as the so-called Reformers did in the sixteenth century, and separate from her; and though her divine life and unity remained intact and unbroken, so far as she was concerned, it was not so with them, for Christ taught that "he that heareth not the church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican"—that is, he who knowingly refuses to hear the church wilfully turns his back upon God —and his apostle teaches that "dissensions" and "sects" are not the work of the Spirit but "of the flesh," and "that they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God." So much for the instigators and abettors of the Protestant movement three centuries ago. It is otherwise with those who have been born in separation from the church; they do not partake of this sin until they see the guilt of its originators and promoters. They may be until then in a state of grace, for they are not deprived of all its channels, nor the principal one, which is baptism; and therefore the golden thread of divine life in such souls is "unbroken," and they are really and truly in the church, notwithstanding they know her not, and may, in their ignorance, oppose and persecute her, for all who are united to God through the grace of Christ are members of the Catholic Church.

"The Lord will bring order out of confusion." Certainly he will, but it is quite a different point to make him, as the drift of the argument of this article does, the author of confusion. It is not the grace of God that has led the sheep of Christ's flock astray from the shepherd whom he has appointed to feed and take care of them, and whenever they are willing to return and hear his voice Christ will lead them back to his flock, and "there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

## MOUNT MELLERAY AND THE BLACKWATER, OR IRISH RHINE.

"Oh! I'll sing to-night of a fairy-land, in the lap of Ocean set,
And of all the lands I've travelled o'er 'tis the loveliest I have met;
Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow."

THERE is hardly a spot in Ireland over which the hand of Nature has not spread some charm of beauty. There are some spots, however, which seem to have centred in themselves a more than usual share of Nature's charms; and very distinguished among these is the vale of the Blackwater, especially that part of it between Youghal and Lismore. The Blackwater is fitly styled the Irish Rhine; for, besides the beauty and grandeur of its natural scenery, it is dotted with the ruins of abbey and castle, that speak of saint and hero whose ashes have long since been mingled in the peace and silence of the tomb. It must have been among such scenes as line the shores of the Blackwater that the charming Irish girl, "Mary of the Nation," was dwelling when she wrote: "I often wonder what kind of a country God intends for our home, since he gave us this for our exile." The beauty of the Blackwater may, perhaps, account in some measure for the longevity of the people living near, for we may naturally suppose they are loath to bid a lasting farewell to a scene so fair. Dromana Castle, which occupies one of the loveliest situations on the banks of this beautiful river, is remarkable as the birth-place of the Countess of Desmond, who lived to the good old age of one hundred and forty years, and then didn't die at all but was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree—a pertinent warning to all Irish ladies at her time of life to give up their wild practice of climbing cherry-trees. I myself met, not far from the banks of the Blackwater, an old man who said he fought among the men of '98 at the battle of Vinegar Hill, where he was shot in the hand; and he showed me the hand, which bore very evident marks of a gunshot wound. He said he was one hundred and seven years of age, and I have no reason in the world to doubt his word. The day I met him was Sunday, and he was returning home up the mountain-side after having attended Mass at the church of the monastery. From his manner and appearance he might easily pass for a man of sixty, even in Ireland. The guest-master of Mt. Melleray, in whose company I was at the time, knew the old man well, but did not cast the slightest suspicion on his honesty and truthfulness. On the way down the mountain he told me the old man was never known to have been a day sick in his life; that the nearest approach to sickness was a little fainting-spell which came on him not long ago while hearing Mass at the monastery, and the thing was so unusual that he thought his last hour had come.

On an island in the Blackwater, about a mile above Youghal, are the ruins of a castle built by the Knights Templars, and of an abbey

founded by St. Molanfide in the year 501.

The bones of one of Strongbow's companions, Raymond le Gros, are said to lie buried in the monastery; but it is a very small matter to any Irishman whether they are buried there or not.

Lismore, situated some twenty miles above the mouth of the Blackwater, is a pretty town, clean and well built. In other days it was the site of one of Ireland's most famous universities. Here in former times, when Ireland proved by glorious results how capable she was of governing her own people, some five thousand scholars sat and learned at the feet of Irish masters. Alfred the Great, the father of English liberty—a man whose name and fame would do honor to any age or any country, and who did so much to shed a halo of glory round one of the most barbarous periods of English history—was once a pupil in the University of Lismore. No trace of the university remains. The place where it once stood, and where the glad shout of the Irish student once resounded, is now occupied by the silent and stately castle of the Duke of Devonshire. The castle is a splendid specimen of the feudal Gothic, and from its princely halls and lofty towers some of the most extended and loveliest views of the Blackwater scenery may be obtained.

One of the towers, which bears his name, was the resting-place of King James II., who, according to the testimony of an Irish lady, could outrun any man born in Ireland. Another tower is named after King John, who here presided over the first English parliament ever held in Ireland. It were well for Ireland had the English Jameses and Johns no towers named after them in her land, and if they themselves had never set foot on the banks of her beautiful rivers.

Part of this Castle of Lismore is said to be of great antiquity, but those who wish to read a detailed description of the building can do so by consulting Black's *Guide to Ireland*. As for me, there is little about the castle round which memory loves to linger. Its beauty is like that of the mausoleum erected above the remains of a great man; and hardly that, for the mausoleum may have some connection with the fame and the history of him who sleeps beneath it; but, so far as I know, this grand ducal castle has no connection with the greatness it covers. Besides, its very existence is a sad commentary on English misrule in Ireland. It is a real "banquet-hall deserted," and one might easily imagine it was built as the haunt for the spirits of the old professors and monks who once made the name of Lismore glorious among the nations of Europe. When I saw it a few months ago its sole occupant was one servant; and the very thought of it is enough to make one wish that all the dukes and duchesses were gone out from its castle halls for ever, and the castle itself made what it ought to be—a real Irish university.

But let us turn aside from dukes and castle halls to view a scene more pleasing to Irish and Catholic hearts.

Seven miles away from the Castle of Lismore, and nestling at the feet of the Knockmealdown Mountains, is the far-famed Abbey of Mt. Melleray. The name of Mt. Melleray was familiar to me, having often heard it spoken of by an

old and much-esteemed companion of college days, who had spent some time in the school attached to the monastery. By the way, I met in this same school a bright young Irish-American lad all the way from St. Teresa's parish, New York City.

According to Black's *Guide*, Mt. Melleray is chiefly remarkable as the abode of a community of monks living under a very severe rule. They sleep, it says, only five or six hours; and though the community is chiefly of native Irish, it was made up originally of some French Cistercians whom the revolution of 1830 forced to quit France. Neither of these statements is correct. The monks are allowed seven or eight hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, and the Cistercian monks who were banished from France by the revolution of 1830, and who settled at Melleray, were all either Irish or English.

A drive of seven miles on an Irish jaunting-car brought me from Lismore through Cappoquin to Mt. Melleray. A monk with a sweet smile, and a face as rosy and bright as a young boy's, met me at the door and bade me welcome. As no one is supposed to visit Melleray save for the good of his soul, I told the good monk who received me that I had come to make a few days' retreat. I was immediately conducted to a good-sized room, neatly carpeted, in what is termed the guest-house. The furniture of the room consisted of a bed, a few chairs, a table, and some pious books. At supper-time I found some twenty guests assembled in the dining-room. This assembly is constantly changing from day to day, new guests coming in, old ones going away. There is always spiritual reading going on during the meal, because, as already stated, all are supposed to be on retreat during their stay at the monastery. The quality of food given to guests is plain and plentiful, but in no way sumptuous. An opportunity for retreat is here afforded to all classes of persons. There are lodging-houses outside the monastery, where women can secure comfortable quarters, while they can make all the spiritual exercises of retreat in the church attached to the monastery. Men, whether lay or clerical, are received within the enclosure and lodged in the guest-house, which really forms part of the monastery itself. The church and monastery are not very remarkable in an architectural point of view, and were built, evidently, more with an idea to utility than beauty and show. The interior of the church, besides the space occupied by the stalls of the community, and which forms the choir proper, affords ample room for a large number of visitors. Only men, however, are admitted into this part of the church, though I think there is a gallery from which ladies may take a look in and be edified.

During the first few days of my stay at Melleray I saw little of the place, except the garden, my own room, and the church. From the garden of the monastery, itself a lovely spot, there is a very extensive view of the surrounding country, which for beauty is almost incomparable. All around you are the green fields and hills, dotted with pretty cottages, where, only for the labor and example of the monks, nothing save the wild mountain heather could be seen. A few miles away is the Blackwater, slowly winding its way onwards to the sea amid scenes teeming with loveliness and rich in history and story;

back of you are the wild Knockmealdown Mountains, lifting their heathery heads heavenward, from which, if you have courage enough to climb them, you may look out over the broad Atlantic, whose waves, as they break on the rocky Irish coast, "clap their broad hands for glee," proud that nature has accorded them the privilege of keeping guard round a land so fair.

All persons staying at the monastery are expected to attend the High Mass which is sung every day, and the chanting of the office in choir, except that part of it which is said during the night. The music in use at Melleray is the very plainest of plain chant. One can recognize in it no "proud swellings," no soft harmonies, no sweet murmurabulations—nothing, in fact, but the plain chant, with here and there an occasional nasal accompaniment; for not all the Irish monks are good singers, and more is the pity, because all seem very anxious to sing. It seems that the abbot, in order to aid their good will, procured an organ some time ago, which is now used to keep the monks in tune; but the organ itself appears to be rather wheezy and all its notes set in sharps. However, being neither a musician nor a good singer myself, the poor singing of some of the old monks did not much trouble me, especially as I knew they were thinking of God, and not of what this one or that thought of their singing.

The main altar in the church is very beautiful, and back of it is a fine stained-glass window with a charming picture of Our Blessed Lady holding our divine Lord upon her lap, and a bright-faced angel on either side. There was a sweet, motherly look on the face of Our Blessed Lady which won my heart. I could sit and look at that winning face, which spoke of God and heaven, for hours and hours without wishing to do anything else. No office seemed long while I could sit and gaze on that beautiful picture. This is a sad kind of a world at best, and the longer we live and the more experience we get the more this truth grows upon us. This is a world whose sunshine suddenly changes to gloom, even while we are basking in it; a world where fond ties are formed to be some day rudely snapped asunder. Still, I think if, after all the ups and downs, the hours of sunshine and the days of gloom, we may one day come to see in heaven that Mother's face, which we know is a thousand times more beautiful there than the highest art can paint it here; if we may be allowed some day to kneel at that Lady's feet in the land where her Son is King, and she indeed is Queen, and have the joy of feeling her warm hand laid with a mother's blessing on our head, and be allowed to hear from her own mouth the sweet welcome home with which she greets her children, then will every cloud be dispelled from our heart, and naught but the joy of eternal sunshine remain.

A very remarkable character among the monks of Mt. Melleray is Father Paul, a great confessor for the ladies. Father Paul looks like one who, having been dead and buried, got permission to come back to earth in order to preach of death and the grave by look and word to others. Why he is so popular with the ladies I am sure I don't know, unless it comes from the fact that this fair portion of humanity is apt to go from one extreme to the other. The man, however, who caught my eye and won my heart was Father Alphon-

sus, a really wonderful fellow. We took to one another immensely from the start, on the ground, I suppose, that nature has wisely established a mutual sympathy between strength on the one hand and weakness on the other. Father Alphonsus must be well advanced in years, but his age sits lightly on him. He looks like the pictures one sees of the high-priest Melchisedech; and when he looks straight at you, and gives his leathern belt a twitch with one hand while he rubs down his gray beard with the other, he makes you feel like saying to him: "Lead on, O father! Whithersoever thou shalt go I will go; thy people shall be my people." Father Alphonsus had been in America, and in New York; and this fact, of course, served to cement the bond between us. He was once pastor of a church in the West Indies, but an earthquake walked in to see him one day, and in going out it shook his little church all to pieces; and this, of course, forced him to come to New York, the fame of whose charity has gone abroad among the nations. He afterwards returned to his native land, where he became a canon, and pastor of one of the most important parishes in the metropolitan city of Dublin. Finally he made up his mind to hide himself away in the monastery of La Trappe, and to exchange the high old name of Butler for simple Father Alphonsus; still, he carries the martial air of his name and race even under the monkish cowl. It would be well worth a person's while to go from here to Mt. Melleray for the sake of meeting such a man as Father Alphonsus.

As my health was poor, Father Alphonsus thought it would be unwise for me to make anything like a protracted retreat, so he told me to knock about and read some interesting book. The guest-master, Father Maurice, a most amiable man, took me all through the monastery, the various work-shops attached, and the schools. There are two schools, one for the poor children of the neighborhood, the other a classic boarding-school for boys. In this latter school I met my young friend from New York. The lodging-house for students attending this school is the handsomest building in the whole neighborhood, and is situated at the entrance of a beautiful avenue leading up to the monastery. The charge for board and tuition is very small, being only something over a hundred dollars per year. I heard the exact sum stated, but have forgotten it.

The monks are variously employed, some in or about the monastery, some in teaching, some working on the farm; and any one who wishes to find the idle and lazy monk so often spoken of and written about will search Melleray in vain, for no such character lives there.

There are about seven hundred acres of land attached to the monastery, for which the monks pay what in Ireland is called a nominal rent; though it seems to me that when the labor of the monks, which has changed the barren heath into a fertile farm, is taken into account, the annual rent—about five hundred dollars—is not so very nominal after all. I went on purpose to see some land which was under the process of reclaiming, and my honest opinion is that no Yankee farmer would take such land, even if offered a hundred dollars premium for every acre of it he succeeded in bringing under

cultivation. It must take years of labor and patient waiting before such land as I saw can be made productive. Yet I think Father Maurice told me that what I saw was some of the best of the land as it came into their possession. When the place was given to the monks there were about seven acres under cultivation; the remainder was wild mountain heather. Not only have the monks reclaimed their own land from wildness and barrenness, but their example and success have been the means of reclaiming the land round about them; so that, instead of being charged a rent, they ought to receive a large percentage from the revenues accruing from every acre of reclaimed land. However, they make no complaint, but, on the contrary, seem thankful and grateful for what they have received, and show no disposition to take credit to themselves for what they give. No poor person comes to their door and goes away empty and hungry. Any man can enter their guest-house, and be fed and cared for during two weeks, and when he goes away he may give something for the support of the monastery or not as he pleases; and if he gives nothing he hears no word of complaint about it. I was told of a wealthy Englishman who, having heard of this, could not believe his ears, and so resolved to try by his own experience if such were really the case. Year after year he came to Melleray, remained the full time, and went his way, paying nothing, until at last, fully satisfied that the generous hospitality of the monks was a reality as well as a name, he sent them a bountiful donation to aid them to continue it.

The monks themselves, by their rule, are allowed only one meal in the day; but this rule may be modified in favor of those who are weak and sickly. Their meals do not vary much in the quality of the victuals, which always consist of bread and vegetables; and, from what I heard one of the monks at Melleray say, a man might just as well attempt to analyze a dish of American "hash" as to judge of the kind of vegetables that go to make up the dinner of a Trappist monk, once they are served at table. It would seem as though everything is chopped up fine enough to pass through a sieve, and any bit of cabbage or other esculent refusing to go through that operation is rejected as unfit for a monk's palate. On great feast-days, it seems, they get some little extra in the way of food. A friend of mine, who happened to be stopping at the monastery on the feast of St. Bernard, asked one of the fathers what they were going to have for dinner in honor of the great festival. "Besides our usual fare," he replied, "we will get a little bit of cheese about two inches square."

Whatever may be said about the character of their diet, the monks, as a rule, seem to thrive upon it, and a healthier or happier-looking lot of men it would be very hard to find. They are so simple-minded and innocent that, like children, a little thing makes them happy. Although they observe perpetual silence, except when employed in offices for the discharge of which talking is a necessity, still I am sure they have their own little jokes and quiet merriment among themselves, all of which they fully enjoy.

They go to bed at seven o'clock in the evening, and rise at two in the morning. In summer the hour

for retiring is eight in the evening, but the hour for rising is the same the whole year round. They are allowed to take a nap of about an hour during a certain part of the day. They sleep in a common dormitory, but each monk has a little apartment walled off for himself. Their beds are made of planks, and over each bed is thrown a little straw mattress, which, perhaps, serves to delude the imagination with an idea of softness. However, if Shakspere be any authority in the matter, it seems that soft couches and silken canopies are not the best incentives to sleep.

"Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?"

In spite of their hard beds, the Trappist monks must sleep well, else they would not look so happy.

The few days I expected to spend at Melleray were lengthened out almost to a full week; and during that week I don't think I could have been happier in any other spot of earth than I was there. Towards the end of my stay I came across a history of the Cistercian Order; and I am sorry I did not come across it sooner, as it might then have proved of more advantage, because, as it was, I had hardly time to do more than read over the history of Melleray proper, and to make from it a few hurried extracts. If the author of the Cistercian history—whose name is likely written in the Book of Life, though it is not on the title-page of his work—should happen to come across these extracts, I feel confident he will not be displeased with the use I have made of them; and if they prove as interesting to others as they did to me, then I shall be more than amply repaid for whatever little labor they have cost me.

The primeval Melleray, which has given its name to all the others, is situated in Brittany near Châteaubriant, in the diocese of Nantes. The history of this first Melleray carries us back to the very middle of the middle ages—those ages of great faith which produced so many great men and great works. However, as we learn from the history of Melleray, great charity did not always accompany the great faith of those times. In the year 1145 two religious were sent out from the monastery of Ponteron, near Angers, to select a site for the foundation of a new monastery. Tired and footsore with their journey, these poor religious sought hospitality for the night in the village of Moisdon, but they sought it in vain. They received nothing but the cold shoulder from pastor and people, and were forced to seek among the beasts of the forest the shelter for the night which was denied them among a Christian and Catholic people. Finding in the forest the trunk of a hollow tree, they blessed it with a sweeter benediction than Sancho Panza ever bestowed upon his blanket, for they knew it would cover them all over. Scrambling into the hollow trunk, they found their way impeded by a honeycomb; but you may be sure this did not long impede the two tired and hungry monks. Having satisfied their hunger, they rolled themselves up in the tree, blessing God, who had not only provided them with a bed and blankets of Nature's best make, but fed them besides with the sweetest meal they

had eaten for many a long day. This providential circumstance marked the place for the new monastery, and a house of hospitality was opened, where a daily lesson of hospitality was taught for many a year to the inhabitants of an inhospitable region. The name, Meilleraie or Melleray, preserves the memory of the honey and the honeycomb which formed the welcome and dainty supper of the two poor religious who were so unkindly treated by their fellow-men.

July 29, 1830, Charles X. was driven from the throne of France, and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, became regent of the empire. This change of government made Father Anthony, who first was abbot of St. Susan's, Lullworth, in England, and who had transferred his community from St. Susan's back to Melleray, in France, anxious to embrace an offer from the Archbishop of Dublin to found a house of Cistercian monks in Ireland. Father Vincent Ryan and Father Malachy were sent as the pioneers of this new Irish foundation. Father Vincent, however, found the establishment of a Trappist house in Ireland a more difficult task than his good father abbot in France had anticipated. He succeeded at length in renting a place at Rathmore, in the County Kerry, about twelve miles from the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. This foundation did not last, and was afterwards transferred to the present Mt. Melleray, in the County Waterford, not far from the banks of the Blackwater. The revolution of July shut out all hope of return to France, and made Father Vincent see that it was absolutely necessary for himself and his brethren to seek some permanent foundation in his native land. In August, 1831, the government suppressed the community of Melleray in France. It was declared, in virtue of an ordinance sanctioned by Napoleon, that Melleray was an illegal and unconstitutional establishment. Ordinances which later governments had abolished were brought into requisition to accomplish the entire destruction of the monastery. How much the general government was to blame for these proceedings I am unable to say, but certainly it would be hard to find a more unmanly and unjust persecution than that to which the poor monks of Melleray were at this time subjected in the highly civilized land of France. The conduct of Mr. Henry Newman, British consul at Nantes, forms the bright side in the dark picture of this persecution against the monks. Mr. Newman's behavior throughout the history of this sad affair was all that could be expected from a Christian and a gentleman. No praise would be too much for the efforts he made to protect the monks, and save France the disgrace of expelling from her shores a community of innocent men; and if his efforts were unsuccessful it was because no man can teach justice and discretion to a lot of unruly Frenchmen, once their blood is up. You might just as well try to teach the dynamite Irish patriots that violent talk and squibs will never upset the power of England.

Sixty-four of the monks expelled from Melleray were conveyed to Ireland in a sloop-of-war provided for the purpose by the French government. The monks themselves chose Ireland as their destination, and when they reached the Irish shore all except five or six went in a body to Father Vincent Ryan at Rathmore. Father Vin-

cent gave those who wished for it leave to seek a home elsewhere, as he and his community were in very straitened circumstances; but only a few availed themselves of this permission, the greater part preferring to stay with their brethren and share their fortune, such as it was or might be.

Sir Richard Keane, a Protestant gentleman, had lately made over to Father Vincent about six hundred acres of barren mountain land near Cappoquin, in the County Waterford. At present they (the monks) occupy about seven hundred acres. Probably in the beginning they paid a much smaller rent for the land than they do at present, as the Cistercian history states that the rent exacted by Sir Richard Keane was a mere nominal affair; but whatever it was in the beginning, we have seen that at present, all circumstances being taken into account, it is not so very nominal.

In 1832 five lay brothers—or convert brothers, as they are styled in Cistercian annals—were sent to begin the enclosing and cultivation of this new tract of land. These brave monks came to the land pointed out to them, with nothing in their hands save, perhaps, a stout Irish blackthorn, and without either scrip or purse in their pocket. They had neither camels nor tents, and their only protection against the inclemency of the weather was their faith and trust in Providence. However, they were in the midst of Irish charity, and cold indeed must be the heart *that* would fail to warm. About seven acres of the land allotted to the monks were under cultivation, and on this tract was a cottage occupied by a keeper of moorlands. This cottage Sir Richard gave the monks for their immediate use. The poor Irish people who prayed God-speed to the monks as they wended their way up the steep mountain-side might say with truth: "Silver and gold we have not; but what God and nature have given us, and what our enemies have been unable to take from us, that is at your service." The poor Irish peasants had no money to give, but they could give their time and labor; and these they did give with a heart and a half. Father Qualey, of Modeligo, heard of the coming of the monks, and uttered the battle-cry that goes to every Irish heart—for "God and the cowled head!"—and faster than you could count them three hundred able-bodied parishioners were at his side, as faithful and true to their parish priest as ever the Old Guard was to the first Napoleon. And here I may add that an Irish parish priest is not a man any guard need be ashamed to follow. Physically, intellectually, and morally the Irish parish priests are fit to stand at the head of the Irish race. I was struck with admiration at what I may call the physical grandeur of the Irish clergy, and can only account for it in this way: that when an Irish mother wishes to offer a child to God and to the service of his altar, it is not a "sprishaun" she carries thither. She selects the flower of the flock as the only fit offering to be made to Him who gave his only-begotten Son for her sake.

Not one of the three hundred men who followed Father Qualey but was animated to redoubled energy by the word and example of their worthy pastor. The cry to arms was carried over every hill and echoed along the shores of the Blackwater, and soon Father Walsh, of Cappoquin, and his brave curate at the head of two thousand stal-

wart sons of toil, each bearing on his shoulder a spade or some other agricultural weapon, were seen marching to the assistance of the monks whose brethren in the ages past and gone had shed such a halo of glory and sanctity round old Erin's Isle. No sooner was one body of men weary of the toil and labor for the monks than another body was at hand fresh and anxious to take their place. One party of laborers came from a village in the County Cork, sixteen miles away. They left home at seven o'clock in the evening, arrived at the monks' temporary chapel at three o'clock the next morning, heard the first Mass, then set to work with a will, and continued at it till a late hour in the afternoon. Their day's work done, they set out on their return to their homes, where they arrived about the hour of midnight. As they entered the village from which they had started the day before they met another company just setting out for the monastery to do as they had done. In fact, the whole country was up and doing, determined that the monks should have a home once again in old Ireland, or else Irish spades should lose their virtue and Irish hands their cunning. No noble work for God or country was ever accomplished in Erin's land in the doing of which the daughters of Erin have not had a large share; and the settlement of a home for the monks at Mt. Melleray was no exception to this rule. In each company that came to clear away the rocks and barren heath from the land assigned to the Cistercian monks were many respectable farmers' wives and daughters; and many, doubtless, were the friendly contests between the aged matrons and the young girls as to who could do most in preparing a home for the monks who, they felt by some divine instinct, would be the means of bringing down blessings on themselves and those they loved.

Soon twenty-five acres of land were cleared and enclosed, and prepared for cultivation. A building 20 by 119 feet, two stories high, was erected and made ready to receive the monks still to come. Soon the waste land round about the new monastery was purchased and brought under cultivation, and property that hitherto had been of little or no value became the home and support of thousands of peaceful and industrious inhabitants.

The dark spot on this sunny picture is the fact that the poor people, after having reclaimed the land from barrenness and waste, found that the landlord, instead of rewarding their labor, had doubled their rents.

Mt. Melleray grew and prospered, and was quickly raised to the dignity of an abbey, Father Vincent Ryan being appointed by Gregory XVI. the first mitred abbot, with jurisdiction entirely independent of the mother-house in France. Father Vincent was the first abbot consecrated in Ireland since the Reformation spread its blight—worse than the potato-blight—over the land of St. Patrick. The consecration of the new abbot took place in the private chapel of Dr. Abraham, Bishop of Waterford, on May 17, 1835. The first stone of the building which now constitutes the abbey was laid by Sir Richard Keane on the feast of St. Bernard, August 20, 1833. The stone was blessed by Dr. Abraham in presence of a large number of clergy, besides some twenty thousand lay

persons. It was occupied by the community in 1838, and Mass was celebrated in the church for the first time on October 21 of the same year. Father Vincent Ryan died December 9, 1845, at the age of fifty-seven, and in the thirty-fourth year of his religious profession, leaving after him the reputation of a kind and amiable superior.

In 1838 Daniel O'Connell made a retreat at Mt. Melleray. Lord Stuart de Decies, hearing O'Connell was at the abbey, called upon him; but Dan refused to see him, on the ground that he was just then engaged with a greater Lord than any lord of earth. This circumstance was told me by one of the monks, who knew Dan well; and the story is in keeping with the character of the man, who never allowed respect for persons to interfere with any duty to God or principle. O'Connell was one of those truly great men who, feeling that all their greatness comes from God, are not ashamed to confess that truth before men. The greatest of living American orators, who speaks of O'Connell from personal knowledge of the man, has told us that he combined in himself all that was worth admiring in the eloquence of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Choate, and Everett.

When O'Connell presented himself at the bar of the British Parliament and asked leave to plead his right to take his seat in that assembly, the leave was granted, not, likely, from any sense of justice or a willingness to admit the claim put forward, but from a curiosity to see the wild Irishman from Kerry, and to hear how his brogue would sound in the stronghold of English prejudice and religious hate. It was likely amid the derisive laughter of some and the incredulous gestures of others that O'Connell entered that hall where for three hundred years Protestant bigotry had sat as queen. He began and spoke as only O'Connell could speak. The Englishmen gazed at him and then at one another in utter astonishment, for they read in one another's eyes:

"What! is this your sample of the wild Irishman? Does this man belong to that race we have been taught to despise from our youth up? Surely never man spoke before as this man speaks!" O'Connell seized and held up before their eyes that ugly monster of religious bigotry which for centuries had fattened on the blood and toil of oppressed millions, and, after proving it deserving of death on a hundred counts, he strangled it in face of its friends, and then cast it at their feet a mangled and hideous corpse. But even its former friends refused to acknowledge the nasty thing or to grant it Christian burial, and it was spurned from one to the other, until at last the doors of Parliament were thrown wide open and the thing was kicked out, let us hope for ever, and Catholics were once again admitted to an assembly from which, whether English or Irish, they had been excluded for three centuries.

After delivering that speech which battered down the accumulated prejudices of three hundred years, O'Connell retired into a corner of the apartment and began quietly to recite his beads. Yet this is the man whose name certain would-be Irish patriots cannot mention without a slur or a sneer of contempt. Would to God there was one man, among all those who in our day put themselves forward as Irish patriots, like unto O'Connell!

In 1850 a filiation from Mt. Melleray was established near Dubuque, in the State of Iowa, under the name of Our Lady of La Trappe, New Melleray.

This new foundation has already contributed two bishops to the hierarchy of the United States—Smith and O'Gorman—both of whom are now dead. A new branch from the Irish Melleray has been lately established near Roscrea, at a place in the King's County, Ireland, under the title of Mt. St. Joseph. Ten thousand pounds—about fifty thousand dollars—were given towards the purchase of this new site by Sir Arthur Moore, member of Parliament for the County Tipperary. A considerable debt still remains to be paid, and a monastery and church are yet to be built; but, notwithstanding, the monks have set to work trusting in God and the charity of their brethren, and surely the men who have made Mt. Melleray what it is today cannot fail at Mt. St. Joseph.

---

## APPRENTICESHIP SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.*

Among the educational experiments made of late years in France two of the most successful and based on the largest scale are the Municipal School of Apprentices of La Villette (Paris) and the School of Watchmaking at Besançon, capital of the department of Doubs, and centre of the watchmaking industry in France. The Paris school prepares apprentices for various trades, the Besançon school for one only. Both are so organized that the hours given to study are balanced by a large proportion of time devoted to hand-work and practical instruction in it.

The *École Municipale d'Apprentis*, founded in January, 1873, is a free school, chiefly due to the efforts of M. Gréard, late director of primary education for the department of the Seine, and at present vice-rector of the French Academy; a man well known in connection with educational matters, and an advocate of technical education in any shape suitable to the local wants of any commune, parish, city, etc. All the municipal schools of Paris are free and organized on a very liberal scale; but this is also, to some extent, self-supporting, since the machinery, tools, furniture, etc., made by the pupils is either retained for the use of the school (unless, as sometimes happens, the pupil buys his tools on leaving) or sold by the municipality to outsiders, the proceeds, however, not going direct to the school, but to the municipal treasury. In 1878 four thousand francs' worth of such objects was sold, and a collection of models was furnished to a city school of apprenticeship just starting at Lille. In 1879 more than twelve thousand francs' worth of accessories has been made, and the sales increase each year as the permanent fittings cease to require addition or improvement. The first expense was considerable, the buildings, alterations, and land (of which there is more than is needed) costing about

* *Apprenticeship Schools in France.* Silvanus P. Thompson. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1879.

$600,000, and the outlay on school and workshop fittings having been over $50,000. This expense, however, was not incurred at one time, the shops having been furnished piece by piece by the apprentices from the materials bought year by year. The necessary outfit of the metal-turning department largely exceeds that of the others, and up to last August the data of expenses attending the two new departments of locksmiths and makers of philosophical instruments had not been published. Salaries absorb over $5,000, and the purchase of raw materials about the same; and, roughly estimated, the average yearly cost to the city of each pupil (there are 221 at present, though the number originally provided for was 175) comes to $250, while the average cost, calculated according to the capital invested in the land and buildings, etc., added to the annual outlay, is between $500 and $600.

The trades taught are those of a carpenter, wood-turner, pattern-maker, smith, fitter, metal-turner, locksmith, and maker of philosophical instruments, the last two having been added in 1879. The apprentices are admitted only between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, and such as have not obtained a certificate attesting the completion of their elementary education are admitted only after an examination of an equal standard of difficulty. The term is of three years, although no contract of apprenticeship is entered into, and includes not only general preparatory training, but full and practical initiation into the handicraft taught. The only money remuneration is a trifling fortnightly gratification of a few cents, in strict proportion to the satisfactoriness of the pupil's work; and half of this is always retained for him in the school savings-bank. Mr. Thompson, who has personally studied the working of this school, and read a detailed account of it, and others like it, before the Political Economy Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, sitting at Sheffield, August, 1879, thus describes some of its characteristics:

"An apprentice spends at first only five hours and a half *per diem* in the shops, and during his first year follows a fixed system of rotation—first in the workshop for wood, then in the workshop for metal. After trying his hand at carpentry for, say, six weeks, he will spend a couple of months in filing and chipping; after that proceed to wood-turning, and so make the round of the various occupations in a preliminary way, picking up a general acquaintance with all of them, and executing, under careful direction, a course of preliminary exercises in each. His first year over, he makes his choice, and settles down to steady work at one department, his hand and head being alike benefited by the variety of experience he has had. Henceforth the work which he executes will possess some intrinsic worth apart from the value it has had as a means of training. . . . Henceforth, too, he spends a larger proportion of time in the workshops. Apprentices of the third year give seven hours and a half to the shops and three hours to studies, general and technical. . . . All down one side of the long workshop on the ground-floor are ranged benches and vises for the apprentice fitters; in the centre and at the nearer end the lathes for metal-turning, the planing-machine, machines for drilling and punching, and a universal shaping-machine. Overhead runs the shafting that brings the power from the motor, a semi-portable steam-engine of eleven horse-power, placed in an adjoining shed. It is managed by the apprentices themselves, the third year's pupils acting week-about as engineer, with a second-year's apprentice as stoker. At the far end of the room are the forges. . . . Two master-workmen suffice to superintend the fitters and metal-turners. . . . No piece of work does any pupil undertake

which has not already been the subject first of a rough pencil-sketch with the dimensions scribbled upon it, and afterwards of a finished 'working-drawing' taken out to scale with ruler and compasses. Each pupil has his drawing beside him. His work, when finished, is noted down on the record, and his name is affixed to the article he has made, together with other particulars—such as, for example, the number of hours he has taken to complete it. The exercises he has to execute are chosen in accordance with a predetermined list, increasing in difficulty as his hand acquires practice. This gradual transition from the easiest to the most difficult tasks, so impossible in the ordinary negligent and irregular apprenticeship of the shops, is the surest way to excite in the budding artisan the ambition to excel, and is the source of an enormous saving of time in his apprenticeship. . . . The greatest attention is paid to precision of work. Rules of thumb are absolutely forbidden; the workman must do nothing without knowing why he does it. His tools must be made of a particular shape, their angles ground to a particular number of degrees—not because such has always been the traditional practice of the shops, but because such and such a shape can be shown to give the greatest strength compatible with least material, or because the particular angle prescribed is the one which experiment proves to be most effective for the work to which the tool is to be applied."

Naturally, the spirit of enterprise animates both masters and pupils, and the eager, workman-like pride might even lead to waste of time in trials of visionary improvements, did not the discretion of the director interfere; but this department is fortunate in being under the management of a man—M. Bocquet—equally far from exaggeration on the side of conservatism as on that of rashness, and who has taken advantage of this school as of a field in which to carry out many of the suggestions of Rouleaux in his *Treatise on Machinery*. Several among the machines of the school workshop embody new inventions, especially a planing-machine made by the apprentices, with a novel automatic contrivance for lifting the tool during the return; also an ingenious application of the principle of the screw in a simple and safe piece of gearing to set some of the heavy lathes in action. The contemporary history of inventions is a part of the school-room training, and it even becomes a point of honor with the boys to inform themselves intelligently and minutely of every instance of progress and improvement bearing upon their own branch of study. The workshop for wood illustrates the same spirit of thoroughness, the work in every case being executed to scale from working-drawings made by the pupils, each for himself. Great stress is laid upon the paramount importance of technical drawing, or, as Mr. Thompson appropriately calls it, industrial drawing, of which he says:

". . . Let it be remembered that drawing is the language of the skilled constructive industries—just as essential to them as reading and writing are to general commerce. By the term *drawing* is meant not outline drawing, nor perspective drawing, nor yet mechanical drawing (so-called), but that system of drawing which has been adopted as the most convenient for conveying to a workman the dimensions and form of an object he has to construct—the system, in short, according to which the working-drawings of engineers are constructed, the theoretical processes of which are known by the stilted and pedantic name of orthographic projection. . . . Working-drawings, giving plan and elevation and perhaps one or more other views of an object, cannot be drawn except by a person who knows something of plane geometry, something of solid geometry, something of model-drawing; but they may be executed either precisely with ruler and compasses, or roughly, by the unaided hand, provided only that they shall unmistakably convey the relative

dimensions and positions of all portions of the object. . . . The success of the La Villette apprentices is largely due to the excellence of the system under which they are taught this the . . . universal language of skilled labor. . . . Their system is, in brief, as follows: The master first draws on the blackboard a rough working-drawing in free-hand ; . . . the pupils copy, also in free-hand. No such thing as a ruler and compasses is allowed. The master then 'figures' his sketch —*i.e.*, indicates its dimensions, curves, etc , by appropriate numbers written down on its various lines. The pupils 'figure' their sketches. The master then rubs out his sketch. The pupils retire to their own desks, take out ruler and compasses, and from the dimensions marked on their sketches proceed to make out a finished working-drawing to scale. . . . Sometimes the procedure is changed, and the pupils are set to sketch a simple bit of machinery ; to measure it and figure their sketches ; then to execute a finished drawing to scale. These details may seem trifling. On the contrary, the matter is of vital importance. Technical education without education in technical drawing is a delusion and a sham."

The school-room work has a bearing on each particular trade taught in the workshops, and the general culture not specially connected with a trade is on a level with, though it does not take up so much time as, that imparted in primary and in many secondary schools. There is a course of technology in very simple form, treating, in words as plain as the subject allows, of wood and iron and other materials, their nature, constitution, properties, possibilities, defects, and cost; of machines and their construction, use, limitations, of each part and its office—the nuts, bolts, axles, etc., being described. Tools are treated of, practically but scientifically, and nothing is taught which is not explained; convention and dogmatism, such as form the ignorant slang of average shops, are carefully excluded, and a reason is given for each minute detail, while the pupils are even encouraged to object, discuss, and question. In the third year the course consists chiefly of lessons on steam-engines and machine tools. Every lecture is illustrated by black-board sketches, which each pupil reproduces in his note-book; and these notes end by becoming a valuable work of reference, the object of frequent borrowing on the part of past scholars whose notes were less perfect. Almost all branches of practical scientific study are included in the general course. Chemistry takes an hour every week, which seems too little, considering the important connection between it and so many of the higher processes of metal-working; mechanics, descriptive geometry, and geometrical drawing are prominent studies—a fact which explains itself; physics are taught by Amaury, of the National Observatory of Paris —a man whose name is nearly as familiar outside his own country as within it; English is taught also, though of course not thoroughly, and rather for the sake of understanding the medium through which the larger part of new inventions and improvements is announced and explained to the scientific world; and though history and geography are not forgotten, the teaching in these branches may be considered the weak spot in the course of study. Mr. Thompson says that the neglect of these studies occurs in almost all French schools, and perhaps it has some connection with the fact, so often commented upon, that the French are emphatically a non-emigrating people. The law as connected with industrial pursuits has a place on the programme of the school of La Villette, and a large library, both

of technical and other works, is at the disposal of the pupils. M. Gréard's work on *Apprenticeship Schools*, written while this specimen was being organized, specifies some of the principles on which he intended it to be based, and which have controlled it ever since. Some of them, though sounding like axioms, have been seriously controverted by other educators as sincere, enthusiastic, and practically experienced as M. Gréard.

"No premature admission; the physical strength no less than the mind of the child not admitting, before a certain age, of the serious education of apprenticeship.*

"No too considerable agglomeration of pupils, nothing being more demoralizing.

"No rapid specialization; the hand and the mind alike deriving unmixed gain from the generality of exercise.

"No school fees, the institution being designed for the poorest classes; but no board or lodging provided, as the family ought to keep charge and have the honor of following the education of the child. (As the municipality has charge of a large area, and distance must sometimes become an impediment to procuring a place for a boy in this school, no matter how eager and fitted for it he may be, it seems as if this rule of non-provision for bodily needs might be occasionally relaxed, and perhaps it actually is, in suitable instances.)

"No exercises prolonged until body and mind are fatigued; variety of exercises being one of the conditions indispensable for the well-balanced development of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers of the apprentice.

"No theoretical scientific teaching; since the education of an apprenticeship school ought, if it is to be fruitful, to take as its starting-point not theories but facts, and ought to deal with those theories only whose practical application can be demonstrated."

*Last year a writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger*—a paper in which the question of technical education was warmly discussed—said: "When a boy or a girl has reached the age of thirteen the most valuable time for the instruction of the hand, the eye, and the mind has passed, and the too prevalent notion that young persons should not be set to work until they can wield sledge-hammers or push jack-planes is an error." M. Salicis also, in a pamphlet on *Primary Teaching and Apprenticeship*, insists that the chief notions of a child about any trade are formed between the ages of six and twelve.

The subordination of theory to practice is a point in which it is easy to err on the side of over-caution, thereby crippling the education desirable for a boy with any mechanical genius. The right proportion between theoretical and practical teaching varies almost with the capabilities of each pupil, and personal tact on the part of the teacher is needed to discern what proportion suits each, and how best to supplement in some cases the lack of a theoretical teaching not fitted for all scholars, or for which time is not provided in the general course. It is dangerous to lay down hard and fast rules with regard to the amount or the manner of teaching in any school whose professed object is to avoid the defects of ordinary schools.

Havre and Douai both possess apprenticeship schools on much the same plan as the one just described, but both are older and smaller; and Lille has just established a similar municipal school, whose statistics have not yet been made accessible.

An institution of a like kind, though restricted to the teaching of one trade only, is the School of Watchmaking at Besançon. Unlike those of Cluses and Mâcon, which are under government management and aim at turning out foremen, mostly recruited from the middle classes, the school of Besançon is under municipal rule and expressly intended for the education of apprentices of the artisan class. Fifteen thousand inhabitants of the city are employed in

the watchmaking business, and half a million of watches are annually produced in Besançon, supplying five-sixths of all that enter the home market, while the surplus has of late years superseded much of the Swiss trade in Switzerland itself. The school was founded in 1860 for the accommodation, at first, of thirty-six pupils, the number having increased up to the present year to ninety. The conditions of admission are exactly like those at La Villette, and the education is free to town-boys; but those from a distance pay a fee of $40 a year, and are boarded by the town-council at a neighboring *lycée* at the cost of $120 a year.

"There are several 'scholarships,' founded respectively by the council-general of the department, by the local Masonic lodge, by the Watchmakers' Guild, and by several of the wealthier manufacturing houses of the district. These scholarships usually take the form of a gift of working tools. The complete course of instruction in the school lasts three years, but provision is made for specialists either to take a shorter course or to remain for a longer period in the school. The education is twofold, the apprentices having eight hours a day of manual exercises in the workshops of the school, and either two or three hours of school-teaching."

It is the aim of this institution to enable young watchmakers to make a constant study of, and comparison between, theory and the results at which practice has arrived. Every detail of watchmaking is carefully and intelligently taught, hand-work being still prominent, though each new invention is used and applied. The school-room hours are devoted, besides the scientific teaching bearing directly on watchmaking, to French, arithmetic, algebra, book-keeping, and machinery-drawing, two hours a day being allotted to either the latter or to geometry. Out of the thirteen teachers, two are for drawing alone and seven are practical master-workmen. The city has profited by the school, as nearly all its apprentices, including those from a distance, settle to work in Besançon; and since 1860 over four hundred pupils have gone through the course and found work at good wages within the city. The cost of this school is, of course, less than that of La Villette; the annual amount spent on salaries, materials, etc., is $5,000, nearly half of which is covered by a yearly grant from the city, and the rest by private subscriptions, the school-fees contributing but a trifling part. Mr. Thompson speaks thus of the results of the experiment:

The pupils "are more methodical and intelligent in their work, steadier in general conduct, have a far better grasp of the whole subject, and are pronounced to be much more competent than the average of workmen at executing repairs, since they have learned principles, and have not been kept doing one thing—say polishing pivots—all through the years of apprenticeship. They earn two francs a day,* on the average, immediately on leaving school—a sum about equal to that of other apprentices when coming to the end of a four or five years' apprenticeship. The quality of their work is extremely good, excelling in precision and perfection of workmanship—two essentials in watchmaking. The unique and exquisite collection of typical studies executed by the pupils of this school will be vividly remembered by visitors to the Paris Exposition of 1878. . . . The pupils on leaving school do not generally work as quickly as apprentices coming from the shop of a master, but speed of execution comes with time and practice. It is far better to make a *good* workman than a *quick* workman, especially if the latter gains

* Not quite fifty cents. The rate of wages for all trades is very low in France, Belgium, and Germany, while even in England it is not always half the rate of the United States.

quickness by learning to make nothing but one small piece from year's end to year's end."

The Besançon trade in watches has increased within twelve years from three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, and that in spite of the depression of 1870–71. Half a million francs' worth of watch-movements are annually exported to Switzerland, and the report of the Swiss commission sitting at Bienne, canton of Berne, in December, 1876, says: "In ten years our exports to France have fallen from four millions of francs to one million four hundred thousand; . . . the French imports . . . have risen from three hundred and eighty thousand francs to one million six hundred thousand—that is to say, they have *quintupled*." The Geneva school of watchmaking, the oldest and once the only one, founded in 1824, was reorganized in 1843; but no others existed until after the French rivalry had grown formidable, when no less than six Swiss schools of a like kind sprang up, one after the other, between 1863 and 1874. When Savoy was ceded to France, in 1863, Napoleon III. reorganized the school of Cluses, dating from 1848; but, as has been said before, this school was intended only for the use of the middle classes. Paris is at present discussing a foundation of the Besançon kind, but its "Chamber of Watchmakers" has not come to a decision. Mr. Thompson says that, from personal intercourse with many of the foremost Parisian jewellers and goldsmiths, he learnt that a school on this plan is much needed for workmen in the precious metals. Several houses have established free night-schools for drawing, designing, modelling, chiselling, etc., for their apprentices, and the Syndical Chamber of Goldsmiths has opened a general night-school of the same description in the Rue St. Martin; but these schools can do only partial good, and are not founded on a permanent basis. In London the Goldsmiths' Company has debated a project of the same sort, but no effect has been given to any of the suggestions offered. One school under proper management, and with sufficient funds as well as prestige from the permanent nature of its foundation and the weight of its founders, would be enough to train apprentices, in any of the capitals of the world, in the skilled work necessary to all branches of the goldsmith's and jeweller's art. The high price of the raw material would present some difficulty, but far less waste would occur than must be the case in the hap-hazard training of isolated apprentices in the various shops of jewellers, etc.

A much older type of apprenticeship school is the Paris *Institution de St. Nicolas*, under the management of the Christian Brothers. This was founded in 1827 by Monseigneur de Bervanger, and exists at present under hardly changed conditions. There are now almost a thousand boarders, two hundred and twenty of whom are apprentices learning a trade in small workshops in the centre of the school precincts, let out to small shop-keepers, generally owners of some business in the city. They are called "patrons," and sign a formal contract of apprenticeship with the parents or guardians of their apprentices, who work nine hours a day under the supervision of the "patron" himself or a foreman, two or three hours being devoted to schooling under the tuition of the brothers. The latter

have nothing to do with the technical training of the boys, and only watch over the mutual behavior of the "patrons" and the apprentices, besides taking charge of the physical comfort and moral education of the latter. The parents of each pupil pay $80 a year for his board and lodging, except in the case of boys who have entered under twelve years of age, for whom only $60 are charged. The brothers' teaching is free, as also the manual instruction, the proceeds of the apprentice's work being at the disposal of the "patron." No pupil is admitted who cannot read and write. The term is for three or four years; if for four, the patron pays the fees for the fourth year, and occasional "gratifications" for good work are expected by the boys. The trades taught are at present fifteen: 1, marble-masons; 2, bookbinders; 3, optical turners; 4, compositors; 5, printers; 6, working clockmakers; 7, makers of brass mountings for clocks; 8, makers of bronzes; 9, makers of wind instruments; 10, gilders; 11, carpenters; 12, portmanteau (or valise) makers; 13, wood-carvers; 14, makers of philosophical instruments; 15, map engravers on stone. For the last four of these occupations the term of apprenticeship is invariably four years; for the rest, generally only three. On the whole, the work of all trades is done fairly well, in some very well, and pride is taken in their efficiency by both patrons and pupils; but there is the inevitable drawback of an effort to make the work pay at the earliest possible time, which leaves "no provision for that very useful class of exercises which, though commercially unremunerative, are of the highest value as a means of training the beginner." The methods of teaching are scarcely scientific; traditional rules, left to the pupils' own wit to interpret, supersede intelligent work carefully explained and illustrated, and working-drawings are hardly ever used. The system has many of the defects of a careless apprenticeship on the old plan, though provided with certain checks in the shape of the watchful care and moral influence of the brothers. The sanitary arrangements, under the care of the latter, are, says Mr. Thompson, "admirable." One of the brothers—among the general body of whom there are more educated and thoughtful men than it is supposed, even in France, where they are better known than elsewhere—has devised an excellent system of teaching drawing and modelling; but upon inquiry it was found that the study was restricted to "those who had need of it in their occupation," and was looked upon as an adjunct rather than a foundation. The map-engraving was particularly good, has won medals at the Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia Expositions, and is patronized by the French Minister of Public Education. "The wood-engravings, many of them also drawn on the wood by the apprentices themselves, are excellent, and would not discredit the (London) *Graphic* or the *Illustrated News*." But not all the work is on this level; some is even very poor; the school-room teaching is unfortunately entirely severed from that of the shops. The boys, however, are generally steady and plodding, and able on leaving school to find immediate paying employment, and in time they rise to be small "patrons" themselves. St. Nicolas is self-supporting through the income from school-fees and the rent of the

shops, plus a few trifling legacies, gifts, and subscriptions (in all $230,000 in 1878); but the brothers take no salaries and get only their living. A few other such schools exist in Paris, the most efficient of which are the following orphanages: Our Lady of Refuge,* a school for ninety-five children, mostly young, of both sexes, with workshops and boarding-houses for apprentices going out to work; orphanage and professional schools of St. Mary's Providence, a technical school for sixty boys and one hundred and twenty girls, teaching vellum-painting, artificial flower-making, dress and fan making, etc. (the boys' occupations are not specified by Mr. Thompson); Orphan Apprentice Home, an industrial school for over two hundred orphans and waifs, where the trades taught are printer, plaster-ornament maker, shoemaker, carpenter, locksmith, and gardener.

Another French type of apprenticeship school is that kept up by large business houses for their own young men; one example will be enough, that of the printing firm of Chaix & Co., Paris, printers of the *Indicateur* railroad time-tables. This is on a comprehensive scale, and improves each year. It has existed for seventeen years, and has turned out over one hundred good workmen, most of them employed by the firm itself, but commanding equally good wages wherever they find employment. They are bound as apprentices for four years, and the employers guarantee to find them a place when their time is out. There are two branches, the printers and the compositors, the former working under foremen at the machines, the latter in a room separate from but overlooking the general workshop, where they see the business of the place, machinery, presses, etc., going on. The bust of the founder of the house, Napoleon Chaix, stands at one end of the room, and above runs the following motto in gilt characters along a cross-beam in the ceiling: "The house for each; all for the house." The school-room seats forty apprentices. There are two hours' study a day, and three separate courses of study: one elementary, for those whose previous education has been deficient; second, a technical (the chief one), including typography, grammar, writing, "composition," reading and correcting proofs, the study of different founts of type, engraving on wood and steel, reading and "composition" of Latin and Greek (without any attempt at grammar, or translation in those languages), and of English and German, with modified lessons in their grammar, and short exercises for translation; lastly, a supplementary course, teaching the history of printing, mechanics and physics, the elements of economics, and a few notions of applied chemistry, dealing chiefly with such matters as soda, carbon, turpentine, oils, and acids. A small money prize—two cents—is given each day for punctuality, and wages are given on a scale proportionate to the increasing value of the apprentices' work, the compositors getting from ten cents to fifty a day, and the printers from fifteen to eighty. Their wages as workmen during the first year after their apprenticeship range from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents a day, and they also become participants in the bourses annually divided among the "attached" work-people of the house—*i.e.*, those who, by

* *Notre Dame Préservatrice.*

apprenticeship or by long service, become entitled to participation. Two hundred and fifty out of the seven hundred employed are, in this way, small share-holders, of whom more than half are past apprentices. A savings-bank and two insurances—one against death and one against accidents or sickness—are connected with the house, the proprietor contributing fifteen francs a year to the account of each apprentice who has savings in the bank, besides interest on the actual amount. In 1878 ten thousand dollars were thus distributed among the hands. The practical teaching is very thorough. The apprentice compositors, says Mr. Thompson,

> "Are set to work on chosen exercises suitable to their age and capacity, and such as to introduce successively to their notice all the various difficulties which they must overcome in order to understand their business and become thorough workmen. During the first year they are taught the generalities of typography, the different founts and faces of types, and the systems of spacing and setting lines. During the second and third years they have to set up titles, tables, and to learn correcting proofs. In the fourth year they are put under the charge of the workmen who put the type into pages, and work in the principal shop."

The statistics of this school have not been published, but that the experiment has proved remunerative as well as successful there is no doubt. The large encouragement in the shape of practical money-help to the men has much to do with the success of the school; but the heads of the firm, wise as they were in thus supplementing the school advantages, nevertheless consider the teaching itself the main element of success, and certainly, in the long run, the most important to their own interests. There is a larger number of schools on this plan—*i.e.*, under private and professional management—than on any other throughout France; and although Mr. Thompson, after comparison between four different methods of technical instruction, all fairly illustrated in French schools of various types, decides that the municipal workshop and school side by side, such as exist at La Villette and Besançon, is *the* apprenticeship school of the future, and is adaptable to any country, there is little doubt that, for immediate purposes, schools in connection with large establishments are not only as desirable, but the plan is also more feasible. Municipalities move slowly and have many things to attend to; and, unless in a town where one special industry is dominant, and the town council is recruited largely from one body of manufacturers, the personal interest, which goad is the quickest to reform and improvement, would be lacking; whereas each trade, or the larger firms engaged in it, has a direct interest in educating skilled workmen and competing with the influence of so-called socialist ideas, the growth of which is becoming a factor worthy of notice in every industrial community. France contained at the close of 1878 two hundred and thirty-seven schools of the above description, some of them providing board, some not. Several Parisian jewellers have established private schools for their own work-people, where art is taught in a manner to enable an exceptionally clever boy to make this teaching a basis for an artistic education beyond the needs of a mere jeweller. A silk factory at Jujurieux, department of Ain, employs four hundred and fifty girls,

and boards and teaches them, besides paying each from forty to sixty dollars a year; a ribbon-weaving firm of old standing, MM. Colcombet, of St. Etienne, department of the Loire, employs three hundred and twenty girls, one hundred and forty of whom are apprentices, and provides day and night schools for boys and girls, as well as dwellings for the work-people and their families, on the plan of the late Sir Titus Salt's model town of Saltaire, in England; and a cotton-spinning house, Thiriez & Son, at Lille, employing fifteen hundred hands, of whom one-third are children, has not only regular schools for boys and girls, but a *crèche* and a *Kindergarten*, as well as a separate home for orphans, not to mention insurance clubs, a savings-bank, lecture and entertainment rooms, etc. We have no data to refer to, but believe that a few cotton manufactories in the north of England have some arrangements of this nature, lecture-rooms, night-clubs and model dwellings especially. England, however, is considerably behind France in any attempts at educating skilled workmen and women, and a distrust of things foreign, as well as the national feeling of resentment at interference, prevents the speedy adoption of any remedy, even experimental and temporary. The work which socialism clamors for the state to undertake can be at present done piecemeal and successfully by employers themselves and any other men of good means who, whether as private individuals or members of a corporation, think prevention better than cure. Not long ago Mr. Gibson, president of the Trades-Union Congress during its annual meeting at Edinburgh, Scotland, spoke discouragingly, if not disparagingly, of the system of technical education as a remedy for the low state of British manufactures in general and their reduced worth in the foreign market:

". . . It was quietly assumed," he said, "that some of these [foreign] countries had an advantage over this [England] in their manufacturing industries. The ignorance of the British workman has always been regarded as an unknown quantity by his candid friends, and those gentlemen who advocated measures designed to instruct him with a technical knowledge of the trade he belonged to were desirous that the same opportunities should be afforded him here as were supplied on the Continent. In these schools diplomas were granted, and the advantages of having secured the education necessary to be in this position were stated to be that the services of those who obtained them were much sought after by employers, and that they were everywhere able to demand higher wages, because their work was of more value. He wished not to be misunderstood nor taken to mean anything that would imply an underrating of the importance and value of education of this kind to all workmen; but it must be apparent to any one who had the slightest acquaintance with the conditions of employment of this class of men in Britain that this education, vouched for as it might be by however many diplomas, could not be relied upon to bring them promotion of any kind. In the railway services of the country, for instance, it was well known that engine-men and drivers, with the diploma of long experience, were too often suspended and dismissed for the most trivial faults, and sometimes no fault at all, in order that their wages might be reduced. The effect of this special knowledge in these countries [the United Kingdom] had not been felt in any part of our trade, and could not be ranked as one of the causes of its depression."

These statements seem more dogmatic than precise, especially as, in the case of engine-drivers, it is not specified whether a real certificate from a competent school or self-acquired practical knowledge

is understood by the "diploma of long experience." That the improvement in many Continental products has gradually pushed British manufactures of a like kind out of the market is not denied by English business men, and this improvement could scarcely exist without some unusual generalization of technical knowledge and skill among the mass of workmen. It is at least worth while to try the working of the same tool in England; but while the trades-unions' aim remains rather the controlling of the temporal affairs of workmen than the furthering of their intellectual and moral progress, it is not likely that they will give their countenance to a scheme of quiet and slow-working utility whose influence would be towards the healing of the artificial feuds between employers and employed, and the creation of a well-founded spirit of contentment among a class surely increasing in education, prosperity, and self-respect. Agitation is so wholly based upon destitution that any broad scheme, not utopian or violent, for the removal of the conditions of destitution must be instinctively distasteful to agitators, which, practically, most *leaders* of trades-unions are. In England, where the upper classes, on the surface at least, take much more part in questions relating to the well-being of the lower classes, and where intercourse between the two is more developed than it is in the United States, a good deal of vagueness and conventionality still distinguishes the speeches made at educational gatherings by members of Parliament and other men of wealth or position. Good suggestions, however, are often made, as Mr. Gladstone's at a lately-started Nonconformist College, tending to the equalization of classes in knowledge and the decline of social prejudices; and those of Mr. Smith, member of Parliament, at the opening of a new school for the poor outside the jurisdiction of any board, concerning the thoroughness of moral education, and the confining of teaching to a few branches of study calculated to become a basis of further self-attained knowledge. Still, no distinct effort towards utilizing school-time for the purposes of trade has yet been made in England, except in the cases of a few manufacturing firms in the north. We are not aware of any extended efforts in this country—that is, any commensurate with the importance of the subject or the size of the places where such improvements would be most beneficial; but the experimental school in Philadelphia is growing and prospering, and it is probable that the trustees of Girard College will provide technical education in many branches on a liberal scale for at least several hundred boys. A suggestion has been made, the result of which would be immensely beneficial in the agricultural districts—*i.e.*, to teach farming in the common schools—and the cost to each town would be trifling, less, indeed, than is frequently incurred by prolonged carelessness as to the state of the buildings or fittings of district schools. It would be well if more publicity could be given to this practical and useful idea. Country interests are often overlooked by reformers under whose eyes the abuses and shortcomings of city life come most prominently, but they are as important as the interests of the crowded inhabitants of cities. The large manufacturing towns are probably the places where schools on the French

plans above described could be best tried; and that instruction there is needed in most branches of work can hardly be denied. The subject is, at any rate, worth investigation.

---

## MY CHRISTMAS AT BARNAKEERY.

I HAD played innumerable rubbers of whist with Colonel Dolphin at the Stephen's Green Club, Dublin, and had lost them. I had borne with his revokes, borne with his long-winded explanatory and double-milled apologies, borne with his interminable and prosy stories of horses that *ought* to have won the Conyngham cup at Punchestown; I had snubbed him, cut him, spoken of him, not falsely—Heaven forbid!—but in a way calculated to warn others against falling foul of him; and yet one lovely morning in the month of August, in the year of grace 187–, found me in a first-class carriage belonging to the Midland Great Western Railway Company of Ireland, *en route* for Barnakeery, the seat of the redoubtable colonel, whose invitation to fish for salmon I found myself utterly unable to resist, partly because I had not been invited to "wet a line" elsewhere, and partly because I consider that a day's salmon-fishing is worth—well, it is worth being bored by your host, provided that his mutton happens to be tender, his claret soft, and his whiskey John Jameson's seven-year-old.

Colonel Dolphin is a pompous old fogy, who presides at petty sessions in his magisterial capacity as though he were the lord chief-justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and passes sentence upon turf-lifters and poachers as though the black cap was snugly adjusted on his rusty-looking brown jasey. He dyes his whiskers a Tyrian purple, his moustache a canary color. He wears black satin stocks of the year one, and straps to his trousers. His frock-coat is always buttoned up to his chin.

Now as regards myself. *I* am a fogy. I am an old bachelor, rusty, crusty, of confirmed habits. I reside in two old-fashioned apartments in Eccles Street, Dublin. I have lived there for twenty-five years. My landlady—*absit omen!*—is a widow: the widow of my old kinsman, Tom Connolly, who broke his neck with the Meath harriers. My twenty pounds a month keep the roof over her head. She keeps another lodger, an old bachelor. We are like Box and Cox. I never meet him except on the staircase. He is taciturn, I am reserved. "Mornin'!" "How do?" This is all that the English language has done for either of us in twenty years. I am not rich, but I am snug. I am worth one thousand pounds a year. I spend about five hundred, because I live generously and like life after my own fashion. I purpose leaving my property to—but I will not anticipate.

Upon arriving at the Barna Station I found a retainer of the colonel's in waiting—a bright-eyed, merry-looking "boy," attired, although it was a warm day in Au-

gust, in an enormous frieze coat; not the petroleum, shoddy, and devil's-dust which is worked into our ulsters, but a cunning substance, soft as a dog's ear, warm as a turf fire, and as impervious to water as though the wearer were encased in three solid inches of trotter-oil.

"Yer honor's for Barnakeery?" he cried, touching his hat.

"I am."

"Yer Counsellor Daly?"

Having responded in the affirmative, I inquired if the colonel had sent a vehicle for me.

"Av coorse he did, yer honor; he wudn't see ye bet that way. Have ye more nor wan box, sir?"

Now, I pique myself on two things—my attire and my luggage. I hold that no man has a right to go on a visit to a friend with seedy garments or travel-stained, bulgy *impedimenta*. The servants are more impressed when they find a visitor the owner of a handsome dressing-case, and of garments which compel respectful admiration during brushing; and we all know that the verdict of the jury that sits "below stairs" very materially influences the decision of the upper court. Judge my disgust when asked if my solid leather, brass-capped, nickel-mounted, patent valise was my only "box"! I felt that I was throwing pearls before swine, and that a hair-trunk of the year '15 or an emigrant's wooden chest would have suited Barnakeery quite as well as my very elegant travelling-case and my garments built by Mr. J. H. Smalpage.

An outside-car awaited us, upon the well of which my "box" was safely roped in by a few dexterous twists at the horny hands of my charioteer, who drew back some paces to admire his Davenport Brothers' trick, exclaiming in unctuous tones of satisfaction:

"Sorra a stir ye'll stir so long as the car 'll hould."

"What is your name?" I asked, as we started at a hand-gallop up a stiffish hill.

"Ned Jyce, yer honor."

"Have you been long with the colonel?"

"Long! I'm wud him man an' boy, an' so was me father afore me—the Lord be merciful to him, amin!"

"Is the colonel liked down here?"

"Well, now—he is—an'—he isn't. There's some that wud borry money for to spind it on him, an' there's more that crasses the road whin he's seen comin'. He's a soft man enough av ye'll humor him, but he bangs Banagher whin he gets on the binch below at Rowserstown. Faix, he'll give ye a month av ye wur for to sneeze in the coort."

"Are his sentences severe?"

"Well, now, they're harder be raisin av the way he gives thim. But he met his match wanst," said Joyce, with a chuckle. "Pat Falvey—that's his cabin over there beyant the showlder av that hill—was suspected av—well, it was thought quare that wan of Joe Heffernan's sheep should be as bare as a crow and that Pat's barn should be rowlin' in wool; and so they had poor Pat up before the binch. 'What have ye got for to say for yerself, ye owdacious burglar?' sez the curnel.

"'Sorra a wurd, barrin' this,' sez Pat, as bould as a ghandher: 'Av the wool found in the barn fits Joe Heffernan's sheep I'm guilty,' sez he, 'but av it doesn't I'm innocent; an' I demand, in the name of justice, that the wool be thried on.'

"Well, sir, wud ye believe it, but the curnel, who's as just as the sun, sint for the sheep and sint for the wool, an' no sooner was the sheep —it was a ram, yer honor—put on the table but it let a roar that ye'd hear in Barnakeery, an' darted right into the curnel's stomik, pitchin' him over the clerk an' raisin' a terrible whillalew.

"'Arrest yer presoner!' roared the curnel, pointin' to the ram; an' it tuk five policemen wud fixed bagonets for to ketch him.

"'Now, yer honor,' sez Pat Falvey to the curnel, 'I'll lave it to yerself, av that wool was tuk off that ram, wouldn't the crayture be only too plazed for to get into it agin on this murdherin' could day?'

"Well, yer honor, this riz the laugh agin the binch, an', begorra, Pat Falvey got off scot-free."

After I had enjoyed a laugh—for the story was told with inimitable drollery—I asked if the colonel was alone at Barnakeery.

"Thrue for ye, sir. There's nobody there but the misthress an' Miss Emily."

"The mistress? Is the colonel married?"

"Faix, Father Mick O'Brien sez so, anyhow; an' *he* never makes a mistake."

Up to that moment I imagined that Colonel Dolphin was an old bachelor like myself; up to that moment I regarded him in the light of an elder in a brotherhood into which I had been promoted by the direct and unerring influence of time. Why the deuce didn't he speak of his wife instead of the Conyngham Cup? It was treating me badly, and I mentally resolved upon avenging myself on his salmon, his mutton, and his Lafitte.

"And pray who is Miss Emily?" I asked.

"Sorra a know I know, sir. She kem on us promiscuous. Some say she's Mrs. Dolphin's niece, more say she's the curnel's niece, an' some say quare things, mind ye; but she's good to the poor, and sings illigant at last Mass on Sunda's in front of a harmonicum that she riz for Father Mick herself; an' she's as nice a young leddy as there's in the barony, and a nice-mannered young leddy—good luck attind her day an' night!"

A mystery, I thought. This visit promised well.

"What is Miss Emily's other name?"

"Troth, thin, it's tasty enough—Primrose, no less. There's heaps o' the rose about her, sure enough."

Somehow or other I became interested in Miss Emily Primrose.

"How long has this young lady been at Barnakeery?"

"How long? Why, thin"—scratching the side of his head—"she kem at Candlemas; no, faix last Aisther was a twelvemonth. She kem on the last thrain from Dublin, an' it was Tim Donnelly that dhruv her to Barnakeery an' bet thim up in the dead o' the night.

"'Who's that at the doore, at all, at all?' axed the curnel.

"'It's me, yer honor,' says Tim.

"'Who the dickens are ye?' sez the curnel in a towerin' rage.

"'Tim Donnelly, the boy that dhrives the car from Barna Station, yer honor; an' I've a young leddy here that's bet up be th' could. 'Spake up, miss,' sez Tim to Miss Emily, 'for the curnel 'ud sind a bullet through the doore in a brace o' shakes.'

"So she ups and cries in a tearful way.

"'It's me—Emily Primrose,' sez she. 'I have come to ye, for me

heart is sore,' sez she, 'an' I've nowhere else for to lay me hed,' sez she."

"And what did the colonel say?"

"Here's Barnakeery, sir," was the response of Ned Joyce, as, passing through a somewhat formidable-looking gate, we dashed into the neatly-gravelled drive and up to the hall-door of an old-fashioned, able-bodied house surrounded by venerable elm-trees whose boughs rubbed themselves affectionately against the upper window-panes.

"Ye can go in on that doore, yer honor," said Ned, "an' I'll luk afther yer box," disappearing, as he spoke, in the direction of the ivy-covered stables. I was about to ring the bell when a low, girlish voice exclaimed:

"You are Mr. Daly? Colonel Dolphin rode to the station to meet you, but I assume that Ned Joyce came by the *boreen* instead of by the high-road."

I lifted my hat and replied to the effect that I *was* the individual in question, and that we *had* traversed a somewhat narrow and uneven roadway, but that the absence of Colonel Dolphin was now more than amply compensated for.

She was not a handsome girl by any means. Her features were all irregular, but the *ensemble* was earnest and interesting.

She looked at me full in the face, and her eyes were large and Irish gray. She smiled as I paid my compliment—old-fashioned as became me—and her mouth revealed large, very white but somewhat irregular teeth. She was strongly moulded, though small in stature.

"If we are to be friends, Mr. Daly, no compliments. If we are to be acquaintances only, pray put in another cartridge, and—" Here she paused and smiled.

"Blaze away!" I added laughingly. She laughed with me. This mutual merriment cut down the brushwood of conventionality, and a few minutes found us as though we had known each other for a considerable period, and that this meeting had been anticipated with pleasure by both.

I seated myself, at the imminent risk of a sharp attack of rheumatism, upon the stone steps, while she lightly vaulted on to the back of a couchant lion that ornamented the portal of Barnakeery.

Away to the silver river stretched the emerald lawn. Away to the purple mountains stretched cornfields, their golden grain glistening in the mellow sunlight, while the wild and not unmelodious cries of the boys appointed to scare the unscrupulous birds came to us on the wooing breeze.

"So you have come down to this out-of-the-world place to fish for salmon, Mr. Daly?"

I admitted the fact.

"And to play whist?"

I expressed a hope that Miss Primrose was a whist-player.

"I am, Mr. Daly; but I am happy to say that *you* are to relieve guard."

"Does Mrs. Dolphin play whist?"

"Not well enough to satisfy the colonel."

"Then, upon my conscience, she must be a very inferior performer," I blurted out, without for a second considering the awkwardness of the remark.

Miss Primrose laughed a bright, happy, honest laugh.

"I fear that I have uttered a very uncomplimentary—"

"It's refreshing to meet anybody who says what he thinks," she interrupted—"who possesses the courage of his convictions. I play as

badly as Mrs. Dolphin, *et voilà tout*"; and seeing that I was a little put out, she added: "You will teach me how to score the odd trick against four by honors."

"The Northwest Passage of whist, Miss Primrose. By the way, the colonel never mentioned Mrs. Dolphin, nor did he ever refer to *you*."

"Oh! I am nobody," a shade of sadness sweeping over her face; "but I wonder he did not speak of Mrs. Dolphin. Oh! she is a good, kind creature, so good to me—oh! *so* good to me," clasping her hands and holding them tightly pressed together.

A pompous "Ah! aha! ah!" caused us to turn in the direction of the avenue, and mine host revealed himself astride an uncompromising, phlegmatic, conscientious cob, who, so soon as his master dismounted, proceeded of his own accord to the stable.

"Ah Daly! Welcome to Barnakeery. I rode over to the station, but that scoundrel Joyce took the short cut. I'd sack the fellow, if he were not connected with that celebrated race for the Conyngham Cup, Tom Tucker's year. Well, sir, I—"

"You told me all about it, colonel," I interrupted.

"Did I? Ah! so I believe I did. Let me present you to Miss Primrose."

"I have been doing the honors," she gaily exclaimed—"four by honors—and Mr. Daly has been gracious enough to gossip with me, giving battle to *ennui* until your arrival. That's the dressing-bell. *Au revoir, messieurs.*" And with a coquettish curtsy she disappeared into the house.

"That's a charming girl, Dolphin," I observed.

"Yes, poor girl! I'll show you to your rooms now, Daly; you can have any number of 'em in this barrack of a house."

I was duly presented to Mrs. Dolphin—a little, red-faced lady wearing a delightful mob-cap. She was the picture of rude health, but ere I was five minutes in her company I learned from her own lips that she was afflicted with every ill the flesh is heir to, from rheumatism to aneurism. I had the honor of taking this robust invalid in to dinner, and had the pleasure of beholding her partake of almost every dish with a breadth of appetite and a *gusto* that would seem to render the visits of Dr. McCormick not only unnecessary and presumptuous but absolutely insulting.

I had my after-dinner nap—I always bargain for this wherever I go—and a very unsatisfactory rubber, as Mrs. Dolphin, who was my partner, revoked no less than five times and trumped my thirteenth card twice.

"If you were in a club, madam," I said to her, provoked beyond endurance, "you would not be permitted to play unless you had a little more regard for the interests of your partner." This was severe enough.

I was glad to get to my own room after a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with the colonel—who treated me to half a dozen of his confounded Punchestown reminiscences—and had popped out a light preparatory to turning into bed, when the scraping of an elm bough against my window arrested my attention. I opened the window for the purpose of breaking it off, when the sound of a footstep on the gravel walk immediately beneath somewhat startled me. I cautiously peeped out, and beheld a man creeping along by the side of the house and walking with a

guarded and cat-like tread. It was bright moonlight, and I could see that he was tall and slight, and that his hands were very small and very white. His clothes were dark, and he wore a round hat. My curiosity became violently aroused, and, regardless of inevitable rheumatism, I continued to watch the new-comer's movements.

He stopped under a window upon a level with mine—mine was at right angles and in shadow—and, picking up some gravel, tossed it against the glass. "Some village swain keeping tryst," I thought; "but nevertheless, in the interests of mine host, I shall keep my eye upon you, and possibly speak about you at breakfast."

Some person in the room at the window of which he cast the gravel immediately replied to the signal, and a conversation in low tones ensued, of which, although I strained every faculty into my ears, I could not catch a single word. The man's whispers waxed fierce, and after a hissing burst of anger, during which he gesticulated violently, he suddenly turned on his heel, and in a few strides was lost in the sable gloom of the enormous evergreens that bordered the avenue.

"You have received your *congé*, my good fellow," I muttered as I closed the window; "and if you come back to-morrow night you may receive a welcome you little anticipate."

"Well, Daly, how did you sleep?" demanded the colonel at breakfast.

"Like a pointsman, colonel; but I was near losing a few of my forty winks by a midnight visitor."

"Did you say coffee, Mr. Daly?" interrupted Miss Primrose, who looked pale and unrefreshed.

"If you please."

"A midnight visitor, Daly? A ghost, eh?"

"No, colonel, a—"

"Sugar, Mr. Daly?" interrupted Miss Primrose.

"Thanks! The ghost proved to be—"

"One or two lumps, Mr. Daly?" interrupted Miss Primrose.

"Two, if you please."

"Well, Daly, go on about this midnight visitor," cried the colonel, tapping an egg.

"I did not retire to bed for some little time, and was about to turn in when—"

"Mr. Daly, you are eating nothing," exclaimed the girl in a nervous, jerky manner.

"My dear Emmy, you are not over-polite to poor Daly. He wants to tell you a story, and you won't let him," observed Dolphin somewhat snappishly.

"He should be allowed to eat his breakfast first, colonel; and, if he takes my advice, he will not tell his story until afterwards."

"The fact is, Miss Primrose," I said, addressing myself to her, "I would wish to tell it now, for I—" And here I stopped, for she put her finger to her lips warningly, and said to me, as plainly as her great gray eyes could utter the words: "*That man came to visit me.*"

Then she arose, and quitted the room by the veranda.

I was completely dumfounded, taken aback, knocked all of a heap, to use a vulgarism. I had beheld caballeros, both in Spain and in Mexico, serenading their mistresses after the Romeo and Juliet fashion, albeit the balcony was barred with two-inch iron; but a midnight interview such as I had been witness to on the previous night assuredly shocked me,

offending my old-fashioned notions, and putting me on my edge against a young and charming girl for whom I had, in the small space of twenty-four hours, formed a very honest and patriarchal liking.

"What did it mean?" The old, old story, of course, but the old, old story told after a fashion long since exploded. It was quite evident that the visits of the person, whoever he might be, were interdicted by the Dolphins, and her receiving him in this surreptitious manner placed Miss Primrose in the position of both a deceiver and an ingrate. I felt thoroughly angry with her, and resolved to show my disapprobation in every way that lay in my power so long as my visit continued.

"Will you fish to-day, Daly?" demanded my host, "or would you prefer to accompany me to Quarter Sessions?"

"Quarter Sessions be hanged!" I growled. "I'll go on the lake."

"Just as you please; but I thought you might be interested in a decision I am about to give in a trespass case, and—"

"Not a bit interested, Dolphin. Have you a boat?"

"Yes; and Ned Joyce can accompany you."

"I wouldn't ask better company."

"He knows every salmon corner on the lake, as he has poached it since he was a *spalpeen* the height of a bee's knee."

"How that man avoids acute rheumatism is a puzzle to *me*," sighed Mrs. Dolphin. "I am such a martyr to it that I can't raise an arm."

As the good lady spoke a rattling big wasp came buzzing close to her mob-cap, and in an instant she was on her feet and pursuing him with the napkin all round the apartment, displaying a vigor and an agility that bade defiance to the querulous groaning of the moment before.

"If you are not bent on fishing, Daly," observed the colonel, "I would really wish you to hear my decision in the trespass case. I have studied the authorities most minutely, and—"

"I wouldn't take a five-pound Bank of Ireland note and listen to you, Dolphin," I laughed. "I have come to the country to enjoy myself—to feel like an emperor, sir! *Sic volo, sic jubeo;* and, except for my meals and my bed, don't expect to see me in the house."

"*As* you please," cried the colonel, waggling his head behind his stiff satin stock of the year one.

The lake was distant about a mile and a half—a most delightful walk through a fern-caressed *boreen* which led to the water's edge. Ned Joyce, still in the ulster, led the way, carrying a pair of oars, and I followed, bearing a rod, landing-net, and other piscatorial belongings.

"Is that one of the Punchestown horses?" I asked, as we passed a field in which a *garron* stood lazily browsing.

"Troth, thin, it is, yer honor; an' that's the wondherfullest horse that ever won any race—there, now!"

"How do you mean?"

"Bedad, ye may well ax me, sir. What would ye think av a horse that won three races *an' never cum in first?*" And Ned planted the oars on the ground, leaning upon them, while he regarded me with a critical and scrutinizing eye.

"I don't see how it could be done."

"Well, now, it was done—sorra a lie in it."

"But how?"

"It was done on ob-jecshins."

"Objections?"

"Yis, sir, ob-jecshins, no less."

"How in the world was that done, Ned?"

"I'll tell ye thin, an' it's Gospel what I'm goin' for to tell. I'd take the Buke on it—oh! in troth I wud, sir," seeing a smile on my face. "Well, sir, the masther had a lump av a horse that he christened Faugh-a-ballagh, or Clear the Road—an', barrin' his manger, the dickins a haporth he ever cleared—an' av coorse he ups an' enthers him for a Corinthin race at Punchestown. Are ye knowlidgable on racin', Misther Daly?"

"I know nothing about it, Joyce."

"See that, now," exclaimed Ned in a disparaging tone: "wud all the law of the land in his hed, sorra a haporth he knows in regard to horse-racin'," adding: "Thin I'll explain to ye that a Corinthin is a race run be gintlemin an' no purfessional is entitled for to run. There was three horses enthered, an' Faugh-a-ballagh was wan av the three. The first horse tuk the big lep crukked an' bruck its leg, an' the second horse come in first, an' Faugh-a-ballagh, hardly able to crawl, come in last."

"'Claim the race, curnel darlin!' whispered Joe Connelly, the groom, as cute a boy as ever threw a leg over a pigskin—'claim it, curnel darlin,' sez Joe.

"'Arrah, is it coddin' me ye are?' sez the curnel.

"'May I sup sorrow this night if I'm not telling ye right.'

"'Arrah, what do ye mane?' sez the curnel, sez he. 'How the dickins cud I claim a race on the last horse,' sez he, 'an' sich a garron too?'

"'I'll tell ye, sir: The man that rode the first horse is a paid jock,' sez Joe; 'his name is Billy Doyle, of Ballymany.' An' shure enough, the curnel saw they were thryin' for to run a buck on him, an' he claimed the stakes; ay, and he got them, an' Faugh-a-ballagh was declared the winner of the race. What do ye think of *that*, sir?"

"Awfully funny, Joyce. Now for the second race."

"Well, sir, there was four horses run the next time—this was below on the Curragh—and wan av thim was Faugh-a-ballagh."

"'Arrah, is it goin' for to ride that baste y'are?' sez wan to the masther's jock.

"It's inside av him ye'd look betther nor outside,' sez another, coddin' the boy.

"'Ye'll get to the post afore the snow comes, anyway,' sez another.

"'Mebbe ye'd prefer Ned Gormley's jackass.'

"'What an illigant set o' bones he has!'

"'He's fit for a musayum.'

"'Yez'll be both gray be the time yez pass the judge's stand.'

"'The big lep is what'll suit him.' An all to the like o' this. Well, sir, the boy sez nothin,' but he tould me that he was wishin' the ground for to open an' swally himself an' the baste intirely. Howsomever, he started wud the rest av thim, an' he tuk it quiet an' aisy, for he seen that the other horses were able for to run him on three legs to his four. He riz Faugh-a-ballagh at the big lep, expectin' for to land on his nose; but the baste done it, shure enough, be raison av a glass o' sperrits that Larry Murphy, the groom, levelled at him before he left the stable. Whin the boy done the big lep he seen that wan av the three horses was hobbled, an' that Faugh-a-ballagh, goin' as aisy as if he was dhrawin' a kreel o' turf, was ketching up wud the second horse.'

"'Be the mortial, I might come in second,' sez the boy to himself; an' givin' a wallop or two to his baste, he passed the second horse convaynient to the winnin'-post, the first horse havin' run home snug an' comfortable five minutes before.'

"'Object!' sez a man in the crowd to the masther.

"'Object to what?' sez the curnel.

"'Object to Misther O'Donnell's horse Liffey winnin' the race.'

"'How the dickins can I object when he won it?' roars the curnel.

"'Object, I tell ye! The horse is over age, an' O'Donnell knows it well. Object, an' ye'll get the stakes at Aisther when he goes to his dhuty,' sez the man.

"Well, sir, the masther objected; but as Aisther was on top of O'Donnell, an' Father Tim Boyce a sevare clergyman, what do ye think but he ups an' cries that Liffey was beyant the age set down be the stewards; an' ould Faugh-a-ballagh won the second race on ob-jecshin."

The drollery with which Ned told this story could never be reduced to writing. His wit was the paroxysm of facetiousness, while the disparaging yet affectionate manner in which he referred to Faugh-a-ballagh was intensely amusing.

"How was the third race won, Ned?" I asked.

"Aisy enough, sir. There was three of thim in it—an English horse bred be Lord Drogheda, a tip-topper, an' a illigint bay bred be Brierly, of Dugganstown. The masther, in ordher for to have a horse in the race, enthered Faugh-a ballagh; but just for divershun, he hadn't a ghost av a chance, *barrin'* the ob-jecshin. The race kem off below at Gurtnacrockeen, an' Brierly's jock, who had a sup in, rowled clane out av the saddle, an' Lord Drogheda's crack run in in a canther."

"And how in the world did Fagh-a-ballagh win on an objection this time?"

"Only this way, sir: Whin the jockey kem to be weighed he was a pound less than whin he went out, an' a lump av lead was found on the coorse that fitted exactly into a nate little hole in the saddle-flap. But here we are, sir; an' wisha, but the lake 's as smooth as the parler windy. Sorra a much chance av a rise *this* day."

Beneath us lay the lake, flashing like a jewel in the sunlight, the sloping mountains dipping into its bed and casting reflections clear-cut as cameos, while ever and anon a chasm in the purple-clad heather disclosed a foaming brown torrent leaping gladly into the placid waters below. The remnants—alas! that it should be a deserted village—of a once populated hamlet stood on our right: the mud cabins with their thatched roofs tied down by hay-ropes secured by stones, while the blue smoke of the turf-fire curled upwards in white wreaths to the azure sky. In front the inevitable pig wallowed in a pool of muck, the very sight of which would drive a sanitary inspector into delirium. Supporting the cabins on one side affectionately leaned the turf-clamp, now running low; on the other side the open sheeling for the protection of the cart; behind and in close proximity to the chimney a shanty for the ragged but sturdy pony.

In picturesque groups that Murillo would have rapturously transferred to canvas were children with raven-black hair, and violet-blue

eyes, and bare limbs worthy the chisel of Phidias; the girls in scarlet petticoats and—nothing more, the boys in corduroy "in flitthers," or a blue-gray, rough frieze called "nap," now unhappily yielding to broadcloth; every one of them studies in their dirt, and rags, and squalor, and yet withal full of a glorious sunshine that gilded their tattered raiment, their unwashed faces and unkempt hair.

Curs there were plenty, who barked themselves hoarse, their tails between their legs, becoming valiant as we passed forward, but disappearing into the bog with a despairing howl when either Ned or I turned upon them. Out of the smoke-filled doorways peered faces of men and women, who bade us "God speed" in their native Irish, or questioned Ned as to the identity of the individual who is now narrating his experiences.

As we were crossing the road that stood between us and the lake Joyce made a hurried movement to clear the hedge at the other side, muttering under his breath, "Musha, but Father James has me now in airnest"; and on turning in the direction from whence the sounds of the footfall of a horse were proceeding I beheld an old-fashioned gig attached to a "bit of blood," the reins in the hands of a handsome, benevolent-looking Catholic clergyman. Father James pulled up short.

"Ned Joyce, why haven't you been over at Narraghmore?" he cried.

"Bedad, the baste is in illigant shape," exclaimed Ned admiringly, as he patted the horse's neck. "Rosy as a robin, no less."

"Why haven't you been over at Narraghmore?" repeated the priest.

"It's the black oats that does it."

"Why—"

"Troth, ye show for yer feedin'," addressing the horse. "Me father—God rest his sowl, amin!" reverently removing his hat—"that often served poor Father Tom Donnelly's Mass an'—where's the use in me goin' over to Narraghmore, yer riverince, an' you on rethrait at Mayneuth Collidge?"

"That's three months ago, Ned. A retreat don't last three months."

"See that, now!"

"Besides, Father Harold was there all the time, and was in his confessional three nights a week."

"Ye have me conquered, Father James," grinned Ned.

"Let me see you before first Mass on Sunday, Joyce!"

"Sure, ye don't want me for to sit up all night, father?" pleaded Ned.

"I want you to come over to me on *next* Sunday morning, and make no bones about it." And giving the reins a gentle shake, and courteously lifting his hat to me, Father James rapidly disappeared down the road.

"Ay, there ye go," soliloquized Ned, gazing after the receding form of the priest. "Yer aisy enough av a boy's in hardship, but av he's goin' on quiet an' to his liken yer as hard as a griddle."

"Father James means business," I laughed.

"He does, sir. He'd take the back tooth out av an ostrich sooner nor let the boys mitch or go for to desave him. He's a hard man, but he's a fair man, an' he's on his bades night an' mornin'. His heart's as big as that mountain' in regard to the poor, an' *that's* a good thing. Sorra a buke betune this an' Mayneuth but he has it off be heart. He's wrote a cupple av bukes that they tell me is shupayrior. He bet th' ould Orange dean, McIl-

wester, that wint for to argue wud him on religion—bet him till he was the laugh av the whole counthry, an' had to ax for lave to go to furrin parts for to recruit. But cute as Father James is, he was distanced wanst whin he was a curate below at Ballyboffy, beyant Galway, an' badly conquered"—this with a broad grin.

"How did it happen, Ned?"

"I'll tell ye, sir. Ye see Ballyboffy is a saypoort on the coast, an' full of fishers and all soarts av natives. Well, sir, wan mornin' Father James, as usual, was upon his bades whin a boy kem runnin' up to the house roarin' millia murdher, an' that a man was wracked in the bay below out av a bit av a hooker that kem from Galway, an' for Father James to run to him at wanst, as he wasn't expected to live. Well, sir, Father James run the bades an' the brevvary into the pocket av his small-clothes, an' away wud him like a hare to the very spot, as nimble as a deer; an', shure enough, there was a poor sayfarin' man lyin' for dead on the sayrack, an' not as much breath in him as wud make the eye av a midge wink.

"'Have none of yez a tent o' sperrits about yez?' sez Father James. 'Have none av yez a tent o' sperrits for to put betune this poor crayture's shimmy an' the could?' sez Father James, risin' at it.

"Now, they were all afeerd for to say 'yis,' bekase Father James had denounced sperrits from th' althar, an' if they were for to own to a sup the father wud ketch them. At last a virago faymale in the crowd cried: 'Arrah, where wud we get a dhrop, Father James, whin ye won't let it be sould in Ballyboffy? Mebbe ye'd have a dhrop yerself in that bottle that's stickin' out of yer coat.'

"'How dare ye, ye ould—' But Father James pulled up short, for, shure enough, whin he was lavin' the house he run it into his buzzem, thinkin' it might be wanted, and forgot it intirely; so he lifted up th' sayfarin' man's head an' gev him a scoop out av the bottle. Bedad, it put life into him, an' he gev a great sigh.

"'He wants another sup, yer riverince,' sez wan.

"'Let me hould the bottle, father,' sez another.

"'Whisht, ye haythens!' roared Father James, 'an' go down on yer two knees an' pray for a sowl that's goin' to glory,' sez he. 'Whisht! every wan of yez,' houlding up his hand, for the poor sayfarin' man was thryin' for to spake, but the rattles was in his troath.

"'Say wan word,' sez Father James, 'for to let me know that ye die a Catholic,' sez he.

"The sayfarin' man med a bould attempt.

"'Wan little word, honey,' whispered Father James into his ear. The sayfarin' man med another effort, an', wud a screech loud enough for to be heard at Ballyboffy beyant, yelled:

"'*To hell wud the pope!*'

"And that was how Father James was caught. But," added Ned, well pleased with the reception accorded to his story, "av his riverince was bet up wanst, he caught an Orangeman just as bad, an' I'll till ye how he done it, sir. Father James was a brave curate up in the North wanst, where the Orangemin is as bould as rams, an' thinks no more of Catholics nor if they wor dirt; an' wan day the father was comin' along the sthreet

whin he seen a sailor-lukkin' man come up to an Orangeman that was standin' at a shop-doore, an' sez the sailor, sez he:

"'There's a man dhrownded on me below at the bar,' sez he, 'an' I want for to sod him at wanst,' sez he.

"'There's nothin' aisier in life,' sez th' Orangeman.

"'But I want,' sez the sailor, 'for to bury him in a Christian ground where there's no Papishers berried in,' sez the sailor.

"'That's not so aisy,' sez th' Orangeman. 'The Papishers is everywhere,' sez he—'the curse o' Crummle on thim! But whisht!' sez he, thinkin' he'd have some divarshin, 'do you see that man readin' a buke on th' other side o' th' sthreet?' sez he.

"'I do,' sez the sailor-man.

"'Go an' ax *him*. If any man can tell ye he can, for he's a most knowlidgable man.' And shure enough, the sailor crossed the sthreet, over to where Father James was meanderin' along readin' his brevvary—who, be the same token, heerd every word that th' Orangeman had sed.

"'I ax yer pardin,' sez the sailor to Father James, 'but can ye tell me any berrin'-ground where there's no Papishers berried?'

"'Yis,' sez his riverince.

"'Where?' axed the sailor.

"'*In hell!*' roared Father James, An' I think he had the Orangeman *that* time, anyhow. Don't you, counsellor?"

"I think Father James has got *you* this time," I laughed.

"Faix, I'm afeerd he won't let go his hoult,' grinned Ned, as he placed the fishing-tackle in the boat.

The lake was like a mirror, and it was perfectly useless to attempt to fish. The sky gave promise of a breeze, so, setting up my rod and one of Weeks' "strongest" flies, I lazily lay back in the boat while Ned Joyce as lazily paddled, gazing up at the blue rings of smoke from my Reina, or gloating over the greens, and purples, and golds on the softly-outlined hillside.

"Do many people fish here, Ned?" I asked of Joyce, who preferred his short, black "dhudheen" to the lordly cigar which I had offered him.

"Not here, for the masther preserves it; but below at Lake Iney the fishers is as thick as hives, an' sorra a fish in it, barrin' a few throuts that's fed like aldhermin."

"Why do they come, then?"

"Begorra, ye may well ax that, counsellor. What brings any wan here, at all at all? Gintlemin from Dublin an' London an' other furrin parts, wud rings on their fingers, an' goold pins in their neckties, an' banknotes as thick as rishes, comes here—for what? To wallop the lake below for throuts that's too well fed for to care a *thraneen* for their flies, or for mebbe a pike that runs away wud rod and line to the tune of five pound, no less. What brings thim here, at all at all? They 're always complainin'. Sorra a haporth else they do from mornin' until night. Wan man has his feet all in blisthers an' roars murther; another sez his face is disthroyed wud the sun, and ye'd think he'd lost a barony in regard to a few freckles the open air painted on him; another ups an' sez he ates too much; another murns that he can't dhrink *enough*; an' all av thim condims the cunthry. There's no satisfyin' thim. They've quare notions av divarshin, these shoothers an' fishers!"

"Who's place is that over yon-

der?" I demanded, lazily nodding in the direction of a large white house half hidden in a clump of trees.

"That's Slievnacullagh, sir, that belonged to ould Major Moriarty. It's th' anshint sate av th' ould family. That's where me father lived man an' boy—the heavens be his bed this night, amin! An' talkin' av shoothers, th' ould major med the quarest shot, over on that slip of grass foreninst ye, that ever was fired out av a gun."

Knowing that a story was coming, I preserved a masterly inactivity while Ned "reddied" his "dhudheen."

"Well, sir, th' ould major was as dacent an ould gintleman as ever swallowed a glass o' sperrits or stuck a knife into a leg o' mutton, an' there was always lashins av lavins at that house beyant. If ye wor hungry it was yerself that was for to blame; an' if ye wor dhry, be me sowl, it was from takin' a sup too much! Faix," added Ned, with a reflective sigh, "it wasn't for want av a *golliogue*, anyhow. Th' ould lady herself was th' aiqual av the major, an' a hospitabler cupple didn't live this or any other side av the Shannon. Well, wan mornin' a letther cum sayin' that some frinds was comin' for to billet on thim.

"'Och, I'm bet!' says Mrs. Moriarty.

"'What's that yer sayin', at all at all?' sez the major. 'Who bet ye, ma'am?' sez he.

"'Shure there's Sir Val Blake from Marlo Castle, an' Misther Bodkin Burke from Loughrea, an' there's more comin' this very day,' sez she.

"'Arrah, what the dickins has that for to say to it?' sez the major.

"'There's not as much fresh mate in the house as wud give a dacent brequist to a blackbird,' sez Mrs. Moriarty; 'we et it all up,' sez she. 'An' they all ate fish of a Frida', sez she. 'An' how are we to get at it, at all at all, wud the horses spavined and lame,' sez she, 'an' Paddy Joyce—that's me father, counsellor—in the "horrors av dhrink"?' sez she. 'They'll be wantin' fish an' game, an' all manner av divarshin; an' it's bacon an' herrins they'll have for to put up wud, an' the house 'll get a bad name,' sez she.

"You see, sir," explained Ned parenthetically, "there was little or no roads in thim times, an' the carriers only kem past wanst a week, an' sometimes sorra a sign wud be seen av thim for a month."

"'We're hobbled,' sez the major, 'we're hobbled, ma'am, shure enough,' sez he; 'an' I wish they'd had the manners for to wait till we cud get thim somethin' to ait,' sez he, 'an' afore they'd come into a man's house like an invasion. Be this an' that, it bates the Danes.'

"'Cudn't ye shoot somethin'?' sez Mrs. Moriarty.

"'Shoot a haystack flyin', ma'am!' sez the major in a hate—for he was riz; an' when he was riz, d' ye see, sir, he wor wickkeder nor a Throjan. 'What is there for to shoot, barrin' a crow?—an' ye might as well be atin' sawdust or digestin' the Rock o' Cashel.'

"'I seen three wild ducks on the lake below,' sez she.

"'Ye did, ma'am, on Tibbs Eve; an' that comes nayther afore nor afther Christmas.'

"'Faix, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye,' sez Mrs. Moriarty. 'I seen thim this very mornin' whin I was comin' from Mass,' sez she; 'an', be the same token,' sez she, lukkin' out av the windy, 'they're there this blessed minit.'

"'Thin 'pon me conscience,' roared the major, 'they won't sit there very long; for av I don't hit thim, anyhow I'll make them lave *that*.'

"So he ups an' loads an ould blundherbuss wud all soarts av combusticles, an' down he creeps to the edge av the wather and hides himself in the long grass, for the ducks was heddin' up to him. Up they cum, an' the minit they wor within a cupple av perch av him he pulls the trigger, whin, be the hokey, th' ould blundherbuss hot him a welt in the stummick that fairly levelled him, an' med him feel as if tundher was rowlin' inside av him.

"He roared millia murdher, for he thought he was kilt; but, howsomever, he fell soft and aisy, an' he put out his hand to see if he wus knocked into smithereens behind, whin he felt somethin' soft an' warm right undher him, an', turnin' round, what was he sittin' on but an illigant Jack hare.

"'Yer cotched, *ma bouchal*,' sez the major; 'an' let me tell ye yer as welkim as the flowers o' May.'

"Wasn't that a chance, counsellor?" asked Ned slyly.

"Not a doubt of it."

"Well, now, what I'm goin' for to tell ye *now* is quarer agin."

"Let's have it, Ned."

"Ye'll hear it, sir, but it's so quare that ye'll be afther tellin' me I invinted it."

"I'll not tell you anything of the kind, Ned. I believe every word that you say."

"That's mannerly, anyhow," observed Joyce, as he resumed: "The major wud his shot dhropped two av the ducks—the combusticles in the blundherbuss would have levelled a flock o' sheep, let alone a few fowls—but th' ould mallard kep' floatin' on the wather in a quare sort av a way as if he was tied to it, an' he yellin' murther all the time. Whin the major kem nigh him he seen that he was fastened to somethin' undher the wather, an' whin he cotch him what d'ye think he found? It's no lie I'm tellin' ye, counsellor—he found the ramrod, that he neglected for to take out av the blundherbuss, run right through th' ould mallard, an,' be the hole in me coat, the other half wus stuck in a lovely lump av a sammin, an' th' bould major cotch thim both. 'Now,' sez he, 'I've the hoigth av game an' fish, an' the good name of Slievnacullagh is as sthrong as ever it was.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. Vol. I. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

Those who were interested in the beginning of the Oxford movement may remember the *Plain Sermons by the authors of the Tracts for the Times.* These were something new at that time in English sermonizing. They were wholly different from the received type of the sermon. They were very short, very plain, with one leading idea only, or salient point, which was developed very simply and directly and brought to a practical conclusion at the end. They were easy reading, but certainly not very easy writing, for they were carefully prepared, and could be read both by the learned and the simple with pleasure. The Abbé Mullois published several years ago a set of little sermons, each one just long enough to occupy seven minutes in the delivery. These short sermons were very popular in Paris, and we know it to be a fact that not in Paris only, but in many other places, short sermons as well as short Masses are much preferred to long ones by a large number of persons. This need not be in all cases because the devotion of such persons is short. Frequently their time for devotion is short, through the necessity of the case, whatever their inclination may be. A great many are either obliged to go, generally or always, to Low Mass on Sundays, or follow this practice from choice. Such persons have hitherto for the most part been deprived of the privilege of hearing the word of God frequently preached. This is obviously a great loss to them, and it is most desirable that such a want should be supplied. Sermons of a half-hour, or even of a quarter of an hour in length, would be most inconvenient at Low Mass for many reasons. A very short extemporaneous address is likely to be a mere random declamation without pith or marrow, and the preacher will often be tempted to overrun his time, or will do it unawares. There is only one way of preaching very short sermons which are really useful and interesting, and this is to write them out carefully and deliver them exactly as they are written, either from memory or by reading.

The Five-Minute Sermons of the Paulists which are now published in a volume have been given at all the Low Masses for the people on Sundays in their church during the past three years, and simultaneously printed in the *Catholic Review.* The printed copy is received in advance from the office of the newspaper and pasted on a tablet which is left on the desk for each one who celebrates a Low Mass to read to the people after the Gospel has been said. These short, popular sermons have given great satisfaction to the people frequenting the church, and to many others who have read them in the excellent newspaper in which they are regularly published. The late Father Brown, C.S.P., was the author of the plan, and wrote nearly all the sermons until his fatal illness put a stop to his priestly labors. Whether he took the idea from the *Plain Sermons* we do not know; but we have been reminded of these on reading his own, which are, however, more pithy and pungent, besides containing, as of course genuine Catholic sermons must, that pure and complete doctrine which is not found in imitations of Catholic teaching. The Seven-Minute Sermons of the Abbé Mullois must undoubtedly have suggested the plan of preaching still shorter ones at Low Mass. This plan must commend itself to all priests who have parishes in cities and towns, where the people attend Mass at different hours on Sunday mornings and cannot be assembled all at one time, unless perhaps on some rare occasions, for hearing the regular parochial sermons of their pastor and the other clergy of the parish. It is to be hoped that the publication and circulation of this volume will have the effect of proving that the plan of preaching short sermons at Low Mass is feasible as well as desirable, and that it may be extensively adopted. For all Catholics, good Sunday reading of the kind which may fitly be called *mustard-seed* is provided in a cheap and convenient form, and for their greater convenience and

advantage the Epistles and Gospels in full have been placed before the sermons for each Sunday.

THE JESUITS: Their Foundation and History. By B. N. Two vols. New York: Benziger Bros. 1879.

The Jesuits continue to be subjects of deep interest to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and we hope the day may be far distant when they will cease to be so. From the very foundation of the society they made themselves an important factor in general history. It is impossible to read the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries without meeting the Jesuits at every turn. Their great-hearted missionaries followed the stream of enterprise and discovery, and left their saintly names to territories that they had consecrated with their blood. In Europe they faced the growing revolt against religion and society, and combated it as much by their superior knowledge and wisdom as by the heroic example of their lives of self-sacrifice. Thus they became a part of our modern history; for the revolt recognized them, after the church of Christ, as its deadliest foe, and wreaked its vengeance on them.

It is strange that, with the array of learned and capable men at the command of the society, there should be no good history of it in English. True, the Jesuits have other work to attend to than to defend themselves from calumny and misrepresentation, which they seem rather to court than not. Their chief business is the salvation of souls, and not self-justification. Nevertheless a complete history of the society, by some of its very able historians and writers, would be a great addition to English literature as well as a service to the Catholic cause; and the ardent pursuit of historical investigations in these days would seem to demand such a work. It is not yet forthcoming and the two volumes before us are at present the nearest approach to it in English. The author has made liberal use of Crétineau-Joly's *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus*, which it was his intention to translate. He, wisely we think, changed his intention, and used Crétineau-Joly's work as a foundation, to which he added considerably from other sources. He has been diligent in his researches, and is a pleasing writer. While without that keen historic instinct and admirable style that impart such an irresistibly delicious flavor to the writings of Father Morris, and stamp them throughout with importance, he has made a careful selection of facts and brought together a great quantity of excellent material in an excellent manner.

While on this subject we would call attention to the very great importance to Catholics of the study of history—modern history especially. More than half the prejudices against Catholics and the Catholic Church prevalent to-day spring from a false history, which begets and perpetuates a lying tradition almost impossible to be broken down. So outrageously false has the history of the past three centuries more especially been that, once Lingard helped to open men's eyes, Protestants themselves begin to recoil from it in horror. A historical writer of Mr. Froude's blind bias is to-day an exception, and his very co-religionists hold him up as a warning. Notwithstanding this fairer tendency of mind now setting in, Catholics will still be far astray if they take their history from non-Catholic sources. To read non-Catholic authors engenders a constant desire to refute them. A good practical historical series is one of the great desideratums in our colleges and schools. Owing to the absence of it hitherto one of the most important branches of education in these days has been too much neglected. History is an ever-lengthening chain, not a haphazard collection of broken links, and as such it ought to be viewed and studied. Under our present system we have a history of this, that, and the other; of a period, an epoch, a nation, or a group of such. Something more than this is needed and can be had. A sound general knowledge of history ought to be possessed by any man, claiming to be intelligent, who has had time and opportunities to cultivate his intelligence. This is to be acquired at school, but hardly under the present system of teaching.

The best approach to a complete historical series that we have thus far seen is that of the Jesuit Father Gazeau, which has been wisely taken up by the Catholic Publication Society, and is now nearing its completion. We learn that they meet with great favor from

the heads of educational establishments, which is a sign that they were wanted. The plan is excellent, and, with the natural eliminations and additions in an English version of such a work, admirably adapted to meet and satisfy the requirements we have indicated.

L'Art de la Lecture. Par Ernest Legouvé. J. Hetzel & Cie., Paris.—Reading as a Fine Art. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Abby Langdon Alger professes to have translated M. Legouvé's *L'Art de la Lecture*. Now, strange to say, there is a good deal less matter in *Reading as a Fine Art* than in *L'Art de la Lecture*. *L'Art de la Lecture* contains twenty chapters, *Reading as a Fine Art* contains only twelve. There may be a special reason for the setting aside a few chapters, such as "Modèle d'Exercice," "Zèzaiment et Grasseyment," but we see no good reason why the others should not be retained. To strike eight chapters from a book of twenty is an unwarrantable license, a dealing in subtraction against all laws of literary justice. A rendering like this might be titled "Extracts from," or "Dissections of," etc.; but by no manner of fair play can it be called a "translation." In French we should call it an "escamotage." Moreover, this subtracting process which does away with whole chapters is carried out on the retail plan in the chapters which the translator has been considerate enough to introduce to the English-speaking public. Entire sentences are coolly ignored or résuméd in a word or two, giving more or less the sense, but not the delicacy and refinement, of the original. We are willing to acknowledge that *L'Art de la Lecture* is a hard book to translate, because it is peculiarly French; but if the translator was not equal to the task, why, in the name of literary good faith, have put forth such a mutilation as this?

The French Academician must be a very wise father indeed if he can recognize his sprightly child in the English Midget exhibited in short-clothes by Miss Abby Langdon Alger.

The work of M. Legouvé is one of the most readable books which have come from the French press within these late years, and one of the most useful. Its characteristic feature and one of its charms is the practical, living form in which the author presents the didactic rules of the art of reading; he teaches by examples, and in giving his examples he has all the Gallic vivaciousness of a chatty Frenchman. Reading, which too often is a bore, a positive torture to the sensitive ear of an intelligent and cultured listener, would indeed become a fine art, a thing of beauty, a source of literary joy, if it were modelled on the rules laid down by M. Legouvé. The stage, the bar, the pulpit, as well as the recitation-hall of the college and the reading-desk of the refectory in our seminaries, would have fewer failures if this little work were thoroughly mastered and reduced to practice. Though modestly designed by the author "à l'usage de l'enseignement secondaire," it contains suggestions, advice, and rules of the greatest importance to all whose profession calls them to speak in public. The reception given to it by the French press, and the many editions through which it has run in a short time, are evidence that it has become a favorite with numbers whose school-days are things of the past.

Science and Religion: Lectures on the Reasonableness of Christianity and the Shallowness of Unbelief, delivered by the Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1879.

The purpose of these lectures, delivered during the Lent of 1879 in the Pro-Cathedral of Sydney, is to show that the religion of denial is not only a shallow one, but also that it cannot be made to work; and that, on the other hand, the religion of affirmation, or Christianity, is adapted in a marvellous manner to the wants of humanity, and that to reject it would be to act not only against conscience, but also against those universally-accepted maxims of prudence which are the guide of all reasonable men in every important affair of life. In the first lecture, "Man," the author brings out clearly from the intellectual and moral constitution of man evidences of his having been made for something beyond merely living as an animal upon the earth. In the second lecture, "God," it is proved from the evidences of Providence and the governance of human things that the existence of God is as un-

deniable a fact as the existence of man himself, and that before the creature can deny the Creator he must first deny himself. In the third lecture, "Denial," the most reverend orator demonstrates that the religion of unbelief is not merely shallow as a philosophy and empty as a religion, but, moreover, that it is the fruitful parent of intellectual imbecility, moral depravity, and spiritual death. Finally, in the fourth lecture, "Faith," he proceeds to unfold the supreme advantages of Christianity, to show how it solves difficulties, unravels doubts, gives a meaning to life, an illumination to death, and that enlightened reason and human prudence compel men to submit to its authority in spite of its difficulties, which are in them rather than in it.

These lectures are not a complete scientific *exposé* of unbelief and Christianity, nor does the author put them forward as such. Hereupon he makes a very pertinent remark: "I feel that I have far more to say than I shall ever be able to hint at; that the few proofs and evidences that I shall be able to make use of might be urged with ten thousand times more vigor than I shall be able to bring to bear; and that I am unable to draw out before you one-tenth of the proofs and consequences which go to make up the one grand argument for Christianity. . . . It is not necessary, fortunately, in order to convince a reasonable man, to bring to bear upon him every possible argument in favor of a given proposition. Sufficient proof is enough proof, and enough proof is that which would satisfy a man of good-will, and one who, *sciens et prudens*, makes use of the head which God has given him. Again, as a rule, what convinces one reasonable man will generally convince another reasonable man." The constant reader of Cardinal Newman's works will recognize in these remarks one of the most striking intellectual traits of the great Oratorian; and we believe they contain and point out a safe —in fact, the only practicable—proceeding for the preacher who must address his arguments to the people. Of course another method is required for the *ex-professo* scientific treatment of religion by the theologian writing against scientific theories and for a scientific audience.

These lectures of Archbishop Vaughan are popular. They are addressed to the class of readers who pick up arguments against Christianity from the popular monthly, the sprightly weekly, and the smart daily journal. They are eloquent, crisp with bright metaphor, apt quotation, and kindly but sharp wit. Perhaps the most remarkable feature, at first glance, is the wonderful knack the learned author has of making "diamond cut diamond," to use a common phrase, in pitting one scientist against another. This species of warfare, in which the late Mr. Marshall excelled, is very telling with an intelligent and appreciative audience, and very telling, too, on the scientists, whom it converts into the wire-strung puppets of a Punch-and-Judy show, to the great consternation of their worshippers.

O'Connell Centenary Record, 1875. Published by authority of the O'Connell Centenary Committee. Dublin: Joseph Dollard. 1878.

We owe an apology to the publishers and editor (Prof. James W. Kavanagh) of this magnificent volume for our delay in giving it the notice which it richly deserves. On August 6, 1875, occurred the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the most illustrious man in Irish history and one of the most illustrious in all history. We say this fearlessly; for though there are many great and illustrious names in the history of Ireland, there is not one significant of so much heroic achievement, and patient perseverance, and manly might, and combined qualities of true greatness as that of Daniel O'Connell. The men of his race felt this and manifested their feeling in language unmistakable all the world over on the occurrence of the date mentioned above. The work before us is the outcome of the celebration of that day. In the words of the editor of the *Record:* "The national committee charged with that celebration, in Dublin, desirous to transmit to posterity an abiding and faithful record of the proceedings in Ireland and elsewhere connected with the centennial, requested unanimously in public meeting, 24th of August, their president, the Right Hon. Peter Paul McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Dublin, to prepare a *Record of the Centenary.*" This sufficiently explains the general plan and purport of the work, which is preceded by an admirable sketch of O'Connell's career and a con-

densed history of Ireland up to the time of his birth.

When it is said that the volume contains over seven hundred pages quarto the reader will imagine how hard the task to hint even at the great variety of matter. It is rich in materials for the future Irish historian, particularly regarding that most interesting and important epoch of Irish history immediately preceding and leading up to the crowning triumph of O'Connell's life—Catholic Emancipation. As Louis Veuillot well says: "The consequences of this success have spread far beyond all expectation. Not only did he emancipate Ireland, but even its very masters; and, still further, those on the Continent who professed the unmutilated faith of Jesus Christ. Who can tell all the victory of O'Connell? The old pupil of the seminary of Douay, ever devout to the Virgin Mary, was chosen to implant in the church a spirit of invincible hope and invincible liberty. He led back the perverted masses into the true freedom of Christianity. No man with less means ever better deserved the title of Liberator, one really earned by so few mortals. In the modern world he sprinkled the first drops of baptismal water upon that savage power, unknown of all, and especially of itself, which we call democracy." The editor is to be heartily congratulated on the singular ability with which he has discharged his onerous task of collecting and collating and illustrating by his own judicious observations the records of the celebration of so great a life streaming in on him from all quarters of the globe. He has been generously seconded by the publishers. Both type and paper are beautiful and soft to the eye. There are twenty-four illustrations, all of them excellent, and among them finely-executed portraits of O'Connell, of Cardinal Cullen, Archbishops MacHale, McGettigan, Croke, Denis Florence MacCarthy, the poet, Lord O'Hagan, and other distinguished men. The work is appropriately dedicated to "the Irish race, wherever dispersed, and to all the friends of civil and religious liberty throughout the globe." Those of our readers anxious to procure a copy of so valuable a work may apply to Mr. P. V. Hickey, editor of the *Catholic Review* and publisher of the excellent "Vatican Library." Copies are for sale, price $20.

MEDITATIONS AND CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SACRED PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AND ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. With Instructions on Prayer. Translated from the Spanish of the Venerable Luis of Granada, O.P., by a member of the Order of Mercy. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

For over three centuries the works of Venerable Luis of Granada have borne the highest reputation. They were recommended in an express brief by Pope Gregory XIII.; St. Charles Borromeo preferred them to all other spiritual writings, meditated on them every day, and preached no theology but what he learned in them; and St. Francis de Sales advised every priest to procure them and make them his second breviary. In his approbation of this work the Archbishop of New Orleans says: "Venerable Luis of Granada, '*the Bossuet of Spain*,' has long been regarded as one of the ablest masters of spiritual life, and his works are most conducive to the sanctification of souls." The "imprimatur" of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey is also given. The book is divided into three parts; the first treats of prayer in general, the second contains meditations on the sacred Passion of our Lord, the third contains useful counsels on devotion and its impediments. A method of hearing Mass and the Way of the Cross, short but full of unction, are added, making this one of the most convenient books for the Lenten season that we know of.

Of all the subjects for meditation there is none which attracts more powerfully the soul, whether advanced to the higher grades of contemplation or only just beginning to run its course in the spiritual life, than the sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. To the hearts of the people, of the laboring poor, of the Christian who is under bodily or mental suffering and toil, do the sorrows and sufferings of our Lord especially appeal. Every priest frequently meets in the confessional good souls which grace seems to draw to mental prayer, and with a little questioning he easily discovers that the subject on which their thoughts generally run is the Passion of our Lord. The season of Lent, the impressive ceremonies of Holy Week, the Stations of the Cross, the crucifix and

so many other emblems of the Passion which constantly meet the eye in the church and in every Catholic house, necessarily fix the attention on our Lord suffering. To unlock to such souls the abundant spiritual treasures of this devotion to which the Holy Spirit attracts them, the only thing needed is a few counsels as to prayer and its hindrances, and a simple, easy method to guide them in meditation. This want is admirably supplied by this small book. It contains by no means all the spiritual writings, but only a few of the meditations, of the illustrious writer. May this little selection, in its new form, be as conducive to Catholic piety as it has been for centuries in the stately Castilian of the great Dominican!

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1880. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

The reappearance of this most excellent *Annual* reminds us that another year is closing, and that the season of Christmas-boxes and New Year's gifts is on us. There is no more welcome gift than this beautiful little book, with its bright woodcuts and pleasant sketches of Catholic life and lives. The illustrations this year are exceptionally good, and the literary sketches are in keeping. Cardinal Newman occupies the place of honor. He is followed by Bishop Foley, Father Finotti, Rev. Charles White, of Maryland, whose names will be more familiar to our readers. There are also portraits, with accompanying biographical sketches, of Denis Florence MacCarthy and his illustrious compatriot, Moore the poet; Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, Dr. Lingard the historian, and Bishop Hay, of Scotland. Among the Catholic saints and heroes of earlier times we find Albert the Great (a face full of intellectual beauty); Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, and a model for all high-minded Christian youth; Jacques Cartier, with the resolute expression and eager eye of the explorer; and Charlemagne, the great Christian ruler and warrior. There are pictures of historic landmarks in the New World and the Old: Seton House, the Cathedral of Orleans, the Castle of Ostia, the Cathedral of St. Augustine, Florida, and a quaint illustration of the celebration of the first Mass on this continent, and Jerpoint Abbey in Ireland. Besides these there are some very interesting original articles, such as "Education in the Middle Ages," the Catholic Indian missions in this country, "An Unwritten Chapter of '98," "Reminiscences of Missionary Days in Scotland," etc. Indeed, there is not a page without value in the entire book.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. The Old English Period. By Brother Azarias. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

"Semper aut discere, aut docere, aut scribere dulce habui" is the epigraph to this work. If it be a pleasure to Brother Azarias to write it is no less a pleasure to read his writings, for he writes well. This volume, which is to be followed by two others bringing the subject down to the present day, traces the development and the growth of old English thought, as expressed in old English literature from the first dawning of history down to the Norman Conquest. It goes back of the written word to the life, the aspirations, and the motives that gave it expression. It seeks in the manners and customs, the religion, and law, and government, and international relations, of the old English people the sources whence the literature of that people derives its tone and coloring. The volume may be divided into three very distinct parts: 1, the old English in their Continental homestead; 2, foreign influences on the old English, especially the Celtic influence; 3, The new creed, or the influence of Christianity on English literature and the more famous schools which religion before the Norman Conquest had founded on the island.

Man is so called because of his thinking power: the word *man* is pure Sanskrit, and means *to think*. Thought, therefore, and literature, which is the expression of thought, will give the measure, as of man, so of a people. A people's literature is the criterion of a people's civilization; it is the outcome of the whole life of a people.

The history of a people's literature, then, is inseparable from that of a people's life. This canon of criticism is the guiding principle throughout Brother Azarias' work. One test of a people's

civilization is the condition made to woman and the respect given to her; and not only is this a test of civilization, but one of the main principles of a people's literature also. Now, this question is very well treated by Brother Azarias, and nothing can be more striking than the contrast he draws between woman among Teutonic races and woman among the Celtic races. The Teutonic woman is by no means a pleasing picture to contemplate, despite what Tacitus says. She was nothing but a slave; she was guarded like a pet animal: the Teuton's ideal of women was that of an unsexed human being. But with the Celt the sentiment with which woman is regarded assumes a cast of peculiar delicacy and tenderness. She loved him, and clung to him, and lived for him; and he in return loved, respected, and protected her. And when Christianity shall have dawned on the Celtic races the Celtic mind will rise to the height of the Christian conception; it will help to build up chivalry in mediæval Europe; it will take in and uphold as the mind of no other race has done the dignity, position, and prerogatives of the Woman *par excellence*—of her who is "blessed among women." The nature of the Celt is more spiritual than that of the Teuton; its ideal is more elevated; it has greater susceptibility for the beautiful. Bright color and fair form delight it.

> "For acuteness and valor the Greeks;
> For excessive pride the Romans;
> *For dulness the creeping Saxons;*
> *For beauty and love the Gaedhills.*"

So says an old Irish poet, forgetful, however, that the persistency of the "creeping Saxon" is the source of his strength and the secret of his enduring power. A more disinterested testimony than the above is that of Mr. Matthew Arnold: "If I were asked," says he, "where English poetry got those three things—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way—I should answer, with *some doubt*, that it got much of its turn of style from a Celtic source; with *less doubt*, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; *with no doubt* at all, that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic." *Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.*

With Christianity the Anglo-Saxon becomes a profoundly and enthusiastically religious people. It creates a Christian epic in the song of Ceadmon. It sends abroad missionaries who convert the kin it left in the Continental home. Wearmouth and Jarrow shed lustre not only on England but on the whole of Western Europe. Bede is the brightest light of his age; Alcuin reflects that light in France; England becomes the educator of Western Europe. Then comes the Dane; Alfred checks his course and makes Winchester another focus of learning. Again the light wanes. Then it revives under the fostering care of Dunstan, and Ethelwold, and Alfric; Glastonbury, and Abingdon, and Winchester become each a celebrated seat and nursery of scholars. But the Norman despises the old English language; it ceases to be written; it runs waste into as many dialects as there are shires. Such, in very broad outline, is the record of the rise and fall of old English literature; it has been the task of Brother Azarias to fill up this outline, and it has been his and our good fortune that he has given us one of the most valuable books of the season. The subject is somewhat dry and the book too scholarly to become a favorite with what is called the "general reading public"; nor is it intended to be such, for the author is careful to premise that the work is intended for a class-book, and that he has restricted himself to presenting the merest outlines of his subject. It is to be hoped that the author's health may permit him to continue and complete his study of English literature in the two volumes which are announced to follow.

St. Joseph's Manual of a Happy Eternity. By Father Sebastian of the Blessed Sacrament, Priest of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1879.

This is an excellent hand-book for all members of the "Bona Mors" Confraternity, containing as it does the Mass and Office for the Dead in Latin and English, and, moreover, twenty-one meditations on subjects of importance not only to them but to every Christian who looks forward to a happy death and a happy eternity.

It has the "Imprimatur" of his Grace the present Archbishop of Dublin.

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXX., No. 178.—JANUARY, 1880.

## THE PLEA FOR POSITIVISM.*

Mr. Mallock has met with one opponent, at least, who has undertaken a systematic reply to his argument against positivism. This counter argument divides itself into two principal parts. One part attempts to defend positivism by setting forth what its view is of the value of life, and what its purpose in respect to making this value attainable in actual existence on the earth by mankind in general. The other makes answer to Mr. Mallock's argument in favor of the Catholic view of the nature of that life which is worth living, and the way of securing its permanent existence.

We will take up these two parts in succession; and first let us examine what the anonymous advocate of positivism has to say of the real value of life, according to his theory. What is it which makes the earthly life of mankind worth living? What is the proposed substitute for the prize of an absolutely perfect and everlasting life in the future world, which a Christian aspires to attain? The positivist gives up at the outset the pretence of offering any equivalent.

"For this prize positivism pretends to offer no equivalent" (p. 208).

It confesses, therefore, that its ideal of possible good is infinitely inferior to the ideal of the believer in infinitely perfect Being and indestructible existence.

"Existence being the highest conceivable necessity, everything which conduces to the extension of the largest existence involved, is good; everything which tends to its diminution is an evil" (p. 198).

Compared with the idea of theism, the a-theistic idea of positivism substitutes infinite metaphysical evil for infinite good. The ideal excellence and desirableness of a life self-existent and of boundless perfection, and of a life participating without end in this perfect possession of boundless life, is admitted; but not its possibility. So far, the case is given up. The life which the positivist considers to be known by reason as possible is acknowledged to be relatively not worth living, as compared to that which Plato believed to be possible, and every Christian hopes for.

* *The Value of Life.* A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay, *Is Life Worth Living?* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

Copyright: Rev. I. T. Hecker. 1880.

Moreover, the great antagonists of theism are wont to represent life, in so far as men have experience of its good and evil, as containing not enough good and too much evil to be the product of a power which is omnipotent and at the same time good in an equal proportion. It is, therefore, the existence of evil in the universe which has caused the modern recoil into atheism which is the last result of Protestantism in Western Christendom. The positivists fall back upon the theory of the essential and eternal imperfection of the universe, involving the perpetual existence and endless struggle of good and evil, as a *pis-aller*, in order to escape from what they think is the contradiction involved in the existence of evil to the idea of God as first and final cause of the universe. The only conceivable good left to them is that which is capable of being apprehended as the excess of good over evil in this natural evolution of a world necessarily and essentially unstable and imperfect.

To many minds, this is enough to settle the question. A universe which perfect reason, supposing it to exist, could not approve, which perfect goodness could not tolerate, which perfect power could not create, is not worthy of the complacency with which the human mind must regard any ideal of a life which it can reasonably consider as corresponding to its innate and necessary desire for good. If the ideal is shattered, what is left is not worth having, and only the poor consolation remains, that whatever imperfect good can be obtained in this life may be enjoyed while it lasts, and whatever evil is unavoidable may be endured, without fear of any evil to come after death; and that one always has in his power a remedy for the evil of existence, if it becomes insupportable, by putting an end to the evil, with his own individual existence, by suicide.

We say that what is left, according to the positivist theory, is not "worth having." By this we mean, not that there is no value at all in a life of imperfect and temporary happiness, but that this value is not worth having, when it can be had, by comparison with the good which the Christian hopes for and partially possesses. Moreover, that for the greater number, the value of life actually enjoyed is not worth having, by comparison with even the ideal good of the positivist which is more or less actually attained by some, at intervals, and for a time. In short, that prescinding from accidental qualities which life may have and which give it an extrinsic value in certain conditions, it has not, according to the positivist theory, essentially and intrinsically, simply as life, that high value and moral worth which make it worth living for its own sake.

The anonymous author of the Reply to Mr. Mallock confirms and proves the substantial truth of the statements which he controverts. He does not attempt or show any disposition to deny or palliate the general state of moral wretchedness and physical misery by which the present world is oppressed, and which has prevailed in the past. He does not forecast any immediate or near improvement on a large scale in the future. As for those who are personally degraded by vice, by physical or intellectual degeneracy, or who are sunk in misery, he holds out no prospect of relief or deliverance.

There is no mercy and no redemption in the inexorable cruelty of the positivist system. The value of the individual life which he depicts is the value of a certain number of lives approaching to an ideal of virtue, excellence, and enjoyment, such as he thinks will be made actual in mankind generally, in some remote period.

His chief argument goes to show that the human society in organic unity, when developed, will become something, the existence of which is a good in itself, for the sake of which all previous individual lives have a worth and a value, for which each one ought to work and to suffer.

"It is our business," he writes on the last page of his volume, "to seek the new good of which, indeed, we have had much foretaste and keen realization, but which, in all soberness, we may now begin to anticipate in much fuller measure, when each restless, passionate, eagerly active and keenly sensitive human being shall find his place and fulfil his function in the vast living being of humanity. Then will literally be fulfilled the ancient prophecy,* 'Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' It will be found that the Tree of Life grows for ever by the Tree of Knowledge, and that, after its long exile, the race which has once become possessed of the fatal fruit of the one, may re-enter an earthly paradise to enjoy the other. And we may dare to say, that if society to-day be really in the position of a man who awakes from a dream, it is certain that any temporary regrets he may feel must ultimately be more than compensated by the full possession of the dawning realities."

What are these "temporary regrets"? They are a regret for the loss of all belief in the objects of the intellect seeking for the knowledge of being in its first and final causes, a regret for the loss of the hope of endless existence and perfect felicity, a regret for the loss of belief in revelation, in the supernatural order, in the Father who creates and provides for his adopted sons, in the Son who redeems and glorifies humanity, in the Holy Spirit who sanctifies the human spirit and raises it to a beatific union with God, in the eternal communion of the blessed in heaven. They are the regrets of a being whom has befallen a fate the reverse of that imagined in the beautiful myth of Undine, who by wedding the knight Huldebrand gained a soul. In the ugly myth of the anonymous positivist, the unhappy man wakes from a dream in which he had a soul, to find that he has none, but belongs to the same category of being with Undine's uncle, except that he cannot have the knowledge of God as creator. Perhaps some may envy Undine as she was before she became immortal, when she told the priest who admonished her to put her soul in order: "But if one has no soul, how, I beg you, can one put it in order? And that is my case." They would like to have their beall and their end-all here, and sink the life to come. But such persons are not thinking and feeling rationally. So long as life has a paramount value, nature shrinks from its extinction. It is only when it is reduced to so low a value that it is not worth anything as a permanent possession, that its extinction can be anticipated with desire or indifference.

What, then, are those realities whose possession even in their dawning, or in their full noon-day, are more than a compensation for what are called the dreams of the Christian?

In place of the sublime philoso-

* Uttered by the devil, the great prophet of positivism.

phy and theology which a Catholic inherits from Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas, the knowledge of sensible and psychical phenomena; which he can have anyway, without recourse to atheism; and of which atheism may rob him if he gives up philosophy, leaving him in the gloom of scepticism.

In lieu of endless existence and perfect felicity, an imperfect happiness for eighty or one hundred years, after science has found out the means of prolonging the lives of all men to that period. That this temporary happiness is intrinsically worth something no one will deny, even if it is measured by only a year or a day. But it does not satisfy the innate longing for perfect felicity, and, such as it is, it is spoiled of its chief good by the privation of that perpetuity of life in knowing, loving, acting, existing in health and vigor, for which the soul naturally longs.

Instead of God, "the how," or regular mode of movement in the series of physical and psychical evolutions is proposed as a substitute. The Positivist wonders why the Cosmos does not present to the mind of a Catholic an idea equally attractive with the idea of God. The difference is similar to that which exists between the ideas of a living, personal, loving father in a family, and of an ingenious automatic contrivance which provides the fatherless, motherless young beings who happen to find themselves living together in the same dwelling, with all those things which they want. A dead cosmism is no substitute for the Living God, because the mind seeks to find its object of intelligence, and the will its object of love, in most perfect Being, which the unconscious cosmos is not.

The greatest amount of scientific knowledge of the sensible world and its laws is no substitute for the natural philosophy of theism and the revealed truths of faith, because it is only a fragment torn out of its place which loses its value by its isolation from the great all in which it belongs, and because, in its due position, its value is secondary and inferior.

The fellowship of natural society is no substitute for the communion of the Catholic Church, because association and organization for merely temporal well-being and earthly ends which stop short with this present world, are infinitely inferior to the union in faith, hope, and charity, which respects the sublime end of man as destined to beatitude in the everlasting kingdom of God.

The "dawning realities" are very commonplace objects over which a thin haze of rhetoric, faintly colored with an after-glow borrowed from Christian poesy, has been thrown. The "vast living being of humanity" is something about as real as one of Plato's myths. Humanity is not an animal, it has no consciousness. Mr. Mallock's opponent, who has, notwithstanding his satirical remarks upon the imaginative faculty of the former gentleman, some imagination as well as intellect, has drawn heavily on his imagination in casting the horoscope of the future of humanity. He can personify as well as a Catholic, nor do we object to his using such metaphorical language. But when it comes to a matter of logical analysis, we require exact thought and scientific definition. Organic unity is not a mere aggregation, yet it is not the unity of individual, conscious being. It is only the individual, conscious be-

ing which has what can properly be called life; for vegetative life, the highest form of unconscious organization, is only a shadow of life. Organic being without consciousness is not an end in itself, but only a means. Sensitive life, even if it be regarded as in some sense worthy to be called an end, that is intrinsically worth living and not merely a means of enhancing the value of intellectual life, is not fully and completely an end. But intellectual life is so. The intelligent being, as an individual, is an end in himself, intrinsically and essentially. He is the real unit, and it is only the addition and multiplication founded upon his intrinsic value, which augments and extends the sum total of that existence in society which is worthy of our rational estimation, as a much greater good than the private good of one individual.

The judgment of the total value of all human existence depends on the estimate of the value of the units composing it. One man is worth more than an infinite number of animalculæ. One immortal soul is worth more than an infinite number of beings like Undine's relations. Organization is for the sake of the rational beings who are served by it, and for the glory of the Creator. As an end it is worthless. The self-existing, infinite Intelligence is an infinite end in himself, his life is of infinite value as most perfect being. Each and every intellectual being is made similar to him by participation. The supreme good of each one is worth more than the lower and temporary good of one or all of the others. It is therefore reasonable to sacrifice one's own lower good to his supreme good, or to the supreme good of others. Take away the relation to a supreme good, and all the highest and most efficacious motives to self-denial and self-sacrifice are annihilated. Mr. Mill concluded that if he could give all men possession of the good of this earthly life, it would not be worth having. We agree with him. We think Mr. Mallock has proved his point, and that his opponent has not succeeded in refuting him and proving the contrary. His *El Dorado* would not be worth its cost if it could be constructed. We have no evidence that it is possible, much less to be reasonably looked for as a future reality. If we look at actual phenomena and real facts, we are forced to conclude that the lives of most human beings hitherto, viewed apart from their relation to another world and to God, have been complete failures, the lives of the remainder only a partial and temporary success, and human history like the dream of a man in the delirium of fever. Mr. Mallock's opponent has failed to show an essential and intrinsic value in life as such, sufficient to make it an end. At most he has shown that it may acquire an accidental and extrinsic and temporary medium value, in certain favorable circumstances. The hope of these favorable circumstances becoming universal and permanent is one which presupposes a credulity far greater than is necessary for believing all the legends in Mr. Baring-Gould's collection of myths.

We come now to the second and most important part of the contention. In the outset we take notice of the author's high view of the paramount excellence of truth, a view which we applaud. We find, however, that there are many statements, insinuations, and expres-

sions of sentiment in respect to the Catholic religion, which will not stand the application of this test. We will not accuse an author who is wholly unknown to us, except by this one book, of deviating from truth with deliberate intention. Therefore we criticise only the objective sense of his statements as manifesting not wilful *ignoratio* but only a great amount of *ignorantia elenchi*, as well as other faults of logic; and of the feeling which breaks out occasionally, we say nothing more severe than this; that it is not quite in accordance with the scientific equanimity and candor befitting a disinterested altruist.

"Of the characteristics which go to the making of that type so bitterly well known in Europe—the Jesuit—Mr. Mallock, almost by his own showing, is at once seen to possess two: an habitual attitude of warfare, and a systematic and avowed contempt for truth" (p. 45).

The "attitude of warfare" means nothing except that Jesuits and Mr. Mallock engage in polemics; just as our author does. The imputation of "*systematic* and *avowed* contempt for truth," in respect to both the Jesuits and Mr. Mallock, is an absolute falsehood, and it shows a heated state of feeling in the one who makes it, very disturbing to mental equilibrium.

Falling back on the old, trite, and threadbare vituperations of the Catholic Church, and of the Jesuits in particular, is a sort of polemical strategy belonging to an inferior class of lecturers and pamphleteers with which a dignified philosopher ought to be ashamed to associate. There is more of the same style a few pages further on:

"The church denies itself the luxury of persecuting savages whom it is easy to baptize; but is compensated by full authority over all those born within the pale of its own dominions, *i.e.*, in all countries included under the title of Christendom. For the Peruvian heathen, the baptismal font; for the baptized European heretic, the spy, the tribunal, the thumb-screw, the rack, the dungeon, the oubliette, the stake.

"'And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.'

"May the deep shudder of horror which has convulsed the inmost consciousness of Europe on this subject, never cease to vibrate so long as vitality remains in this deadly principle—authoritative care of souls, to the salvation of man and the greater glory of God!

"Yes, we know the type, whether male or female, the stealthy step, the set composure, the downcast eyes, the insinuating voice, the half-perceptible deprecatory gesture with which dispute is declined when the proposition has failed of a favorable reception, the apparent acquiescence, the secret resistance, watchfulness, and counterplotting, by aid of a silent impersonal agency, invisible, ubiquitous, unfathomably treacherous; whose very good seems evil from the impossibility of testing its sincerity, whose evil seems blacker from its mantle of immaculate good;—who does not know this hated and hateful type, everywhere the same in essence under any disguise, under the priest's cassock or the nun's robe or the cardinal's hat? No Methodist fanaticism, no Baptist uncouthness, no Calvinistic rigidity, no Episcopal inconsistency, ever has or ever can awaken the passionate antagonism aroused by the vision of Jesuit Catholicism in the breasts of those who, either personally or in sympathy with her victims of any age, have known what it was to writhe, though but for an instant, in her clutches. She is still the Infamous, and for our part we should rue the day when we so far forgot its history as to remove the brand from this gigantic impersonal Personality" (p. 49).

This kind of violence we can understand in an apostate Catholic. In the same way that members of respectable families who have gone astray and got into disgrace are wont to turn upon those whom they have offended and injured, and seek to reverse their respective

positions by assuming that they are victims of some kind of injustice or cruelty, so do apostate Catholics turn spitefully against their mother. It is sin which is their sore spot, and which is galled by the presure of Catholic discipline, irritated by the admonitions and menaces with which the church unremittingly pursues the erring children of her household.

The feeling in those who have never believed in the authority of the Catholic Church is not the same, unless they have had the truth brought to bear in some way upon their conscience, and they have wilfully resisted their inward misgivings and convictions. Their enmity is founded on traditional prejudice, and, when they get a better knowledge of the real character and history of the Catholic religion, gives way to a more just and impartial estimate. It needs some personal contact of the church with private passions and interests to awaken that kind of sore and irritable animosity, that vindictive feeling, which we perceive in those who have been bred as Catholics and have renounced their religion; or who have been very near conversion and have relapsed into their errors. This violent enmity of the authors of the Protestant rebellion, which had its origin in gross passions, sins, and moral corruption seeking emancipation from the law of God, has originated the systematic falsification of history by which the English people and the other descendants of the original schismatics in European Christendom have been duped and prejudiced for the past three centuries. Any violent assailant of Catholic Christianity can appeal to this ignorance and prejudice and reawaken the slumbering animosity of a great mass of readers, except so far as their enlightenment and knowledge prevent their being affected by his rhetoric. In the case of the present author, we can only appeal from his ravings to a candid consideration of the historic truth. As to his diatribe against Jesuits, priests, and religious women, it is a caricature which reminds us of *Lothair*, *Father Clement*, and of a large collection of books with which we were familiar in childhood along with *Bluebeard* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*. It is a chimera which exists only in the writer's disordered imagination, and at which many intelligent Protestants who are well acquainted with priests and nuns will either laugh or be indignant.

The same irritation of temper and consequent exhibition of unfair and petty querulousness is shown through nearly the whole book. Why should an infidel call Cardinal Newman an "apostate"? What need of bringing in a sneer at "a plaster and tinsel Madonna," to cast ridicule on Mr. Mallock's beautiful apostrophe to the Blessed Virgin Mary? What point or appropriateness can we find in a reference to Mr. Mallock's "confessor," and the very cheap travesty of the words of our Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the church"? The author seems continually to insinuate that Mr. Mallock writes at the instigation and under the prompting of Catholic directors, whereas he is not a Catholic, and his books contain many things which could not be written or approved by any well-informed and sincere Catholic. There is also a direct accusation, which other critics have also made, that Mr. Mallock has a predilection for

matters connected with depraved sensuality. Mr. Frothingham has made a worse accusation against the Bible—viz., that parts of it are obscene. It is sometimes necessary or proper to speak of revolting vices, as it is to lay open offensive ulcers. It is also a fact noticed by many moralists that language becomes more fastidious in a society where moral corruption prevails, than it is in a simpler and purer state. The impure mind and conscience impute the evil which is in their own diseased condition to natural things, to innocent acts and persons, and to the intentions and language of those who chastise vice by ridicule, satire, denunciation, or a more calm exposure of its hidden deformity. Modern society and literature are gangrened to a fearful extent. Infidelity, materialism, and every kind of anti-Christian error are a leprous poison, infecting the very life-blood of this generation. Those who are infected and who are infecting others consider it very rude and coarse to be told this. Is Mr. Mallock an apologist for vice, or does he resemble that vile school of French novelists who are the votaries of what is called *L'Esthétique Naturaliste?* There are many who wince and writhe under his well-directed, vigorous lash, and whose peevish retorts show how keenly they feel the strokes which go through all their coverings and cut to the very bone. The sting of his satire is in its truth. Truth, even when unpleasant, is salutary. One who proclaims the paramount value of truth, even when it destroys pleasant illusions, should be more particular to adhere to it than our critic has shown himself to be in respect to this part of the case.

There is another deviation from the principle of preferring truth, in the sympathy which the author professes for Protestants and Protestantism in their contention with the Catholic Church, without regard to their consistency, or the rational and historical merits of their cause, but merely because they have rebelled against authority.

It is the same with his estimate of early and mediæval Christianity. Myths, falsehoods, illusions have been necessary from the beginning of the world, and as the last of these Catholicism was necessary for the evolution of humanity, the salvation and improvement of society, the preparation for entering the earthly Paradise. Fraud and dupery are the necessary means of the greatest good, the precursors of truth, the chief agents in bringing about intellectual, moral, and political improvement. This is one of the most degrading and repulsive, as well as one of the most absurd theories ever invented in order to escape from truth, to evade the force of irresistible argument, to calcine and turn into smoke all historical facts, and to dishonor virtue, faith, religion, and the sanctity of all the prophets and martyrs of divine truth who have lived since the foundation of the world. We cannot stop to do justice to this topic, but must hasten on to note in a summary manner a few more of the many instances in which the truth is perverted by misstatements.

One of these is borrowed from Mr. Emerson, and is a travesty of the Christian idea of heaven which stands self-condemned simply by being stated.

"We are to have just *such* a good time in the next world as the wicked have in this" (p. 16).

"By the inclusion of the Virgin Mary, 'Parent of sweet clemency,' its Godhead is quadruple instead of a Trinity" (p.72).

This is as ridiculous as it would be to assert that in the Copernican theory the moon is, together with the sun, the centre of the solar system.

"The church parliament avowedly disdains the very world in which it sits and operates, and its uniform answer to inquiry concerning the right direction of terrestrial forces, or the legitimate adjustment of mundane preoccupations, is to let both alone" (p. 82).

This is an argument from ignorance to ignorance. Read the quotation from the Council of the Vatican in the article on the Encyclical of Leo XIII. in our last number, and take a look into the smallest compendium of the history of the church which can be found, for a sufficient answer.

"He cannot but know that, except to pure deism, the correlative of the belief in question has been the absolute worthlessness, wickedness, and ruined condition of man; has been a theory of the complete degradation of every faculty and impulse of his nature. . . . The Christian or Catholic conception, whose introduction into the world is alleged as conferring such an immense increase of human dignity, has indisputably been attended by conceptions of human vileness perhaps more intense than have ever existed anywhere except in Hindustan" (p. 114).

This is a great mistake, apparently made in perfect good faith. Lutheran and Calvinistic conceptions, Jansenistic conceptions, and loose, rhetorical statements of some Catholic writers, are here confused with the real doctrine of the Catholic Church, as defined by councils and popes and explained by theologians.

"It is a principle of positivism, in emphatic contradiction here as elsewhere with the principles of Catholicism, that the existence of one ultimate fact can never be invalidated by knowledge of the existence of another, whatever obscurity may rest on the relations between them" (p.156).

This is another misapprehension. We accept unreservedly the principle stated by the author, and it is axiomatic in Catholic philosophy and theology. Whatever can be certainly proved to be a fact, historical or scientific, must be admitted, on Catholic principles, and one of our great struggles with all opponents is to compel their admission of the proof of facts, in face of the obscurity which rests on the relations between these and other facts. Indeed, it is the very definition of a mystery, that it is an obscure relation between two known and intelligible terms.

"A logical asceticism creates an ideal of absolute celibacy, from which marriage is a degradation only palliated as a matter of necessary compromise by the sacraments of the church."

By no means. Marriage and the family are the ideal as well as actual conditions of the majority of Christians, in which they can attain a sanctity essentially equal to that which is attainable by virginity, and even superior to that really attained by many who observe religious vows. Virginity is a higher state, the counsels of perfection are the most powerful means of elevating the soul to God. But marriage is not a degraded state, or one merely tolerated. It retains the dignity which the Author of nature gave it, and is elevated by the sacrament which Christ instituted. The counsels are only for those who have received a special vocation, and marriage is not only a permission, but a privilege, a blessing, a most excellent and altogether honorable means of sanctifica-

tion and merit for others, even though they aspire to perfection.

These are not all the mistakes of the author, but we have noticed a sufficient number to show that in arguing against Catholicity he is aiming at random, in the dark. He is not, however, always arguing against Catholicity when he seems to suppose that he is doing so, but only against certain views and arguments of Mr. Mallock. In our review of this latter gentleman's last famous book, we have pointed out, in part, how imperfect is his knowledge of the Catholic theology, and how deficient is his philosophy. He really argues from Kantian principles which have so profoundly affected English thought, as, in fact, they had their origin in the scepticism of an Englishman, David Hume. Mr. Mallock's anonymous opponent argues with no small cogency of reasoning against him in certain respects, on the same line with ourselves, and so far we concede to him the advantage in his contention. The point he makes is, that theism and revelation are proposed as desirable and therefore to be assented to by an act of the will, determining the intellect. There is a confusion here, on the part of both the contestants, respecting the act of rational conviction by which the mind assents to the truths of natural theology, and the evidences of the credibility of revelation, and the act of faith by which the mind assents to revealed truths. In the first act, the mind is determined solely by the motive of evidence, and the sole agency of the will is exerted in directing the attention of the mind upon the evidence, and excluding the bias of disturbing passions. In the second act, the will by an imperate act commands the assent of the intellect to the truth revealed by God. Yet the will itself is moved by a previous judgment of the intellect that such assent is reasonable and obligatory, otherwise its imperate act would be imprudent. The argumentative and rational discussion is entirely on the reasonableness of the motives of assent, and does not concern the immediate assent of the mind under the influence of divine grace to the obscure object of divine faith. It turns upon evidence; the evidence of the being of God, of the spirituality, liberty, and immortality of the soul, of the fact of revelation, of the criterion of revealed truth, of the non-repugnance of revealed truths and facts to any other known facts and truths. The desirableness of rational belief in religion, and the dismal gloominess of unbelief, are by no means the determining motives of a rational and certain assent to the doctrines of natural and revealed theology. In so far as Mr. Mallock concedes that other and more decisive motives of assent are wanting, that is, that natural theology and the motives of credibility possessed by the Christian revelation lack the certainty of evidence, he is in error and in opposition to Catholic doctrine. In so far as he omits to propose the evidence, his argument is deficient. There is, nevertheless, a latent and implicit argument involved in the presentation of the desirableness of assenting to the truth of at least natural theology. It needs, however, a more formal and explicit statement in order that its force may be clearly and distinctly perceived. And this statement is made in an excellent manner by Father Maurus, in a passage quoted by Dr. Van Wedingen in the article contributed by

him to *La Revue Générale* on the late Encyclical of Leo XIII.*

"Thirdly, that is not impossible, toward which the will tends by the strongest inclination; but the will tends by the strongest inclination toward a being which has no defect and every pure perfection. Fourthly, that is not impossible, which every intellect judges from its very terms to be such a being as is most worthy to exist; but every intellect judges that a being having no defect and every pure perfection is most worthy to exist; *every will also is inclined to desire that such a being should exist;* therefore, such a being is not impossible. In confirmation of this may be alleged, that since *the very nature of things has engraven within us this judgment*, by which we judge it to be most worthy that there should be a being without any defect, and this inclination by which we desire that such a being exist, nature itself judges that it is most worthy that such a being should exist, and has the strongest inclination for its existence; but the nature of things does not judge that something impossible is the most worthy to exist, or have the strongest inclination for the existence of something impossible; therefore a being without any defect is not impossible. Add to this, that the possibility of things is not irrational, but it is most irrational that only defective beings should be possible, and a being without defect should be impossible. This is confirmed by the argument that the centre toward which the intellect and will are impelled by the strongest impetus as their place of rest is not something impossible; for if bodies having gravity *do not seek an impossible centre* by their movement, much less do intellect and will, powers in the highest degree rational, seek an impossible centre; now, intellect does not find rest in the contemplation of defective being, but, offended by defects, turns to contemplate something else; and likewise will does not rest in defective goods, *but, offended with defective things, seeks always something better;* therefore there is some being void of defect, in which the contemplative intellect can rest, and also the loving will, because there is in it nothing which displeases, and by displeasing stimulates to the search of that which is better" (*Quæst. Phil.*, vol. iii. pp. 348,349, ed. 1876).

Religion is better than no-religion. Therefore, there ought to be a bias in its favor, a presumption of its truth, to say the least; and there is one valid argument for its truth which concurs with and corroborates its other evidences. Moreover, since a revelation is morally necessary even in respect to things which are not above reason, and there is no other which presents any serious claim to belief except the Christian revelation as promulgated by the Catholic Church, the same argument which avails for natural religion avails also for the Catholic religion.

Mr. Mallock applies himself to the moral part of the question, appealing to the moral sense of those who are enjoying the benefits of Christianity, not to let themselves be despoiled of these benefits by an atheistic revolution which can never substitute anything equally good or better in place of what it seeks to destroy. He attempts to prove too much, and his opponents have therefore gained an advantage in arguing against his extreme assertions. Human nature, like all nature, is essentially good and cannot be totally depraved. Satan is not totally depraved. A rational nature cannot seek or approve evil as evil, or falsehood as falsehood, but only under an aspect of the good and the true. Prescinding from every consideration of God as the absolute truth and goodness, prescinding from every consideration of a future life of retribution, the true and the good are cognizable and lovable in the nature of things. The true statement of the case is, that we are rationally obliged to ascend from the know-

* *Revue Générale de Bruxelles*, Sept., 1879, p. 482.

ledge and love of the created good to the uncreated. Those who are only negatively turned away from the uncreated good can have the inchoate and implicit religion and morality of natural conscience stimulating and directing them toward virtue. This cannot be perfect, however, without the philosophy of the wise. In the present condition of human nature this philosophy cannot be perfect without a higher rule given by divine revelation, which is morally necessary to give even philosophers a complete system of natural theology and ethics. Moreover, it is necessary, considering the state of the mass of mankind, that even this philosophy of rational nature should be taught them and enforced upon them by the way of a teaching founded on divine revelation, in order that the knowledge and practice of even natural religion and morality may be made adequately certain, easy, and universal. This is all that Catholic theology teaches, as any one may see by reading the decrees of the Vatican Council and their preambles. Supposing, now, a system like positivism to prevail universally, men are placed in a worse position than that of a mere negative privation of a complete natural religion taught by the medium of revelation. By their rejection of both religion and philosophy, they are in a state of positive aversion from the supreme and uncreated good, and positive denial of the primary truths of their rational nature. Wherefore, they are destitute of the necessary foundation of private, social, and political morality and order, and without sufficient safeguards against the violent outbreaks of the passions. A total depravation and corruption of human nature is indeed impossible; there cannot be a total obliteration of morality, and an absolute degradation to the bestial state. Nevertheless, there must be a degree of disorder and debasement generally resulting which is frightful to contemplate, and which tends toward moral chaos and anarchy. All this is without direct reference to the absolutely supernatural end and destiny of the human race, which we are not now considering. The positivists do not venture to deny this, and can only forecast a new order to come out of the revolution and chaos after some millenniums, when the present and many succeeding generations will be extinct nullities.

In view of this dismal prospect, every rightly-constituted mind and heart must shrink back appalled from the idea that Christianity may be an illusion, and nothing true but a series of phenomena known and tested by sensible experience which spring from no first cause, have no final object, and offer to the intellect and the will no ideal term in which they can find rest as the intelligible and desirable good which is supreme. However, the true and final issue is the naked question of the intrinsic, objective truth of Christianity, as a supernatural religion which contains within its sphere the natural; and of its certain cognoscibility by the human mind. We look, therefore, to see if there is some common measure recognized by our author and by ourself, which can be applied as a criterion of truth.

We find that he recognizes sense-cognition, consciousness, testimony, and the concurrent judgment of the competent upon matter of scientific knowledge, as sufficient sources of certitude and furnishing an exact criterion. External, and

internal or psychological phenomena, are the object; the correlation of this object in accordance with the laws of mind with the conscious Ego or subject, is truth. We are happy to find here some elements of sound logic and psychology, and some solid basis for a rational argument. We much prefer positivism thus presented to scepticism, to the grosser and more abject materialism, and even to a vague transcendentalism. That the human subject is essentially corporeal as well as rational, that his knowledge begins from sense, that his primary, immediate object is the sensible manifested by phenomena, that he can proceed no further in natural cognition than the term to which he can be led up from the sensible, that he has no other secondary and immediate object of intuitive cognition except by consciousness of self, all these are sound principles. Aristotle and St. Thomas have established so firmly and clearly these fundamental relations of sense and mind against the visionary metaphysics of the ultra-idealists, that they have been and still are reproached by these latter as the masters of a sensualist system of philosophy.

On the other hand, the same principles and reasoning which establish the reality and objectivity of the sensible, and the infallibility of the spontaneous tendencies of the living, sensitive being toward the external, corporeal world, establish equally the objectivity of all being which is a term of perception, and the infallibility of all spontaneous tendencies toward the intellectual and moral reality which is attained by ideal activity as an ideal object. The positivists who admit consciousness of self and psychical phenomena together with the perception of sensible phenomena, and who recognize "laws of mind" along with other laws of nature, according to which "immaterial relations" even of bodies are apprehended, and pronounced upon by mental judgments, open the way to metaphysics. A new element besides mere sensation is introduced. Consciousness is more than a perception of impressions, on sensitive organs and the imagination, of sensible phenomena. Reflection is more than the return on past sensations. The intelligible, and the intelligent self, the essences of things immediately perceived by the light of the mind cast on the sensible phenomena, and the nature of the mind itself as manifested by these intellectual acts, are necessarily included within the sphere of the thinkable and knowable.

Positivists are compelled to retreat upon the ground of metaphysics in order to defend themselves. They will not be permitted to ignore all questions concerning first and final causes, or to make, with impunity and unchallenged, their assertion that all true philosophy, that is, science of real things in their principles and deepest causes, is an illusion. They have got to defend themselves and to argue against their opponents, which they cannot do by mere physics or empirical logic. The battle-ground is the field of metaphysics, where they have long ago been beaten by anticipation, and will be beaten again and again, as often as they venture on the contention.

In respect to the facts and the truths of the Christian revelation, also, they are obliged to meet in a square issue the whole question of the evidences, and of the motives of credibility. Testimony and a sufficient consent of the competent

are admitted as sources of certitude. No kind of cloudy idealism, no *à priori* plea in bar of evidence and argument, is open to them, in consistency with the principles on which they establish the certainty of the physical sciences and of history. Religion is established on sensible facts which are necessarily connected with the authority of those who are the human instruments of manifesting the truth and law of God, and with the doctrines which they proclaim. Here, again, assertions, sophistical arguments, a studied ignoring of real issues, or an ignorance of the merits of the case which comes from inattention or want of thought, will only serve to show the weakness of their cause and to make their defeat more signal.

Nothing can be more completely opposite to the truth than the statement of the author of *The Value of Life*:

> "Catholicism is the religion of failure, of ignorance, of weakness, of despair" (p. 249).

Positivism is the result of a sentiment that all human history and activity thus far is a failure. It is a profession of absolute and necessary ignorance in respect to everything which the mind of man, that *curiosum ingenium* which seeks for wisdom in the science of the deepest causes, has always most desired to investigate and know. It is a confession of a weakness, an infirmity, a fatal disease in the very nature of man, which dooms every human being to decay and extinction. It is an outcry of despair, proclaiming that all the aspirations after a perfect ideal, a supreme felicity, the attainment of a sovereign and incorruptible good, which have swelled the hearts of the noblest of men, are illusions. The essence of the power and attractiveness of the Catholic religion does not lie "in the consolation it offers to those who cannot get what they want," nor does positivism undertake, much less prove that it is able "to show people how to get what they want," unless they want to deny their intellectual nature, and to rid themselves of the dread of future retribution for their sins, that they may enjoy the few and uncertain pleasures of a short existence on the earth. The mind of man wants truth of an order higher than physical and social science; knowledge of the infinite, faith in the sovereign and absolute good—in a word, God. His heart wants a sovereign ideal of absolute beauty and perfection as the object of a satisfying and undying love—in a word, union with God. The Catholic religion offers him what will satisfy both the mind and the will, and points out the way to attain this supreme end. Positivism does nothing but offer a wretched substitute, which, wretched as it is, cannot be reached by the majority of men who are now living, and is only promised to mankind after some millenniums have passed, to console them for the loss of belief in God and the hope of immortality.

Science is dishonored when it is made a stalking-horse for this dismal, abhorrent ghoul of atheism. We have a profound respect for the physical sciences and for their methods and discoveries. Mathematics, and all the physical sciences founded on mathematical reasoning and experimental induction, are, in our opinion, among the strongest barriers against scepticism, and against every kind of vain speculation contrary to sound,

Catholic philosophy. We regard the present aberrations of certain votaries of science as a temporary delirium which will soon run its course. We look to see the disorders of pseudo-science cured by genuine science, to see scientific clouds of doubt scattered by rays of scientific light, and to see harmony reign among all branches of true knowledge, with faith reigning over all in undisputed supremacy. The ideal has its foundation in reality, the real its reason in the ideal. Sensible facts are indissolubly bound with universal and necessary truths, and the mind is led by the hand from sense to theology. Sensible and historical facts are indissolubly bound with the truth of revealed mysteries. Whatever establishes the certainty of science and history, necessarily establishes at the same time the rational certitude of the motives of the credibility of the Christian religion. The cause of science and the cause of faith are but one cause, and neither has more than one real opponent, which is Unscience. "Dixit *insipiens* in corde suo, Non est Deus."

---

## A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

LITTLE Baby! gift from Heaven,
Sent to fill our days with love,
Hearken we, before thee bending,
For thy message from above.

Do thy blue eyes see the glory
Of thy soul's home left behind?
Do thy fingers clasped hold treasure
Earthly seeking cannot find?

Dost thou wonder at us mortals,
At our strange and uncouth phrase?
Heark'ning thou, perchance, thine angel
Who beholds the Father's face.

When thou smilest doth our Lady
Whisper how her blessèd Son
Once to earth came, just as thou art,
Just as helpless, little one?

Whispers she how dear he holds thee,
How she loves thee for his sake?
Seeks to bind thee with love's fetters
Worldly touch can never break.

We are deaf: in vain we listen,
Those sweet words we cannot hear;
Yet we feel the love protecting
Keeping evil from thee, dear.

We are blind: the heavenly glory
Hath grown dim before our eyes;
Yet our prayers for thee ascending
Even reach the far-off skies,

As we pray, the loving Shepherd
Sinless keep thee, precious one,
Till earth's weary days are over
And the crown for heaven is won.

Baby! at thy mother gazing,
Softly smiling in her face,
Dost thou in her loving glances
Heaven's earthly shadow trace?

Do her words, so strangely moulded,
Bear to thee a meaning clear?
Do her kisses showered upon thee
Make our cold earth seem more dear?

Unto us so near thou seemest
To the home we seek on high,
That the light within its portals
Seems around thy brow to lie.

Little treasure, Christ's redeemed one!
With sweet reverence we gaze,
Thinking of another Infant
Born for us in other days;

One Divine, who bore thy likeness—
All thy pain and weakness bore,
Whose child-eyes with love sought Mary's,
Fraught with worship, bending o'er.

Little hands outstretched with yearning—
Baby hands as frail as thine—
Soothing with their touch the weary;
Hands sore-wounded, sweet heart mine.

Bearing of the thorns no shadow,
Sweet with peace the brow divine;
Unto us that peace he leaveth,
Our woes shareth—thine and mine.

Darling! if the sacred shadow
Of his thorns should ever rest
On thy brow, ah! do not blindly
Cast from thee a gift so blest.

He will give thee love and patience,
With the thorns his peace will blend—
So, thou bearest still his likeness,
Dearest, even to the end.

# FOLLETTE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

### JULES' MESSAGE.

MME. BIBOT dropped in that evening to consult Jeanne about cheeses that she was taking to the fair; for, though no cow had been kept at Quatre Vents since the bountiful days of Gripard père, the fame of Jeanne's dairy in olden times still lived, and made her an authority on all such matters.

"It's a long step to the fair, and if you like a lift in my *cariole* you're welcome to it," said Mme. Bibot.

"You're always neighborly, Mme. Bibot; but I'm not thinking of going to the fair this year," replied Jeanne.

"Then I'll take the *petiote*," said Mme. Bibot with ready good-nature, nodding at Follette.

"Thank you, Mme. Bibot; but I am not going either," said Follette, without looking up from her work.

"What? Eh?" said Gripard, turning sharp round on her. "Of course thou art going; Mme. Bibot will give thee the jaunt there and back, and Victor will look after thee at the fair, and dance with thee, and so will all the lads in Bacaram, and the lads from every Gave side along the Adour. Tut, tut! Of course she'll go to the fair."

Follette made no answer. There was no use in quarrelling about it before the time came, but she was resolved that cart-ropes should not drag her to Barache, or, if they did, she would be whipped rather than dance with Victor.

Gripard took her silence for submission, and no more was said about it for the moment.

Victor was not present at the little scene; if he had been he would not have been so easily deceived.

He watched Follette with eyes made sharper by the knowledge that his interests were in her keeping, and he saw that her mind was set against him. He guessed, too, that under her gentle exterior she had a will that would prove a match for Gripard's; but not, he flattered himself, for his. There was not much chivalry in Victor's nature; he did not look upon a woman's heart as a guerdon to be won, but as a prize to be clutched at, a prey to be entrapped, or an obstacle to be overcome. He would much rather marry Follette with her own sweet will; but marry her he would. Meantime he meant to try his best to win her consent. And he meant to treat her kindly when he had won it and made her his wife. Was it merely her uncle's money-bags that he coveted? Victor was only twenty, and love of money had scarcely hardened his heart to the exclusion of all better loves. He was only twenty, and Follette was sixteen and the comeliest maiden on the mountain-side.

Follette was on the watch betimes next morning, and as soon as she descried the dwarf, astride the miller's horse, jogging up the road she hurried off to the river.

"Well, Nicol, did you see him?'

"Yes, and he sends you this."

Nicol thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out another little box.

"And he says he can't go without seeing you," continued Nicol; "that he will wait for the fair, and that you must come and meet him there."

Follette's dark eyes grew brighter with joy.

"Oh! thank you, Nicol. I am so much obliged to you! I wish I had a nice present to give you; but take this and buy yourself something at the fair."

She held up a few pence to him; but the dwarf drew away his hand.

"I don't want your money; Jules Valdory thanked me, and Victor Bart will be vexed, and that is pay enough for Nicol."

He shouldered his hump and turned sulkily from her.

"I did not mean to hurt you, Nicol," said Follette, vexed at having affronted him.

"What does it matter? Nicol is only a dog. He never does anything but for a kick or a bone; he is only made to be mocked." And seizing the heavy mane of the horse, he drove him into the middle of the stream and left Follette standing on the bank, disconsolate and penitent.

Jeanne saw her come tripping back to the house, and noticed how light her step was, and how different she seemed altogether from the moping, languid creature of the last two days. Follette passed through the kitchen without speaking; for Gripard was toting up his accounts, and while this operation lasted the household held its breath. But as she passed quickly on, and ran up the stair to her room, Jeanne followed the child wistfully, and wondered what had happened to light those lamps of joy in her eyes.

Follette's room was a whitewashed garret with a slanting roof and no furniture to speak of, but she thought it as beautiful as any lady's boudoir. The truckle-bed, the three-legged stool, the deal table with its broken pitcher, the cupboard in the wall where she kept her clothes, comprised, to her, every modern convenience, while her love of ornament was abundantly satisfied by a small looking-glass over the mantelpiece and two colored prints, all gifts from Jules; a terra-cotta Madonna, Jules' work, enthroned under the looking-glass, fed her simple devotion and smiled on her like the presiding divinity of the little white room. Follette loved her garret as the anchorite loves his cell or the scholar his quiet study, and flew to it whenever she was vexed or angry or in trouble. She would sit on her three-legged stool by the little diamond-paned casement, and look out over the babbling Gave, and the forest, and the billowy mountains, and dream sweet nothing-at-all dreams like any châtelaine in her bower. But she did not sit down to dream now. She took her little box from her pocket, and opened it with fluttering fingers, expecting to find a curling lock of hair inside; but instead of this she beheld a pair of gold ear-rings, Moorish filigree crescents with sequins dropping from them. Follette put her hand to her mouth to stop the scream of delight that nearly escaped her. Then, clasping her hands, she gazed at the glittering trinket in breathless admiration. She had never seen anything so beautiful, except once at Barache in the jeweller's shop-window. After a spell of speechless awe she

ventured to take them out of the box, where they lay on a little cushion of rose-colored wool, and held them up to the light and made the sequins dance.

How Jules must love her to send her such a splendid gift! There was no calculating what it must have cost, for Follette had no precedent in her mind for even making a guess; but it must be a great sum of money.

"What would my uncle say if he saw them?" thought Follette. She went to the glass and put the rings in her ears, and turned her head to the light and shook it to see the effect of the glittering little bits of gold. The effect was splendid, delightful, and Follette, after examining them at her ease, took the rings out carefully and laid them back on their pink pillow, and hid the box away in her cupboard. She longed to show her treasure to Jeanne at once, but she dared not. Gripard was so sharp and so suspicious, and Jeanne would for a certainty cry out when she beheld the rings, and then what a scene there would be.

"I will wear them at the fair, and Jules will be pleased," thought Follette. "And how furious Victor will be!" And this reflection lent an additional charm to the prospect of pleasing Jules. With a heightened glow on her cheeks she tripped down stairs and sat to her basket of socks. They were nearly all Gripard's, but there were a few of Victor's. She had never grudged mending Victor's before, but she felt aggrieved to-day at having to do it, and took great long stitches that made lumps in the well-darned soles. Miserly Victor! who never made her the least little present, though he had more money than Jules, for he kept sheep upon the mountains, and sold them well, as Follette knew, and Jeanne too; but Victor was so clever there was no use telling Gripard, for he would deny it, and make her uncle believe it was a wicked invention of theirs to injure him.

Was her uncle never going to be done with the accounts this morning? They only made one short row of figures, but there he sat poring over them this hour, mumbling and muttering to himself (cursing, Follette suspected), while he stretched out the fingers of his left hand, and drew them slowly up into his palm with a crab-like movement that gave Follette the creeps, but which apparently assisted him in his calculations.

When at last they were over, he squeezed the greasy old book into his tightly-buttoned coat, and, to Follette's surprise, asked for his hat, and hobbled out alone to look at the mushrooms and the celery, and peer about the garden. She flew up to her room, slipped the rings into her ears, ran down to the scullery, and stood demurely before Jeanne, who was busy washing vegetables.

"Bonne Vierge Marie!" exclaimed Jeanne, drawing her hands out of the tub and making a towel of her blue apron. "Where ever didst thou get those?"

"Can't you guess? Who could have given them to me but Jules?"

Follette told how it had come about, and how they must now both go to the fair.

"My uncle will think I am giving in to please him," said the designing little thing, "and that you are coming to please me. But are not the ear-rings pretty, Jeanne?"

"Pretty? They are divine! They are fit for a queen, child

What heaps of money the foolish lad must have paid for them!" And Jeanne, unclasping her hands, spread them out with a gesture expressive of piles and piles of gold.

"He is generous; he ought to be a prince," said Follette, more proud of Jules than of his gift.

"But where can he have got the money, little one?" said Jeanne, surveying the bright spangles that made Follette's pink ears shine again.

"He must have sold his groups, petite mère; he had some fine ones, he told us, you remember? But I will scold him."

"Nay, nay, scolding will do no good. Thou must coax him to be more careful till he has conquered the marble, and then he may buy thee as many trinkets as he likes."

Follette heard footsteps outside, so she snatched the rings out of her ears and hid them away precipitately.

It was Gripard.

That evening he told Follette, in a tone that implied his determination to be obeyed, that she was to go to the fair on Tuesday.

"If you will have it, my uncle," replied Follette, with a little pout; "but then Jeanne must come. I won't go without Jeanne."

"Jeanne shall go," said Gripard, delighted to find her so docile, and taking no notice of the pout.

The child was free to show her little temper so long as she did his bidding.

There was a slight fall of snow during the night, then it froze, and at sunrise a pearly fog hung like a white gauze veil over the mountains, causing great alarm at Bacaram, for the success of the fair depended entirely on the weather. Towards nine o'clock, however, the sunbeams rent the mist, and it rolled away far up the hills like vanishing smoke, and all promised to go well with the day.

Follette could have sung for joy; but she had to keep up an appearance of reluctant compliance with her uncle's will, so she kept her song in her heart and dressed herself in silence. When the last fold was pinned in her kerchief, and the last touch given to her toilet, she put her precious little box in her pocket and ran in to Jeanne.

They went down together. Victor stood ready waiting to see them off. He looked remarkably well. His fair complexion and blue eyes gave him an air of frankness that sat well on his youth, and his well-knit figure showed to advantage in his Sunday clothes. There was no denying he was a young man whom any girl might be proud to meet on the war-path. But Follette was determined he should not meet her there. She did not deign to say *merci* when he assisted her into Mme. Bibot's cart, but seated herself without taking the least notice of him, while she laughed and prattled with everybody else. Victor took the snub like an angel, tucked the blanket about her feet, and saw that nothing was forgotten. Then the cart drove off, and he strode on after it towards the forest. He had bargained with one of the farmers for a donkey-cart to carry Gripard's wares to the market, and it had gone off in company with a number of others before Mme. Bibot's vehicle started. He was in high spirits, and bore himself with the air of one to whom war means conquest.

All the village was out of doors and drifting off to the forest. Well-to-do farmers crossed over from the Basque country in picturesque cos

tumes, and riding on mules whose bells tinkled musically as they came down the mountain-side. Jean Brie, the miller, made a fine figure in his gig behind his big gray horse; the brewer bestrode his cob with the air of a man who has money in his till; and M. and Mme. Tarac jaunted along in their high-wheeled cart, dispensing good-morrows to every one. Nicol had started betimes on foot, for the walk was long, and he needs must rest now and then on the road; his hump was heavy, the children said.

The forest was just now in all its beauty, a wilderness of marble illuminated by the morning sunlight, ablaze in spotless white. The genii of the woods had passed that way and touched every tree with their magic wands. Here a blighted trunk was changed into a Greek torso; there a fallen stem crouched like a crocodile that had strayed away from the brown bosom of the Nile, and lay paralyzed in the snow; the trees ran into line and formed Corinthian colonnades, or stood apart in fantastic shapes, like nymphs poised on crooked pedestals, or satyr-like figures that reminded Follette of Nicol. Here an Arab of the desert, lance in rest, came riding on a dromedary; there rose up some

> "Stately tower, or palace fair,
> Or ruins pendent in the air."

The noisy human stream that stirred the silence of the forest made no disturbance in its beauty, but gave a soul to the sleeper, a voice to the dumb white harmonies.

Follette took out her golden rings and fastened them in her ears, and sat smiling to herself complacently and thinking how she could best tease Jules. It would be so pleasant to vex him one moment and smile him into good-humor the next.

"Why, bless my eyesight! what has come to the little one?" exclaimed Mme. Bibot, as she turned round suddenly and beheld the trinkets dancing and sparkling against the pinky brown cheeks.

Follette blushed up and laughed.

"They're pretty, an't they?" she said.

"Pretty? They're fit for Mme. la Préfete! Sly little pussy-cat! That was what Victor Bart was at when he was tucking in the blanket!"

"Victor Bart had nothing to do with them," said Follette, with a saucy toss of her head. "Victor never makes me presents; I wouldn't take one from him if he asked me."

"Vrai?" said Mme. Bibot, looking at Jeanne dubiously. "Ah ça, what an old fool I am not to have guessed!" she cried, as a sudden light broke on her. "Of course it was Jules Valdory! And a handsomer lad than Jules won't dance with a pretty maid at the fair to-day. Here we are! He! Nicol! Lend a hand, little man, and help me to unload these baskets."

There was a clear space in the forest where the carts and wagons pulled up, and the process of alighting and unloading was going on amidst a great chatter of tongues and neighborly greetings when Mme. Bibot's cariole appeared. "Bestir thyself, Nicol, and carry these off to my stall; we will open the baskets there. What! you here, Mme. Pastrin? Come all the way from Tarbes to bowl my cheeses out of the market?"

This was to an old woman of eighty, whose cheeses had been famous for half a century until Mme. Bibot got the secret of their pecu-

liar make, and drove old Mme. Pastrin out of the field in the annual battle of the cheeses at Barache. Jeanne was exchanging good-morrows with everybody, and Follette, under cover of the confusion, was free to cast her eyes round in search of Jules; but she did not see him.

"Look to the left towards the Oak of Justice," said somebody in a low voice, nudging her. Follette turned round and saw Nicol at her elbow. She looked quickly in the direction he named, and saw Jules' curly head amidst a group where his tall figure and gay Basque costume made him conspicuous. Drawn by the magnetism of her glance, he turned, too, and in a moment came bounding along to her side.

"Te voilà donc!" exclaimed Jeanne, her mahogany face unpuckering in a burst of smiles as she beamed on him. "So thou art here to amuse thyself instead of being in Paris."

"It was a *guignon*, petite mère; I could not get away," replied Jules, with an arch smile. "The Fates were against it."

"Who be they? The Follies, mayhap? They mock us old folk with big words nowadays, the youngsters do," said Jeanne; and she turned to finish her gossip with the occupant of a market cart that had drawn up near them.

"So you thought I was going off without bidding you good-by?" said Jules aside to Follette.

She tossed her head saucily.

"How do you like my ear-rings?" she said.

"I dare say they are very pretty."

"Everybody is admiring them," said Follette, pretending to be piqued.

"Petite coquette! You are very fond of being admired. I wonder who you will have to admire you while I am away."

"Everybody," said Follette, darting a wicked glance at him.

Jules' face clouded over.

"I think you might find something pleasanter to say to me before I leave you. I wonder whether you care about my going, and whether you will have patience to wait for me."

"If you are afraid to trust me, say so, and I will not hold you to your promise."

"How ready you are to give me up! I did not say I was afraid."

"You are jealous."

"Yes, I am jealous, because I love you. Follette, if you loved me as I love you, you would understand it. But let us come away out of this crowd; I have so much to say to you. And if you want to pick a quarrel we had better be where we can do our quarrelling quietly."

He made his way on through the carts and the people, and then in amongst the trees, and they were soon out of ear-shot, and everybody was too busy to look after them.

"Follette, tell me something," said Jules, looking down on her with a glance that was eager and stern: "if I were to stay away longer than you expected, and that anything happened to prevent my sending you word why, would you doubt me?"

"No," said Follette.

"You would go on trusting me?"

"Of course I would! But why do you ask me such funny questions?" She looked up at him, surprised and a little alarmed.

"I was only thinking—one never can tell what may happen. But

you are sure you would always believe in me, no matter what anybody might say?"

"Nothing that anybody could say would make me give up believing in you. You never told stories or played wicked tricks like Victor. I always believed in you, and I always will."

"My own little Follette!" said the young man, taking her hand and leading her farther away into the white maze of the forest. "I was only thinking that as I dare not write to you, but only to Jeanne, who will have to take my letters to M. le Curé to read, it might happen that one of them got lost, and you would be without news, and then you would be wondering why. But you never would think I had forgotten you?"

"No, I should never think that," said Follette, laughing at the absurd notion. "You have been away at your *Volontariat* long enough to forget me, if you had been inclined."

Follette knew nothing of life beyond her village, nothing of the great city with its snares and pitfalls, nor of the altered conditions of life that awaited Jules there, and which might change his estimate of all things, making that commonplace and wearisome which he had hitherto found beautiful. She only knew that opportunities were to be found there that he longed for and without which he could never be a sculptor. He loved his art, and for its sake he was going to Paris to lead a lonely life of toil and privation, so as to make friends amongst the masters and learn to disinter the forms of beauty that slept within the block. Of other less austere delights and compensations that might await him in that distant world little Follette guessed nothing. If she had been of coarser fibre she might have been jealous of this passion that was strong enough to lure her lover away from her; but the little plebeian maid had an instinct that informed her of the nobility of his choice and reconciled her to the sacrifice it exacted. She was proud of the lofty ambition that raised her lover above herself, and it did not enter into her mind that any other rival could ever step in between them.

"Follette," said Jules, while they strolled on through the white trees, that made no hindrance to the sunlight, "Gripard may insist on your marrying Victor. What would you do then?"

"What puts that silly notion into your head?" said Follette. "My uncle has never thought of such a thing."

"You are mistaken; he has made up his mind that you shall marry Victor. Victor himself told me so, and I suspected it before."

"It is not true," replied Follette; "he said it to vex you."

But, while denying it so emphatically, she felt suddenly convinced that it was true.

"It is one of Victor's lies," she said angrily; "you know he tells lies. He has not dared say it to me. I wish he did. I would let him see!"

"He would not mind that. He would persevere till he had his own way. He has a will of iron, Victor."

"So have I," said Follette, with a defiant air that looked adorable to Jules.

"What a little vixen of a wife it will make!" he said, laughing; upon which Follette grew very red, and tossed her head with a movement that made her ear-rings dance.

"But, Follette, suppose—I am only supposing," continued Jules—"that it should be true, and that your uncle insisted? He can be cruel when he likes; he might turn you out of the house in a passion some day, as he did me. What would you do then?"

"I would go."

"Where to, child?"

"To the good God and the Madonna. They would take care of me. But, Jules, why are you fancying such dreadful things that are never going to happen? Let us only love one another, and all will come right."

Jules had nothing to urge against this sweet philosophy, and called himself an idiot for taking any less rose-colored view of the future.

But the fair was now in full swing, and the band was playing a martial air that spirited on buyers and sellers to the fight.

"Jeanne will be wondering what has become of us," said Follette. "Let us go and find her."

Jules was reluctant, but he turned with her and walked back to the busy, animated scene.

The booths were surrounded by noisy crowds; flags were flying from kiosks in every direction. In a pagoda, high-perched at one end of the market, was the orchestra, and near it, in a space swept clear of the snow, and marked off at each corner by poles decorated with flags and evergreens, the dancing was going on. At the other end a Court of Justice was being held by an elder who sat enthroned on the gnarled trunk of an oak, and acted as judge, jury, and advocate in a variety of cases that might have puzzled the wisdom of Solomon. The Oak of Justice, as the patriarchal court was called, was a relic of the feudal times when the king of France, seated beneath *le chêne du Roi*, dealt out justice to his people. It had not, however, merely lingered amongst the unprogressive population of the mountains as a picturesque custom; it exercised the sway of a legitimate tribunal, and many were the knotty points unravelled, the contracts made and dissolved, the quarrels settled by the respectable elder who sat under the white branches of the forest pontiff. He had a large circle round him when Jules and Follette passed. But this was nothing compared to the audience which the menagerie commanded close by, for the bears were the most popular persons of the whole fair.

"Would you not like to feed the bears?" said Jules; and he went to the nearest cake-stall and brought back a bagful of buns, which Follette proceeded to pass in to big and little Bruin through the bars of the cage. She was still feeding them when Victor caught sight of her from his stall, where he was clearing first-rate profits for Gripard's celery and mushrooms, and for eggs and poultry that came no one knew from where, but certainly not from Quatre Vents. As he watched Follette he forgot his sales for a moment, and her uncle's money-bags, and everything except the lovely young face, just now aglow with fun and happiness; her eyes danced with excitement, her dimples were all alight, as she tossed in the bits of cake which Bruin begged for, standing on his hind legs, with fore-paws hanging, amidst the laughter and applause of the bystanders. And there was that fellow Jules standing beside her as if she belonged to him! Victor felt at the moment that he would have sacrificed his day's

gains for the satisfaction of thrashing Jules. It was he, no doubt, who had given her those ear-rings that made the bright young face look brighter. "Sweet Follette! Why can't I make you care for me?" thought Victor; but a customer called to him for a capon, and he had to leave the solution of this enigma for the moment and attend to business. He cleared his stall as quickly as possible, and, in high good-humor with his sales, started off in search of amusement—and Follette.

"Where have you been all this time? I have been hunting the fair for you," he said, coming up behind her.

"What did you want with me?" was the cool rejoinder.

"I wanted to know if you will dance with me. Will you, Follette?"

"I don't know. Oh! look at that bear. What a greedy beast he is! I stuffed him with such lots of cakes; and just see, he is begging for more!" She turned back to the cage and gave all her attention to Bruin père, who looked very comical as he caught a bun in his forepaws and began demurely munching it, while he sat upright on his hind quarters.

"Would you mind answering me?" said Victor.

"Oh! I forgot. I promised the first dance to Jules," said Follette, looking round to see where he was.

"I will put up with the second."

"Well, if I'm not too tired after the first; but I dare say I will be. Where is Jeanne?"

"I left her with Mme. Bibot. I suppose she's with her still. Follette," he said, lowering his voice a little, "I know you don't want to dance with me; but the patron will ask me whether you did or not, and it may be as well if I can say you did."

Follette understood the covert threat, and she was in no mood to take it meekly.

"Did he send you here to spy on me?" she asked, turning on him, while her eyes flashed angrily. "In that case I make you my compliments!"

"You take every word I say amiss," said Victor, swallowing his vexation and only seeming hurt. "Let me take you back to Jeanne, at any rate. I can tell him you were with her when he questions me. I am thinking of you, Follette, not of myself. I can't think why you hate me so," he added with feeling.

"I never said I hated you; only I wish you would leave me alone."

"I wish I could, but I can't," he said, speaking quickly. "I wish it was I who was going away instead of Jules. Then I would leave you alone, and you would be happy, and I would try to forget you."

Follette's heart smote her. Did he really care for her so much? And yet, if so, why could he not leave her alone when he saw that he only tormented her? But Jules came up and claimed her for the dance, and Follette, for the moment, forgot everything else.

When the two appeared, hand-in-hand, there was a general movement and every one fell back, leaving the space clear for them. Jules danced with southern grace and agility, and no one rivalled him in picturesque fandango. Follette danced prettily at all times, but to-day her young limbs were vibrating to the melody of unseen choristers, and every nerve thrilled to the spirited measure of the music. The brilliant colors of her dress, the short blue petticoat and crim-

son and gold head-kerchief, her glowing cheeks and the dewy brightness of her eyes, all formed a charming picture amidst the winter trees, as, standing opposite Jules, she described a circle with both arms, striking the castagnettes high above her head, and swaying her body this way and that like a bird about to take flight. As the dance proceeded the spectators grew more and more sympathetic, till at last they broke into applause; but Follette, as the spirit of the dance took her, seemed to forget that any one was by, while Jules was conscious of no presence but hers, making his court to her through the passes and figures of the characteristic dance. When it was over he made her his final bow, and led her away amidst the cheers and admiration of the crowd.

Victor had looked on in a rage of jealousy. He had no mind to ask Follette to dance with him now—the exhibition would have been too much to his disadvantage; so he slunk away and interfered with her no more.

"It is not worth while vexing her to-day," he said to himself. "That fellow is going, and then I will have the game in my own hands."

So the lovers said their last good-by unmolested. Follette shed a few tears, but Jules kissed them away, and talked so brightly of the happy days that were in store for them when he came back that she caught his hopefulness and cheered up, and they parted in sweet sorrow.

The fair was over, Jules was gone, and Quatre Vents fell back into the even tenor of its way. Victor had told no tales, so things went smoothly between old Gripard and Follette. Jeanne even noticed that Victor was always anxious to keep him in good-humor, instead of setting him on to scold herself or Follette, as he had been used to do of late.

Follette sat at her wheel, and mended and washed; and Jeanne went on moiling and toiling, and clacked in and out of the scullery, scraping carrots and washing potatoes; while Gripard smoked and spat, and growled over his rheumatism. So the days went on as monotonously as the tick of a clock.

Jules wrote to announce his safe arrival in Paris, and then there was a long silence, until in the beginning of February another letter came:

"My dear old Granny: I waited to have something to tell you before I wrote again. M. X—— has taken me into his studio, and says he means to make a real artist of me! I've been at it three weeks now, and I love the work better every day. I begin already to feel the marble soften under my hand. The great artists are kind, but I am not always with them, and then I am alone. It costs money to be merry in Paris, and I have none to spare, so I can't go with the young fellows who invite me. I must keep out of debt. The evenings are long, but I have books that M. X—— lends me, and I think of you and Follette, and the hours pass. Paris is a wonderful place. First it was like a dream; now it is like a nightmare. The roar of the streets, the crowds that pass and never give one a look or a word of recognition, make me feel as if I were an exile travelling through a desert. But time goes quickly. Tell Follette to be patient, and that I will soon come and fetch her. Tell her I have seen all the beautiful women in Paris, and there is not one of them fit to scour her little wooden shoes. Mind you tell her this, petite mère! And see that Victor doesn't make her forget me. Give my respects to M. Gripard. I hope he is well.

"Your affectionate grandson,

"Jules Valdory."

M. le Curé read this letter twice over to Jeanne and Follette, and Follette knew it nearly by heart. But she was seized with a great longing to know how to read herself; so M. le Curé gave her a book, and she set to work and studied hard to master the mystery of letters, with no teacher but her own industry and an occasional word of help from Gripard of an evening when he was in a good humor. This was not often; for the severe and long winter was bad for his rheumatism, and the rheumatism was bad for his temper. He was kept a great deal indoors, and he chafed under this, and took it out in worrying everybody.

He had wanted to bring about the marriage between Follette and Victor immediately after the new year; but Victor entreated him to have patience.

"I can't bear the idea of putting any stress on Follette," he said; "I am too fond of her for that. I had rather wait till she gets to care a bit for me; though I don't see why she ever should, considering she might pick and choose all over the country side. I ought, besides, to do something first to show her I can earn enough to keep her."

"And you think nothing of me? I count for nothing, eh?" said Gripard querulously. "You've got to stay here and look after my interests; it's the least you may do, parbleu! Remember that. You will marry the little one, and both of you can take care of me. I won't live for ever, and when I'm gone you'll have the place to yourselves."

"That's just it, patron. I can't bear the idea of marrying an heiress—a poor devil like me!"

"An heiress? Eh? What are you talking about? Where's the heiress?" And Gripard glared at him.

"Why, patron, you've told me again and again that Quatre Vents would be Follette's."

"Yes, Quatre Vents; but not a penny besides! Where should I get it? Every penny I had scraped together went in that rascal Blondec's bankruptcy! Don't talk of heiresses, or you'll have all the thieves in the country coming about the place to rob and murder me. Do you hear, eh?"

"It was only my little joke, patron. I'll never try it again. We all know that you have lost all your money," said Victor. But in his heart he knew better. Many a time in the dead of the night he had heard Gripard up, and had seen light through the keyhole of the door at the foot of the stair; and Gripard was not likely to waste candles for nothing. What could he want a light for at that time of night, when everybody was fast asleep? Besides what Gripard père had left, the garden brought in a good bit of money one way or another, and where did the money go? Not into food, for all the old man's grumbling at the three mouths he had to feed. No; the money was somewhere about the house. Victor had long ago begun to suspect this. Gripard perè had died rich; he had left a good sum invested, and what had become of it? Gripard fils had been in the habit for years of going to Tarbes "on business" three or four times a year, and then he had given up the practice. Had he sold out the old investments, and, if so, what had he done with the money? Victor took note of these things and drew his own conclusions.

Follette, on her side, was taking

note of other certain things. She saw perfectly what was going on between her uncle and Victor, and Victor's conduct touched her.

"He is fonder of me than I thought," she said; and her manner grew gentler to him. But Jeanne was not won over.

"He is a hypocrite," she said; "don't let thyself be duped by his sly ways."

"Granny, you are too hard on him," replied Follette; "he is always trying to make Gripard kind to me, and I'm sure he is fond of me, poor Victor!"

"He is fond of himself, and he has a motive in pretending to be fond of thee. Beware of him, child!"

But Follette, in her wisdom, thought old Jeanne foolish, and unjust to Jules' rival.

And now it was near Easter. The snow had melted and the wicked north wind was gone, and Follette went out into the fields to look for snowdrops. The first sight of their white bells was an event every year, and she watched for it like the coming of a familiar friend. But she was not as glad of it this year as she used to be. Her happiness in the snowdrops was dimmed by vague fears, like a patch of black cloud in a blue summer sky.

"Something is going to happen," she would say; but Jeanne, who was learned in omens, reassured her:

"I have watched the rooks, and they have not alighted once in a flock on the roof of Quatre Vents; and I've never met a black cat on the road since Jules left."

As soon as the cold abated Gripard left his chair and hobbled abroad on his rounds as of old. One day he went out before breakfast, and, crossing the bridge, walked on into the forest. He stood for a while amidst the leafless trees, looking round him as if he were trying to recall some object or measuring the distance; then he began poking with his stick amongst the brambles, stopping now and then when he thought he heard a noise, and at last he disappeared behind a mound round which the underwood grew rank and high. It was not long before he emerged again into the open pathway, and as he came out Nicol met him, shambling along with a bundle on his hump.

"What brings you here at this hour?" said Gripard, with a sharp glance of suspicion.

"I have business at Cotor," said the dwarf. "The forest is open to everybody."

Gripard muttered something about this insolence, and hurried home. The moment he saw Victor he called him aside.

"Look ye here," he said: "you must marry petiote after Easter. It's all nonsense this waiting till she likes it. I don't care a broken pipe whether she likes it or not; she must make the best of it."

He was not so much angry as agitated. Victor saw that something had happened. But what? Nobody knew, but everybody paid the penalty, for Gripard was in a vile temper all day; every footstep that sounded outside the door made him start; he snarled and snapped at Jeanne for everything and nothing.

"What do you keep rubbing those spoons for? Do you want to scratch every bit of silver off them, eh? Wipe 'em softly with a wet rag and leave 'em alone. You're wearing the place out with your rubbing and scrubbing. As to the

linen, it's melting away like snow; you won't leave me a sheet to be buried in. That's what you want, I suppose."

Next morning, when Follette was going to hang out the ill-used linen, Victor followed her into the garden.

"Let me help you with the heavy things," he said; and he began to spread the coarse sheets on the line. Follette made no objection.

"I hope you don't hate me as much as you used, do you, Follette?" he said presently.

"I never said I hated you."

"You have a way of saying things without saying them; and I understand them. But tell me, Follette, you don't quite hate me now?"

"Why should I? You have been very kind to me since Jules went away."

"I was very sorry for you, and for him too."

Then there was a pause.

"It's not my fault," Victor began again, "but I can't help it. I have something to say, and I'm afraid it will make you angry."

"Then don't say it," said Follette, turning her bright, black eyes at him laughingly.

"But I must. Your uncle says I must. He has been wanting me to say it this ever so long; but I would not. Can't you guess what it is?"

Yes, she guessed now, and he saw that she did. Her pink brown cheeks crimsoned and then grew pale, and there was a flash in her eyes as she looked away and went on hanging the clothes.

"I could not ask you while you hated me," continued Victor, moving closer to her and speaking in a pleading tone; "but your uncle insists on my telling you now. He has set his mind on our marrying, and my heart is set on it, too, Follette."

She made no answer, but stuck a peg on the line.

"Follette, will you marry me?"

She turned round and looked at him without the least shyness or displeasure in her face.

"No, I can't marry you. I'm engaged to Jules."

"I know that; but Jules is gone, and he can't be back for years. And besides, your uncle will never consent to your marrying him."

"Then I will marry nobody. He can't force me to marry against my will."

"Are you quite sure of that, Follette?" said Victor, not mockingly, but in a tone of anxious warning, as if he would have put her on her guard.

"I will never marry any one but Jules," said Follette.

"Jules can't marry you. He is hard set to earn enough to keep himself."

"I can wait."

"Where will you wait, if your uncle turns you out?"

"I will go to service, as other girls do."

"You would find it very hard, and you might have to go on at it for a great many years till you were an old maid."

"I should not care. I would wait for Jules till I was an old woman."

"And do you think he would wait as long for you?"

"Of course he would!"

"You are sure he would not grow tired? that he would not see some pretty maid in Paris, meantime, who had money and would be glad to marry him?"

Follette started, but her heart did not beat any quicker; she was sim-

ply too puzzled to know what to say. Such a fear had never before presented itself to her, and she could not at once apprehend it.

"Poor little Follette!" said Victor compassionately, "you know nothing of the world nor of men. Jules is gone to where all the women are beautiful, and clever, and accomplished; he will soon get so used to their ways and manners that he will be disgusted with simple village folk like us. Fancy what sort of figure you would make amongst fine ladies with their fine manners and silk dresses! Jules would be ashamed to let them see you."

"I don't understand you. You are wicked and unkind," said Follette; "you want to frighten me into giving up Jules and marrying you. But it is no use. Even if he did forget me and grow ashamed of me I should forgive him and love him all the same. And I would rather die than marry you!"

She was beginning to understand, and her lip trembled. Victor chuckled inwardly at having stuck a thorn into her simple, loyal heart, for he flattered himself this would gradually loosen her trust in Jules. Follette took up her basket and hurried into the house, leaving Victor standing alone amidst the clothes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

---

## THE POLEMICS OF LIGHT LITERATURE.

THE correspondence of Macvey Napier, who succeeded Lord Jeffrey in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, has just been made public, and it furnishes another illustration of the wrath which at times disturbs celestial minds. Brougham and Macaulay hurl their darts at each other over the head of the editor, and write quires of fiercest criticism upon each other's articles. Brougham declares of Macaulay that he knew absolutely nothing about the inductive system of Bacon, and roundly asserts that he never read the *Novum Organum*. Macaulay declares that Brougham had the temper of the devil, and that he was the most incompetent jurist in England. Another contributor pronounces the philosophical speculations of G. H. Lewes "rot" and "twaddle." This internecine war among the writers was going on in conjunction with an elaborate system of puffery kept up by them in public; for in the pages of the *Review* they referred to one another's articles in a tone of high eulogy.

Whatever opinion may be entertained relative to the propriety of an editor's publishing the private correspondence which passes between him and his contributors, such publications as Macvey Napier's book will serve to acquaint the general reader with the frequently ignoble motives which inspire certain articles that appear to be the genuine outpourings of a writer's honest convictions. The influence and prestige of the earlier *Edinburgh Review* were very great—out of all proportion, in fact, to its real worth. Brougham him-

self boasted that he wrote nearly the whole of the first numbers; and though he was undoubtedly a man of extensive acquirements and a physical capacity for literary work which was herculean, it is simply absurd to suppose that he was at home on a range of subjects which touched the highest metaphysical problems on one side and the chemical properties of guano on the other. He certainly deserves a good word from a Catholic for his advocacy of Emancipation at a period of bigotry paralleled only by that of Cromwellianism; but it was the sunny wisdom of Sydney Smith that, pouring its genial rays upon the subject in the *Plymley Letters*, lighted up the mind of the lord chancellor. Brougham shows better than Macaulay in the *Review*, for, with all his enormous self-conceit, he had a broad and liberal mind, and he was certainly right in his estimate of Macaulay's philosophical knowledge. It may not be true that Macaulay was incapable of "seizing a principle," but he was incapable of tracing a principle through all its consequences. Brougham was furious at the excessive popular applause bestowed upon Macaulay's essays. There was no mistaking that style, blazing with "barbaric pearl and gold"; and he could hardly contain himself when, dropping in at White's, he would see the *Review* thumb-marked at Macaulay's article, and the pages of his own essay uncut. Jeffrey had a most painful experience in trying to soothe his wounded vanity, which resorted to the most grotesque ways of seeking gratification—as, for instance, when he invented the *canard* of his death by being thrown from his carriage, in order to have the pleasure of reading his laudatory obituaries. He was an able and even eloquent speaker, but he never forgave the House for laughing at the peroration of his speech on the queen's trial—a beautiful and pathetic appeal, which he ruined in the delivery by getting on his knees with difficulty (being a pudgy, corpulent man) and getting up with greater difficulty. It was more ludicrous than Edmund Burke's flinging down a dagger in his speech on the Hastings trial. It took Burke some time to get the knife out of his coat-pocket, and it rebounded so near a Yorkshire squire (who, no doubt, was placidly snoring, if we are to credit Goldsmith) that he sprang up with a volley of oaths, and threatened to pull the orator's nose.

The *Edinburgh* had it in its power to do great service to Catholics, and its utterances upon the subject of their claims were awaited with painful anxiety by all liberal-minded men. Sydney Smith was known to be a thorough friend of Emancipation, but his satire was not an effective weapon. The English detest any satire upon religious questions, and it is doubtful if Smith's *badinage* did not really injure the Catholic cause. It might be absurdly ridiculous to fancy that the pope had landed at Dover and was marching on London at the head of all the religious orders, armed with miraculous images; but such satire jarred upon the sensibilities of Catholics, who wanted only fair play and a serious examination of their claims. Besides, Sydney's articles on Methodism in the *Review* infuriated the Dissenters, and left his arguments valueless with that very portion of the British public who should have made common cause with the Catholics. Brougham was under the

influence of the traditional belief of British statesmen that popery is a deadly enemy of Protestant governments; and though he scouts the calumny about the "not keeping faith with heretics," it is plain to see that he cannot shake off the old bugbear about the civil supremacy of the pope. It is part and parcel of the British statesman's training to keep a sharp eye upon Rome, and we need not wonder that every prime minister from Burleigh to Gladstone has left on record his unfaltering belief in this article of English statecraft. When, therefore, "the terrible Harry" touches upon a Catholic question in the *Edinburgh*, we are always prepared to view the tortuous policy of the Roman court, not with alarm—oh! no; Harry afraid, indeed!—but with a calm assurance that England may rely upon the intelligence, etc., of her statesmen.

There is probably no country that finds more entrancing yet melancholy interest in religious questions than England. This interest attaches to even the lighter forms of its literature, which has a piquant element in its frequent polemics. Froissart says of the English that they take their pleasures sadly, and the same appears to be true of their religious experiences and speculations. We purpose in this article examining the polemic element in the general literature of England, particularly in that which is serial and transient.

Lord Macaulay, in his day, was the prince of essayists, and it was commendable in him to refrain from the full expression of his genuine dislike of the Catholic Church. He was born and raised in an atmosphere of anti-popery, and his education never took in that wide culture which might have modified his views of the church. For him she was always the Church of *Rome*, narrow, limited, uncatholic. Outside his special studies in English history his reading was what we agree to call light, though in reality heavy enough. He was familiar with the light literature of all civilized languages, but, as Brougham said of his essay on Bacon, "Tom knows nothing about philosophy." The consequence is that he is an admirable exemplar of the polemical method discoverable in light literature. He studied the Bible just as he studied Aristophanes. All the quips and jokes against the church to be found in the jesters of the middle ages and the Renaissance he knew by heart. He thought that Rabelais was as safe a guide in church matters as Fleury or Bossuet. He had a weakness for this light style of history which he gravely defends in his *England* when he ascribes as much value to the newspapers of the time, and to old Pepys' egotistic diary, as to the gravest state papers. He believed the most improbable tales against the church, because he had little sense of humor. The irreverent but often good-natured jokes at the expense of friars and monks, the wit of Pasquin, the legend of the Popess Joan, which originated in a funny alliterative poem, the graceless jesting of Boccaccio, the offhand familiarity with which the Southron Catholics speak of the most sacred things, affected Macaulay to a degree unintelligible to the children of the household of the faith. He seriously chronicles events and impressions which look ill for the church until we set them at the right angle. It is quite easy to see that Macaulay was unfamiliar with the great theological

writers of the church. He makes game of the scholastics, which is a mark of the shallowness of all "light" literature. Of course we have sly allusions to the question, which is supposed to have divided the schools, as to the number of angels that could dance on a needle's point. He thinks more of a passage in Shakspere's *King John* about England's refusal to bow to any "foreign priest," as a proof of England's consistent opposition to papal claims, than he does of the indubitable evidence of the land's intense Catholicity furnished by countless historical monuments. There is a strong presumption that Macaulay had no intellectual sympathy with theological studies, which require a mental aptitude similar to that necessary for the higher mathematics, which he most cordially detested. He would rather read the *Decamerone* than Guicciardini, at whose prolixity he rails, though he believes his vile calumnies upon Alexander VI. He preferred Scarron to Racine, and Voltaire to any ecclesiologist. He was fond of the epigrammatists, and appears to have despised Plato and the more spiritual forms of Hellenic philosophy. There is not in all his writings a judgment upon the Catholic Church which impresses one as the result of a careful study of a theological basis or dogma. He is by excellence a polemic of light literature.

One of the strangest of literary fates is that of Walter Savage Landor, whose *Imaginary Conversations* contain some of the best English prose since Swift, yet are they almost entirely neglected, except by those light littérateurs who go to them as an armory for anti-Catholic weapons. Landor was compelled to leave England on account of his violent temper, which found continual vent in publications pronounced libellous by the legal authorities. He took up his residence in Italy, and found, or pretended to find, innumerable reasons for assailing the church. Of a hard, unbending, British stolidity, he never even sought to discover if he were not doing injustice to the Italian people in his view of their ways and forms of practising their religion. He was embittered against the English government, and furiously indignant at the Holy Alliance, which, he declared, broke every promise and pledge it was instituted to fulfil. He also took for his game the respect and veneration which Catholics pay to the relics of saints; and certainly this poor subject of easy and ignorant satire was unworthy of a man of his unquestionably fine powers. The fervid and, if you please, the extravagant expression of Italian religious feeling struck him as supremely superstitious; and, as his studies lay mainly in classic literature, he adopted toward the church the tone of Julian the Apostate. He gloats over the most salacious stories in the exotic literature of Italy and France; nor has he the decency of Gibbon, who veiled his obscenity in a dead language. We can afford to laugh at the paltry and unlettered spite which finds ignoble expression in shameless books about the filthiness of the confessional and the horrors of convents; but it is with the gravest concern that we behold the efforts of such men as Landor and Robert Southey to infiltrate all English light literature with anti-Catholic venom. The *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor were read and studied by the scholarly minds of

England, by men who would toss into the fire even a Protestant bishop's *Refutation of Popery*. He wrote at a time when England had the Hellenic craze, when Byron espoused the cause of the Greeks, and when the world had scarcely recovered its equipoise after the downfall of Napoleon. It was a time when every element of religion and good government should have been fostered; but, as if under satanic influence, this modern Lucretius sent out books which assailed the very foundations of social order and religious faith. He had an almost preternatural instinct for finding out the limitations of religion, human weaknesses in its practice and profession, and difficulties which no one but the devil would think of; and he put all these objections and difficulties in the mouths of men of eminent character and name. Unlike Fénelon's *Dialogues of the Dead*, these *Conversations* had no moral. He was so completely a master of style that he could reproduce in words the very mental state of the conversers—a deep literary and ethical wrong, for his characters would generally have repudiated the opinions which he made them, like telephonic puppets, enunciate. The majesty of a name was made to lend itself to Landor's individual judgments.

As Hume would read with surprise Huxley's estimate of his philosophy, so Landor's various characters would rise in indignation against him. All of them are pagans, from Cicero to Pope Leo XII.; all speak like pagans and live like pagans. The pope chuckles over his successful chicanery, yet curiously mixes blasphemy with the grossest superstition. Nor is it "Romanism" alone that elicits the scorn which the conversers feel, but all religion which in any way allies itself with the people. This is the burden of those conversations which touch even remotely upon moral issues. Cæsar and Lucullus view the religion of ancient Rome as a part of the police, just as Pitt and Canning do the Establishment. Wherever the unfortunate Bourbon monarchs are introduced there is a painful display of the most puerile superstition, as if Catholicity consisted in relics and amulets. Catholic peoples must be tickled with miracles and portents. Protestant nations must be kept in awe by a vigorous insistence upon the activity and malignity of the devil. The old popular paganism comes in for its share of philosophical scorn, and Christianity itself is a vulgar superstition, probably invented by crazy enthusiasts, whose barbarous Greek in the New Testament and the Epistles is the strongest argument against their religion. Cicero says that if Jove spoke to mortals he would employ the diction of Plato; but no wonder the Athenians fled, if St. Paul spoke such Greek as is attributed to him in the Acts. Newton appears to have been a naturally good man, though it is probable that he was an Arian; but Landor makes him supremely ridiculous on the subject of the Apocalyptic predictions, and he insinuates that Sir Isaac would never have discovered the law of gravitation if he had not abandoned the Bible. Protestants, with an explainable fatuity, have gone to Landor to get satire against "relic-worshippers," not perceiving that he scorns them quite as fiercely as he does "Romanists."

The pope, in light English literature, has gone through a number

of phases. In the earlier Protestant literature he is the man of sin, and in Bunyan a ferocious giant who crunches the bones of poor heretics. The characteristics ascribed to him are cruelty, avarice, blasphemy, and other marks of the Beast. It is rather a sad commentary upon the change in Protestant opinion that at present the Book of Revelations is not only stripped of its predictive character, but an opinion is gaining ground among them of its uncanonicalness. This is the natural rebound from the absurd interpretation to which it was long subjected. England has been laughed at all over Europe for its accepted interpretation of the Apocalypse as against Popery. Ewald and other German hermeneutists leave no opportunity pass to sneer at English Protestant theology, which they identify with the puerility of the anti-popery exegesis of the Apocalypse. Grotius in vain endeavored to turn Protestantism from this absurd track; and no doubt there are even now people who believe that the mystic number 666 designates the pope. A little dexterous arithmetic would very probably find the number in Leo XIII., especially if His Holiness makes any kind of a flourish in signing his name. A flourish, for example, over the L would make it 500 in a trice, according to the ancient Roman numeration.

As we descend the stream of English literature the pope emerges from his pronounced Apocalyptic character, and becomes a most extraordinary compound of Machiavelli and Julius Cæsar—an incarnation of boundless ambition and the most subtle cunning. Now, it is a patent historical fact that many of the Sovereign Pontiffs were men by no means remarkable for the extraordinary intellectual endowments which Protestants are fond of ascribing to them. The great minds of the church often serve her better in the cloister than upon the apostolic throne. There is no doubt that the Roman pontificate, viewed simply as a succession of rulers, numbers a far larger proportion of great and able men than any other dynasty of the same length in the annals of history. But we doubt if there ever was a pope who possessed so many wonderful powers as Protestant historians credit to each and all. It is simply bosh to talk of the phenomenal subtlety, the iron severity, the brazen arrogance, the steely obduracy, and other metallic qualities of "Hildebrand," who, in truth, was a marvel of sweetness and patience, a great loving heart, which broke with sorrow in his exile. We do not know our popes in the disguise clapped upon them by these historical costumers. Who thinks of Pius IX. as a "wily old fox"? The man was as open-hearted as a child. Our brave old Sixtus V. and our learned, witty, and saintly Benedict XIV. are made out to be positive gorgons. One would suppose that, if every pope was a genius of the highest order, he should have done something that left a profound impression upon his age. But the fact is that the history of the popes is rather tame reading—not at all like the chronicle of the wars of Napoleon, or the conquests of Alexander, or even the history of many eminent statesmen, authors, and artists. But Protestants *won't* believe that the pope is, as a general rule, very much like other bishops in the church, who says his Mass, goes to confession, reads his

office, attends to his correspondence, and very often is wholly unconscious of the possession of those Machiavellian qualities to which the Roman Church is indebted for her extensive sway, her unity in doctrine, and her remarkable perpetuity.

It is to the credit of the older English dramatists that they do not introduce polemics into the play. Shakspere invariably speaks courteously of the friars, and there is not a clerical character in English dramatic literature that corresponds to the Tartuffe of Molière. Tennyson has been properly punished for his *tours* of dramatic bigotry in the failure of his *Queen Mary*. The "poor players" have generally been adverse to the ridiculing of things sacred, especially upon the English stage, whose tradition in this regard is deserving of high encomium. Of course it is impossible to eliminate the anti-popery element from the drama of a people whose mental habitudes have been almost entirely formed by Protestantism. But one looks in vain in the plays of Congreve or Ford for any distinct attacks upon the Catholic religion, or even a holding up to ridicule of the sacerdotal character. The English stage always desires to represent the clergy as consistent with their sacred profession; and it is in marked and praiseworthy contrast with the ribaldry of the infidel drama of France and Italy, in which a monk plays the *rôle* of absurdity.

One of the ready polemical weapons which appear in light literature is a phrase or a saying about the Catholic Church let fall in conversation by some eminent man. The superficial writer will find in a book of anecdotes or table-talk some anti-Catholic remark made say by Coleridge or Selden, and forthwith it is reproduced, without any reference to the circumstances under which it was spoken. Coleridge said some very bitter things against the church, but then who was Coleridge? Had he clear views on anything? He evidently did not deem the Catholic Church worthy of investigation. There is nothing more absurd in English philosophy than his attempt to prove the Trinity from the principles laid down by Spinoza. His "Tritheism," as elaborated in the system of philosophy which he projected but never completed, is reducible to pantheism. Coleridge's mind was shattered by his indulgence in opium-eating, as he whiningly deplores; and it must have been an inspiration of that drug which caused him to say of the Catholic Church that its complete extinction would be the highest benefit that could be bestowed upon the race. Southey was an Anglican of the narrowest type, and, though well versed in every literature except that of Catholic theology, his mind never broadened. Indeed, the most serious charge we can bring against him and his like is that they did not think it worth their while to study any Catholic authorities. Southey was not a learned, but rather an erudite, man. He contented himself with the flowers of letters, and knew religion only in its connection with the more evanescent forms of human thought. No matter how accomplished an English author is, his insularity sticks to him with provoking pertinacity. He prides himself upon this narrowness, and flatters himself that what Englishmen have said about a certain subject is the best and truest saying

possible. Continental and transatlantic thought must pass through the English alembic before it approves itself as an elemental force and not mere dross. All Catholic writers are to be viewed with suspicion, as presumably in league with the wily pope and Jesuits, and it is safe to attach no credence to their statements or explanations. The best way to deal with John Bull is to state a fact without apology or explanation; and the best style of theological writing for him is that which is akin to the political style of the Declaration of Independence. Apologetic writers on Catholic themes have little or no weight with a people who, like their own Falstaff, will never admit the truth "upon compulsion," either moral or physical. Men like Cardinals Newman and Manning are plain, simple, and positive in their statements of Catholic doctrine, and the Englishman understands them; for he is only perplexed and made suspicious by "casuistical" distinctions and sub-distinctions. It is said that Bishop Vaughan's answer to Gladstone's *Vatican Decrees* was more generally effective than Newman's or Manning's, because it was more pugnacious in style than that of either cardinal, and he hit harder and oftener in the rough style of the nation. Englishmen who could not understand the exquisite fence of Newman, or even the trenchant thrusts of Manning, could appreciate the terribly evident "knock-downs" of the bishop of Salford.

As if ashamed of having so long committed themselves to such absurdities in their treatment of Catholics, the English seem now feverishly anxious to hear and to say everything good that they can about the church. This change is mainly due to the divine grace which God is pouring out upon the nation in response to the prayers and good works of his faithful people, whose unclouded faith and hope in England's ultimate return to Catholic unity have been sufficient to draw down the most copious blessings. The great reviews open their pages to the most liberal discussion, and it is a remarkable fact that positivism and scientific agnosticism have wrought good in forcing the logical position of the church upon the attention of the people. Men like Mallock appear to reason themselves up to the church, and they have that hard, positive, common-sense way of stating their reasonings which is characteristic of the English intellect. A Briton has nothing but contempt for the dreamy speculations of German philosophers. He wants to know what you mean by the Absolute, what by *Ding-in-sich*, what by your "sublimated personality," and if you appeal to his *ego* in its relation to the Unconditioned you will fare well if you escape with a judgment that charitably supposes you to be "cracked." Ten to one but he will think that you are an atheistic scoundrel, on whom it is just as well to lock up the spoons. The people are becoming less insular since their writers branched out into a nobler philosophy than that of Locke. Dr. Arnold and Carlyle have made it possible for other than Englishmen to be heard with attention. There is a grateful absence in recent light literature of the old anti-Catholic spirit of suspicion and hatred; and *Lothair* read all novelists a lesson. Who knows but that in time we shall encounter the pope in his true character in English poetry and romance; and the day may come

when even the terrible Jesuit shall not be a mysterious depositary of awful state secrets, a cunning plotter of the overthrow of Protestant governments, and an animated machine which, at the touch of a spring from a hidden source at Rome, produces awful social and moral convulsions?

## MY CHRISTMAS AT BARNAKEERY.

NED'S prophecy regarding the fishing proved correct, and we trudged back to Barnakeery without having seen the fin of a fish.

"I deeply regret, Daly, that you were not with me to-day; my decision in that—"

"Don't bother me with your decision, Dolphin. Let me get into my dinner toggery," was my unceremonious reply.

"By the way, I've asked one of your cloth to take pot-luck. He is stopping at Inchatemple for piscatorial purposes. I told him you were here, and he rose at my offer like a trout at a fly."

"Who is he?" I asked, dreading the name of a flippant junior or the dead-weight of a mouldy, briefless elder.

"His name is Blackball."

"George Blackball?"

"Yes."

This announcement caused me very considerable pleasure. George was a rising junior, if not a risen one. No man was liked better by the profession; no man whose advancement gave birth to less rancor, ill-feeling, or jealousy. Blackball was possessed of one of those open, frank, fearless natures that woo confidence and win friendship. He was truth and honor personified. To him a mean and shabby action was simply unaccountable. "The man is mad," he would exclaim as some incident to the discredit of an acquaintance would be made known to him. Simple as a very child in the world's ways, as a scholar he was a Titan. We seniors consulted him as we would a book in the Law Library.

If a quotation from Horace required capping, or a hidden meaning in Aristophanes demanded elucidation, George Blackball was referred to, and ever with success. His modesty was as great as his merit, while his punctilious deference toward women dated back to a remoter age than that of the present.

A knock came to my door just as I had soused my sunburnt face into a basin full of water, and in response to my "Come in!" the young barrister presented himself. He was, and is, a tall, pale, thoughtful-looking man of eight-and-twenty, with a calm, penetrating, dark-blue eye, a delicately-cut nose, and a mouth as if chiselled by Canova, revealing a set of even white teeth that flashed again in the sunlight. He shaves closely, save as regards his luxuriant whiskers, which, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, lustrous brown. He has the shoulders of an Orlando, and a hand as white as that of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"What a chance, to stumble on *you*, sir!" he gaily exclaimed as he

seized my extended hand. "I got down here yesterday to fish Loch Inchicore; but finding that the fish refused to rise to my seductive flies, I gave over the gentle art and turned into the court-house in the village, where I heard our host deliver a magisterial decision with the awful solemnity of the late Chief-Baron Pigott."

"I was nearly in for it, Blackball. I suppose it was a clincher."

"I envied him his intimate knowledge of the acts of Parliament, especially those of Anne and George II. Happily, he was in blissful unconsciousness that every act which he cited was repealed years and years ago; but, my dear Mr. Daly, he was in earnest, and an earnest man, woman, or child is a *rara avis in terris*."

Blackball, who was already attired in conventional dinner costume, seated himself on the edge of my bed, and clasping his right knee in both hands, and wagging his foot backwards and forwards, suddenly asked me:

"Who is that lovely girl I encountered just now in the corridor?"

"Describe your lovely girl."

The young barrister instantly presented me with an admirable word-portrait of Emily Primrose.

"She is a Miss Primrose."

"What a charming name! It suits her admirably. Is she stopping here?"

"Yes."

"Any relation?"

"N—I can't say."

"Do you know, Mr. Daly, that Miss Primrose realizes a mind's-eye portrait that I have illuminated on my heart ever since I was in Trinity? I saw such a face once, years ago, in the front of the dress circle in the Theatre Royal at a pantomime, and I drank such a deep, deep draught of its intoxicating beauty that—"

"Come down to dinner," I interrupted; "there's the second bell." I did not want this fine, straight, honorable, brilliant young fellow to fall in love with this young lady. The midnight visit stuck in my throat, and my manner toward Miss Primrose at dinner was formal, if not icy. I saw that it pained the girl, and I was glad.

George Blackball came to my room that night. I saw that he was bursting to talk about Miss Primrose, and I didn't choose to give him the chance.

"What a capital dinner, Mr. Daly!"

"Very good."

"And the wine?"

"Very good indeed."

"What an admirable host your friend the colonel is!"

"He's well enough till he talks horse and law, and then he's drearier than the Bog of Allen."

"Mrs. Dolphin is a very agreeable little lady."

"I'm glad you like her."

"So chatty!"

"I'd just as soon chat with the labels in an apothecary's shop."

"Miss—ahem!—Primrose is charming."

"Very. Good-night, Blackball."

"Are you sleepy, sir?"

"I am."

"Try a cigar?"

"I never smoke."

He commenced a long dissertation on the use and abuse of tobacco, merely to gain time in order to return to the Primrose by a circuitous route. I waited for him.

"How divinely Miss Primrose plays!" came after a little while.

"I'm not a judge."

"But surely that 'Fantasia' o

Chopin's was a marvellous performance."

"Was it?"

"Were you not electrified by it?"

"I was then, what I wish I was now, and what you seem determined I shall not be—asleep."

"That's a hint."

"If it's not broad enough, Blackball, I'll extend it by saying, Get out of this." And taking him by the shoulders, I pushed him out of the room.

Upon the following morning the first object that met my eyes as I leaned out into the autumn air was George Blackball bounding over ribbon-borders and flower-beds in pursuit of Miss Primrose, who, accompanied by a superb collie, was to be seen crossing the fields and occasionally flinging a stick for the especial edification and amusement of her canine companion.

They returned to breakfast, the girl flushed by her morning excursion, and looking—well, I am not given to gush, but she *did* look uncommonly handsome; not that wax-doll or *poudre de riz* beauty—if beauty it may be called—but with apple-blossoms on her brow, and rose-petals on her cheeks, and fuchsias on her lips, and the bright sparkle of the light of the spring-time of life in her liquid eyes. Poor George Blackball could do nothing but stare at her, dropping his eyes whenever they met hers, and blushing as if he were still in jackets.

Dolphin repaired to a small apartment up in the sky, which he called his study, where he prepared those magisterial decisions which were invariably in direct contravention to the act of Parliament, and otherwise coached himself in the duties appertaining to his J.-P.ship. I took my cigar to the veranda, and Blackball, having letters to write, went to his room.

I was sitting smoking in a shady corner and enjoying the cigar, the scenery, and the mid-morning air, when I suddenly perceived a white object in motion amongst the trees at the entrance to an elm copse—indeed, it might be dignified with the title of wood—which stood at the distance of a few hundred yards from the house. A more scrutinizing glance revealed a pocket-handkerchief.

I could detect a hand waving the handkerchief. Evidently this was a signal; but a signal for whom? For what? Not for me?

Presently I heard a window open, and, cautiously moving to the right of the veranda, I detected Miss Primrose replying to the signal by waving her kerchief in return.

I waited.

In a few moments Miss Primrose appeared at the end of the house, and, casting a hurried glance round her, as if afraid of being perceived, made straight for the wood.

I do not know what tempted me to follow her, but I did so. The great elm-trees were very close, and their foliage imparted a deep, cavernous gloom. I struck a beaten path, and had penetrated but a short distance when I caught a glimpse of two forms, a man and a woman, standing with their backs towards me.

The woman was Emily Primrose.

The man—the *midnight visitor*.

I knew his white hands, and one of them was placed upon her shoulder, while he seemed to speak with a terrific earnestness.

I turned for the purpose of quitting the wood; but one of the dogs had followed, unperceived by me, and I trod upon its foot, causing it

to utter a dismal howling. Miss Primrose turned round with a white, scared face and terror-stricken eyes. The man disappeared behind the trunk of a tree. I lifted my hat, and strode in the direction by which I had come. The crackling of the dead leaves beneath my feet prevented my hearing the girl's approach; but she was beside me, and, placing her hand upon my arm, asked me in pleading, agitated tones to stop.

"Mr. Daly—I—I—you know," she commenced, and then, as though by a supreme effort, she continued: "An explanation is due to you."

"Miss Primrose, *I* require no explanation."

"But *I* consider it *is* due," she haughtily exclaimed; "and yet I am precluded from affording it by circumstances so inexpressibly bitter as to render my silence nothing short of an agony."

"My good young lady," I said, "your meetings and trysts, whether at midnight or at noonday, are of no consequence to me; but to my friend Dolphin—" The misery in her eyes caused me to become silent. "Have a care, young lady; this sort of thing is sure to end badly, and *you* will be the sufferer."

"What I *have* suffered!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands passionately.

I turned away, leaving her standing on the soft carpet of dead leaves and live mosses; and, save in the commonest circumstances, I did not speak to her again during the remainder of my visit.

George Blackball became utterly absorbed in her. I never even read of such a case of spoonyism; and were it not that he unexpectedly received a brief in an important Privy Council case, the big-wigs of the bar being all in Switzerland—how the Irish bar does fly to Switzerland during the long vacation!—I do believe he would have become rooted to the soil of Barnakeery. As it was, he shook hands with Miss Primrose a dozen times, and bade her farewell as if he were going straight to the scaffold.

I did not care to break the bubble of his happiness, and let him dream on.

"If he consults me in the affair I'll tell him all," I argued; "but otherwise I'll be as dumb as an oyster."

I did my fishing daily with Ned Joyce, and laid in a stock of stories for the bar mess that would put a coal in the pipe of "Billy" Keogh or Baron Douse; and after a visit of twenty-one days I ordered—I had to order it—the outside-car to take me to the railway station.

"You'll come to us for Christmas," urged Dolphin. "I can promise you some cock-shooting; and as I will have to decide an eviction case, I should be glad of your legal acumen; not but that I am certain of the ground I stand on, for Chitty's Reports, volume seventeen—" and thusly.

"Do come to us at Christmas," cried Mrs. Dolphin, "and I'll give you a commission to bring me a box of Holloway's pills, a package of nerve-drops, some neuralgia anodynes, a dozen of Mephista blisters—" and thusly.

I was passing through the hall when a door opened and Miss Primrose stood before me. Her eyelids were very red, and she appeared to have been weeping bitterly.

"You are going to leave?" she said.

"I am going to leave," I replied coldly.

She seized my hand, and in a low whisper, "Do not think ill of me.

I—I cannot explain now, but I hope that one day I may tell you all. I do not want to be misjudged by *you*."

"I assure you, Miss Primrose, your love-affairs are a matter of total indifference to me."

I was annoyed with the girl, and uttered this cruel, mean, and unmanly speech. She shrank as if from a blow, and, with a reproachful look which was destined to haunt me, she was gone.

It was the 24th day of December, and I again found myself *en route* to Barnakeery. Fifty times did I ask myself, as I stamped my feet to get some warmth into them and pulled the silk muffler up over my ears, why I had quitted my comfortable bachelor apartments. For what? Was it to listen to Dolphin's magisterial harangues or his wife's multitudinous complaints? Was it for the purpose of playing double dummy, or with the idea of breaking myself off my favorite habit of a post-prandial nap? What had the country to offer *me* in winter? Nothing but snow and mud, and a chance of damp sheets—a risk that a man turned fifty upwards should not lightly run. Hadn't I snow in Dublin, and mud enough to fill up the Liffy from Leixlip to the Pigeon House? My landlady wouldn't credit her senses when I broke the dismal intelligence to her.

"Are ye *mad*, Mr. Daly, to risk the country, and in *such* weather, too, sir?"

"*Jacta est alea*," I Cæsar-like uttered, as I stepped into the compartment, at the Broadstone terminus of the carriage destined to take me to the Barna station. I had written to Dolphin to send a vehicle for me, and my consternation went hand-in-hand with my indignation when I found Ned Joyce awaiting me with an—outside-car.

"Bedad, a rowl agin the wind 'ill do ye a power o' good, sir," he argued. "I'd wager a crock o' goold that ye'll be rosy an' well be the time we raich the house beyant, an' reddy for to take a hait out av' the rale natural food they'll be afther givin' ye. Troth, the rousin' air 'ill do ye more good nor the biggest bottle that old Docther Huttle, that I seen on the thrain, cud do for ye, bad cess to him for a botch!"

I hesitated.

"I'll tell ye how we'll manage it, sir," suggested Ned: "I'll plant all the luggidge on wan sate, and I'll sit betune ye an' the wind on th' other; an' a Februry lamb cudn't cotch could convaynient to this coat," giving a shake to his honest frieze overcoat—a coat requiring some physical strength to stand straight up in.

Having effected this arrangement, the case began to wear a very different aspect, and as we spun along the frost-riveted road the bracing air caused me to feel as did the immortal Mr. Pickwick while *en route* to Dingley Dell—willing to give or take a back at leap-frog.

"I wondher who ould Huttle's goin' for to murdher?" soliloquized Joyce. "Faix, it's a sorra Christmas they'll be havin', barrin' they thrate him the way ould Casey done."

"How was that, Ned?" I asked.

"Did ye never hear av how ould Casey, that keeps the Brian Boru tavern convaynient to Glasnevin Cemethry, done ould Huttle, the great Dublin docther?"

"Never."

"See that, now, an' ye livin' all yer life in the place. I'll tell ye, thin, an' shure it will lighten the road,

anyhow." And giving a cheery "Hiep! hiep!" to the horse, Ned began as follows:

"Ye see, sir, ould Casey—he's alive an' well this day—was a battherin' sort av a boy, an' wanst he wint on the batther he'd drink the say dhry. He was a good provider whin he was sober, an' Mrs. Casey was as ginteel an' as dacent a woman as there's betune this an' Boher-na-Copple. But she was fairly heart-scalded wud Casey, for whin the dhrop was in him he was all soarts, an' it's his manes he'd be squandherin' over the counther av his public-house to every man, woman, an' child that had a corpse for Glasnevin; for ye see grief is dhry, sir, an' afther soddin' their friends they cum to the Brian Boru just for to take a *dock an' dhuris*, or a partin' glass.

"Well, ould Casey got on a cruel batther, an' was tuk wud the horrors. He dhrank his horse an' car, an' a cupple av cows, an' a goold-framed lukkin-glass, an' a lot av other ornamints, and whin he was tuk wud the horrors six men cudn't hould him in the bed.

"Well, sir, poor Mrs. Casey, a dacent woman, was comin' out av Gardiner Sthreet chapel wan Sunda mornin' whin she meets Mrs. Muldoon, a friend, an' wanst a neighbor.

"'How's yer good man, Mrs. Casey?' sez Mrs. Muldoon.

"'Bad enough, ma'am,' sez Mrs. Casey.

"'An' might I take the liberty ov axin', ma'am, what's his complaint?' sez Mrs. Muldoon, who was a very *gin*-teel faymale, an' had the hoighth av the dicshionary.

"'The docther calls it relieve-an'-tear-him, but it's nothin' less nor the horrors av dhrink, Mrs. Muldoon.'

"'An' so he's that way agin, Mrs. Casey—collapsed into infayrior demaynor agin, ma'am?'

"'Thrue for ye, ma'am,' sez Mrs. Casey, commincin' for to cry.

"'An' might I take the liberty of axin', ma'am, what medical opinion yev got for yer man?' sez Mrs. Muldoon.

"'Well, I've the society docther.'

"'The *what*, ma'am?'

"'The society docther.' Ye see, sir," explained Joyce, "people joins in a society for to pay a docther, and whin any wan av the society gets sick the docther comes; but he's always a botch.

"'The society docther, Mrs. Casey! I'm surprised, ma'am.'

"'Surprised at what, ma'am?'

"'That ye'd enthrust the mortial coil of the life av yer husband an' the father av yer childer to a gom av a society docther.'

"'Docther O'Looney has a shupayrior reputation, Mrs. Muldoon.'

"Mrs. Muldoon laughed — ye know how wan woman can laugh for to vex another.

"'What are ye laffin' at, ma'am?' axes Mrs. Casey, gettin' hot; for Mrs. Muldoon was aggravatin' her by her disdainful ways. 'What are ye laffin' at?'

"'I'm thinkin' that *I* wudn't sacrifice *my* man for the filthy lucre av a guinea,' sez Mrs. Muldoon.

"'If ye think a guinea, or twinty guineas, wud balk me, Mrs. Muldoon, yer in the hoighth av a dilemma.'

"'Then why don't ye sind for Docther Huttle?' sez Mrs. Muldoon.

"'Who's Docther Huttle?'

"'*Who's* Docther Huttle! Why, he's the great docther beyant in Rutland Square. An' for the horrors he's shupayrior.'

"The two ladies parted, an' Mrs. Casey crossed over Rutland Square to Huttle's, resolved not to be bet be Mrs. Muldoon anyhow. She gev a double knock at Huttle's doore, an' a boy all cut in two wud brass buttons tould her to cum in.

"'Can I see the docther?'

"'Have ye a card?' sez the boy.

"'No.'

"'Then the dickins resave the sight av him ye'll git,' sez the boy, as impidint as the brass on his buttons.

"At this minit a big doore opened an' a murnful-lukkin' man kem into the hall.

"'Who's this lady?' he demands av the boy.

"'She wants for to see you, sir.'

"'And why don't ye show her in?' sez the murnful man, in a way that med the boy luk as murnful as his masther.

"Mrs. Casey thought the sight wud lave her eyes whin she wint into the room; for there was a skeleton, as naked as whin it was born, in wan corner, an' a stomick in wax in another, an' a man wud his troath cut, in wax, somewhere else, an' the whole place was full av saws, an' pinchers, an' hatchets besides.

"'What can I do for ye, ma'am?' sez Huttle. 'What's yer complaint?'

"'I want ye for to come an' see me man,' sez Mrs. Casey, thrimblin' all over.

"'Who's yer man?' sez he wicked like.

"'He's Phil Casey, that keeps the Brian Boru tavern convaynient to Glasnevin Cemethry,' sez Mrs. Casey.

"Do ye want me for to see him out there,' sez Huttle, 'or in here?'

"'In here! Sure,' sez Mrs. Casey, 'whin I left him there was five min houldin' him down in the bed.'

"What's his cumplaint, ma'am?' sez Huttle, a little white in the face an' glarin' at a cupple av saws that were grinnin' at him.

"'He's in the horrors, sir.'

"The docther wrote somethin' in a little buke.

"'Are ye aware, ma'am,' sez he, 'that me charge for goin' so far is wan pound wan, paid in advance?' sez Huttle, very grand.

"Here's your wan pound wan, sir,' sez Mrs. Casey, handin' him over an illigant Bank of Ireland note an' a shillin' on the inside av it. 'Whin can ye come?'

"Well, whin I've proscribed for the Lord Liftenant, an' his lady an' his aunt, an' for the Chief Secretary, an' the Commander av the Forces, including th' archbishop, I'll get round to him,' sez ould Huttle, shovin' Mrs. Casey's wan pound wan into his breeches pocket.

"When Mrs. Casey got back to the Brian Boru she tould the naybors what she done, an how she got the highest docther in the land for to bring ould Casey to his sinses. About five o'clock up comes a carriage, an' it stops opposite the tavern, an' out gets Huttle.

"'Is this where there's a man in relieve-and-tear-him?' axes Huttle.

"'Yis, sir. There's five min houldin' Misther Casey down this minit.'

"'Don't let thim let go their hoult,' sez Huttle, as he advanced up the stairs.

"Well, sir, Huttle took a distant view of Phil Casey, an' thin he wint into the back parlor, an' callin' for paper and pen and ink, wrote out a combusticle.

"'Give him what's wrote on this, Mrs. Casey,' sez Huttle, 'an' I'll call an' see him to-morrow.'

"'That's good of ye, docther,' sez she.

"'I'll thrubble ye for me wan pound wan, ma'am,' sez Huttle, houlding out his hand.

"'Shure I gev it to ye this mornin', sir.'

"'That was for this visit. I want it for me visit to-morrow.'

"Well, the poor woman hadn't another wan pound wan convaynient, an' had, more betoken, for to pay five shillin's for the combusticle that Huttle med up for ould Casey; so she sez:

"'Whin ye come in the mornin', docther, I'll have the wan pound wan reddy an willin'," sez she.

"'Have a care that it's reddy,' sez Huttle, 'for yer man is in a very critical state,' sez he; 'an' upon yer own admission he is a fine provider, the laste ye can do, ma'am, is for to *pervide* for him.'

"Well, sir, Mrs. Casey got the combusticle med up, but whin she cum for to giv it to her man she was mulvadhered complately, an' she cudn't tell whether Huttle tould her for to give the combusticle in two doses in four hours or four doses in two hours.

"'It must be four doses in two hours, his case is so bad,' she sez to herself; an' she ups an' lets ould Casey have a cupple av rousers out av the bottle.

"Faix, shure enough, the combusticle done its work well, for Casey wint aff into an illigant, paceful sleep, an' ye'd think he'd shake Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street wud the snores av him.

"Mrs. Casey run another cupple av rousers into him, an' thin be the mortial he woke up roarin' like the bull o' Bashan.

"'What the ——' ("I wudn't like for to utther his words, sir," said Ned, with a sublime affectation at prudery) — "'what the dickens are ye at, ye ould faggot?' sez he.

"'Thim's hard wurds, Casey,' sez Mrs. Casey, 'an' me rowlin' medicine into ye that cost five shillin's a bottle.'

"'That cost what?' roars ould Casey.

"'Five shillin's, no less.'

"'The price av a quart av John Jameson!' roars ould Casey, in the greatest rage ye ever seen. 'An' who, ma'am, gev ye lave for to squandher me little manes in this way, might I ax?' sez Casey, sittin' up in the bed an' rowlin' his eyes like a crab at her.

"'Docther Huttle,' sez she.

"'An' who's Docther Huttle?' sez Casey.

"'He's the great quollity docther, av Rutland Square.'

"'An' how did Docther Huttle come for to order medicine for me at five shillin's a naggin'?'

"'I sint for him for to come and proscribe for ye, Casey, for I never see ye so bad.'

"'I was often worse, an' always come to be meself!' roars ould Casey, 'an I'll be worser afore I die,' sez th' ould sinner. 'An' so ye sint for Huttle, no less?'

"'I did, Phil.'

"'An' who ped him, I'd like for to know?'

"'I did.'

"'*You* did! Out o' me hard airnin's! By the hokey, it's in the North Union I'll be spendin' me winther evenin's,' sez Casey. 'An' how much, ma'am, did ye consint for to pay Huttle?'

"'Wan pound wan a visit.'

"'Wan pound wan! It's in jail the pair of yez ought for to be.

An' how many times was Huttle here?'

"'Only wanst.'

"'An' did ye pay him?'

"'I did, Phil; an' he's for to be here to-morrow mornin' for to see how yer gettin' on.'

"'An' he'll want wan pound wan, I suppose?'

"Poor Mrs. Casey commenced for to cry.

"'I'll wan-pound-wan him,' sez ould Casey. 'I'll give him Griffith's jail, the varmint! Lave him to me, ma'am. What time will Wan-pound-wan be here?'

"'He sed about eight o'clock.'

"'I'll see him, Mrs. Casey. Lave him to me.'

"Well, sir, for to make a long story short, ould Casey got up the next mornin' airly, an' as fresh as if he'd never touched a sup in his life, an' gettin' an ould black waist, he hung it on the doore, till ye'd think it was a lump av murnin' and that somebody was dead in the house. Thin, sir, he tuk a spade an' comminced for to land some broccoli that was growin' in the front gardin, an' he had just landed a cupple o' head whin up drives Huttle.

"'Ould Casey wint on landin' the broccoli, an' Huttle come in on the gate, and whin he seen the murnin' on the doore he gev a great start.

"'Who's ded, me man?' sez he, not knowing ould Casey or expectin' for to see him out landin' broccoli.

"'Casey,' sez Phil.

"'When did he die?'

"'Last night at five o'clock,' sez ould Casey.

"'At five o'clock?' sez Huttle.

"'At five o'clock,' sez Casey.

"'Bless me sowl! but that was suddin,' mutthers Huttle.

"Ould Casey layned his elbow on the spade, that he dug into the ground, and, lukkin' hard at Huttle, sez:

"'Yes, it *was* rather suddint, and there'll be thrubble about it. Ye see he was goin' on illigant, like a house a-fire, an' comin' to like a young lamb, when a docther be the name av' Huttle ordhered him a combusticle, an' the minit he swallowed it he was gone. He died at five o'clock, an' the poliss is goin' for to luk for Huttle.'

"'Good-mornin',' sez Huttle, cuttin' out o' the front garden like a red shark; an' now, Misther Daly," added Joyce, "*that's how ould Casey done Docther Huttle out av' the guinea.*"

Lights shone in every window as our wheels cut the crisp snow on the avenue at Barnakeery, and a cheery shout of welcome greeted me as I leaped, yes, bounded, from the step of the car. I thought I was past all acrobatic performances, but the bracing drive whispered to me that there was still plenty of sap in the tree. Dolphin was there, as good-natured and pompous as usual—there in the oaken wainscoted hall, lighted by sconces, around which festoons of shining holly and ivy and blood-red berries hung with welcoming and timely grace. Mrs. Dolphin was there in a dainty mob-cap trimmed with Christmas flowers, and, beside her, her sister, a buxom little dame of forty-two or three, with bright black eyes and a cosy mouth. Emily Primrose was not in the group, and somehow or other I felt sorry; her absence made a gap in Barnakeery.

I had brought Dolphin a present of a superbly-bound set of the most recent statutes; Mrs. D——, a medicine-chest, with a book which set forth in good Saxon the remedies most recommended for every

human ailment under the sun; and I had not forgotten Miss Primrose, as for her I had purchased a pretty little French watch, with its quaint fifteenth-century *breloque*.

I detest making useless presents. They are nothing short of encumbrances to the people who receive them. If donors would only give themselves the trouble of considering what will fit in, their gifts would receive a tenfold value.

"Barnakeery is full to the garret," cried Dolphin, rubbing his hands gleefully. "We have Joe French, our resident magistrate—a good sound opinion on a knotty point. We have Mr. and Mrs. Bodkin, of Tobermore—you'll like Bodkin; he sings the 'Widow Machree' to perfection—the Keogh girls, two real Irish beauties. But *you* don't care for these things, Daly."

"Don't be too sure of that," chimed in Miss Price, Mrs. Dolphin's sister, with a cheery laugh, and showing a set of teeth that reminded me of the pearls in Waterhouse's window in Dame Street.

"We have Barney Elliot and his sister, the best cross-country man and woman in these parts. We have Mrs. Pat Taafe, the widow of the poor fellow that broke his neck at Punchestown, off Kill-o'-the-Grange. She's a rich widow, Daly, and—"

"I don't believe in widows, Dolphin," I interposed, glancing at Miss Price.

"That's right," cried Miss Price, clapping her hands.

"Where's Miss Primrose?" I asked.

"Oh! she's here, and Blackball is here," responded Dolphin.

"It's a regular case," chirruped Miss Price.

I thought of the midnight visitor, and the thorn in this Christmas rose pricked me.

As I passed up the broad oaken stairway to my room a guest was descending from it. It was a man, and his hand lightly ran along the carved baluster.

In an instant I recognized the hand.

*It was that of the midnight visitor*. I would have known it in ten thousand.

I passed him with a scrutinizing stare, and proceeded on my way. In the corridor I encountered Emily Primrose. She colored violently.

"I long to apologize to you, my dear young lady, for my rudeness when last here," I exclaimed, "and let this be my peace-offering," handing her my Christmas gift.

"Ah! you misjudged me," she palpitated; "but we are all so happy now. I longed to explain everything to you, but you know that I could not."

I was silent.

"It was nothing but a miracle that saved him. I was utterly wretched on that day—my poor brother an outcast."

"Your *brother!*" I blurted.

"Yes, my brother."

"And do you mean to tell me that the man whom I saw in the garden that night, in the wood next day, and whom I met on the stairs this moment, is your brother?"

I did not wait for a reply, but, taking her in my arms, kissed her forehead, as I was old enough to be her father, you know.

The brother's story was this: George Primrose retired from the British service, and drank the proceeds of the sale of his commission. Then he commenced operations against his sister's fortune, and made away with as much of it as she could legally convey to him,

always under the impression that he was about to reform. Then he sponged upon his friends till they cast him off. Then he threatened his sister, playing upon her fears by a false story of his having committed forgery, until, soul-sick, she flew for protection to her mother's oldest friend, Colonel Dolphin. His reception by the colonel was of a nature calculated to prevent his repeating his visits; hence the nocturnal and subsequent interview with his sister to which I had been a witness. Having procured from her a sufficient sum to enable him to proceed to America, he was embarking at Liverpool when he fell from the ship's gangway into the river, and was only rescued and recuscitated after considerable difficulty. He emerged from the river as though he had passed through the gates of the valley of death. From that moment the shadow of the curse of drink quitted him, and he beheld in its true colors the hideous phantom which had hunted him to the edge of the grave. A small property had unexpectedly and opportunely come to him, and he was now installed at Barnakeery, if not an honored at least a respected guest.

I danced Sir Roger de Coverley, leading off with Miss Mary Price, and gave the young people a sample of what dancing really meant—slink, slide, and coupee, hands across, up and down the middle, turn your partner, and the while executing a series of brilliant steps that I had been taught years before at Garbois Academy in Baggot Street. As I stood almost breathless after the dance, imbibing a delectable glass of cold punch, I suddenly burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Miss Price.

"I'm just thinking what my old landlady would say if she saw me now." And I described Mrs. Connolly and my bachelor apartments in Eccles Street.

"Don't you think this is preferable to a newspaper and gruel?" demanded Miss Price archly.

I have taken a house at Rathmines, and I *do* believe that another six months in the mouldy apartments in Eccles Street would have fossilized me.

Mrs. Daly and I will start on the 20th for Barnakeery to spend the Christmas. We travel, by pre-concerted arrangement, by the same train with Mr. and Mrs. George Blackball.

## THE NEW EDUCATIONAL LAW IN BELGIUM.*

A LAW affecting the public education of a country is no ordinary law. It touches all that is most sacred in the family and the conscience.

The schoolmaster is but the representative of the father, and it is his duty to continue in the school the Christian education commenced at home. The state, in opening schools, is bound to recognize the parental rights, knowing that a father expects to find there for his son not only solid and useful secular instruction, but also an education which shall help to render him dutiful, respectful, virtuous, religious, and good. On the other hand, to apply the public funds to subsidize those schools only from which the teaching and influence of religion are systematically banished is to employ the resources of parents to maintain a species of instruction which their conscience and their heart alike condemn.

When, in 1842, the question of clerical intervention in the primary schools was discussed at length in the Belgian legislative Chambers, the result of the discussions was the adoption of a law which recognized the right of the church to direct religious education in those schools; and this law had the unusual privilege of being passed almost unanimously, the votes against it amounting only to three. Catholics and liberals, members of congress and new representatives of the people, all agreed in ruling that primary instruction ought to be moral and religious, and that, in order to be such, it must be given with the efficient co-operation of the Ministers of Worship. So strong was the conviction of all the members of the Chamber upon this point that M. Lebeau, one of the chiefs of liberalism, did not hesitate to say: "In reality we all wish the same thing: we wish primary instruction to be moral and religious. The necessity for this is so evident that the man who should contest it would merit a certificate rather for insanity than for immorality."

By having procured the abolition of this equitable law, ratified as it was by the assent of the two parties which divided Belgium, the adversaries of the church have overthrown a work the national character of which had been solemnly acknowledged by the very men who elaborated and voted the articles of the Constitution; they have denied the principles unanimously professed at that time by the liberals, and, from hatred of religion, have broken with their past and put themselves in opposition to the national compact.

Among these adversaries of the church, Messrs. Van Humbeeck and Frère-Orban have made themselves conspicuous, and have earned in Belgium well-nigh as unenviable a notoriety as that obtained in Germany by Falk.

They and their followers urge, as an excuse for their proceedings, the neutrality imposed upon the state with regard to the different religious denominations, and have, on more than one occasion, cited the example of the United States of

* See *Le Nouveau Projet de Loi sur l'Enseignement Primaire.* Par S. E. le Cardinal Dechamps, Archevêque de Malines. Malines: Dessain.

America as an argument in their favor. On this the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines remarks:

"In a country where, as in the United States, the legislative sessions are opened with Christian prayer, where over the tribune of the hall of Congress is the representation of Our Lord and Saviour, where the President orders public fasts in days of calamity and danger, where the reading of the Bible is obligatory in the schools, where the aid of the state is largely accorded to places of worship by the liberal and generous application of the system of foundations, for buildings (for religious purposes), for education, and for charities—an intervention assuredly more efficacious than that resulting from a Budget of Public Worship—a state like this, I repeat, is not in reality under the rule of absolute separation."*

But if, by way of hypothesis, we grant the realization of this régime in all the vigor of its principle, what would be logically the position of the state, and the line it must adopt? Evidently that of incompetency and non-intervention in the matter of instruction, as in the domain of liberty. If the state remains neuter among the various religions it is bound to remain so with regard to the various forms of philosophy, and hold itself aloof from all doctrinal teaching of whatever kind.

For there is one thing which the advocates of absolute secularism have never been able to explain, and this is the completely contradictory manner in which liberalism applies the liberal idea to different modes of development of human activity and thought. Thus, how is it that in the order of religious interests—*worship*—in the order of intellectual interests—*the press*—and in the order of material interests—*labor*—state intervention is to be considered an illiberal and retrograde idea, while in the order of education and instruction this same governmental intervention and protectionism is to be called and considered liberal? A state church is called the *ancien régime;* a state press, pensioned and official, the suppression or enslavement of the press; commerce living on the favors of the treasury, and on customs, imposts, and monopolies, is called protectionism, to be condemned by all in the name of commercial liberty and progress. In all these three powerful interests liberty is trusted, and progress is made to consist in the increasingly large scope allowed to individual effort and private initiative independent of the state. Why, then, is it that in the at least equally important interest of education a diametrically opposite line of argument is employed? For this alone liberty is *not* to be trusted; for this alone the "liberal" idea consists in giving the fullest scope to state interference and action; and for this alone the one notion of progress is centralization and monopoly by means of heavy budgets, official privileges, and even compulsory instruction.

The "two weights and two measures" are evident and incontestable, and can only be explained by the fact that the liberals and free-thinkers do not find themselves so successful with liberty of education as with liberty of the press. Liberty of teaching, they say, means liberty for Catholics and their clergy as well as for free-thinkers, and

*There are three kinds of relation between church and state: 1. The absolute alliance, or, as it may be called, the system of exclusive protection; 2. A restricted and liberal alliance, wherein the state maintains a certain connection with the different religious bodies, and especially when there is a Budget of Public Worship; and 3. Absolute separation. "This does not in reality exist anywhere. The United States approach it the most nearly, the essential character of this régime being the absence of a Budget of Public Worship" (Card. Dechamps).

this is not what they intend. They are willing enough for the liberty which they can turn to their own account, but not for that which can also be turned to advantage by others. The formula of Belgian liberalism in 1830 was, "Liberty in everything and for all"; but of this little remains but the name.

We mentioned above that the liberals insist upon what they call "the neutrality of the state." There is also another "neutrality" upon which they insist—namely, that of the teaching in the schools. A brief examination of this pretended *desideratum* will suffice to prove its impossibility, and also what it really means.

Teaching, even the most elementary, cannot be neutral in matters of religion; the word itself proves this. Teaching—*i.e.*, *doctrine*—is something positive, declaring a thing "to be or not to be." Neutral teaching at the utmost could but ring the changes on the potential mood, and allow that a thing may, might, could, would, or should be. Apply this neutrality to practical science, and what becomes of it? Apply it to the science of the way of salvation, and where is the guide, what is the hope, on what can repose the trust of the bewildered soul? Neutrality is nullity.

Given any school composed of the children of Catholics, Protestants, Israelites, and rationalists; what would be the "neutral" teaching appropriate to all these groups?

In the first place, the crucifix must be taken down and removed out of sight. The crucifix is a dogma. No prayer must be said on the opening and closing of the classes. Prayer springs from dogma as inevitably as a flower from its root. Catholic doctrines must not be mentioned in this school, out of respect to the Protestant conscience; nor Christ and his Gospel, out of respect to the conscience of the Israelites; nor, again, the Creator and Eternal Father of all, out of respect to such consciences as refuse to believe in God otherwise than as an abstract, vague, and loveless "Great First Cause"; nor must the immortality of the soul or the existence of a future state be taught, lest the susceptibilities of the pantheistic, atheistic, positivist, or materialist "conscience" be wounded thereby. No; in this matter there can be no compromise. Teaching that is not Christian is anti-Christian. He who is Truth itself has said: "He that is not with me is against me." Religious neutrality in teaching is an impossibility.

With regard to secular branches of study, we will confine ourselves to the consideration of history.

It is impossible to teach history without speaking of Christianity, and equally impossible to speak of Christianity without declaring one's self for or against it. Christianity is not only an historic fact—but the greatest of historic facts—the only fact which belongs to all time. "To be expected, to come, to be worshipped by a posterity which shall endure as long as the ages shall last—such is the mark of Him in whom we believe."* In teaching history is it possible to pass over this immense fact, which rationalism owns by calling it "*the Messianic Idea*," and of which it would fain rid itself by a phrase?

Again, can the teacher of history be silent as to that living monument raised by Providence as a divine protest in the midst of the ancient empires fallen into idola-

* Bossuet.

try?—the monument of a whole people destined to perpetuate the remembrance of the creation and the promise of redemption; the prophetic nation whose sacred books declare, centuries beforehand, and with marvellous fulness of detail, the coming of Christ, the time of that coming, his death, and his great work, the church of the New Covenant.

And if it is impossible to ignore Christianity before the Incarnation, still more must it be so after.

What is the dominant fact of the first three centuries of our era while the last of the four world-empires was crumbling to decay? What was the new and vital power that could not be crushed out either by imperial edicts or popular madness; which grew and strengthened as if in holy mockery of tortures, confiscations, and death, and which, in spite of deadly and repeated persecutions, continued to gain its peaceful victories over paganism, in court and camp, in corrupt and idolatrous cities, in barbarous regions where the Roman armies had, by their military roads, made a path for the Christian missionaries, or in the Druidic forests of old Armorica and the islands of the West? How is this power to be ignored when modern civilization—that is, Christian society—owes its very existence to the blood of martyrs?

Again, when the first ages of persecution were over, is nothing to be said of the action of the church in the presence of barbarian, and later of Mohammedan, invasions, when warring monarchs laid aside their private quarrels and arose as one man, summoned by the voice of the Father of Christendom, to turn back the torrent of Islamism from overwhelming Europe? Or how be silent as to the Crusades, which, in the words of a great historian, "having almost all failed, none the less all succeeded"; or the attitude of the church with regard to slavery, her defence of the true rights of man, her protection of the feeble and defenceless against the lawless and the strong, and her upholding, in spite of the violence of princes, the basis of all social progress?

It would, further, be curious to see how the history of the sixteenth century could be told without touching upon religion, or how the struggles of Protestantism against the unity of the church, the internecine quarrels of the sects, more or less wildly anti-Christian, and alike in nothing but rebellion, could be related with absolutely no tone or tinge of personal sympathy or conviction.

Lastly, could anything be more hopelessly impossible than to teach contemporary history without allusion to the combat raging everywhere between rationalism and the faith, and this in a century more profoundly disturbed by religious discussion than all the centuries which have preceded it, and when "the religious question" everywhere occupies the foremost place in the attention of powers and of peoples?

And if it is impossible to teach history without speaking of Christianity, it is equally impossible for him who teaches it not to take part with or against the Christian Church.

The teaching of faith affirms that Christianity is from God.

Anti-Christian teaching denies it.

What will "neutral teaching" do in this case?

If it neither affirms nor denies,

necessarily it *doubts*, and consequently it teaches doubt.

But to teach doubt is emphatically anti-Christian. Therefore, by the simplest process of reasoning, "neutral teaching" is anti-Christian. Neutrality pure and simple does not exist.

Sir Robert Peel once quoted the report of a school committee in Boston, United States, which declared that a "neutral reading-book" had been sought for in vain, and that the want of a good reading-book had resulted in an alarming deficiency of moral education.

But if this wonderful book were discovered where would a *neutral master* be found?—a man without convictions, philosophic or religious, or who will never express them if he has. How will this man, if he possess opinions, convictions, intelligence, or mind, contrive that his words shall reflect nothing of his own ideas? that his look shall have no expression, and his teaching no color of its own, no leaning in one direction more than another, no character, no earnestness, no sense? This neutral and mechanical master must be a hypocrite, an idiot, or else an automaton, incapable of conveying a single idea out of accordance with the colorless neutrality of his mind—in fact, a stranded jelly-fish is the only living thing in creation to whom this imaginary being can claim affinity in the way of mental resemblance. No, we repeat, there is no such thing possible as a neutral master, or book, or teaching, and to believe that there is is to believe in a chimera.

It may also be fairly asked of its advocates whether it is this neutral school, cold and leaden, mute and dead, for which they mean to claim admiration when they so loudly boast the action and influence of primary instruction (*as they understand it*) in the intellectual, moral, and social regeneration of the people. An instruction limited to the alphabet, writing, and arithmetic does not surely answer to this programme and these expectations?

No; were these people sincere they would own that "neutral schools" are *not* what they want, any more than they are what we want; only, they intend the schools and the teaching to be all their own. They banish the priest, that they themselves may enter in his place and exclude, not all at once but by prudent and sure degrees, all that is Catholic and Christian. The only neutrality they desire is hostility. Abundant proof of this may daily be found in the utterances of the liberal press. In the *Flandre Libérale* we come upon a case in point.

"There are free-thinkers," says the writer, "and we are of the number, who have a deep contempt for the Catholic religion, who hold its doctrines to be absurd and as violently contrary to all reason as they are contrary to all liberty. We are convinced, profoundly convinced, that human reason will end by completely freeing itself from the chains in which this religion has bound it, and that it will attain this result by its own progress and natural development. Like all other errors prejudices, and superstitions, the Catholic religion will break down before the natural strength and light of reason. And what instrument of progress more puissant than the school? We free-thinkers have the right to say that *the school, strictly and rigorously neuter*, of which the sole end is to instruct and enlighten the reason, . . . *will have the inevitable result of snatching souls from the degrading yoke which the church presses heavily upon them.*"

From this and countless other declarations of a similar nature it is easy to perceive in what this

"strict and rigorous neutrality" consists.

"At least," said the Belgian bishops in their protest against the present action of the ministry—"at least let the conflict be fair and equal. Set up your secularized schools where you think proper to do so, and we will do the same for our Christian schools. Let the state alike subsidize all and each, established under suitable conditions, in proportion to the number of their scholars and according to their success. The families shall be the sole judges in the camp." Cardinal Dechamps said that he would "even admit government inspection, under the conditions adopted in England, . . . where the organization of public education is, on account of the large liberty allowed to Catholics, a matter of envy to the Catholics of every other country of Europe."

But no. "A fair field and no favor" was the last thing the liberals desired. There is nothing they have more reason to dread than a contest on equal terms, as they have proved in France, where nearly all the bourses founded for merit were awarded to pupils of the Christian colleges and schools. What they wanted was for the state to provide them everywhere with schools which they could not provide for themselves. The "Law Van Humbeeck" is passed by a majority of two; and a member of the majority, since deceased, has been succeeded by a Catholic. They have got what they desired.

And what, so far, are the consequences?

The religious teaching orders have been driven from their posts, which they filled so well that the plea of incompetency or neglect has never been even attempted to be brought against them. The Christian schoolmasters have nearly everywhere resigned, refusing to continue their engagements under Freemason *régime*.

The Catholic clergy and people, besides being taxed for the benefit of the liberals and their prey, are in all directions building new schools at their own expense, and providing them with teachers from the expelled religious, or with Christian lay masters, for whose payment they contribute among themselves.

The following statistics give some idea of this movement.

Immediate resignations of Catholic teachers from the government schools on the *passing* of the new law:

| | |
|---|---|
| Antwerp | 111 |
| Brabant | 181 |
| West Flanders | 119 |
| East Flanders | 83 |
| Hainaut | 442 |
| Liège | 101 |
| Limbourg | 14 |
| Luxemburg | 51 |
| Namur | 102 |
| Total | 1,204 |

We learn that the number of resignations now is more than double that here given; many, chiefly assistant-masters, having remained at their posts until October, when the law was put into effect.

We will now give one *arrondissement*, taken at random, as a specimen of the rest, and which is sufficient to show the feeling of the country in regard to the present law, and to furnish an emphatic denial of the repeated declaration of its promulgators that the country would eagerly receive any measure which should free public education from all interference of the priests. We could fill many pages with a mere repetition of the relative numbers in the other *arrondissements*.

ARRONDISSEMENT OF THIELT-ROULERS.

| Cantons. | Catholic Schools. | Scholars. | Official Schools. | Scholars. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Emelghem | 2 | 230 | 1 | 70 |
| Dadizeele | 2 | 278 | 1 | 5 |
| Cachtem | 2 | 208 | 1 | .. |
| Hooglede | 6 | 642 | 1 | 16 |
| Ingelmunster | 8 | 755 | 1 | 22 |
| Lichtervelde | 3 | 1,100 | 1 | 40 |
| Moorslede | 3 | 770 | 1 | 50 |
| Oost. Nieuwkerke | 2 | 472 | 1 | 8 |
| Ouckene | 4 | 234 | 1 | 1 |
| Rumbeke | 7 | 1,143 | 1 | .. |
| Staden | 4 | 521 | 1 | 25 |
| Winckel St. Eloy | 2 | 315 | 1 | 22 |
| Aerseele | 2 | 280 | 1 | 16 |
| Coolscamp | 2 | 280 | 1 | 16 |
| Eghem | 2 | 249 | 1 | .. |
| Meulebeke | 7 | 1,236 | 3 | 27 |
| Oostroosebeke | 5 | 650 | 1 | 1 |
| Oyghem | 2 | 170 | 1 | .. |
| Pitthem | 3 | 500 | 1 | 3 |
| Buysselede | 4 | 908 | 2 | 29 |
| Schuyfferscapelle | 1 | 190 | 1 | 45 |
| Vive St Bavon | 2 | 198 | 1 | .. |
| Waeken | 2 | 295 | 1 | 46 |
| Wielsbeke | 2 | 227 | 2 | 3 |
| Wyngene | 7 | 1,575 | 1 | 11 |
| Zwevezeele | 4 | 750 | 1 | 2 |
| Iseghem | 6 | 1,280 | 1 | 14 |
| Roulers | 7 | 1,849 | 3 | 160 |
| Beveren | 2 | 450 | 1 | .. |
| Gits | 2 | 480 | 1 | .. |
| Thielt | 6 | 1,500 | 2 | 46 |
| Total | 113 | 19,745 | 38 | 667 |

It must also be taken into consideration that many children attend the official school solely because their parents are kept *in terrorem* by the manufacturers in whose employ they are; and many more are the children of functionaries or of schoolmasters. For instance, at Exel there are 150 scholars in the Catholic school, 7 in the Liberal; and of these 5 are the schoolmaster's children and 2 are Protestants.

A ministry possessed of any dignity would resign within twenty-four hours on learning from every part of the country facts like the foregoing, which condemn without mercy its anti-national as well as anti-religious policy.

Instead of this, however, it remains in power, as if for the express purpose of passing some new and oppressive measure. One of the latest measures is to the effect that every Catholic schoolmaster who, on the appropriation of his school by the government, has resigned, shall no longer be allowed the privilege of exemption from military service, but be placed under the law of conscription for the army and compelled to serve; "liberal" schoolmasters alone being allowed to profit by the old law of exemption.

With what rigor the new rule is enforced may be gathered from the following incident, which occurred quite recently. A schoolmaster of the name of Vanderputte, having resigned, did not wait to be sent to the military authorities, but, saying that he "would rather be a good soldier than a bad schoolmaster," presented himself for enrolment. After the customary examination by the medical man he was, however, pronounced to be unfit for service, on account of defective sight and some other physical disability; and, receiving a certificate to this effect, he was dismissed. He came away, glad to find himself free to work for the support of his widowed mother.

Next day he was sent for by the governor (a liberal and Freemason), who asked him angrily "why he had not enlisted?" The man explained, and was about to present the doctor's certificate.

"What is that to me?" was the answer, with an oath. "You are to serve all the same."

And Vanderputte was then and there given into custody and conveyed to the barracks at Bruges, where for four days he was kept in close confinement and treated as a prisoner and deserter. The facts becoming known to the colonel, he at once ordered him to be released and treated like the other recruits.

Disappointed as to the results they anticipated from compulsion,

the liberal camp is having recourse to other of its favorite weapons—calumny, pressure, and a suspicious assumption of pious intentions.

One outcry is against the pretended insalubrity of the Catholic schools, and in several instances, as in France, a "liberal" mayor has in Belgium also made this an excuse for closing them by force, notwithstanding any impossibility to substantiate the charge.

Occasionally, however, these sanitary anxieties have a result which can scarcely be agreeable to those who profess them, as recently was the case at Ghent.

"Action, immediate action, is imperatively necessary!" urged the *Indépendance*. "Prompt and energetic measures must be taken to rescue the children. Medical commissioners must be employed, and without delay, to pronounce on the cases submitted to them. If the clericals are free to kill the understanding, that is no reason why they are to be free to kill the body as well," etc., etc.

Two medical inspectors, MM. Van Holbeke and Rogghé (both liberals), were accordingly instructed to visit all the (public) schools in the town and make their report. The Catholic schools were found to satisfy the requirements of hygiene, but the infant school and orphanage, occupying a part of the ancient hospice, and solely under "liberal" care, was reported by the inspectors as follows: "The place is by no means suitable for its purpose. Some of the rooms are so damp and insufficiently aired that no one would put horses or cows there, much less orphan girls."

The infant school attached to the orphanage was not much better. In the class-room, measuring about seven metres by six, there were a hundred children.

During a period of more than two centuries that the hospice and orphanage at Ghent were under the care of the sisters, they were not once visited by an epidemic. Since the religious were forced to resign their charge to the persons appointed by government these institutions have suffered from two severe epidemics in the course of little more than four years; and when, three months ago, two-thirds of the children were suffering from ophthalmia and typhoid fever, the sick were removed to the hospital, to be put under the care of the very sisters who had been sent away from the hospice.

At Dinant the radical party, having gained the upper hand in the administration of one of the hospices, lately decided, in spite of the protests of their compeers and the supplications of the sisters, that the orphan girls should be made to attend the godless school. The decision was opposed from an unexpected quarter. Without any instigation or advice, the girls not only one and all absolutely refused to go, but also, among themselves, drew up and signed an emphatic protest against this "liberal" compulsion, and supported their resistance by reasons so just and self-evident that, for the present at least, they are left in peace.

In numerous places we could name a cruel pressure is exercised upon employés and the poor to induce them to send their children to the official schools. In the towns where the funds of the benevolent societies are under "liberal" administration this injustice is practised in a particularly oppressive manner, and in certain *bureaux*

*de bienfaisance* the poor who seek relief are met by the demand, "Give us your children or you shall have no help." "May the good God help us, then!" is often and often the courageous answer, "for our children you shall not have!"

In Bruges (and therefore, doubtless, elsewhere also) persons are employed by the *gueux* to go from house to house of the small tradespeople, as well as the very poor, and promise gifts of coal, food, clothing, and also schooling without payment, on condition that they send their children to the "liberal" schools. It is, in fact, the souper system as practised in Ireland, with this additional aggravation: that whereas even the worst of the soupers believe in God, the Belgian variety believe in nothing but negatives, profess nothing but "neutrality," and practise nothing but hostility against Christianity itself.

Not that all this is openly avowed where it would shock minds whom it is desirable to delude. More haste than speed having in some cases damaged the application of the new law, private orders appear to have emanated from the Freemason camp, which are operating simultaneously in Belgium and France. The crucifix is restored to its former place on the walls of the class-rooms, and the known and bitter enemies of the Catholic Church and of Catholic doctrine are transformed, with suspicious suddenness, into ardent propagators of the catechism. We hear from France that the government schoolmasters and mistresses have received orders, with the sole intent of not leaving the religious teachers a single scholar, to show themselves as pious as those whom they have supplanted, and, among other things, to take their pupils in rank and file to Mass on Sundays. It is to be hoped that the Christian population of Belgium and France will be doubly on their guard in presence of this new sham, which is offering the singular spectacle of a chameleon-colored "neutrality."

Arguments failing, or being contradicted by facts, the Masonic press has recourse to inventions in justification of Van Humbeeck's measure. A few days ago *L'Étoile* announced "a crisis in Catholicism, the inevitable result of which will be the constitution of national churches," and based this prediction on the discovery that "Pope Leo XIII. represents the principle of conciliation and capitulation with liberalism," while "the episcopate, in Belgium as in Germany and France, represents inflexible obstinacy and opposition." "It is useless," we are told, "for the Sovereign Pontiff to advise: his counsel is set at naught. Orders he dare not give, for he knows that they would be disobeyed." Consequently, it is the V.·. B.·. Frère-Orban and the V.·. B.·. Van Humbeeck, S.·. P.·. of the R.·. S.·.,* whose views are most in accordance, it seems, with those of the Holy Father, while (we are informed) "the bishops retain nothing more than a merely formal attachment to the chair of Peter, and are preparing to constitute a national—that is, a schismatic—church out of pure opposition to the Holy See."

If two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative, two affirmatives are sometimes equivalent to a negative. This present utterance, taken together with another, also very recent, one of the Freemasons, is a case in point. We need

* The "Venerable Brother" Van Humbeeck, "Sovereign Prince of the Royal Secret."

only judge them out of their own mouth: "The [Belgian] bishops show a servile willingness to be dictated to by the Holy See, and to sacrifice episcopal independence to the omnipotence of the Sovereign Pontiff." The *Flandre Libérale* at the same time complained that "the Belgian episcopate was probably, without exception, the most Roman, the most ultramontane episcopate in the world"—an accusation which the bishops would accept as a most honorable distinction.

Nor is it only from the Holy See that the ministerial organs affect to separate the Belgian episcopate, but from their own clergy also. M. Frère-Orban, after announcing himself "disposed to lay hands on the revenues of the bishops, and thus bridle their arrogance," seeing that it is in great measure "their audacity which neutralizes the government schools," with a bitter mockery professes himself and his compeers to be the "protectors" of the clergy against "episcopal despotism!" Protectors of the devoted priesthood whose burdens they are studiously endeavoring to make too grievous to be borne!

It might be objected, by persons who do not realize what European liberalism is, that some compromise with the new law might perhaps have been made by allowing children to frequent those schools to which a priest would have been allowed to give religious instruction once a week.

In the first place, the time determined upon by government for this instruction was arranged so as to be extra and apart from the regular hours of attendance at school, and when the children would naturally be at their homes. Some of the liberal journals themselves owned that the hours selected would force the priest to refuse to go, and make it useless if he went, as he would find only empty benches. In one or two cases we have heard of where the priest went he was kept waiting until the expiration of the regulation hour, the children who came being set to other employment by the master.

Secondly, the rest of the instruction during the week was out of accordance with this solitary hour. Religion was no longer at home there, but came only with the priest, and, like him, as a scarcely tolerated visitor. All the class-books being approved and appointed by a Freemason ministry, it is needless to say how antagonistic to Catholic belief and teaching even the secular instruction would be made.

Lastly, in the interval between the passing of the new education law and its general enforcement abundant proofs were furnished of the impossibility of anything like compromise. Out of several instances we could mention we will only give two, which occurred in schools where the masters were appointed by government.

In one the subject of religious instruction had been the mystery of the Holy Trinity. As soon as the priest had left the room the master said: "Well, boys, I am sure you are not foolish enough to believe the nonsense you have just been hearing. 'Three in One! One in Three!' You have too much sense to believe *that!*"

In another the priest had been speaking against profane swearing and taking the holy name of God in vain. When he was gone the master held up a franc, saying it was for the boy who should utter the most daring blasphemies.

What may not be expected as the result of the newly-ordered "recitations of the catechism" under the auspices of teachers like these? The mischief of which it may be made the instrument is not to be imagined, where the doctrines of the church will be taught only to be misrepresented or derided, and her faith only to be attacked or undermined.

For the instances we have given are, as it were, only single hailstones of the icy storm of spiritual death which would sweep over Europe should Freemasonry and socialism gain the upper hand.

We are not, however, of the number of those pessimists who blame or despise all that is effected by modern society, and who await the return of an impossible past, of which, in some periods at least, and in some respects, they are apt to form a mistaken ideal. We are, on the contrary, among those who rejoice and hope.

If we had lived at the close of the last century, in the last days of the *ancien régime*, in the times of Louis XV., of Joseph II., of Pombal, and of Catherine II., when all appeared to be stagnant or crumbling away, we might have despaired. In the present day, on the other hand, though evil increases, the church has arisen with renewed strength. Never has she been ruled by a wiser pontiff, never has she owned an episcopate more remarkable for virtue and learning, a priesthood more devoted and respected, religious orders more active and fervent, never were there more illustrious names among her devout laity, than at the present time, or works and missions more wide-spread and energetic. Never need we fear for the church in times of struggle and suffering; we must fear—and then not for the church but for society—in times of apathy, indifference, and slumber. Where there is conflict there is life.

---

## WASHINGTON AND THE CHURCH.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was made a member of the Church of Christ in his infancy by baptism. The family addendum of his mother's Bible is the witness. It testifies that "George Washington was baptized the third of April (1732), Mr. Beverly Whiting and Captain Brookes godfathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory godmother." As this date was Anglican style, used when "England would rather war with the stars than agree with the pope," it was just eleven days behind the truth; and had Washington kept the anniversary of his baptism when he arrived at manhood, in 1753, he would have kept it on the 14th of April, for he would have found that the Protestant dates were all error, that the pope was right, and the king, Lords, and Commons wrong, as they had, by act of Parliament of the previous year, acknowledged. Washington became twenty on the 11th day of February, 1752, but in the autumn following the Parliament, in order to "catch up" with the time of the Catholic world, declared the day following the 2d of September, 1752, to be the 14th of September;

so that, owing to the stupid pride of England, Washington did not attain his majority until the 22d of February, 1753, eleven days after he became twenty-one years old.

No one knows where or by whom Washington was baptized; but the *fact* and its witnesses are of record. Perhaps none knew that he was born of water and the Holy Ghost at that hour. They heard the gurgling water as they heard the whispering wind, which bloweth where it listeth. They had the Scripture, which, even in their clipped version, ever coupled the water and the Spirit. They had, too, Catholic sacramental forms, mutilated, but plain of meaning, yet they saw not, or only carelessly guessed; for, like the eunuch of Candace, no man had shown them.

Across the Potomac, almost in sight of the windows that gave light to the new-born child, the Holy Sacrifice was hidden among the Maryland hills, offered in chapels concealed in private houses, proscribed in the colony (*Terra Mariæ*) which had been founded that it might be offered up in freedom. Even the far-sighted, as they looked from the windows of the Virginia homestead, could see no cross in Maryland. It lay buried as of old before Helena found it; but the hand of God was upon the unconscious Constantine who should bring to light again that freedom which Puritan intolerance had driven into hiding-places on the Potomac side. Promises are vain, if the crosses which here and there now dot its banks shall not so multiply that, within a hundred years, a hundred waves of that bright river shall not catch and hold in their embrace a hundred crosses, from minster vast, from parish church or humble wayside chapel. Surely some blessing must be in store for the waters that now kiss the shore of *Mary*-land.

But Egyptian darkness then covered the land. The state was the church. A wolf sat crowned in the shepherd's place, and one of his chief officers, when reminded by a pious clergyman, the subject of his jurisdiction, that the Virginians had souls, responded: "Souls! —— their souls! let them plant tobacco." Into this darkness came the christened babe, George Washington.

To many darkened lands there are lights subdued and dim. Even here on the Potomac side, without faith, a superstition hung about christening. The traditions of the time bore fresh impress of an incident which had happened there less than sixty years before, and the memorial of which is still preserved in a letter sent from Potomac by "T. M." (understood to be Thomas Mathews, son of the ex-Cromwellian governor) to Harley, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, in 1705. The writer first notes that "about the year 1675 appeared three prodigies in that (Potomac) country: the one was a large comet every evening for a week or more at Southwest, thirty-five degrees high, streaming like a horse-tail westward until it reached almost the horizon, and setting towards the northwest. Another was flights of wild pigeons, in breadth nigh a quarter of the mid-hemisphere, and of their length there was no visible end; whose weights broke down the limbs of large trees whereon they rested at night, of which the fowlers shot abundance, and ate them. . . . The third strange phenomena was swarms of flies, about an inch long and as big as the top of a man's little finger,

rising out of spigot-holes in the earth, which ate the newly-sprouted leaves from the tops of the trees, and, without other harm, left us." He then, in detailing the circumstances which led to Bacon's rebellion, narrates the capture of an Indian fort on the banks of Piscataway by the joint forces of Virginia and Maryland, Washington's grandfather being one of the Virginian captains. "After this fight," he says, "Capt. Brent brought away the king's son, concerning whom there was an observable passage at the end of this expedition." He adds in conclusion: "The unhappy scene ended, Col. Mason took the King of Doegs' son home with him, who lay ten days in bed as one dead, with his eyes and mouth shut, no breath discerned; but his body continues warm, and they believe him yet alive. The aforenamed Capt. Brent (a papist), coming thither on a visit, and seeing the prisoner thus languishing, said: 'Perhaps he is *pawe-wawed*'—*i.e.*, bewitched—and that he had heard that baptism was an effectual remedy,* . . . wherefore advised to baptize him. Col. Mason answered no minister could be had within many miles. Brent replied: 'Your clerk, Mr. Dobson, may do that office,' which was done by Church of England liturgy; Col. Mason, with Capt. Brent, godfathers, Mrs. Mason godmother. My overseer, Mr. Pimet,† being present, from whom I first heard it, and which all the other persons present afterward affirmed to me, the ffour men returned to drinking punch; but Mrs. Mason staying and looking on the child, it opened its eyes and breathed, whereat she ran for a cordial, which he took from a spoon, gaping for more, and so by degrees recovered, tho' before this baptism they had often tried the same means, but could by no endeavors open his teeth. . . . This was taken for convincing proof against infidelity."

There were also traditions of the time when there were chapels in the Virginia forest where the red men bowed, and of later-day chapels in homesteads. There was, until after William and Mary, no law forbidding the Holy Sacrifice in Virginia; but the statute declared "that it shall not be lawfull vnder the penaltie aforesaid, 1,000 lbs. of tobacco, for any popish preist that shall here after arrive, to remaine above five days, after warning given for his departure by the governour or comander of the place where he or they shall bee, if wind and weather hinder not his departure." Indeed, there had been Catholics from the time when the Potomac and Doeg Indians listened to the Gospel preached to them by Father Altham and the Jesuits who had come over with Lord Baltimore. True to the missionary spirit of their order, to the faith of Columbus, they, that had crossed the ocean for charity, saw no limit in a narrow river; and the Virginians who dwelt by the Potomac felt the influence of the free Catholic spirit that animated their Maryland neighbors. The faith was slowly and surely making its way, and some Catholics were anxious to procure a spot in Virginia where, amid the surroundings of a Catholic settlement, they might practise their religion free from the persecutions of the state-church officers, who had power to fine and impri-

* This was doubtless a confused memory of the exorcism which precedes baptism in the Catholic ritual.

† Pimet's Run, in Virginia, opposite Georgetown, long preserved the name.

son for non-attendance at the dry sermon and formal prayers decreed to be the only legal worship of God in the colony. The head of the Anglican Protestant Church at that time was a Catholic—a poor miserable Catholic, it is true, but Catholic enough to desire to give Catholics the same religious freedom in the realm that the sectaries enjoyed. He used his prerogative, exercised the dispensing power that Filmer and the Anglican divines declared to be inherent in the kingly office, to give this "protection to a Catholic colony on the Potomac."

This document, which was published in a sketch of the life of Archbishop Carroll some twenty-five years ago, is worthy of reproduction in these pages. It reads as follows:

"*James, R.:*

"Right trusty and well-beloved: We greet you well. Whereas our trusty and well-beloved George Brent, of Woodstock, in our county of Stafford, in our collony of Virginia. Richard Foote and Robert Bristow, of London, Merchants, & Nicholas Hayward of London, Notary Public, Have by their Humble petition informed us, That they have purchased of our right trusty and well-beloved Thomas Lord Culpeper, a certain tract of land in our said collony between the rivers of Rappahannock and Potomac, containing of estimation thirty thousand acres lying in or near our said county of Stafford, some miles distant from any present settlement or Inhabitants and at or about twenty miles from the foot of the mountains, upon part of which Tract of Land the Pet'rs have projected and doo speedily design to build a towne with convenient fortifications, and do therefore pray that for the encouragement of Inhabitants to settle in said Towne and plantation, wee would be pleased to grant them the free exercise of their religion, Wee have thought fitt to condescend to grant their humble request, and we doo accordingly give and grant to the Pet's, and to all and every Inhabitants which now or hereafter shall be settled in the said Towne and the tract of land belonging to them as is above mentioned, the free exercise of their religion without being persecuted or molested upon any penall laws or other account for the same, which wee doo hereby signifie unto you to the end that you may take care and give such orders as shall be requisite—That they enjoy the full benefit of these our gracious Intentions to them, Provided they behave themselves in all civill matters so as becomes peaceable and Loyal subjects, and for so doing this shall be your warrant, and so we bid you heartely farewell.

"Given at our Court at Whitehall the 10th day of Feb'y, 1686–'7, in the third year of our reign. By our Maj'ties Commands,

"[Royal Signet:] SUNDERLAND.

"To our right Trusty and well-beloved Francis, Lord Howard of Effingham, our Lieutenant & Governor General of our Collony and Dominions of Virginia in America, and to our Chiefe Governor or Governors there for the time being."

The exact location over which this protection extended is not now known. From its position as designated, "some miles distant from any present settlement or inhabitants, and about twenty miles from the foot of the mountains," it seems likely that it was located a short distance from the battle-field of Bull Run. In that locality, to this day, Brentsville and Bristoe Station are memorials of two of the patentees of the thirty thousand acres. Stafford County, which is now limited to a comparatively small area, then covered all the river-side above Westmoreland, and extended far above the great falls of the Potomac, embracing the land opposite what is now Washington and Georgetown.

"Of the fate of the settlement we have no record, but the events which crowd around the time and place leave little doubt that the proprietors did not hesitate to avail themselves of the freedom guaranteed under the royal signet. The

document arrived in Stafford in the fall, at a time when Virginia was already excited by the struggle between Lord Howard and the Assembly as to the appointment of the clerk of the House. It was alleged that 'the king would wear out the Church of England, for whenever there was a vacant office he filled it with men of a different persuasion.' New and dreadful dangers were hinted at, by those already in the secret of the proposed movements in the interest of William of Orange, on the other side of the ocean. The appointment of Allerton, an old resident of Stafford and alleged to be a Catholic, to the Council in the place of the popular Philip Ludwell, added fuel to the fire burning in many hearts along the Potomac shore. To add to these discontents, a servile insurrection was discovered in Westmoreland just in time to prevent its bursting forth. Rumors of Indian and 'popish' plots were circulated until the community grew fairly mad with excitement. Monmouth's men, a considerable number of whom had been transported to Virginia, doubtless were largely implicated, desiring to redeem their misfortune in England by success in America. The news of this grant to Brent and his associates fell upon this frenzy, and the practical carrying into effect of its provisions became the signal for extensive commotion. John Waugh, parson of the parishes of Stafford and Choatauck, inflamed the people with enthusiastic harangues, and some commotions took place which augured the most alarming consequences, while the upper part of old Rappahannock (now a part of Stafford and Prince William) was actually in arms. Nothing, says Burke, but the moderation and reserve of the Council prevented a civil war. 'Three councillors were despatched to quell the disturbances in Stafford'; and they seem to have succeeded, for we hear no more either of the 'discontents' or the 'protection.' William and Mary soon came to the throne, however, and religious freedom ceased to exist in Stafford, as elsewhere throughout the British realm."

For nearly two hundred years yet the region about Brentsville and Bristoe waited for the coming of the Holy Sacrifice; but on one August Sunday of last summer a little chapel, All Saints, at Manassas reared the cross over a country which saw it snatched away when Alexander VIII. was pope; and, amid a gathering of ten thousand men with banners, flags, and music, the Bishop of Richmond offered the atoning Sacrifice, and dedicated the chapel to "the free exercise of their religion," secured "from being persecuted or molested by any penall laws," not by the protection of any king, but by the natural and revealed law of God; by the declaration of *Magna Charta*, "We will that holy church shall be free"; and by the fundamental compact of our fathers which on the 12th day of June, 1776, created the commonwealth of Virginia.

William, Prince of Orange, and his wife were proclaimed at Jamestown in April, 1689, Lord and Lady of Virginia. From this time forth fear of James II. and his sons kept alive the popular feeling against Catholics, and just as it was dying out the approach of the French on the west came to revive it. Amid the hatreds, ignorance, and prejudice dominant over this time and place Washington lived as a child and was taught. The clergy, of whom John Waugh is an example, had been described by Governor Berkeley in 1670. He wrote: "We have fforty-eight parishes, and our ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener and preach less. But of all other comodities, so of this, the worst are sent us, and we had few that we could boast of since the persicution of Cromwell's tiranny drove divers worthy men hither. But I thank God there are no free schools nor printing." The parsons were bound by law to teach the com-

mon prayer-book catechism, but they often failed; for the labor would have been immense, as besides the children there was a large pagan population of newly imported negroes, whose ranks were recruited every year by other pagans brought direct from Africa. Some of the clergy were learned and pious men, and it is charity to believe that the reports concerning others are without foundation.

Such was the state church which assumed to be George Washington's religious teacher. He probably never saw a Catholic until he grew to manhood. There is no mention of any religious instruction given him, except the traditions, recorded by Parson Weems, of the striking examples by which his father impressed upon him some of the truths and precepts of natural religion: the cabbage-seed which, in imitation of Beattie, he planted that it might grow and spell his name, to illustrate that creation implies a Creator; the half-apple which he gave away in the spring, rewarded by abounding fruit in autumn, to illustrate the need and reward of kindliness—such were the teachings of the new Ulysses to Telemachus. A part of Catholic tradition, with its reverence for the Holy Scriptures, was probably taught him, the enemy, may be, sowing tares all the time; but it is possible that he was never taught that the church is the enemy of the Bible, for he never went to Sunday-school. His mother must have taught him something of revealed truth, which, for Our Blessed Lady's sake, it is given to mothers to teach their children. "George was always a good boy," said she when, in after-years, her son had risen to the height of a great ambition, and some French officers congratulated her upon it.

When Washington reached manhood he probably believed in a Supreme Being, who required him to do his duty as shown him by his natural conscience, modified by his surroundings in life. He seems faithfully to have adhered to this standard. He early showed himself, by unusual service to the state, capable of high employment; and in March, 1754, when he was twenty-three years of age, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the regiment then being raised for service against the French, who had advanced from Fort Du Quesne (Pittsburgh) towards Winchester, Va. On the 19th of March in that year he made his first formal declaration of disbelief in Catholic truth. The record of the act is still extant. It is upon the minutes of the county court of Fairfax, and reads:

"Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington, Lieutenants John West, Jr., and James Towers, presented their military commissions, took the oaths according to law registered (or rogated), and subscribed to the *test*."

This test had been years before devised in England in the same spirit which led the Japanese to make trampling upon the crucifix a test against Catholics at Yeddo. A copy of the English test still remains at Fairfax Court-House.

Upon one of the last pages of an old court blotter extending 1751–3 the test is written, in a plain, clear hand, at the top of the page; but the ink, like the memory of the iniquity, has almost faded out:

"THE SUBSCRIBERS DECLARE THAT THERE IS NO TRANSUBSTANTIATION IN THE SACRAMENT OF

THE LORD'S SUPPER, OR IN THE ELEMENTS OF BREAD OR WINE, AT OR AFTER THE CONSECRATION THEREOF BY ANY PERSON WHATEVER."

This test is signed by George William Fairfax, Wm. Ramsay, and others in 1751; but the later signatures are gone, and it does not contain Washington's name. In 1751 there was no answer to this declaration in all Virginia. Now the tinkle of the consecration-bell at the Chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows a short distance away can almost be heard in the old court-house where this moth-eaten record is fading out of the light.

All the Catholics that Washington met for years henceforth were Frenchmen and enemies. The tales of French cruelty, generally false; the errors and false charges which grew out of the death of M. de Jumonville, whom, it was said untruly, Washington had allowed to be assassinated while coming with despatches, all doubtless conspired to fix upon him the universal sentiment amid which he had been brought up—that the Catholic Church was at best but "a corrupt following of the apostles." He probably gave the subject little thought.

His letters show, to this time, no Catholic correspondent. Even a correspondence with Maryland Calverts in relation to the marriage of his step-son, John Parke Custis, to Miss Calvert, which suggests Catholicity, is with Protestants. As yet he seems never to have known personally any Catholic who avowed his faith.

The legislation was more rigorously anti-Catholic than ever in 1756. Laws were enacted providing for "the disarming of papists." In the terror which followed Braddock's defeat not only were "papists" ordered to be deprived of arms, but they were forbidden to own an effective horse. Even a vessel load of poor Acadian prisoners affrighted the Notables at Williamsburg, the seat of Governor Dinwiddie's court—these sad exiles, reft from a blessed land on which their lingering eyes had last rested only to behold their homes on fire.

"When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile—
Exile without an end, and without an example in story;
When far asunder on separate coasts the Acadians landed,
Scattered like flakes of snow, friendless, homeless, hopeless,
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside."

Yet when some of these poor exiles arrived in Virginia they met an old Virginia welcome in this style:

"Whereas a large number of people called Neutral French have lately been sent into this Colony from Nova Scotia, and it is apprehended that their continuance here will greatly endanger the peace and safety of the colony, be it therefore enacted, That Peyton Randolph, etc., be hereby empowered and required to contract with any person willing to transport the said Neutral French to Great Britain, and to agree on such prices, etc., as they shall judge reasonable."

Surely timidity must have been extreme when they refused a home to Evangeline because they were afraid of her. To make this transaction still meaner, every cent of this cost was taken from the £40,000 which had been provided to support Washington and his troops, who were fighting on the frontier amid such drawbacks from the Notables of Williamsburg as, Wash-

ington writes to Gov. Dinwiddie, "would induce me, at any other time than this of imminent danger, to resign, without one hesitating moment, a commission from which I never expect to reap either honor or benefit." Less than thirty years afterwards six thousand compatriots of these Acadians marched, with trumpet's blare and banners flying, with Rochambeau, Viomé-nil, and Chastellux at their head, through this same Williamsburg amid the wild shouts and glad hurrahs of the Virginians. Upon the waters whence sailed the ship that bore these poor Acadians to a second exile French ships rode and French cannon thundered to make Virginia free.

It seems likely that the first Catholic Washington ever saw was Captain Joncaire, whom he met at Venango on the 4th of December, 1753, when he bore the letter of Gov. Dinwiddie to the French commander at Fort Du Quesne. He captured in 1754, at the fight with Jumonville, M. Drouillon, a French officer, and two cadets, M. de Boucherville and M. de Sable, with thirteen privates. These Dinwiddie refused to exchange, and these poor Catholics were kept in Virginia many weary months, first at one place, then at another. They were in Alexandria in April, 1755, when Braddock landed, and were locked up to prevent their observation of his movements. Many a "Hail Mary" these home-sick prisoners sent up as they were moved from place to place. Theirs were probably the first *Ave Marias* that ascended from the interior of Virginia. Soon after Braddock's expedition their prayers were answered and they were sent across the ocean.

The wars over, and Washington married, he seems to have taken some interest in the affairs of his neighborhood, and he was chosen vestryman in two parishes. A parish vestry was then, however, more a civil than a religious body. It indentured apprentices, attended to bounding lands, overlooked the poor and the like, as well as paid the parson and bought his surplice.

Washington attended a Catholic church for the first time on the 9th of October, 1774, when he was over forty-two years old. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and on one of the Sundays he spent there he went to Vespers at St. Joseph's Church. He makes record of the visit, but gives no hint of the effect produced upon him by the services or what he thought of them. He writes in his diary merely: "October 9.—Went to Presbyterian meeting in the forenoon and the Romish church in the afternoon; dined at Bevan's."

No other record of him in any relation to Catholics or Catholicism appears until he took command of the Continental army at Cambridge and on Boston Heights. The New-Englanders had imported the custom of celebrating the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot by burning, not a stuffed image of Guy Fawkes, but an effigy of the pope. There was some proposal, as the 5th of November, 1775, approached, to repeat this sport in the American camp near Boston while Montgomery and Arnold were making their way toward Quebec with every prospect of its capture. The stupid malignity of this sort of carnival was rebuked by Washington in this order:

"NOVEMBER 5.

"As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and

childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture, at a time when we are soliciting and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause, the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering them the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are so much indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

The surroundings of the army during the Revolutionary war must have called Washington's attention, in some degree at least, to Catholics, if not to the church; but it was a time too stormy and full of daily needs to allow much thought on what he considered an abstract question. He must have known Barry Moylan and other American and foreign officers who held the Catholic faith. Colonel John Fitzgerald, one of his aides-de-camp, and long his neighbor at Alexandria, was a Catholic. It is possible that in his military association with these officers Washington saw nothing which led him to suppose that their religion was so very different from his own as to require him to make any special inquiry about it. He never saw a Sister of Charity on his battle-fields; her white cornette, flag of the Truce of God, carrying the charity of angels beside the courage of men. Charles Carroll of Carrollton did not enter the Congress until July 2, 1776, long after Washington had left the legislature for the field. His acquaintance with Rev. John Carroll was not, like Franklin's—who had gone with him on the mission to Canada—intimate and friendly, but only courteous and official. Years afterwards, when Washington was enjoying home life at Mount Vernon, came young Carroll of Carrollton to court his step-daughter, Nellie Custis. Young Carroll's suit, says Irving, "was countenanced by Mrs. Washington"; but Washington favored his protégé, Lawrence Lewis, and so did the young lady, so the question of a mixed marriage never came on the *tapis*.

Of all the Catholic officers of the army, Lafayette only grew to be intimate with Washington. The marquis was a Catholic, it is true, but a Catholic reared in France when "isms" called themselves Catholic, and Jansenism, Gallicanism, quietism, and the like had touched men's faith with canker.

Washington mentions in his diary going to Mass once while attending at Philadelphia the sessions of the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He writes: "May 27.—Went to Romish church to High Mass; dined, drank tea, and spent the evening at my lodgings."

While at Georgetown in 1791, making arrangements for the foundation of the federal city, he paid a visit to Georgetown College. It is mentioned by the *Metropolitan* that—

"While the small college was surrounded by a whitewashed paling fence a horseman, well stricken in years but of noble and soldier-like bearing, reined up his charger at the little gateway and hitched him to the fence. Alighting with grace and ease, he entered the humble enclosure with a benevolent serenity of countenance and a placid look of confidence for a cordial reception. This every American gentleman feels in visiting his friends. On this occasion the young Professor Mathews had the plea-

sure and the honor to be the first to welcome to Georgetown College General George Washington. I have heard," continues the narrator, "Father Mathews repeat with evident delight the familiar and accurate remarks of *Pater Patriæ* on that memorable occasion: how the *first citizen* admired the lofty and picturesque situation of the house, and then descanted on the chilling blasts in sharp winter of the fierce northwester; how we must be paid for summer scenery by wintry storms."

Washington, on his elevation to the Presidency, received an address from the Catholics of the Union, and returned a formal reply. The correspondence has often been published, and differs in no notable degree from similar addresses which passed about the same time between the sects and the President.

So far as any record goes, it would be quite as reasonable to infer that Washington believed Our Lady to be the Mother of God as that he believed our Saviour to be the Son of God. In all of his voluminous writings as published the holy name of Jesus Christ is never once written. Family prayer was unknown at Mount Vernon, and, with death standing at his bedside face to face with him, he calmly attended to the little earthly business he had left before uncompleted, but never asked to see his pastor nor spoke a word that indicated a religious sentiment. Yet in early manhood he had "fasted all day" upon the occasion of a public fast, and in all his public career he was especially careful that there should be public religious services in camp; and whether in office at New York or Philadelphia, or in private life at home, he always attended some church—nearly always the nearest Episcopal church—on Sunday. He habitually, when in authority, urged the keeping holy of Sunday, discountenanced gaming, and punished profanity in the service. One of his earliest orders directs his officers, "if they should hear the men swearing or using oaths or execrations, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately without court-martial." His official deliverances during the Revolution are notable in their frequent recognition of an overruling Providence, and of special interpositions of the divine government in support of the American cause. Even in a private letter to Governor Nelson, of Virginia, in August, 1778, when the British who had been chasing him were reduced to rely upon the spade and pickaxe for their defence, he dwells on the same subject, and says: "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations. But it will be time enough for me to turn preacher when my present appointment ceases; and therefore I shall add no more on the doctrine of Providence." One or two expressions, such as "the benign light of Revelation," "the divine Author of our blessed religion," may be gathered from the many volumes of his writings to show that a Christian idea underlay his thoughts; and there are not wanting traditions of episodes which represented him as possessed of a more devotional spirit than he ordinarily manifested in his life or which anywhere appears in his writings: His thought that "ours is a kind of a struggle designed by Providence to try the patience, fortitude, and virtue of men," seems but other words for the Catholic thought, "Our life is the God-directed education of our souls, and the fashion of our human life is the

mould which God has prepared for us," so impressively and beautifully developed in "The Eternal Years." Mr. Sparks, who collected much evidence on the subject of Washington's religious convictions, concludes "that he believed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as usually taught in that (the Protestant Episcopal) church, according to his understanding of them."

Although Washington has been set up as a special patron of Freemasonry, he seems to have early grown tired of its childish mysteries, not to have gone beyond the first three degrees, and never to have attended a Masonic lodge more than two or three times after he grew to be thirty-six years old. That he abhorred the doctrines which in Continental Europe are known as Freemasonry and which, perhaps, are never revealed except in the higher degrees there, his letters to Rev. G. W. Snyder, a clergyman of Frederick, Md., leave no shadow of doubt. Mr. Snyder had sent *Robinson's Proofs of a Conspiracy* to the general, and in reply Washington writes:

"I have heard much of the nefarious and dangerous plan and doctrines of the *Illuminati*, but never saw the book until you were pleased to send it to me. . . . The multiplicity of matters . . . allows me to add little more now than thanks for your kind wishes and favorable sentiments, except to correct an error you have run into of my presiding over the English lodges in this country. The fact is, I preside over none, nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years. I believe, notwithstanding, that none of the lodges in this country are contaminated with the principles ascribed to the Society of the *Illuminati*."

In another letter to the same minister, dated October 24, 1798, he returns to the subject and writes to explain his former letter:

"It was not my intention," he said, "to doubt that the doctrines of the *Illuminati* and the principles of Jacobinism had not spread in the United States. On the contrary, no one is more fully satisfied of this fact than I am. The idea I meant to convey was that I did not believe that the lodges of Freemasons in this country had, as societies, endeavored to propagate the diabolical tenets of the former or pernicious principles of the latter, if they are susceptible of division."

*Finis coronat opus.* The supreme hour of life is that when man stands face to face with death. Washington came to that hour in December, 1799. He gave expression to no religious conviction, spoke no word of hope beyond the grave, and died like a Greek Stoic. He selected one of two wills which he had previously prepared, and directed that the other be burned; arranged with composure the few small matters of business to which he had not before attended; and spent his last breath in securing himself from premature burial. "I am going," he said; "have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days." The affected attendant answered incoherently amid tears. "Do you understand me?" said the dying man. "Yes," was the response. "'Tis well," said Washington. He spoke no more, and in half an hour was dead. The ministers whom he had never invited to his death-bed officiated at his funeral and prayed for everybody but him. His body was placed in the tomb that has become a shrine of pilgrimage. To call it the Mecca of America, as is sometimes done, is an offensive incongruity; for that name, connected with an Arab impostor, can never attain

dignity sufficient to be associated with the grave of the great and good natural man whom we shall ever venerate.

And if Sir Thomas More ever said of the Greek sage, "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis," surely we may murmur as we look within the dark grating at Mount Vernon, where there is emblem neither of resurrection nor of hope, *Domine, dona ei requiem.*

---

## THE LEGEND OF DIMAS.

HODIE MECUM ERIS IN PARADISO.

In that wild day—so doth old legend tell—
When Herod sought the life of Juda's King,
When word divine was brought by Gabriel
How God's dear Son to keep from perishing,

Three homeless wanderers crossed the sunny waste
Of Syrian desert, seeking the far Nile;
Now bore sweet Mary Jesus on her breast,
Now bore St. Joseph his soul's King awhile.

Weary the days' long leagues of sun-burned land,
Weary the nights of rest beneath the moon:
The earth's Creator by his creatures banned!
His rule of love divine denied so soon!

Softly his little arms would twine about
His mother's neck, and softly his sad eyes
Would, meeting hers, pour all their sweetness out—
Fair day-stars shining through her sorrowing skies!

And, gently on St. Joseph's true arms borne,
The Christ, not yet to graceless men revealed,
To make the weary hours less forlorn
Stroked the kind hand that was his earthly shield.

Where, from the desert, stony hills upstart,
One eve the pilgrims halted in a wild
Where offered shelter kindly woman's heart
That pitied sore the Maiden and the Child;

Pitied the slight young mother's fragile air—
Sad heart of mother troubled grievously
In one dear child strong-limbed, but all too fair,
White with the dreadful scourge of leprosy!

Kind shelter to the wanderers she gave,
This gentle wife of outlawed robber-chief,
Her home the deep-embosomed mountain-cave
To weary-footed pilgrims blessed relief.

Shone the soft firelight on a fair, strange scene:
Sad mother with her smitten little one,
The Holy Maid that clasped her Babe serene,
The Father's shadow watching o'er his Son.

Did that poor woman in her heart discern
What guests this night she harbored at her hearth?
Did darkened soul with love instinctive turn
To greet the little Lord of Heaven and earth?

Grace did she feel soft falling from his breath,
And healing from the touch of baby-hand?
Not as with earthly grace that perisheth
Clothed these wayfarers in the desert land.

Ere unto infant sleep his limbs were laid,
That she might wash her weary little Child
Some water meekly begged the Mother-Maid—
Cleansing from desert stain the Undefiled.

O sudden thought that stirred the mother's breast!
The sorrowing mother of the smitten one,
The faith fulfilling that her heart confessed,
In that waste water bathed she o'er her son.

O wondrous change as that blessed laver fell!
Straightway the white and awful leprosy
Waned as the snow beneath the spring sun's spell,
And rosy bloom effaced shame's livery.

Rosy and beautiful the boy had grown,
On his young life no shadow resting now,
New-crowned he reigned on one heart's royal throne,
Lifted to men henceforth a fearless brow.

With morn the exiles wandered forth once more,
The little Dimas, watching as they went,
Throned on his mother's arms that proudly bore,
While grateful blessings spoke her heart's content.

On passed the homeless ones o'er stony ways,
O'er arid plain, by palm-o'ershadowed spring,
On where the green-waved Nile old Egypt sways,
Where Egypt's gods in fear fell shattering.

Thenceforth fair Dimas grew in life and strength;
No firmer foot than his the sharp rocks pressed.
Grown old enough to join the band at length,
No robber stood of hardier fame confessed.

Long years sped by—nigh three-and-thirty years—
And Dimas, ever daring more, at last,
Terror of men and cause of women's tears,
Into Jerusalem chained captive passed.

Condemned to death most shameful, he was bound
And lifted up to heaven on a cross;
Fierce agony in all his limbs, he groaned
With bitter execrations at life's loss.

One hung beside him, lifted too on high,
At whom the robber flung his words of scorn,
Who nothing answered to their cruelty,
So loving, unto death, this soul forlorn.

Strange seemed the silence to the dying thief;
He turned to gaze upon the wounded face—
Was it his mother's heart that brought relief?
The old divining waked again to grace?

He did not know that this uplifted One
From his youth's blasting curse had washed him clean,
That royal blood of God's Beloved Son
Must wash the ghastlier leprosy of sin.

Upon the Sufferer's face divine he gazed;
He heard men's cruel taunts, well heard he too
The prayer sublime, 'mid agony, upraised:
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

Then Jesus looked on him, grace filled his soul—
The old, sweet grace that looked from childish eyes
When his fond mother's faith had made him whole
In far, dim cave o'er-shone by Syrian skies.

Beneath the cross another woman's faith
Gives him the richer grace of Paradise—
The mother true whose sons none numbereth,
Who gives for them love's dearest sacrifice.

"When that thou comest in thy kingdom, Lord,
Remember me." O thorn-crowned charity,
How swift the sweetness of thy honey poured!
"Amen, I say to thee, this day with me

"Thou shalt be even in Paradise." The debt
Of that long-distant hospitality
By God, most merciful, remembered yet,
Through life eternal paid with usury.

"This day in Paradise!" And when God's heart
Was opened with the cruel spear, the blood
That followed, like pent stream, the loosening dart
Washed Dimas once again with cleansing flood;

The new-found mother, still the cross below
Speeding this soul to Paradise with prayer—
Dear-ransomed soul her heart claimed long ago
When love and faith made Syrian desert fair.

## OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB.

One Christmas eve, fifty years ago, twelve of us Glasgow students inaugurated a club such as, we proudly thought, rivalled any of those mysterious societies and gatherings common in romance, and not unknown among college boys at the most stately and ancient universities surviving in foreign lands. An old-fashioned tavern on the outskirts of the city (it stands far within the present city limits) was the place we chose for meeting, and the host entered into the fun all the more heartily that the feast was to fill his pockets and help to empty his cellar. The club was limited to twelve members, who were pledged never to fill up the number, to meet once a year only (that is, *as* members), on Christmas eve, and, failing to do so through unavoidable circumstances, to send to the president a letter to be read on the occasion and deposited on the absentee's empty chair. Further, if a member failed to appear or send the required letter, he was to be accounted dead and no inquiry to be made by the rest; indeed, his very name was no more to be heard.

For three years the full complement of members took their places at McGlashan's Tavern each appointed day, and told stories, drank toasts, and generally upheld the student-ideal of rollicking but harmless wildness. Most of us, of course, were poor, and all dependent on ourselves. Some were of the traditional Scotch student type, the sons of struggling men anxious to rise in the world; some the children of English and Irishmen resident in Glasgow as clerks in business houses, foremen in factories, and such. We all aspired to professional life, and were studying for doctors, lawyers, engineers, and one or two for the ministry. Christmas, as every one knows, is not kept in Scotland, and was even less so in our time than now; while in England it was kept much more merrily than at present, and those of us who remembered it in their former homes, or whose parents tried to keep up its spirit in their present ones, introduced into our club all the traditional customs which time and space allowed us to imitate. We levied contributions in kind on each of our households for the table and decoration of our room: one brought huge candles, one a deer's head (his father had once worked for a dealer in stuffed animals), one brought evergreens from a villa where his cousin was gardener, several brought candlesticks of various patterns and sizes, wine and whiskey, raisins and dried plums (this for snap-dragon), home-made cakes, musical instruments, besides our accumulated savings to pay for the substantial part of the banquet. We had a roaring fire, and a bunch of English mistletoe hung over the door, though there was no one to kiss under it except the cheery but middle-aged waitress, the maiden sister of the host. This mistletoe came all the way from Devonshire, from the godmother of one of our number, Edward Caxton, who was one of the "best off" among us.

After three years we sat down to our Christmas feast with one

chair vacant, and a letter was read, telling of a small, humdrum business established on limited means in a seaside town in the south of Ireland, and wishing well to all the club, whom the writer, through want of money, could not join. And so on for five years, when our number was reduced to eight (one having died, another disappeared without notice, and a third gone to some South American mines), and we met once more, not quite so full of boisterous spirits, and saddled with responsibilities and doubts such as we scouted before experience had taught us better. I was a parish doctor now in a small village not so far from Glasgow as to prevent my keeping our old appointment, but my means were small enough to make even this dissipation a consideration. No doubt something of the same kind blurred the pleasure of each of those whom I was going to meet; and as to that, how could I tell whom I should meet? Some one would probably be missing.

As I neared the tavern, and saw the glow of the lights on the table, and the flickering of the firelight behind the red curtains that shaded the small-paned, old-fashioned window, my dismal thoughts began to give way to fancies more meet for the occasion; my spirits rose, and I walked faster, shaking the snow off my shaggy great-coat and clapping my hands together. I was the first at the tavern, and was welcomed by the host as if he had been my father; indeed, the homelike feeling old McGlashan contrived to throw over everything belonging to his establishment was the special charm of the unpretending little place. Two big arm-chairs were drawn up to the fire, and on the tall mantelshelf, almost beyond my reach, were two huge candles in uneven candlesticks; the array of secondary dishes already on the table looked very tempting, and everything tended to throw me into a pleasant day-dream. Before another quarter of an hour two of our fellowship came in together, boisterous and clumsy, full of Christmas fun, bringing an atmosphere of jollity into the room, and greeting me as became friends who had not met since midsummer. Some random talk about our various "shops," inquiries about friends, a fire of cross-questions and crooked answers, and an occasional surmise about the number we might expect to muster to-night, filled up the time till the next arrival. We were all curiosity, and watched the door with a touch of that old mysterious expectation which we had cultivated as college lads, when in came the least mysterious and the cheeriest of our company, a young Irish engineer, still on the look-out for a job. We began to pluck up courage; half of the club was here, and perhaps this year might go by without the melancholy vacant seat troubling our enjoyment of the good things we could smell plainly from the kitchen. Another and another came in till all but one of the eight were there; and the irreverent Irishman began parodying "We are seven" in the most ludicrous, mock-pathetic way, while we all rather anxiously looked to the door, listened for wheels, grew silent one by one, or spoke in constrained phrases such as men use when intent on transparent make-believe. The hour of meeting was past, and the president reluctantly rang the bell for the hot dishes; we all sat down in silence and looked ruefully to the empty chair which should have held Caxton.

It was our custom to wait until sitting down before producing the letter which was to account for the absence of the missing member, and we had still a faint hope that from the president's pocket might come the explanation; but he looked as blank as the rest of us, and, with another look at the window, turned round to carve the huge turkey. One might have thought this was a funeral feast or a gathering of conspirators, so depressed and silent were we; and, indeed, it was not till the wine had gone round more than once that we regained a Christmas frame of mind. The eating done, though some kept still playing with mince-pies set on fire with spirits of wine, the regular business of the evening began; it was not late, as we always made a point of getting together as soon after dark as possible, and we had a good long time before us. Songs and toasts were given and stories told, bursts of laughter followed, and the influence of the empty chair seemed to have vanished, when an unusual clatter was heard outside and a stamping of feet in the hall. Presently the door opened noisily, and Caxton rushed in, still muffled in a huge coat, his face ruddy and beaming and his hands outstretched. A hubbub and uproar, an unintelligible jumble of greetings and questions, a rush of the host to take his coat, a general move towards the fireplace, and by and by a glimmering of order and the bidding of the president to take our seats again, was what I can remember of what immediately followed the arrival of the member given up for dead. Of course he was famished, and ate like an ogre, recounting, with his mouth full, how he had been delayed: the coach had been stopped by the snow-drifts and had to be dug out. He had fully expected to be in time, and so had not written; but the weather takes account of no man, and had upset his plans. The president reminded him, when he had done eating, that the rules of the club required a story of respectable proportions, or a personal narrative of such facts as did not come under the head of private or confidential, and he hoped Caxton would give them a rousing good tale. The inevitable bottles were passed round again—bottles, you know, are historical facts when writing of suppers half a century ago—and Caxton, smiling like the full moon, crossed his legs and began:

"You did not expect to have a bridegroom at table to-night."

We all interrupted with shout, joke, question, and he went on:

"Having announced my new character, I shall leave details for later on. You remember how we parted here last year, and how I told you I was going south to my godmother's place, she having taken it into her head that, because I had struggled through a law course and called myself a barrister, I could successfully manage an estate. It is a small property, but had been neglected, and might be improved at a small expense. Care and personal supervision were what it mostly needed, and the old lady felt she was not strong enough or stern enough to manage it any longer alone. The place was to go to her niece, and I knew that she had always cherished a romantic wish to marry me to the heiress. My father was once her lover, and for his sake she remained single. I have always been her favorite, but, beyond giving me presents and putting by yearly savings for a

small future fund, she was not able to provide for me as I know she had wished. Of course, grateful as I was to her for her intentions, I disliked the idea of even meeting the girl she destined for my wife, and not until I got to the house, early last January, did she tell me that her niece was staying with her. She is an abrupt, old-fashioned, eccentric woman, who hides her kind-heartedness under a gruff waywardness which does not deceive her neighbors, and, altogether, it is quite the fashion in her neighborhood to humor her in any new whim she may take up.

"The place is very comfortable, small and quaint, picturesque but not untidy, and very home-like, while the grounds are well kept, the trees especially cared for, and masses of bright-colored but not rare flowers fill up certain spaces on the lawn. One of my godmother's hobbies is the perfection of mediocrity—if that is not a contradiction. She hates and scorns all attempt at possessing or cultivating rarities of any sort; she abominates show, modern contrivances, French cookery, tropical plants and fruits, foreign furniture, water-color paintings—anything and everything that is not commonplace, unpretending, well seasoned by custom. She wears the dress of her own youth—without the powder, however, and using dark colors instead of showy ones—and her butler is seen in the morning in a calico striped jacket. She sees to her housekeeping herself, and keeps the keys in the orthodox manner; and her cook is as 'plain' and English as any one can desire. She says she knows they do these things differently in London, but she is too old to take to new ways, and she has a lurking suspicion that when the new-fangled ways that are beginning to thrust in the thin end of the wedge have conquered, as they may in another generation or two, there will be little left to distinguish the English girl from the foreign, and modesty, honesty, and truth will be things for polite society to laugh at. I think you will all agree with me that she is not far from right; only, as she brings up her nieces (she has several) in these principles, it is likely she will secure a few successors of the right kind before society goes to pieces.

"Well, I was installed at Mickleton Hall as manager *pro tem.*, and introduced to the dreaded heiress and another young girl, a poor relation of my godmother, who was staying with her, chiefly as companion; for the girl was an orphan and penniless, and the old lady was too proud to allow her to go out as a governess. I found fewer servants in the house than I had expected, and they were all old and had lived there as long as their mistress. The stables were, I thought, rather poorly organized, and I should have liked to add a young and smart 'helper' to the old groom and coachman; but Miss Mickleton soon gave me to understand that the house was no part of my business: it was only the estate she wanted set to rights and put on a better footing. So I worked; and I can tell you it was no sinecure, for the books had been kept for years in a slovenly manner, and there was much out-door work to be done, which was the pleasantest part of the task—surveying and revaluing of farms, repairing roads and farm-buildings, systematically cutting down trees in some places and planting and transplanting in others. The girls sometimes went with me to see the improvements,

and we rode or walked according as the distance was; for myself I had a horse always at my disposal for the real work, though my godmother unaccountably objected to my riding to hounds, much less joining the hunt, and never asked any one to dinner—in a word, seemed to object to my meeting her neighbors. She was so free from ordinary old-maidishness, and had always been so sympathetic about my boyish pursuits and scrapes, that her wish to shut me out of social enjoyments now was quite a puzzle to me. However, I saw her nieces constantly, and the heiress was very pleasant and cordial, and seemed not unwilling to fall into her aunt's plan of a marriage; though I must say she was never forward, and perhaps if I had not known she was the heiress, and had not had the other girl so constantly before my eyes, I might have come to acquiesce in the plan myself. But the other girl was all that I liked. I need not describe how or why she charmed me; I fell in love at first sight, and that was reason enough.

"As to looks, neither was anything more than a pleasant, healthy, bright girl, both very English-looking, with their charm altogether in their frank but modest manner, and both were thorough country-girls. Of course, in my eyes, my love was a thousand times better than any woman who ever walked the earth, as it is quite right every man's wife should be in his own sight; but I am much too sensible," said Caxton, with a mischievous look at us poor bachelors, "to swear to you that she was Venus, Minerva, and Diana rolled into one, or that she was one of those impossible and exasperating pieces of perfection with indescribable eyes and hair which we used to laugh at in the romancers. There was only one thing that at first seemed to me odd in Miss Mickleton's companion: quiet as she was, she seemed to have a little more independence and self-composure than I should have supposed her unprotected position would have made natural; and, on the other hand, her cousin, the heiress, though dignified, had at times a rather shrinking, deprecatory air such as we associate with a weak character when it is not accounted for by the circumstance of inferior position. However, I grew so attached to my godmother's companion that I soon forgot to notice the behavior of her other niece; and my own plight began to worry me, too, for Miss Mickleton sometimes eyed me sharply, and I knew I was going directly against her wishes. The affairs of the place were really so entangled that they took up most of my time, and I made them a pretext for more solitude than they actually required, as I began to reflect upon the uselessness of my love-making. If I married according to my heart I must wait a long time for my bride; and if my godmother had not set her heart on my marrying her heiress, she would have been my first confidant, and, I felt sure, would have made her home Ellen's for as many years as I needed to get together a little money to start on; besides, she had promised me her little hoard of savings that had been accumulating almost since my babyhood. But if I crossed her plans what indulgence could I expect, and how long would it be before she took me into her good graces again after I confessed my love for the wrong girl and disappointed her? I went away abruptly one morning in April, on the plea of business concerning the estate which might require me to

stay in London some time, looking up papers in the family lawyer's office, and I stayed away as long as I could without exciting remark. Things did not look a bit the brighter, and, though I knew I must tell my godmother soon, I shrank from doing it, and excused myself on the plea that as long as I had not told Ellen herself, nor was even sure whether she loved me in return, I need not say anything to Miss Mickleton. One is naturally prone to put off the evil day; and so, when I could stay away no longer, I made up my mind to be as careful as I could, avoid Ellen as much as possible, and wait for circumstances to suggest further action.

"I succeeded pretty well for a month; and then the family left for the seaside, and stayed at a remote, quiet place until the regular seaside season came on, when they returned and led the same quiet life at home again. Things on the estate were going satisfactorily, except in the matter of a troublesome gamekeeper, whom I more than suspected to be a poacher and a bad character besides. He did not belong to the neighborhood, and had got his place through his undeniable skill at driving off poachers and helping the head-keeper two years ago with suggestions and devices that had worked well. Still, this woodcraft did not mean that he was an honest man; I took it rather to point to the contrary, and, now that it suited his purpose better, he was evidently in league with poachers and making use of his position against his mistress' interests. The men I felt sure he was drilling and stirring up were nothing but wild, thoughtless young fellows of the neighborhood; this is only the rural way of sowing one's wild oats, and I did not mean to implicate any of them, if I could help it, whenever I should catch this man in the act. He was a very different sort of person, more lawless than thoughtless, and a deliberate plotter, to say no worse. At last I got the clue I wanted; but instead of having the party up before the magistrate, which would have implied exposure and punishment for our own misguided men and boys, I easily persuaded my godmother to give the latter a sharp warning against repeating the offence, while the keeper was to be dismissed and forbidden to show his face anywhere on the estate. He sullenly acquiesced, and, as far as we knew, disappeared; but the head man, who was getting old and past work, complained to me two weeks later that the fellow had come back and would hang about, pretending to help and ignoring his dismissal. The other under-keeper, the old man's son, was away at the other end of the property, taking care of the pheasants for the next month's shooting, and what was to be done?

"I saw the man myself next day, and told him to take himself off, if he did not want to get into jail. He muttered an evasive reply, not too respectful, and I had some trouble to keep my hands, or rather my whip, off him; but I did not want to put myself in the wrong, and my lawyer's training stood me in good stead. A few days after I heard he was skulking about the place, and had forced a farmer's widow to give him food and shelter. He chose the house and time well; and though she knew that Miss Mickleton had forbidden her tenants to have anything to do with him, she dared not refuse all he asked, being alone in the house

with her daughter and two maids. After this I thought of getting a warrant out against him, and should have looked to it at once; but some urgent business intervened, and I put it off. Two nights after, about the middle of September, several hours after we had all gone to bed, I suddenly woke and heard a very odd, muffled noise at the end of the passage on which my own room opened, and where my godmother's rooms were. They formed one angle of the house, her bed-room being the outer one next the wall, and her sitting-room the one nearest me, with a dressing-room between the two. In the bed-room were two windows very convenient for a hasty exit, as there were no inhabited rooms below and no part of the 'dressed' grounds or servants' offices adjoining. In the sitting-room was well known to be a box where Miss Mickleton had a fancy for keeping her jewelry and other miscellaneous valuables. The things in daily use for the table were kept in the pantry at the back of the house, and the butler had the key of the cupboard in his own bed-room, which was a long way from either the pantry or his mistress' rooms. It struck me at once that there were burglars in the house, and that they were making for the things in the sitting-room, having no doubt been already successful in rifling the pantry cupboard. I also guessed directly that my discontented gamekeeper was at the bottom of this, and very likely the instigator of the whole affair, which was quite unlike the sort of assault a genuine countryman would have contrived.

"In less than five minutes I was at the door with two loaded pistols (Miss Mickleton had often objected to my keeping them), and could hear two men inside. They had a dark-lantern, which was all the light we had for our fray, as the night was pitch-dark, and my godmother always slept without the night-light, which she laughed at as a new and artificial need of nervous fools. As I opened the door one of the men, evidently on the watch, sprang on me and hit me a smart blow, grappling with me afterwards so as to engage my attention, and knocking one pistol out of my hand. The other burglar went to the window and hastily dropped a bag. I wrenched myself free from my opponent just in time to fire my other pistol at his confederate as he turned back from the window. It was the gamekeeper. Meanwhile the other man picked up my fallen pistol and let it off at me, hitting my shoulder, then closed with me again. In our struggles I tried to edge myself near the window, wishing at least to bar the exit of either; and just then my godmother appeared at the dressing-room door, a gaunt, determined, but comical figure, dressed in a red flannel dressing-gown and holding a small lamp. I could see she was frightened—indeed, I thought her plucky not to have locked herself in—but she was evidently bent on doing her best. The gamekeeper rushed at her and upset the lamp, which went out, then dragged her with him into the dressing-room, while I succeeded at last in getting rid of my man by a blow that left him stunned, and me free to rescue Miss Mickleton. They had got to the bed-room, where he was endeavoring to open the window; but my godmother was nowhere to be seen. Turning desperately as he saw me, he drew a knife and set his back against the window; as he did so

Miss Mickleton's watch and chain, with the key of her treasure-box attached, fell from his pocket. I heard a scamper below and a stir in the sitting-room; but I could only do one thing at a time, and to detain as well as punish my man was my chief aim. I wrenched the knife out of his grasp—not before he wounded my left arm with it—and, using it myself, wounded him in the side; but I found it in my way and threw it behind the bed, at the same time bringing him down on his back and trying the same blow which had effectually quieted the other. A second blow left him quite unconscious, whereupon I bound him as fast as I could with the bed-clothes and a couple of stout curtain-ropes which, because they were old-fashioned and a protest against flimsy decoration, my godmother would never replace by anything more elegant. I groped my way back to the sitting-room, where the dark-lantern stood alight on the floor, showing me the other man, who had recovered his senses enough to try and crawl out of the window, but had evidently fallen back, as he lay in a different position from that in which I had left him. He was almost insensible again, so I had no trouble in tying his hands and feet securely, and then went to search for my godmother. She was lying in one corner of the bed-room, which was rather large, and I found her bruised, but otherwise all right.

"The burglar had tried to gag her by stuffing a large silk handkerchief into her mouth, and had also knocked her about a good deal with his fists; but though his intention had evidently been to tie the handkerchief so as to prevent her calling for help, and to tie her hands as well, he had not time, as he heard me coming after him, and he had then thrown her violently on the floor and done his best to get out of the window in time. The blow had made her feel giddy, and when she could hear again the man and I were struggling; but she still felt too faint to rise, and mere shrieking was useless. She told me I had saved her life, and thanked me with all her old heartiness; but by this time the men-servants, shaking in their shoes, were gathered round us, and we said no more. I got the two men locked up in my own room, and set the most collected of the servants, the stable 'helper' and the 'odd man,' to watch them with loaded pistols, while a messenger went off after a magistrate, and others were sent to track the third confederate, who had made off with the plunder while the rest remained behind. He never turned up, but the heavy articles, which he managed to carry some distance, were found in a hiding-place to which our prisoners afterwards directed us. As to many smaller and costlier things, they are unrecovered yet, and, had I not interrupted the burglars, they might have emptied Miss Mickleton's little receptacle. As it was, they made away with all the most valuable and portable of the contents. The prisoners were put into jail and confessed their plan. The two strangers were 'professionals' from a large town in the next county, where the gamekeeper had made their acquaintance in jail some years previous, and the attempt had been planned by himself, quite as much in revenge as from covetousness. He knew the ins and outs of the house, as he had a sweetheart among the maids; but he voluntarily added that she had not helped him, even

unconsciously, in this attempt at robbery. He had got a false key for the pantry cupboard from a wax mould, and had trusted to chance to get at the key of Miss Mickleton's box, which he knew she habitually wore on her watch-chain. Having rifled the pantry, he came up a back staircase which led into our passage by a second narrow corridor midway between my room and my godmother's. He and his friends each brought knives, but thought pistols too noisy, and trusted to their fists to supplement their other weapons; they swore that they had intended no murder, even in the case of discovery. Not many believed that statement, though Miss Mickleton said that the keeper sparing her when he might have stabbed her was a fact in his favor. He had gone barefoot into her room, the doors standing open, and found the watch and chain on a table by her bedside; the curtains were drawn, and he thought he had not waked her. She said herself that she heard no noise until he was at work in the sitting-room, emptying the box, and this had scarcely begun when she heard me. That is all as far as we know, for the trial does not come off till next assizes, though there is little doubt of the verdict. The police are doing their best to track the missing man and recover the plunder. But the best of the affair was that it ended my perplexity and set everything straight. My godmother insisted on saying I had saved her life, and the girls tearfully chimed in with her and did their best to make a fool of me, and altogether it was a very touching domestic scene, under the influence of which I thought it right, and perhaps not inopportune, to make my unwelcome confession to Miss Mickleton, who was in the mood to forgive me anything and to heap upon me any reward I liked to ask. Of course I had done nothing but what any man would have done; but, since circumstances favored me, I thought it as well to take advantage of them, and the day after the affair, when the excitement was still at its height, I had a private talk with my godmother. She made believe to be very angry; but I felt she was not in earnest, and told her so, though I admitted she had every right to be, considering how I had gone counter to her wishes under her very eyes. Then she burst out laughing, and told me, to my confusion, how I had fallen into the snare, and how she had outwitted me after all; for Ellen, whom I had taken for her poor companion, was the very girl she had destined for me, while Mary was in reality the poor girl. She had wanted to try me, and had with difficulty persuaded her nieces to change places. I was bewildered, and rather angry in my turn. I did not like Ellen lending herself to such tricks, and yet the upshot was so lucky for me that I felt it was ungrateful of me to resent my godmother's fancies. I began to see why she had wanted me to seclude myself so much, and why she would have no new servants about the house; pretty nearly all the household were more or less in the secret, and, happy though I was, I felt very awkward. It was lucky that our domestic puzzle should be so overshadowed by the burglary excitement as not to be necessarily the prominent thing; otherwise I think I should have run away, the predicament seemed to me so ludicrously unpleasant. The good taste of both the girls, however, made things pass

quite naturally into their regular order, and by degrees the mystification came to be looked upon as a joke, harmless after all, though only excused by my godmother's known eccentricity. My wounds took a little time to heal, and the womenkind took the occasion to make a pet and a hero of me, while Ellen would help me—and seriously, too—with the estate accounts, which she soon learnt to handle as well as a lawyer. We were to have been married in November, so as to be at home again for Christmas; but something put it off, and we were not married till four days ago. As things had turned out, I determined to keep my appointment to-night, and, remembering a little cottage on the outskirts of Glasgow, I took it for our honeymoon; my wife was delighted at the idea of the club and its meeting to-night, and was as eager as myself to be in time. Coaches are slow now and then, and the snows of these regions cannot always be counted upon; in Devonshire we are almost free from them. I am afraid my godmother was disappointed at our leaving home at this time; but Ellen had never been north, and she was wild for a change and a frolic. She expects you all to-morrow evening for a real English Christmas dinner—not that we can give you anythink better than you have given to-night to the member whom you must, by our rules, have looked upon as dead."

Here the shouting and laughter which had more than once interrupted his story were renewed, and rose to a roar that the president had some trouble to quell; but the shakings of hands, the loud congratulations, thanks, and acceptances went on, together with the heartiest blessings on Edward's bride, whom we all voted the great exception to the horrid primness of young wives, ever ready to snub their husbands' unlucky bachelor friends and interfere with the pleasure of good-fellowship. When we parted, and Caxton found I had to walk back to my country home, he insisted on my going with him to the cottage and staying until after the dinner, when he would drive me home comfortably, by as broad daylight as we could command. I did not like to intrude on his honeymoon, but he overruled me, and the temptation was great. I found his wife all he had painted her; and the next night, when we reassembled, all the club fell in love with her, and vowed never to marry until each could find as hearty and sensible and pleasant a wife as Caxton's. (Alas! two of us fell victims to shrews, and never dared show their faces at the meetings in after-years.) Well, this is a very old story, and things are greatly changed since those times; only four of the club are alive now, and we are all grandfathers. Last Christmas we met at Caxton's place in Devonshire, each with a dozen or so of young relations, and we had a charming hour after dinner, going over the details of the burglary on the spot, to the intense excitement of the younglings; the only change in my friend's godmother's rooms being that Caxton and his wife occupy them in place of the quaint and kindly old woman who was once their mistress. I must not forget to say that Mary, Miss Mickleton's companion, has been my wife for nearly forty years.

## THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., in some recent papers upon educational topics, makes the remark that "the common schools are the one thing in regard to which there is no division of opinion in America." Has, then, the controversy that has so long existed on this subject been finally settled? Surely Catholics form a very considerable portion of the American people, and it is well known that in the past their views on the public schools have not been in perfect accord with the views of their Protestant fellow-citizens, as is shown by the discussions that have been held, as well as by many articles that have appeared in this magazine. Have Catholics at last laid down their arms, acknowledging themselves worsted in the struggle, and determined to quietly accept the present system of public instruction? By no means. We have not wavered one jot or tittle from our former position—the only position that we can consistently and conscientiously take. We are just as ready now as ever before to maintain the propositions on this question that have been set forth in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and these propositions we shall continue to maintain and defend, in the hope that eventually the American spirit of fair play will give us what we claim as our just rights.

If Mr. Adams had made the assertion that upon the necessity of free education for our children there is no division of opinion in America, he would have said no more than the simple truth. The fact that the people of this country "lavish appropriations" upon the public schools, and the fact that these schools are frequented by children of all classes and creeds, only go to prove that education, and not necessarily this particular system of education, is looked upon as the "ark of the national salvation." As has been said recently by the vicar-general of the archdiocese of Boston: "Our use of the public schools, or our co-operation in carrying them on, when given with a view of correcting the evils in them, cannot fairly be construed into an approval of them. I can use a poor road in the absence of a better, without being said to approve the bad construction of the road, or the ruts that infest it."

But the strongest proof that Catholics do not favor the public-school system is that by its side throughout the land has grown up another system, that of our parochial schools. The Catholics of the United States, although they are mainly of the poorest class, are able, while paying their school-tax to the government, to support at the same time about twenty-five hundred schools, which have an attendance of upwards of five hundred thousand children. They could not in a more forcible manner show their disapproval of the public schools. And yet, in the face of this living protest, it is asserted that upon the common schools "there is no division of opinion in America." How is it possible, when such facts are manifest to the eyes of all, that a man of Mr. Adams' standing and intelligence could make such a statement? What are we to think of a public opinion which thus ignores so large a body of our citizens?

But our parochial schools, besides being a protest against the evils of the public-school system, also show that Catholics are not a whit behind their fellow-citizens in their zeal for education. On the contrary, they are rather ahead, because they not only give their share to the support of the public schools, but maintain their own schools besides. We do not know how far the *Independent* is authorized to interpret General Grant's recent speech at Burlington, Iowa. Its words are these: "When President Grant says that the next war in America is likely to be between intelligence and ignorance, he does not mean, we may tell some sensitive journals, between Protestants and Catholics, but between social order and communism. In that contest there is no doubt, thank God! where good Catholics will be found." We hope that this may be the general's real meaning. But if it should not be, we, on our part, are sure that the cause of "ignorance and superstition" will never be our own.

All are agreed that education is a necessity. It is the highest interest of the state to see that its citizens should be sufficiently educated. All the civilized peoples of the earth to-day realize that one of the surest ways of strengthening the nation, of furthering its material prosperity, is to educate it. The road to national greatness is national intelligence. Even little Iceland, old in history yet young in progress, has awakened to a consciousness of this great need. Japan, by means of education received from foreign masters, is rapidly advancing in the way of civilization.

But in no country of the world is he necessity of education more deeply felt than in our own, for in no country do the people enjoy so large a share in the government. Universal suffrage demands universal education, else it might prove to be a curse rather than a blessing. Ignorant voters become an easy prey to demagogues. In order, then, that those who are growing up in this country may be able in the future to exercise intelligently the right of suffrage and the other duties of citizenship, at least a certain amount of elementary education is necessary. We therefore willingly grant that it is both the right and the duty of the state to see that such an education is given. We say not only the right but also the duty, for the duty of self-preservation binds the state as well as the individual, and therefore the state is as much bound to take all lawful means to secure its permanence and well-being as a man is to preserve his life and health. It is through a realization of this duty that our government has established our present system of public instruction. Its aim in this institution is to furnish to each and all of the children under its jurisdiction such elementary knowledge as is necessary and sufficient to make them good citizens of the republic. Now, if this end be attained, the state need have no concern as to the peculiar method by which, or the persons by whom, such instruction is imparted. Provided the end be compassed, the means of its accomplishment must be to the state an altogether secondary consideration. If, then, persons come forward who offer to give such education, and who guarantee that their instruction shall be all that the state requires, that it shall be quite as satisfactory as that now given in the public schools and at less cost,

we maintain that the state is bound, in the interest of its citizens, to accept their offer.

Such an offer is made by the Catholics of the United States. Our parochial schools are able to give as good primary instruction at least as that given in the public schools, and, if in some cases they now fall below that standard, it is owing to the disadvantages under which our poor people are laboring in having to support two systems. Let the state give us fair play, and, itself being the judge, pay us according to the results. We can safely guarantee that our teaching shall be all that is demanded to make our children good citizens.

The first reason why the state should accept this offer is that it would be less expensive than the present system, and would thus cause a diminution of the school-tax. That it would relieve from a great burden those Catholics who are now maintaining their own schools, while at the same time paying their taxes for the support of the other system, is self-evident. But it would lessen the cost of education chiefly in the important item of teachers' salaries. Here is a large body of men and women who have devoted their lives to teaching, with God's glory alone in view, asking for no earthly reward. For them it is enough if they get what is necessary for their daily subsistence; and their rule of life obliges them to live simply. There is a vast difference between paying one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, more or less, to a Christian Brother or a Sister of Charity, and from five hundred to twelve hundred dollars to a secular teacher. Here is large room for economy. The state, then, in its own interests and for the good of all its citizens, should accept this offer.

We are advocating what may be called the "voluntary system." If such a system be practical it would certainly be more in harmony with the spirit of freedom fostered by our political institutions, and for this reason: The state, while in this way fulfilling its own duties, would leave untrammelled the sacred rights of parents. To parents belongs primarily the right of educating their children as they think fit. The family is a divine institution, and parents are educators by divine right. The state can only be justified in interfering when parents are manifestly neglecting their duty in this respect. For the state, therefore, to try to force parents to adopt a system of education which their consciences cannot approve of, is tyranny, not freedom, and is entirely contrary to the spirit of our free institutions. By the voluntary system parents would be left perfectly free to send their children to schools of their own choice. Such a system would not only be a vast saving to the state, but would also be more in accordance with the principles upon which our republic is based.

Another reason in favor of this proposal is that the public schools are at present inadequate to their end. They leave a large number of children unprovided for, and those of the very class that is most in need of instruction. In New York City alone, were every seat filled in the so-called common schools, there would yet remain a surplus of forty thousand children who would be excluded. And what is true of New York is true proportionately of each of our large cities. Everywhere—and this has

been the fact for years past—the school-population is in advance of the school-accommodations. Just here our parish schools come in to partially supply this deficiency. That they are now unable to do so wholly is owing to the want of funds. Adopt the voluntary system, and those children now uncared for will be brought under the influence of education. This need is all the more urgent because from this surplus is recruited what are called the "dangerous classes." On its own principles, then, and with a due regard to its preservation and well-being, the state is bound to favor any method that will better this class intellectually, socially, and morally. Those who reproach Catholics with having more than their share of the criminal class should examine how far they are responsible for Catholic inability to cope with this difficulty. Let them do Catholics justice, and then judge of the results. All who have our country's interests deeply at heart will surely be with us in our desire to train to habits of virtue and integrity this much-neglected class. Why, then, will they not listen to our just demands? It has been shown that the offer we make is highly advantageous to the state, and more in accordance with American principles. Will the advocates of our public-school system give us their real reasons, as American citizens, why such an offer is not acceptable?

It has been asked whether our object is to make our children more loyal to the republic or to keep them more loyal to their church. In other words: Is it our aim to make them better citizens or to keep them good Catholics? We answer: Both. The two ends are identical. By keeping them good Catholics we shall make them better citizens. By keeping them more loyal to the church we shall make them more loyal to the state. The church inculcates the duty of loyalty to the government as a part of the duty of a good Christian, teaching that human government has a divine sanction. Education is worthless without morality, and morality impossible without religion. To make thoroughly good citizens we must supply this shortcoming of merely secular education. It is in order that we may make our children better citizens that we ask for state aid. In loyalty to the state, in the love of American principles, in readiness to serve our country in times of trial, we have yielded and will yield to none. The history of the United States, from the Revolution to the present day, is full of Catholic names borne by men who have deserved well of their country, and we are eager to do all in our power to make our record as glorious in the future as it has been in the past.

It might be objected that the method of education we propose would destroy the public schools. Such an objection proves too much. If the state, by favoring the voluntary system, would destroy the public schools, this would show that these schools had not been acceptable to the great body of our people. It would show that the state had been forcing this system upon the people against their will and better judgment. But we do not believe this. Both systems could be maintained side by side. There would always be a large body of citizens who would prefer the public schools to any others, and would support them alone. Let, then, the public schools re-

main for those who are satisfied with them. All we claim is that freedom of choice in this matter which is the right and heritage of American citizens.

But then comes another question: Is the voluntary system practicable? Why not? It has succeeded in England, in France, in Austria, and in Prussia until the Falk Laws came to upset matters. The Prussians, however, are already showing signs of being tired of those laws. These European countries are in this respect far ahead of us. The only reason why this method should not succeed here would be some supposed incompatibility with our institutions. It has been repeatedly shown that no such incompatibility exists. On the contrary, the present system is plainly in violation of those rights of conscience which Americans boast are here respected and upheld. When our republic shall imitate, upon this question of education, the liberal example set us by the nations of the Old World, our religious freedom, which "in its fullest sense is paramount to the interests of any party," will be something more than a name.

We ask, then, the defenders of the public-school system, as American citizens, as lovers of true religious freedom, as upholders of the equal rights before the state of all religions, to give us their real reasons why our offer is not acceptable.

---

## ON MAN'S DESTINY.

EVERY intellectual substance naturally craves after the clear vision of the Infinite as the only object really capable of satisfying its essential faculties. Nothing short of infinite and absolute *Truth* immediately perceived can fill the aspiration of the intellect; as nothing less than infinite *Goodness*, possessed in itself, can satiate the boundless craving of the will.

This truth we set down with sufficient evidence in our last article on the same subject.* But as this question is of fundamental importance, and serves, as it were, as a link† which weds together in beautiful harmony the natural and the supernatural, it will not be unacceptable, we trust, to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD if we return to the subject, put it in a clearer and brighter light, and exhibit it in all the evidence with which some of the doctors of the church and a host of theologians have surrounded it.

We propose, therefore, in this article to discuss the following points:

1st. Is it true that there is a natural, inborn desire in man after the vision of God's infinite essence, so that we may conclude that such immediate vision, and nothing else, is the natural end of man?

2d. What is the nature of such desire?

3d. Is the supernatural state,

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August, 1879: "What was the Primitive State of Man?"

†Père Gratry, in his *Connaissance de Dieu*, proves the necessity of a supernatural revelation from the natural craving of man after God's immediate vision.

without which man could not attain his end, due to him by any title or claim of justice?

4th. Has the opinion which we hold any affinity whatever with the condemned errors of Baius and Quesnel, or has the church ever looked upon it with any signs of disapprobation?

The first question we answer with the authority of St. Thomas and some of the best theologians of every school.

In his *Summa contra Gentes*, lib. iii., St. Thomas, treating this question *ex-professo*, proves by a chain of propositions, one depending upon the other, that man naturally craves after the Beatific Vision as his own ultimate end, and that nothing less than God, seen in his essence, can satisfy that craving. We subjoin his demonstration. He sets out with the general proposition that to understand God is the end of every intellectual substance, and proves it thus: The ultimate end of everything is God, as we have shown (ch. xviii.) Every being, therefore, tends to unite itself to God, its ultimate end, as closely as possible. Now, a being is more closely united to God when it comes somewhat in contact with him (as in the case of one who knows something of the divine substance) than when merely attaining a certain similitude of him. Therefore every intellectual substance tends to the knowledge of God as its ultimate end (lib. iii. ch. xxv.)

Again, the specific operation of any being is its end, because the end is the second perfection of the being. Now, to understand is the specific operation of every intellectual substance. It is, therefore, its end. Hence that which is the most perfect in such operation is its last end; and this is especially true of those operations which do not regard things to be done, such as to feel and to understand. Now, such operations receiving their specific form from their object, by means of which they are also known, it necessarily follows that they are the more perfect in proportion as their object is more perfect; and thus to understand the most perfect intelligible, which is God, is the most perfect act in the species of intellectual operations. To know God, therefore, by the intellect is the end of every intellectual substance (ibidem).

Having laid down this general proposition, that the end of every intellectual substance is to know God, St. Thomas proceeds to inquire, In what kind of knowledge are we to place man's last end? (ch. xxxviii.), and in a series of propositions he rejects every kind of knowledge, short of the vision of God's essence, as unfit to be the end of man. First he rejects that kind of confused and vague knowledge which most men have of God, in more or less degree, as being full of errors, whereas happiness must be an act pure of all errors (ch. xxxviii.) Then he rejects that knowledge of God which is attained by demonstration, because this kind of knowledge cannot be attained by all, because it is progressive, because it can be accompanied by misery, because not absolutely certain, and the last happiness of man must be a boon within the reach of all; it must not be progressive, pure of all unhappiness and misery, and absolutely certain (ch. xxxix.) Then the holy doctor rejects that knowledge of God which we acquire by faith; because by this knowledge the natural desire is not quieted but very much increased, and the last hap-

piness must quiet the natural desire. "Per felicitatem quum sit ultimus finis naturale desiderium quietatur. Cognitio autem fidei non quietat desiderium, sed magis ipsum accendit, quia unusquisque desiderat videre quod credit. Non est igitur in cognitione fidei ultima hominis felicitas" (ch. xl.) From these propositions St. Thomas concludes that happiness cannot be had in this life, as there is no other kind of knowledge attainable in it (ch. xlviii.), and sums up as follows:

"If the ultimate human happiness does not consist in that knowledge of God which is possessed by all or many according to a certain confused estimation; nor, again, in that knowledge of God by which he is known by means of demonstration in speculative sciences; nor in the knowledge which we obtain by faith, as we have demonstrated; and it being impossible in this life to attain a higher knowledge of God, *such as to make him known by his essence;* and it being equally necessary to place the last happiness in a certain knowledge of God—it follows that it is impossible to obtain man's ultimate happiness in this life, and that, therefore, man's ultimate happiness must consist in such a knowledge of God which the human mind has after this life, in the manner according to which separated substances know him: Erit igitur ultima felicitas hominis in cognitione Dei quam habet humana mens post hanc vitam, per modum quo ipsum cognoscunt substantiæ separatæ" (ch. xlviii.)

Nor does the holy doctor stop here, but proceeds to inquire whether this same knowledge, by which angels and the souls after death know God by means of their own essences, be sufficient to constitute their last happiness (ch. xlix.) and, having shown the nature of such knowledge, comes to prove (in ch. l.) that the natural desire of separated substances is not satisfied by such natural knowledge—"In naturali cognitione quam habent substantiæ separatæ de Deo, non quiescit earum naturale desiderium"—and goes on to prove it by the following arguments, which we beg our readers to ponder over, as they form the very essence of the demonstration:

"1st. Whatever is imperfect in any species desires to arrive at the perfection of the species, as he who has only an opinion about something, which is only an imperfect notion of the thing, is urged by this very fact to arrive at the *science* of the same thing. Now, the knowledge which separated substances have of God, not including a full knowledge of his substance, is an imperfect knowledge, because we never think we know something unless we know the substance thereof, in consequence of which principle, we consider that the principal point in the knowledge of anything is to know what it is. Consequently, from the knowledge which separated substances have of God their natural desire is not satisfied, but rather incited to seek the vision of the divine substance."

"Again: From knowing an effect there arises in us a desire to know its cause—the reason why men began to philosophize by inquiring into the causes of things. Therefore the desire of knowing, naturally inborn in all intellectual substances, is not satisfied except in the case when, having known the substance of an effect, it comes to know also the substance of its cause. Consequently, by the reason that separated substances know the substances of all things of which they perceive God to be the cause, their natural desire is not quieted until they come to see the substance of God himself."

"Again: Nothing finite can satisfy the craving of the intellect—a

truth which appears from the fact that, given a finite object, it still endeavors to apprehend something further; hence, given a finite line, it still endeavors to apprehend a longer one. And the same must be said as to numbers—a fact which explains the addition *ad infinitum* in numbers and lines in mathematics. Now, the height and power of created substances is finite. Therefore the intellect of separated substances is not quieted by knowing created substances, however great and eminent they may be, but still, by a natural desire, it strives to reach that substance which is of infinite greatness, such as the divine substance."

"Again: The nearer a being is to its end the greater is the desire by which it strives to reach it; hence we observe that the natural movement of bodies is accelerated towards the end to which it is directed. Now, the intellect of separated substances is nearer to the divine knowledge than our intellect. With much greater intensity, therefore, does it crave after God's knowledge. But we, though knowing God's existence and all other things spoken of above, are not satisfied, but still yearn after the knowledge of God's essence. With much greater reason, therefore, do separate substances naturally yearn after the same thing. Hence their natural desire is not quieted with the above knowledge. From all this we must conclude, says St. Thomas, that the ultimate happiness of separated substances cannot consist in that knowledge by which they know God through their substances, since their natural desire still urges them to attain God's substance. From which reason it is also sufficiently manifest that we cannot seek for the ultimate happiness in anything else than in an act of the intellect; since no desire aspires to such a height, as the craving for understanding the truth, because all our desires, either after pleasure or after something else which men may have, may be satisfied by other things; but the desire spoken of is not quieted until it reaches the supreme Origin and Creator of all things."

"Erubescant igitur qui felicitatem hominis tam altissime sitam in infimis rebus quærunt."

Let the reader take in the whole demonstration at a glance before we record the last conclusion of St. Thomas. He starts with the general proposition that to understand God is the ultimate end of every intellectual substance (ch. xxv.) Then he inquires what sort of knowledge can be such an end, and first he proves that the ultimate end of every intellectual substance cannot be that vague, confused knowledge which most men have of God (ch. xxxviii.); he proceeds to prove that this happiness cannot consist in the knowledge of God which is arrived at by means of demonstration or abstractive knowledge (ch. xxxix.); then he maintains that it cannot consist in the knowledge of God which we acquire by faith (ch. xl.); whereupon the holy doctor concludes, as there is no other kind of knowledge of God we are acquainted with attainable in this life, we must arrive at the conclusion that man's last happiness cannot consist in any knowledge attainable here, but must be in such a knowledge as separated substances have (ch. xlviii.) But after stating what kind of knowledge separated substances naturally possess (ch. xlix.); he proceeds to demonstrate (in ch. l.) that the natural desire of separated substances is not satisfied

in their natural knowledge of God, but aspires to the vision of his essence, and (in ch. li.) draws the general conclusion of his whole demonstration as follows: It being impossible that the natural desire should remain void (which would be the case if it were not possible to arrive at the intelligencing of God's substance—a thing which all minds naturally desire), we must affirm the possibility of God's substance being seen, by means of the intellect, both by the separated intellectual substances and by our souls. "Quum autem impossibile sit naturale desiderium esse inane (quod quidem esset si non esset possibile pervenire ad divinam substantiam intelligendam, *quod naturaliter omnes mentes desiderant*), necesse est dicere quod possibile est substantiam Dei videri per intellectum, et a substantiis intellectualibus separatis, et ab animabus nostris." Can there be in the whole range of human speech language plainer or clearer than is used by the holy doctor in the above passage? If he really had wished to teach, as he really did, that all intellectual substances naturally crave after the vision of God's essence as their ultimate end, could he have made use of more explicit and forcible language? Yet if any confirmation of the holy doctor's mind upon the subject be wanting, and upon the correctness of the meaning we have put on his demonstration, let the following words speak for themselves. In chapter lvii., inquiring whether any intellect, whatever be its place in the scale of intellectual substances, can participate in the vision of God, he answers: We have demonstrated already (ch. xxv.–l.) that every intellect naturally desires the vision of the divine substance. But the natural desire cannot be void. Therefore every created intellect may arrive at the vision of God's substance in spite of any inferiority of nature. "Supra probatum est (ch. xxv.–l.) quod omnis intellectus naturaliter desiderat divinæ substantiæ visionem. Naturale autem desiderium non potest esse inane. Quilibet igitur intellectus creatus potest pervenire ad divinae substantiæ visionem, non impediente inferioritate naturæ (ch. lvii.; see also ch. lviii.) We want also to refer our readers to two passages of another work of St. Thomas, called *Compendium Theologiæ.*

In these chapters (civ., cv.) the holy doctor expresses most clearly the same doctrine; for in the first, entitled *Quis sit finis intellectualis creaturæ?* he concludes in these words: "Such is the desire in us after knowledge that, once we have known the effect of anything, we are impatient to know the cause thereof; and having ascertained certain circumstances in any object, our desire is not satisfied until we come to know the essence of the same. Therefore our natural desire after knowledge cannot be satisfied in us until we come to know the first cause, and that not in any manner, but in its own essence." The other article has for its title, *Quomodo finis ultimus intellectualis creaturæ est Deum per essentiam videre, et quomodo hoc possit?*

We now turn to the *Summa Theologiæ*, St. Thomas' best and last work. His question is, Whether any created intellect may attain to the vision of God's essence (Prima p., q. 12, art. 1), and he answers as follows: "It is to be said that an object being knowable in proportion to its actuality, it follows that God, being a pure act, without any mixture of potency, is in himself in the

highest possible degree knowable. But an object which in itself may be in the highest degree knowable may not be so relatively to some intellects in consequence of the very excess of its intelligibility—as the sun, which is in the highest degree visible, cannot be seen by a bat in consequence of the very excess of its light. For this reason some have held that no created intellect can be able to see God's essence. But that is not rightly said; because man's ultimate happiness consisting in his highest act, which is the act of the intellect, if no created intellect could ever see God two wrong consequences would result: either man would never attain his happiness, or the latter would consist in some object other than God—which is contrary to faith, because the *ultimate perfection of a rational creature can only be found in that being which gave it existence, since a being is only perfect when it has reached its own principle.*

"The same is shown by another reason: There is in man an inborn desire to know the cause of those effects which it observes, and from this fact arises admiration in men. If, therefore, the intellect of a rational creature could not arrive at the knowledge of the first cause, its natural desire would remain void."

Let our readers weigh the words of St. Thomas well; let them compare all the texts we have quoted; let them reflect on the identity of the line of arguments which he uses; let them ponder on the principles on which he rests; and if they can draw any other conclusion from his words than these two, that all intellectual substances naturally crave after the vision of God's essence, and that, therefore, in that vision alone is their ultimate end to be found, then we no longer perceive how the real meaning of an author is to be arrived at, or what means are at hand to enable us to discover it.

In support of this opinion, that man's natural end consists in the vision of God, we have of the Thomist school Soto (lib. i. *De Natura et Gratia*, ch. iv. n. 8, 4 sent., dist. 29, art. 1, q. 2); also Ferrariensis, Niphus, Corradus, Durandus, Paludanus, Contenson, and others. Scotus and the Scotist school hold the same opinion; also the Augustinian school, with Cardinal Noris, Belelli, Berti. Among modern theologians we quote Gerdil, De Fulgure, La Foret, Gratry. The great Bellarmine expresses the same opinion as follows: It is not a slight question whether the eternal beatitude, which consists in the vision of God, be man's natural or supernatural end. But, because the explanation of such question is not necessary for our purpose, granting the affirmative part, we answer that the beatitude is the natural end of man as to the desire, not as to its attainment.*

Ludovicus Molina, though holding the contrary opinion, is free to admit that ours is the common opinion of the schoolmen: "The most common opinion of the schoolmen asserts that there is in us a natural desire for the beatitude in particular, and that for this reason it must be called our natural end, not as regards its attainment and absolutely—for in this respect all agree that it is supernatural—but as to its *desire* and *passive potency* (*Comment.* in 1 partem, qu. 12, art. 1, disp. 3).

We take up the second question:

* Respondeo beatitudinem finem homini *naturalem esse quoad appetitum*, non quoad consecutionem (*De Gratia primi Hominis*, ch. vii.)

What is the nature of such desire? And, in the first place, we wish it to be carefully observed that in saying man has a natural, inborn desire after the vision of God's essence, we do not mean an *efficacious* desire after God's vision and after the supernatural means to attain it—in other words, such a desire which a Christian enlightened by his faith may elicit—because, first, such proposition was condemned in the bull *Auctorem fidei* against the Council of Pistoia, which asserted that man, left to his natural light, could have elevated himself so far as to desire supernatural light and help; second, because it is false and absurd, since, though man's natural end is the vision of God's essence, he cannot attain to it by natural means, and consequently cannot know naturally either the real nature of the end, or the nature of the means which may be necessary to attain it. This belongs to the supernatural order, and is the effect of revelation. Nor is this desire which we are vindicating a feeling springing from supernatural charity, such as a Christian in the state of sanctifying grace may elicit—as when St. Paul cried out, *Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo* —because such a feeling is the effect of the theological virtue of charity, which comes to man only by means of the supernatural state to which he is elevated by God's bountiful mercy and condescension. This natural desire we speak of, therefore, excludes all true knowledge of the nature of the end, and of the means which may be necessary to attain it, and has nothing whatever in common with that feeling of yearning after God's bliss which springs from supernatural charity. The two are as far apart and different in their essence as grace and nature; the former being altogether distinct from, and immensely superior to, the latter.

In what, then, does this natural desire consist? It is made up of two elements, one negative, the other positive. The negative element has its root and origin in the universality of the intellect, which no particular truth can satisfy, not even an abstractive knowledge of the infinite and supreme Truth. Suppose the intellect to have the highest possible abstractive knowledge of God; increase it to its utmost limit, it always leaves the intellect restless and unsatisfied. Without a supernatural revelation it does not know what it wants in particular, or by what means it may get at this something which might fill up this void; yet it knows that what it has does not satisfy it, nor quiet or appease its boundless craving; it is conscious of a void, of a want which it cannot particularize. The same must be said of the will: no finite good can bind it or fill its desire; consequently, though it possessed all finite good together, though it embraced even the supreme good, not in itself, but in the abstract and in the ideal state, this would leave the will still thirsty and unappeased. This, then, is the negative element of the natural desire we are speaking of; that void, that absence of full and perfect satisfaction of the intellect and will of man, even after the attainment of the utmost and the highest abstractive knowledge of God. The positive element is an inborn *tendency* in man, a *gravitation* towards God, seeking to be fully satisfied in his specific faculties—*Appetitus seu pondus naturæ*, as Suarez calls it. It is blind, to be sure, inasmuch as man does not know in particular what is this real

object towards which his faculties gravitate, nor the means whereby he may attain it; but it is no less real, implanted therein by the hands of the Creator when his omnipotent hand fashioned the nature of each of his creatures, and implanted therein a tendency and an impetus towards their principle.

We pass to the third point of our discussion. Having admitted that man's natural end is in the vision of God, in consequence of his inborn desire just spoken of, does it follow that what theologians call the state of pure nature—that is, a state which supposes man to have been left merely with his bare nature, specific faculties, and essential properties, and nothing else—does it follow, we say, from our opinion that such state would have been impossible in every sense? Those who hold an opinion different from ours with regard to the natural end of man imagine that, once we grant man the vision of God as his natural end, the state of pure nature becomes impossible in every sense, because, they argue, man could not have been left without means to attain his end; now, these means being necessarily supernatural, it follows that man could not have been left in his natural state.

We answer that, if we regard the omnipotence of God and his infinite justice, he could have left man in his natural state. About God's omnipotence there is no dispute; with regard to his justice it is evident that it could have left man in that state. Because all that strict justice owed to man in his creation was to endow him with an essence and nature, with specific faculties, and with those properties necessarily resulting from his nature, such as the freedom of the will. When man has received all these things he can claim nothing more, in justice, as due to his nature. To require anything further beyond and above nature would have been not only a groundless claim, but to demand an impossibility in the sphere of substantial creation. Let us listen to St. Thomas in the *Summa* (Th. Prima secundæ, q. 5, art. 5, ad 1). Treating of the question whether man could acquire beatitude by his own natural forces, and answering it in the negative, he proposes himself this objection: Nature does not fail in necessary things. But nothing is so necessary to man as the means to acquire his last end. Therefore these must not be wanting to human nature, and consequently man must be able to acquire his end by his own natural energies. He answers the objection as follows: "As nature does not fail man in necessary things, though it gave him neither implements nor shelter, as it did with other animals, because it gave him reason and arms to procure these things; so it did not fail him in necessary things, though it did not give him any principle whereby to acquire his beatitude, *since this was impossible;* but it did give him free-will, whereby he might turn to God, who could make him blessed." Beautifully and elegantly does St. Thomas resolve the whole question at hand in the passage quoted. Nature must give man whatever is necessary to acquire his end; and it *did* give him whatever was necessary and possible within the sphere of nature, without going outside or beyond or above it, when it gave him free-will; but to claim a principle whereby to acquire beatitude would be to claim an impossibility in the sphere of nature, because such a principle must necessarily and essentially be

an action of God, not as the author of nature, but as the author of grace. Consequently, man had no right or claim or title to the supernatural, and God could, in strict justice, have left him in his own natural state with his own unaided natural forces. It is in this sense, and in this sense only, that the words of St. Thomas which are cited by our opponents are to be understood. The words are as follows:

"Poterat Deus a principio quando hominem condidit etiam alium hominem ex limo terræ formare, quem in conditione suæ naturæ relinqueret ut scilicet mortalis et passibilis esset et pugnam concupiscentiæ sentiens, in *quo nihil humanæ naturæ derogaretur*, quia hoc ex principiis naturæ consequitur."

Our opponents quote these words of St. Thomas as proving the possibility of the state of pure nature in every sense. But we contend that they are to be understood in the sense that, considering the question in the light of justice, God could have left man to his pure nature without doing him any injury whatever. This interpretation is evident from a twofold consideration. The first is that if St. Thomas had asserted the possibility of the state of pure nature, absolutely and in every sense, in this and a few more passages where he does not treat of the question of man's end *ex-professo*, he would come in contradiction with himself, and these passages would clash with all those which assert and prove, beyond all possibility of a doubt, that man's natural end is the Beatific Vision of God, and which he cannot attain without supernatural means. The second reason which proves that the sense we attach to the doctor's words is the only true one is found in the argument used by St. Thomas to prove such possibility of the state of pure nature: In quo nihil humanæ naturæ derogaretur — because no injury would thereby be done to human nature; that is to say, the state of pure nature is possible in the sense of strict justice. God could have left man to himself without any supernatural means, because as his Creator he owed his nature nothing more. And this is precisely our opinion, and therefore did we hold in our former article that the supernatural state was not due to man in any sense whatever. But we hold, furthermore, that God Almighty having made man an intellectual substance naturally and instinctively gravitating towards the Beatific Vision as the only object capable of satisfying his specific faculties, there was a reason of fitness, of seemliness for elevating man to the supernatural state. Our opponents cry out that there is no real distinction between the absolute power of God and justice, and his providence and infinite goodness and condescension; that if he cannot do a thing in consequence of his power and justice, in harmony with his other attributes, he cannot do it at all. We do not deem it necessary to answer this difficulty, nor feel called upon to do so, this being as much the business of our opponents as ours.

There is such a thing, admitted by all the Fathers and theologians without a single exception, as the argument called *Convenientiæ et congruentiæ*—the argument drawn from the seemliness of the thing. In treating of most of the fundamental mysteries of our faith we take it for granted as a dogma of faith that God was not bound by any reason of justice whatever to effect

such mysteries, and therefore he could have left them undone; yet the whole Catholic tradition of Fathers and theologians argues that though God was not bound to do so, yet there is in every one of them a reason of fitness and becomingness that he should do so. Take, for instance, the great mystery of the Incarnation. There was no reason whatever of justice why the Son of God should become incarnate; yet St. Thomas, with all theologians, proves that there was a great reason of fitness that he should do so, because it behoves good to communicate itself, and it behoves a supreme good to communicate itself in the highest possible degree, such as the Incarnation. Take the mystery of the Redemption. God was by no means bound to redeem mankind after the fall, yet all theologians argue that, in view of his infinite wisdom, goodness, and mercy, it was highly befitting that he should do so. The great argument in favor of the Immaculate Conception brought forward by Scotus and his whole school was the celebrated *Potuit, decuit, ergo fecit.* Can any one urge that there is no distinction in God between that which he can do absolutely and in justice, and that which he can do in consequence of a fitness? To be sure, there is no such distinction in God himself, but the Catholic Church, the whole Catholic tradition and theology, have always admitted such distinction, created by our mind in consequence of our limitation of apprehension. Before our opponents object, then, to our holding that, in consequence of a reason of fitness, of agreeableness, it behoved God, to the honor and glory of his infinite attributes, to raise man to the supernatural state, they must refute the whole series of arguments drawn from this source in the whole domain of Catholic tradition and science. The principle is the same. If it was eminently agreeable to the infinite goodness of God to pour itself out in the highest possible degree by means of the Incarnation, it was also eminently agreeable to the same infinite goodness to raise man to the supernatural state, even independently of man's natural craving after its own ultimate end. But the great and radical defect of a great many who study theology is just this want of perception of the whole breadth of the leading theological principles, want of penetration into their depth; they study theology piecemeal, without any connection, and cannot for their lives tell how two principles lie to each other, and how they apply to any particular question, or how far they extend; and yet they claim to be theologians, while they are mere collectors of detached and stray pieces.

We hold, therefore, that it was highly in harmony with the infinite wisdom of God, still more with his infinite goodness and magnificent liberality—that liberality which caused him to pour himself out in the creative act and effect intellectual substances which naturally yearn after and gravitate towards him, clearly seen in the infinite splendor of his Absolute Truth, immediately possessed in himself in the eternal embraces of his supereminent Goodness and magnificent Beauty—that he should give them means to attain such bliss, to bask in and be filled at the fountain of his joys. *Potuit, decuit, ergo fecit.*

We come to the last question: Has our opinion any affinity whatever with the errors condemned in

Baius and Quesnel, or has the church of God ever looked with any sign of disapprobation on this opinion? We answer this question by translating a note of Père Gratry in the end of his work, *La Connaissance de Dieu*. After having mentioned the proposition of Berti, "Creaturæ rationali inesse naturaliter appetitum innatum ad visionem Dei intuitivam," he continues: "It is true that this last proposition has been attacked, but wrongfully. After the affair of Jansenism and the admirable bull *Unigenitus*, which is a defence of reason and human liberty against fanaticism and fatalism, some theologians believed they saw Baianism and Jansenism in the doctrine of Berti and his teacher, Belelli, general of the Augustinians. But Belelli, twice brought before the Inquisition of Rome, was found irreproachable in his writings, and the work of Berti, *De Theologicis Disciplinis* (Rome, 1745), was prosecuted in vain before the competent tribunals. Two French bishops, Saleon, Bishop of Valence, and Languet, Archbishop of Sens, in their zeal, more fervent than enlightened, for the doctrine of the bull *Unigenitus*, denounced Belelli and Berti to Benedict XIV., to the assembly of the French clergy, 1747, and to the University of Vienna. Saleon wrote two works, entitled *Baianismus redivivus* and *Jansenismus redivivus*, etc. These works he addressed to Benedict XIV. with a very pressing letter. But the theologians named in Rome to examine the denunciation unanimously rejected it. The assembly of the French clergy, on their part, thought it unfounded, and the University of Vienna passed the same judgment. It was then that Berti, *by order of Benedict XIV.*, justified himself by an apology, printed at the Vatican (1749), under the title, *Augustinianum Systema de Gratia de iniqua Baianismi et Jansenismi erroris insinuatione vindicatum*. In this work Berti victoriously defends this proposition: Nemo damnandus Baianismi, si defendat creaturæ rationali inesse naturaliter appetitum innatum ad visionem Dei intuitivam. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Sens, entering the lists in 1750, issued a censure against the two Italian theologians, and sent it to Benedict XIV., requesting him to approve this censure. But Benedict XIV. was too enlightened to confound the Augustinian system with Jansenism, and could not accede to the prelate's request. Berti terminated this controversy by a new apology. We add to all this that Cardinal Noris, also an Augustinian, held pretty much the same doctrine, and particularly this thesis, taught afterwards by Gerdil: that there is in man a natural capacity for the intuitive vision, which it behoved and becomes God to satisfy (Gerdil, t. xix. p. 35)—*Meram capacitatem visionis intuitivæ, quam decuit et decet replere Deum*. Now, it was in vain that Noris was several times denounced as Baianist or Jansenist, and that his history, *On Pelagianism*, was kept on the Index of the Spanish Inquisition for ten years. His works are irreproachable. Innocent XII. by naming him cardinal after these vain accusations, and Benedict XIV. by never ceasing to protest against the Spanish Index until his name was erased from it, have sufficiently justified him." *

* Gratry, *De la Connaissance de Dieu*, vol. p. 428. Paris edition. 1864.

## CHRISTIAN ART.

### ITALIAN REVIVAL—GIOTTO, ANGELICO, PERUGINO.

We now pass into Italy—the country of modern Europe to which has been conceded the pre-eminence in the fine arts, once the boast of ancient Greece. Light has been thrown on the advanced state of its decorative arts in the first century of our era by the excavations in Pompeii—a city which had been entombed for ages beneath the *scoriæ* of Vesuvius. In Italy mediæval art was a resurrection rather than, as in other countries, a new creation. At the breaking-up of the Roman Empire, indeed, Byzantium necessarily became the capital of the arts, as the residence of the court and the place where life and property were most secure during the convulsions of the Western Empire. From Byzantium, again, came the influence which restored to Italy her inheritance of art.

There can be no doubt that in its infancy Christianity held itself aloof from the fascination of art, because art had long been the minister of idolatrous worship and impure rites. But as paganism was gradually disappearing from the civilized world, the objection to the use of art passed away with it, and the painter's art was called in, tentatively at first, as circumstances permitted. We find its earliest traces in the Catacombs of Rome, which were at once the receptacles of the Christian dead and the sacred precincts within which the mysteries of religion were celebrated in obscurity. On their venerable walls are still visible the remains of paintings which, with all their technical deficiencies, combine in a remarkable manner the solemnity and dignity of ancient art with the more cheerful genius of the faith which was to renew the face of the earth. Christian symbols innumerable decorated the recesses consecrated to prayer and sacrifice. There was the lamb, representing the sacrifice of the Redeemer, and collectively the simple obedience of his disciples. The vine reproduced his own simile of their relation to him as branches to the parent plant. The fish, formed out of the letters of his name, suggested the mystic waters of holy baptism. The ship and the anchor, the hart drinking at the brook, the brazen serpent, the deliverance of Jonas, Daniel among the lions, were associated with various aspects of Christianity and its history. The evergreen palm-branch spoke of the undying life of the victorious martyr. The good shepherd represented the great "Pastor of the sheep," who gave his life for them. In a few rare instances, as in the catacombs of St. Calixtus and of St. Ponzianus, a portrait of the Saviour was attempted, in a manner full of refined beauty and dignity, but, of course, without any value as an authentic record of his *verum eikon*—his true image.

To the underground chapels of the Catacombs, in time, succeeded churches and basilicas; and we hear of St. Paulinus of Nola, in the fourth century, as among the first to introduce paintings of sacred

subjects into ecclesiastical buildings which he had erected. In the following century a step of immense importance was taken in the introduction of pictures in mosaic—an invention originally borrowed from Alexandria, and employed by the Romans for the decoration of their pavements. In mosaic-painting small cubes of glass, variously colored, were introduced into the soft plaster in patterns, and afterwards in regular pictures, which, in the perfection of the art, might be taken for paintings, with this superiority: that they are indestructible by the lapse of time. In the fifth century St. Leo decorated the choir-apsis of St. Paul's *without the walls* with mosaics which still remain; as his successors, Hilarius and Simplicius, did for St. John Lateran's and St. Mary Major's respectively. What the popes did for Rome in this way the Emperor Maximilian did for Ravenna, and her merchant-princes for Venice, where, accordingly, mosaic pictures may be studied in great abundance and variety. They never, indeed, attained, at the period we speak of at least, a degree of excellence approaching later paintings; there is a certain amount of stiffness, conventionality, and want of natural proportion inseparable from the best of them; but in the suggestive and representative character of the style they furnished an important link in the history we are tracing—a link which extends over many centuries of what is called the dark age.

The testimony afforded by the mosaics to the lingering art-sense in Italy was continued by that of many monasteries, whose inmates, like those of St. Gall in Switzerland, were famous as miniature-painters, sculptors, and gold-workers. Their work consisted chiefly in illuminating missals, and church books, and the great authors of antiquity, whose writings they were employed in copying, and which are preserved in many libraries and museums at the present day.

At length, in the year 1204, the Venetian Republic gained possession of Constantinople (Byzantium). Art of a certain kind had made its home there, and, such as it was—false to nature in every detail, without life or motive, and defaced by gaudy gold grounds to make up for the brilliancy of good color which was wanting—had at least something to teach the awaking art-feeling of Venice, and of Italy in general. In one important particular Byzantine art was in advance—namely, in the representation of the crucified Redeemer. For many reasons the subject had been avoided by earlier painters; partly, no doubt, from their notions of reverence, and also in part from their feeling that the subject, if treated naturally, would be "to the Jew a scandal, and to the Gentile foolishness." They were not disposed to exhibit their risen and glorified Lord in the "body of his lowness." Later reflection, however, came to modify the objection when it was remembered that "because he humbled himself, God also highly exalted him"; that "he ascended, because he also first descended into the lower parts of the earth" (Eph. iv. 9). Regarded as we now regard it, the crucifix, whether painted or in sculpture, stands as the epitome and summary of all the lessons of the Gospel, of all the truths of eternity. Divine love, the value of the human soul, the fallacy of mistaking appearances for reality, the duties of gratitude and charity,

the counsels of perfection—these and other kindred verities are impressed on the mind by the crucifix as by nothing else in this world. Hence, men like St. Buonaventura and St. Philip Benizzi spoke of it as their book of instruction; hence, probably, there is not one of his *sacramentalia* (as theologians call them) from which it would cost a Catholic more pain to part than his crucifix. What a history has it not had during all these ages; what a power has it not been for good! Where and whose was the hand that first painted it? Every Catholic may remember with thankfulness that that hand was trained in the art-school of Byzantium. But the iconoclastic traditions of Eastern Christianity, which excluded the use of images, were fatal to the development of good art where they reigned supreme; affecting the treatment even of paintings, which were, in consequence, doomed to flatness and meagreness, lest, by rounder and fuller treatment, they should appear to trespass on the prohibited field of images. This scrupulous fear was undoubtedly one of the principal causes of the poor and withered character of Byzantine art.

The opening of the East to Italy, consequent on the Venetian conquest of Constantinople, led the way to a gradual and increasing activity in men's minds, in which art and literature participated. Greek artists and Greek men of letters sought a home in Europe; rhymers and painters competed together for fame. The artists at first chiefly frequented Venice, Pisa, and Sienna. Here and there a man of original observation perceived the necessity of abandoning the conventional and worn-out platitudes into which his art had degenerated, and of seeking fresh inspiration from nature herself. The means of doing so, however, came more slowly than the perception of its necessity. Much had to be learnt, and perhaps even more to be unlearnt, before the way was cleared. Much of the credit of this early resuscitation of the true principles of art has been claimed for the school of Florence; more, perhaps, than was warranted, in justice to other centres of influence, such as Venice and the Tuscan cities above-named. One of the early efforts to work back to nature was made by a Guido of Sienna; his "Madonna," dated 1221, which hangs in the church of St. Domenico, Sienna, is recommended by its historical rather than by its artistic interest. Giunta of Pisa painted in *tempera* a "Crucifixion" for a church at Assisi, *circa* 1236, which deserves mention for the period of its execution. To Margaritone of Arezzo, also, a sculptor and painter, belongs the credit of advancing beyond the limit of his Byzantine training; a fine example of his style has been acquired by the National Gallery, London. Not to dwell too long on this period of transition, we come next to the artist commonly cited as the last of the old, and chief founder of the new, style—Giovanni Gualtieri, better known as Cimabue; a native of Florence, and believed to have been a pupil of Giunta of Pisa. The year of his birth was 1240. Vasari, his biographer, has mixed up invention with fact to a provoking extent in the account of his life and work. He was undoubtedly the painter of a colossal "Madonna and Child," enthroned, in the church of Santa Maria Nc-

vella, Florence, surrounded by six angels in adoration; the frame of the picture being adorned with numerous medallions bearing the heads of saints. The picture was painted *circa* 1270, and so charmed the Florentines by its unwonted softness and grace that they carried it, when finished, with great pomp and with music, from the painter's house to the church, the city magistrates and an immense crowd following it. Other authentic works of Cimabue exist in several Florentine churches, in the Louvre, Paris, and the National Collection, London, all possessing a strong family likeness, and a historical importance in addition to their artistic qualities. The artist attained the pinnacle of fame; his school in Florence was much frequented by pupils. While he was engaged in executing mosaic pictures in the Duomo at Pisa death overtook him, in 1302, and he was interred in Sta. Maria del Fiore, Florence, with the following inscription on his tomb:

*Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra teneret,*
*Sic tenuit vivens—nunc tenet astra poli.**

Meanwhile a greater influence than Byzantine rules and practice was preparing to mould, direct, and fashion the immediate future of Italian art. We mean the literary and artistic power of Dante, the master-mind of his age. Born in Florence, 1265, the last twenty years of his life were passed in exile, and he died 1321. Had he not been a great poet and philosopher his name might have descended to posterity as that of a great artist. His biographer, Bruni, tells us that he was an excellent draughtsman. He studied painting in the studio of Cimabue, together with Oderigi of Gubbio, a celebrated miniaturist, and with Giotto, Dante's intimate friend, of whom we shall speak immediately. In an affecting passage in his *Vita Nuova* the poet relates that, on the first anniversary of Beatrice's death, June 9, 1291, he was sitting by himself, sketching figures of angels on certain tablets, and musing on the lady of his love. So absorbed was he as not to notice one or two friends who had come to visit him. When he at last observed them he rose from his seat and saluted them, with apologies for his abstraction, saying: "It was once otherwise with me, and for that reason I was musing." As soon as they were gone he fell to his sketching again. His artistic instincts dictated his graphic description of his meeting with his fellow-pupil, Oderigi, in the round of Purgatory on which pride was expiated. The deceased painter's soul was embittered, he confessed, by finding that his own pupil, Franco of Bologna, had supplanted him in public estimation, leaving him only the empty honor implied in his being Franco's master. Even this admission of inferiority he would have scorned to make in his lifetime, so consuming was the desire to be first, on which his heart had been set. "O empty boast!" he cried,—

> "O empty boast of all man can achieve!
> Even when newest, brief its hope of life,
> If not succeeded by less cultured times.
> In painting, Cimabue thought to stay
> Lord of the field: now Giotto is the rage,
> Dimming the glory of his master's fame."
> —*Purg.* xi. 79.

To pursue this matter a little further, on account of its important bearing on the progress of the Italian art-revival, it was with a

* Incorporated in *Purgatorio*, xi. 94:
"Credette Cimabue nella pintura
Tener lo campo."

painter's or a sculptor's invention quite as much as with a poet's that Dante composed the marvellous groups of statuary in *Purgatorio*, x. and xii. The whole of his great poem, indeed, might be regarded, from an artistic point of view, as a gallery of art, filled with sketches and finished pictures of various elaboration or rapid execution. The gorgeous pageant which preceded the arrival of Beatrice's chariot might have tasked the procession-loving genius of Mantegna (*Purg.* xxix.) Orcagna and Angelico never surpassed scenes described in *Paradiso*, if these were not actually present to their minds while they painted. Nor is this great gallery wanting in cabinet-pictures of miniature delicacy, as the "Martyrdom of St. Stephen" (*Purg.* xv.) and the "Transfiguration" (*ib.* xxxii.) Landscape-art, again, is not unrepresented, but always as an accessory to scenes of intensely human interest, as the delicious evening picture (*Purg.* viii. 8) and the noonday panorama of the terrestrial paradise, to which the pine-forest of Chiassi, "Ravenna's immemorial wood," furnished a parallel in nature. Have we made out a case for Dante's artistic eminence? We think we have. But he had his theory as well as his visions of art. Two passages will show very clearly what his theory was. When he wished to express the exceeding beauty of the sculptured cornice (*Purg.* x.) he said that its carved groups, in their loveliness, would have put to shame, not the famous Greek sculptor, Polycletus, alone, but even nature herself; thus taking for granted that to nature was the ultimate appeal in every such comparison—a principle, it may be safely asserted, lying at the foundation of art of whatever kind. Not the achievements of this or that artist, however eminent in his day, is the final standard of excellence, but the broad and simple standard of nature. Here the friezes of the Parthenon and the cartoons of Raphael stand upon common ground.

Once more Dante shows us his artistic perception in another striking passage (*Convito*, iv. 25). In discussing the four ages of man's life he takes occasion to remark that the possession of a noble nature in youth manifests itself not only by gentleness and modesty, but also in corporeal beauty and activity, thus adding grace even to the outward person. Since the soul must to a great extent participate in the bodily actions, a good life will have the effect described; when the soul acts well, the body, for its share, is well regulated and disposed; and when it is so it is then beautiful as a whole and in its several parts, "because the due order of its members communicates a sense of pleasure analogous to I know not what admirable harmony, and their healthfulness clothes them in a color delightful to the eye." Without undue forcing of the poet's meaning, we may imagine that he included the whole gift of art and its treasures to mankind when he said: "God, to whom nothing can be new, called into being this speech to the eye, which to us only is new because hitherto undiscovered" (*Purg.* x. 94).

Such were the cardinal principles enunciated by Dante: that nature was the standard model to work up to in art, and that the eye was susceptible of harmony from impressions of order and proportion, similar to that addressed to the ear by a concord of musical

sounds. What his written works taught his living conversation, no doubt, repeated and enforced on the artists about him, and more particularly on his friend Giotto, who was some eleven years younger. With his pen, also, he showed them how to compose a picture with a brilliant motive, as when he described "The Annunciation," and, in fact, laid down the lines on which Angelico and others afterwards executed some of their famous pictures.

The Angel, who to earth bore the decree
Of peace (thro' centuries besought with tears),
That opened heaven after long banishment,
Appeared, so true to life before us, there,
Sculptured in attitude of perfect grace,
A no mere silent image to be deemed;
That *Ave* he was saying one could have sworn.
And there, too, was her semblance who the key
First turned about to open the High Love.
Her attitude so fitted to the word
*Behold the handmaid of the Lord*, as on
The wax is stamped the image of the seal.
—*Purg.* x. 34-45.

One or two of Cimabue's contemporaries call for a word of notice in passing. Duccio of Sienna was also a student of nature, and managed to throw off many of the trammels of the Byzantine style, as his extant works testify; so much so that it seemed as though art had all but reached its complete emancipation from the old bondage. Yet two centuries more had to elapse before that auspicious event could take place. Duccio, whose position at Sienna very much resembled that of Cimabue at Florence, executed his principal work for the Sienna cathedral.

The Florentine master's style was adopted in great part by Toriti in the mosaic pictures he executed about the same time for the apses of St. John Lateran's and St. Mary Major's, Rome. A comparison of these with similar work, eight centuries earlier, will enable a student almost at a glance to measure the progress of Italian art in the interval. No less full of promise were the sculptures of Niccola of Pisa on the pulpit of the cathedral in his native city, and on the Duomo of Orvieto.

As Sir Humphry Davy used to say that the best service he ever rendered to science was his discovery of Faraday, so it may be said that Cimabue never did a greater thing for art than when he discovered Giotto. Young Giotto (or Ambrogiotto) Bondone was a shepherd-boy, whom Cimabue, in one of his rides about Florence, found in the act of sketching a sheep on a stone in his native valley of Mugello, some fifteen miles from Florence, on the road to Bologna. The elder painter took the younger into his studio at the time Oderigi and Dante were frequenting it.

Whether Cimabue's hand was employed in decorating the church of St. Francis at Assisi or not is a matter of considerable doubt; but an important part of his pupil's, Giotto's, work which has come down to our time is attached to those venerable walls. The church, like that of St. Clement at Rome, is double, one being underneath the other. Giotto's 'prentice-hand was trained in the upper church; his matured skill is evinced by its record in the lower, which contains the tomb of the saint. On the groined vault are representations of the three vows of perfection—poverty, chastity, and obedience. A tradition remains that the allegorical forms employed in each compartment were sketched for the painter by his friend Dante. At all events, one of them—Poverty—is an amplification of the passage in *Paradiso* (xi. 58, *et seq.*) in which the saint's vocation is symbo-

lized by his devoted love to the lady Poverty; for her sake he braved the displeasure of his father,

"And before all the spiritual court,
And his own father, was united to her,
Loving her, thenceforth, daily more and more."

Christ himself is uniting the pair in presence of troops of angels. A fourth compartment shows St. Francis, enthroned, in the rich robes of a deacon, having the cross and the rule, and surrounded by numerous choirs of angels, who hymn his praises to the accompaniment of musical instruments. Several other works of Giotto still exist, though many more have perished by accident or decay. In the porch of St. Peter's, Rome, facing the great door, a large mosaic representing the church of Christ as the ship, or "Navicella," was originally the work of Giotto, executed for the old basilica, but has been so often removed and "restored" as to possess but little more than its general design to recall the painter. Christ is approaching on the stormy sea; St. Peter, as he sinks, is rescued by the Master's hand. Another rich collection of Giotto's works, illustrating his earlier style, exists at Padua in the chapel of the Madonna dell' Arena. A series of forty pictures represents the life of the Madonna from her parentage to her coronation, combined with allegorical single figures of the virtues and vices. The church of Santa Croce, Florence, once possessed a gallery of Giotto's works (now transferred to the Academy of Arts) illustrating in parallel series the lives of Christ and St. Francis. The painter was for a long time credited with a series of the "Sacraments" in the church of the Incoronata, Naples; but, though full of beauty, it does not approve itself to later criticism as the work of Giotto. During his visit to Naples, however, in 1330, he executed a fresco of the miraculous loaves and fishes in the convent of Santa Chiara.

A deeply interesting example of Giotto's portraiture was brought to light in 1840 in his head of Dante in the Bargello Chapel, Florence, chiefly through the energy of Mr. Wilde, an American gentleman, and Mr. Kirkup, an Englishman. It had been covered up with whitewash ever since the poet's political disgrace. The features perfectly corresponded with those of another contemporary portrait, in marble, attached to his tomb at Ravenna, and his penetrating mind and character were reflected from the fresco. It was painted in the colors of Beatrice (*Purg.* xxx. 31), intended also to allegorize the cardinal virtues. Under a green mantle the poet wore a crimson dress, and on his head a white hood bound with an olive-branch, the symbol of wisdom. Unfortunately, an eye had been injured in the act of removing the whitewash; and the colors were displeasing to the Tuscan government of the day as, curiously enough, those of the revolutionary party. The whole of Giotto's work, therefore, was repainted; the green mantle was changed to chocolate, and a sort of turban substituted for the hood. We have not yet entirely exhausted the list of Giotto's artistic accomplishments. It was he who designed the Campanile at Florence, though its erection was hardly begun at the time of his death, in 1337. Many of the statues intended for its enrichment were executed as well as designed by his hand. It was he who furnished Niccola of Pisa with designs for the sculptured groups on the doors of the Baptistery at Florence. As an

instance how one thing often grows out of another, we may mention that it was a crucifix in bronze made by Niccola, and carried by Giotto to Pope Clement V. at Avignon, which led to the pope's giving the sculptor a commission for the Baptistery doors. They were finished by Ghiberti in the following century. The papal commission gave a fresh impulse to art—an impulse which, falling under the control of a painter like Giotto, stamped on Italian sculpture the picture-like character which distinguishes it from the antique; and the links are few which connect those memorable doors (which Michael Angelo pronounced to be worthy to be the doors of Paradise) with Dante's sculptured visions in *Purgatorio*.

The style of Giotto marks the period of transition from Byzantine forms to the perfect naturalism of later art. Thoroughly to understand the change effected, we must pause a moment to remark the distinction between art which is representative or suggestive of a scene, and that which aims at being also imitative of objects in it. The Catacomb paintings were nearly all of them allegorical or symbolical; the Byzantine, though not quite so far removed from the truth of nature, were more or less conventional, and could never be mistaken for transcripts of human forms. A good example of the distinction between representation and imitation is afforded by the history of attempts to depict the Transfiguration of our Lord. The early mosaic artist who tried to represent it in the dome-apse of St. Apollinare at Ravenna, in the sixth century, could only do so by conventional symbols. In the centre he placed a large cross set with jewels, bearing on it the head of Christ. On either side of it were the busts of Moses and Elias, and underneath it three sheep to suggest the apostles. Nine centuries later Beato Angelico essayed the same subject by portraying the Redeemer as standing on a slight eminence within the allegorical Mandola, or *Vesica Piscis*, his arms extended as if on the cross. The three apostles kneel at his feet, in various attitudes of agitation under the influence of the intolerable glory. The mere head of Moses appears on the right hand of the Saviour, that of Elias on his left. Below all kneel half-figures of the Madonna and the artist's patron, St. Dominic. Even here the treatment is hardly more than representative. If now we turn to Raphael's great picture in the Vatican, or a good copy or engraving of it, we shall at once perceive the difference between the only possible method within reach of the older painters, and the fully-developed manner of imitation—as far, that is to say, as it was possible for the pencil of man to imitate a scene so far transcending the highest effort of imagination. Something of the same distinction marked the style of Giotto as compared with that of his predecessors, with this difference: that he was only striving to reach the full perfection of nature—a goal not to be attained in one lifetime. Yet, as the first to point to it and aim at it, his life constitutes an epoch in the history of painting.

He for ever emancipated Italian art from the Byzantine thraldom; roundness and flexibility took the place of mummified anatomies, particularly in the ample and manifold draperies. The nude figure was still an unknown object to the artist; even his feet and hands

were far from irreproachable. He made mere beauty less of an object than expression of character; even Duccio surpassed him in sweetness and gracefulness. Here and there Giotto could paint a graceful head; more often his pictures depend for their excellence on their general composition and the disposition of their masses. When the subject called for it he could treat it in a peculiarly solemn, simple, and harmonious manner. It is impossible to over-rate his influence in the history of art. His original invention opened up the avenues to nature which all subsequent artists have been striving to pass through and, as a natural consequence, he attracted a train of imitators, who sometimes exaggerated his effects to such a point as to lay themselves open to ridicule. What his contemporaries thought of him is incidentally shown by a passage in Boccaccio's *Decamerone* (vi. 5). The author of the hundred tales lived in Florence at the same time, and was twenty-three years old at the date of Giotto's death. He speaks of the painter as a man of such surpassing genius that there was nothing Dame Nature produced which he could not, with his brush or his chisel, reproduce in *fac-simile* (not to say imitate), and make his work look the very thing itself. The eye was often thus deceived and took the copy for the reality. The man who thus restored to light the art of painting, after its long obscuration by blundering daubers (who painted to please the eye of the ignorant multitude rather than gratify the minds of the wise), deserved, in Boccaccio's opinion, to be enrolled among the glorious lights of Florence; and the rather because, supreme master as he was in that field, his great humility had always declined the title of master—an act of modesty in striking contrast to the audacity with which it was claimed by men far his inferior in knowledge, and even by some of his own pupils.

Like the concentric wavelets propagated around a stone which has been dropped upon the surface of a lake, the influence of Giotto's original genius extended far and wide to other artistic centres and schools in Italy. So far as our limits will permit, we shall refer to the most eminent of his successors and their principal works. The first name of note occurring in the order of time is that of Orcagna, who also belonged to the school of Florence. Andrea di Cione was his name; his *sobriquet*, L'Arcagnuolo, abbreviated to *Orcagna*. Like Giotto, he was a painter, sculptor, and architect in one; and like Francia, another painter-sculptor, he used, in signing his sculptures, to designate himself as a painter, and as a sculptor when he signed his paintings. The works by which he is now best known are his frescoes, the "Triumph of Death" and the "Last Judgment," in the Campo Santo, an ancient burying-ground at Pisa, along the cloistered walls of which the artists of the time, during a period of two centuries, were commissioned to paint a series of religious subjects In the fresco first named the winged figure of Death sweeps over the world of life, mowing down with her scythe old and young, rich and poor, nations and races, coming upon her prey always when least expected, and cutting short many unprofitable projects, or, perhaps, snatching away the fortunate before misfortune had time to mingle bitterness with the sweetness of their lives—as the gaunt

form of Petrarca's "Death" boasted that it was her business to do, from whom the painter is supposed to have caught the motive of his work (*Trionfo della Morte*, i. 44). His "Last Judgment" is a sublimer scene. The Redeemer and Judge is seated among the celestial choirs on his throne, his Blessed Mother on his right hand, while he pronounces the doom of the reprobate. St. Michael, the archangel of judgment, stands at their feet between two angels who blow their trumpets: Awake, ye dead! and come to judgment. Other archangels, distinguished by their taller figures, their wings and swords, sweep among the awaking dead and "separate the wicked from among the just." One archangel alone, St. Raphael, the guardian spirit of all humanity, cowers down at the feet of St. Michael, appalled by the scene, and folds his robe as if about to shut it out from view—a grand and imposing figure, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. To it the painter probably owed his name of *L'Arcagnuolo*. He and his brothers, one of whom was a sculptor and the other a painter, contributed works to several churches in Florence, in which ideas derived from Dante may be clearly traced. Orcagna died *circa* 1376, about the age of sixty.

Another critical epoch in Italian art was the commission given (1400) to Lorenzo Ghiberti to complete the sculptures on the gates of the Florence Baptistery, begun, as we have seen, by Niccola of Pisa in the preceding century. Two gates remained to be completed; one of them was filled with groups in relief representing scenes in the New Testament, as the other with scenes taken from the Old. The work lasted forty years, and conferred an immortality of fame on the sculptor and designer. Its collateral influence, also, on the progress of art was very great, in consequence of the succession of young students who were trained to draw and model in the master's school, and who there learned secrets of nature hitherto veiled to their predecessors. The most distinguished student in Ghiberti's school was Tommaso Guidi, better known as Masaccio (or Slovenly Tom). He was born in the same year as the famous gates were begun, and lived only a year or two after the completion of the first. His great genius carried him forward many stages on the progressive road to excellence, in drawing and modelling the human figure, in using light and shade to make his figures stand out from the canvas; simplicity was the rule in his draperies, and truth to nature in every detail. He may be best studied in a series of frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the Carmelite church, Florence, illustrating the life of St. Peter. One of the best known, through engravings, is the restoration of a youth to life by SS. Peter and Paul. Some of the figures, however, were the work of the younger Lippi, particularly the grand attitude of St. Paul as he commands the youth to return to life—a figure which Raphael afterwards adopted, with a difference, in his cartoon of St. Paul preaching before the Athenian Areopagus. Masaccio has been pronounced by a popular critic to have been "the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence at which art afterwards arrived, and therefore justly to be considered as one of the great fathers of modern art." Yet Charles Leslie points out that in the fresco referred to a little ago

the stupendous miracle supposed to be taking place calls up no emotion among the people who are looking on; a little girl clasps her hands, indeed, but no one else seems aware that anything unusual is in progress. The life and nature of Masaccio, and still more of his contemporaries, were life and nature asleep; further progress had to be made before the utmost reach of high art could be attained.

We now arrive at a name which must always stand apart and alone in the history of art as that of a man who was, indeed, among the foremost painters of his age, admired for his technical excellence, for the sweetness and purity of his style. Even secular critics admit that his compositions excelled in harmony of outlines and of colors, and in the beauty of the draperies. The varieties of human facial expression were caught and represented by him with marvellous dexterity and truth. No one ever painted angels more beautifully as the gentle guardians of man. But he was more than a mere painter. With his art-studies he combined pious meditations and an ascetic life. His themes and motives were invariably incidents in the supernatural past or in the future glory. We refer to Giovanni da Fiesole, more commonly known as *Beato*, or *Fra*, Angelico. In him, as in no other painter so fully, was accomplished even in this life the promise of the Gospel that the clean of heart shall see God, in art, in external beauty, in heavenly contemplation. It is often asked, with some bewilderment, how it happens that our mechanical art, for example, our science and its appliances, are so vastly in advance of any former age, while our fine art is so ludicrously inferior. One secret element in the difference is undoubtedly due to the lower view that is taken of Christian art. A power so intimately connected with the feelings and emotions of an artist as is his art necessarily partakes of his moral tone quite as much as of his intellectual. Of two men equally skilled in the technical department of painting or sculpture, the man who lives best is certain to be the best interpreter of a religious subject. And, *à fortiori*, a skilled artist who is also leading a supernatural life on earth, feeding his lofty heart with the contemplation of the unseen world and its eternal truths, will be found to excel in his manner of reproducing scenes and events connected with it on which he has long and intimately meditated. Such a man was Beato Angelico. A native of the same part of Tuscany that gave birth to Giotto, he early displayed his taste for art, and learned its rudiments from his brother, Fra Benedetto, an illuminator of MSS. At the age of twenty he renounced the world and entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole, of which his brother was prior, in 1407. A great part of his life was passed in that of San Marco at Florence. His chief works were executed for churches there; a history of the Passion of Christ in San Marco's Convent engaged him for nine years. Foligno and Cortona also possess works which he executed during a temporary residence at those places. He visited Rome for the first time at the invitation of the pope, and was commissioned to illustrate the parallel lives of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence in the chapel of San Lorenzo in the Vatican. This he accomplished in a double series, each consisting of five pictures of surpassing delica-

cy and beauty. It is remarkable that their existence was lost sight of for two centuries, and so lately as 1769 visitors to the chapel had to enter it by a window. The Florentine Academy of Fine Arts possesses a good collection of Fra Angelico's smaller works, others of which are distributed in several of the national galleries in Europe. The pure spirit of the painter is breathed in every line he drew. When he undertook an important work it was not till after prayer and ascetic exercises and the holy Mass. The figure of the crucified Redeemer he never painted but on his knees and with many tears. Every work he executed was under religious obedience and for the love of God. His representations of the celestial world and its inhabitants reflect an exquisite and inimitable grace and loveliness. So impressed with these was the massive genius of Michael Angelo that he composed the following epigram on Angelico:

"O Giovanni è salito in Paradiso
Il volto di Maria a vagheggiare;
O Ella è scesa in terra, e il bel viso
A lui venne ad espor per ricavare." *

The beauty Angelico infused into those figures was reflected in his own spotless character, and further heightened by the most retiring humility. The pope desired to make him Archbishop of Florence; but he declined the honor, and besought His Holiness to appoint Fra Antonio, of San Marco, a brother friar, which was done, and with excellent results. Fra Angelico died in Rome, 1455, passing away to the society of the blessed beings his whole life had been spent in contemplating and imitating. His tomb remains in the Dominican church of the Minerva, bearing this epitaph:

"Non mihi sit laudi quod eram velut alter Apelles,
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia, Christe, dabam:
Altera nam terris opera exstant, altera cœlo.
Urbs me Johannem flos tulit Etruriæ."*

Fra Angelico was not the only religious who consecrated his talent to the service of God. The Dominican Order claims another celebrated painter in Fra Bartolomeo, the friend of Savonarola. Fra Filippo Lippi was a Carmelite friar endowed with the rarest artistic gifts. Don Lorenzo, called *Il Monaco*, belonged to the order of Camaldoli, a reform of the Benedictine. Fra Antonio da Negroponte, a comparatively little known painter, but a master of his art, was a Franciscan friar in Venice in the fifteenth century. Much nearer our own times Daniel Zeghers (1590–1661), of Antwerp, exercised his unsurpassed mastery of flower-painting in the Society of Jesus, and executed wreaths and garlands of the choicest flowers, within which other hands painted the busts of the Madonna and Child, or of St. Ignatius, the great founder of the society.

In our very brief survey of early Italian art and its progress it has manifestly been impossible to do more than sketch the outlines of an extensive subject, and supply a few landmarks for the student in the names of some of the most eminent artists of the period. The annals of other schools than we have mentioned would furnish ma-

* The painter up to Paradise has been
To look upon Madonna s beauteous face;
Or she has visited this earthly scene
To aid his portrait of her matchless grace.

* Praise me not because I was, as it were, a second Apellos, but because I gave all my gains to thy children, O Christ! Some work for the earth, and some for heaven. The flower-city of Etruria gave me birth.

terials for equally interesting study; as, for example, the Venetian school, with Antonello of Messina, Vivarini, Crivelli, and Bellini among its early lights. The schools of Padua, Bologna, and other historical centres of art must be studied in the numerous systematic works devoted to their illustration, and will well repay the requisite trouble. Before concluding this paper we propose to say something of one of the last of the mediæval, or "pre-Raphaelite," painters, as they have been called; for the period of the Renaissance had arrived, and new life was kindling in art, as in literature and other interests of civilization. Pietro Vannucci—or Perugino, as he was named from Perugia, the city of his residence—was born in 1446, and rose to be the chief of the Umbrian school; no small honor also fell to his share by reflection from the fame of his more eminent pupil, Raphael. He lived long enough to see the new style arise which was to eclipse his own in the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo; and he died in 1524, three years later than his great pupil. He learned the rudiments of painting in Florence, in the face of poverty and privations which would have baffled a less energetic character. His art took the direction of sacred subjects, in which he soon distinguished himself by devotional feeling and his brilliant coloring. He was called to Rome by the pope, and executed commissions in the Sistine Chapel, which, however, were afterwards superseded by the greater works of Michael Angelo. His pictures are numerous in Italy and European art collections; they are highly valued for certain qualities which are to some extent independent of their imperfect drawing and general formality. A large triptych in the National Collection, London, represents, in the central panel, the Madonna and her Child, and to the right and left St. Michael and St. Raphael presenting the young Tobias to the Madonna. The picture was painted in 1501 for the Carthusian church at Pavia, and has the further interest attaching to traces of Raphael's hand which are said to be found in it. A fresco of Perugino's, still remaining in the Sistine Chapel, has been frequently engraved, representing the delivery of the keys to St. Peter at the foot of a flight of steps leading up to the Temple. The museum at Caen, in Normandy, possesses a picture, by his hand, of the "Sposalizio," or marriage of the Madonna and St. Joseph, which Raphael must have had in his mind when he painted the same subject—a work now in the Brera collection at Milan. In Raphael's picture, however, the order in which the group is arranged before the high-priest is inverted.

Such was the infancy and the early youth of modern sacred art in Italy. We have for the most part confined our remarks to facts, leaving appropriate reflections very much to suggest themselves. That so much fertility of invention and skill in execution should, in so many centres of art at one time, be dedicated to the service of religion may appear scarcely credible. Enough, however, of what was actually done survives to place it beyond a doubt. Nay, we have more convincing evidence still in the lives and works of Italy's four greatest masters—Da Vinci, Buonarroti, Raphael, and Titian—to prove the amazing fecundity of sacred art in Italy in the sixteenth century. In the period covered by

these four lives it attained its full growth and perfection; after that the historian has little to record but gradual and inevitable decline, but such beauty in decline as would put to shame the highest art-achievements of almost any country but Italy. The Carraccis, Domenichino, and Guercino might have been "lords of the field" but for the supreme four just named. Hence the student may learn how precious a thing is art in its highest perfection; how entirely removed beyond all human calculation is the chance of its recurrence in any age or period; and, if for no other reason, how well worthy of study is its birth and growth, and even its decay.

---

## LORD CASTLEREAGH

THE name which stands at the head of this page brings to the minds of Irishmen no pleasing recollections. Associated as that name is with the sanguinary repression of a great rebellion and with the corruption and betrayal of their national legislature, little room for wonder is there in the fact that it is regarded with feelings such as no other has ever evoked in the memories of men of the much-suffering, much-forgiving Irish race. Yet withal there cannot but be a little of another feeling aroused in the hearts of Irishmen when they remember the proud positions held by its bearer, and think how different might have been the later story of their nation had the ability of Castlereagh and the sword of Wellington been given to the service of their native land.

Robert Stewart, the future Lord Castlereagh, was born on the 18th of June, 1769, the same year which saw the birth of Napoleon and of his conqueror. The family of the Stewarts was of Scotch extraction, one of their ancestors having come from that country to Ireland in the reign of James I., and obtained, as many another adventurer did before and since, a large tract of confiscated land which had been granted to the Duke of Lennox. Adding to their possessions and their wealth, they became people of importance. Always supporters of what men had come to call the "Protestant interest"—transplanting Scotch Protestants to people their Irish estates and to supplant Irish Catholics, raising troopers for King William and riding at their head—always on the government side in Parliamentary divisions, they yet remained untitled country gentlemen until the time of the father of the future statesman. This Robert Stewart—for his son was christened after him—was born in 1739. He represented the County Down in two Parliaments, and was made a member of the Privy Council and created Baron of Londonderry in 1789. A veritable glutton for titles, which came to him quickly and thickly, more as the rewards of his son's services to England than the guerdon of his own, he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Castlereagh in 1795, made Earl of Londonderry in 1796, and created Marquis of Londonderry 1816. He was married twice,

first to a daughter of the then Earl of Hertford, and secondly to the sister of Lord Camden. By his first marriage he had two sons: one died while yet but an infant; the other lived to have the best-execrated name of his generation, to descend to the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Robert Stewart the younger received his early education at Armagh, and at the age of seventeen, in the year 1786, he was sent to Cambridge. He left college in the following year; but, short as was his stay, it is stated to have been not undistinguished. On leaving college he started upon the then inevitable "grand tour." Upon his return he evinced such a decided predilection for a political career that his father determined to have him nominated for the County Down at the next election. Lord Hillsborough, afterwards Marquis of Downshire, had been anxious to secure the two seats for the county for his own nominees, and all the influence he could command was put forth in order to secure this result. The contest was a long and doubtful one, but ended in the return of young Stewart for one of the seats. The expense of a Parliamentary election in those days was always considerable, but so intense had been this struggle that the cost of Mr. Stewart's election came to the enormous total of sixty thousand pounds.* This great expenditure fell with crushing force upon his family, and came at a particularly awkward moment for Lord Londonderry; for, having just before the election determined upon erecting a new and magnificent family mansion at Mount Stewart, he had demolished his old residence, and now, having exhausted the funds with which he had intended to defray the cost of the new edifice, having even been compelled to part with his magnificent and valuable collection of paintings, he was obliged to make some cheap additions to an old barn, and to doom himself to it as a residence for the remainder of his life.* In the fierce determination evinced by the father to secure this election one perhaps sees foreshadowed that equally determined persistence which the son was to display whenever he had an object to obtain or a rival to surpass.

Gifted with a handsome and pleasing exterior, with a remarkably courteous and, when he chose to display it, winning demeanor, he on his entrance to the Irish House of Commons made many friends. Professing liberal sentiments, advocating Parliamentary reform, supporting the claims of Ireland to free and untrammelled trading, he seemed destined to add another name to the list of those Irish statesmen and patriots who, despite government corruption and bribery of every kind, were seeking to uphold the liberties of their native land. But this was not to be. In 1791, speaking and voting for a motion of Grattan's in favor of free trading between Ireland and the East Indies, he in the following year spoke and voted against a resolution brought forward by Ponsonby with the same object. His political conduct at this period we have summed up for us by his half-brother: "For a few sessions Mr. Stewart voted generally with the opposition. However, the turbulent development of the state of Ireland rendered it necessary for him to come to some decided conclusion. Accordingly,

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh*, vol. i. p. 7.

* Ibid.

when the system of strong measures was adopted by the Irish administration, in order to silence rebellion by terror or extinguish it by severity, we find Lord Castlereagh amongst its warmest supporters."* This paragraph not unfairly epitomizes Castlereagh's conduct. From being the advocate of reform he became the supporter of coercion; from being an upholder of popular rights he became a fierce denouncer of any political agitation on the part of the masses; and though he still expressed a desire for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, it was to be given only as a bribe for the surrender of their country's nationality. It must, however, be admitted that, guilty of his first inconsistency, no man could ever again lay such a charge against him. There was to be no inconsistency ever again displayed by him who was to be perhaps the most consistently one-ideaed statesman who ever sought to guard, to mar, or guide the destinies of a nation. There was to be no inconsistency, no weak feeling of mercy, displayed in the character of the man who dyed red with Irish blood the scaffold and triangles; who approved, if he did not devise, the sending of a brutal soldiery to live at "free quarters" upon the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland; who in that country dictated edicts which would not have belied the fame of Alva; and who in England demanded and procured the passage of the "Gagging Acts" and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus. Once he adopted the *rôle*, he was a consistent Tory, a consistent supporter of oligarchy and tyranny, a consistent enemy of free institutions; and on careful inquiry we will find that his only inconsistency lay in having once been guilty of a generous impulse, of having for a brief moment, by his actions, owned that he knew he owed a duty to his unfortunate motherland. He could preserve a smooth exterior while his mind was deeply engaged in the tangles of some political arrangements the results of which would be felt from the halls of the Kremlin to the courts of the Alhambra; and he could be courteous, smile, and bandy compliments while he knew that he was about to

"Dabble his sleek young hands in Erin's gore."

Yet, in saying so much, one cannot help at the same time expressing some admiration for the great talents, industry, and determination which Castlereagh ever displayed in seeking the attainment of his ends. He accomplished the destruction of Irish Parliamentary independence by means of mingled corruption and terrorism. "Fifteen years afterwards he and the two brothers Wellesley concluded that awful contest in which Pitt himself had succumbed. Its secret history is that of an alliance between these three Irish adventurers. It was Castlereagh who appointed and maintained the Duke of Wellington as British generalissimo; Wellesley who suggested, and Castlereagh who conducted, the diplomatic arrangements which banded all Europe against Napoleon."* In private life he possessed many attached friends. "Elegant

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh*, vol. i. p. 9. The style of composition favored by this half-brother of Lord Castlereagh was, as will be seen by this quotation, where he speaks, almost in the one sentence, of "Mr. Stewart" and "Lord Castlereagh," unnecessarily confusing. A *beau sabreur*, a dashing cavalry soldier, he had a fancy for authorship, but few of the requisite qualifications. In a work describing his travels, after mentioning his arrival at a town he adds: "Here I learned that Almighty God, for reasons best known to himself, had been pleased to burn down my house in the county of Durham."

* *Memoir of Lord Plunket*, by J. Cashel Hoey, p. 10.

and courteous in his manners, with a noble figure and finely-chiselled countenance, he was beloved in his family circle and by all his friends."* Certain it is that no man had ever more attached followers; but equally certain is it that no man ever rewarded more richly those who carried out his behests. Trampling all feeling of shame beneath his feet, regardless of the records and verdict of history, disregarding the staining of his own name, he rewarded, as traitors never were rewarded before, all those who assisted him in the betrayal of Ireland. The feeling of admiration which he inspired in those whose work he did, whose cause "the Irish adventurer" had made his own, is not difficult to understand, but few will be prepared to find one of England's oldest nobility writing: "As a statesman, as a gentleman, as a man, the Marquis of Londonderry was the Bayard of political chivalry —*sans peur et sans reproche*." † A perfect man of business, his private expenditure was carefully kept within the limits which a prudent regard to his income dictated; and while during his life no man could call him niggard, at his death he left no debts behind him, as so many of his contemporary nobles did, to harass his descendants to the third generation. His hospitality was at all times generous; he maintained all the state his position fairly called for; he was a faithful husband, a good master; and if he seldom forgave an enemy, he never forsook a friend.

It was in 1797 that Robert Stewart first became entitled, owing to the promotion of his father in the peerage, to that title of Viscount Castlereagh which he was to make so notorious. It was also in this year that he received his first public appointment at the hands of the then lord lieutenant, his step-uncle, Lord Camden, who created him Keeper of the Privy Seal in Ireland. Soon afterwards he was appointed, as *locum tenens* for Pelham, to the position of chief secretary to the viceroy—a position fully conferred upon him when Pelham resigned in 1799. The history of Ireland during the two years 1798–99 is that of Castlereagh's administration. To travel over it again here is not necessary. Known by a terrible and sad notoriety, it needs no recalling; while the stories of nations are told, while the records of history are preserved, the fate of Ireland and the treatment of her people during those two terrible years will be remembered as one of the cruellest of the many cruel trials to which the much-enduring children of Erin have had to submit. During those two years no pains were spared to goad into rebellion the mass of the Catholic people; they were tempted to acts of desperation by deeds of torture, and almost driven to hurl themselves unarmed, with the wild valor of despair, on the bayonet-bristling ranks of the Orange yeomanry and Hessian auxiliaries of England. Thanks, however, to the efforts of their prelates and their priests, they were saved from a course of action which, undisciplined and unarmed as they were, could only have resulted in disaster; for had the Catholics, *as* Catholics, been found on the side of the rebels, the close of the struggle would not have been different to what it was, while there would undoubtedly have been superadded to the horrors of the period the re-

* Allison's *History of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 526.
† Duke of Buckingham's *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, vol. i. p. 357.

enactment of the penal laws, the renewal of the hideous persecutions of the earlier portions of the century, and the suppression and destruction of the various religious institutions which were just beginning to take root, and which would have been the first to be assailed had bigotry the least plausible excuse.* Therefore it was well for the Catholic people of Ireland that, while their enemies might speak of the rebellion as that of the Irish, they could not charge it to "the Papists." The pure-minded, generous-hearted young noble who was to have been its head was not a Roman Catholic. Wolfe Tone, the Shearses, Bagnal Harvey, or Napper Tandy were none of them Roman Catholics. Yet amongst the Catholic people of Ireland

> "Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?
> Who blushes at the name?
> When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
> Who hangs his head for shame?"

Amongst them are but few who do not honor the memory of the valiant-hearted leaders of "ninety-eight," who faced the scaffold, the dungeon, and dangers of battle, both at home and in exile, as stoutly as the chiefs of the olden days.

It were a useless task to here again retell the story of the corruption and degradation of Ireland's national legislature by Castlereagh. How he induced her sons to be faithless to her, and taught them that honor, power, and wealth were best attained by treachery to their native land, has been often told. On the passage of the Act of Union, or shortly afterwards, Castlereagh removed his residence to England, and in 1802 was first admitted to a seat in the English cabinet as President of the Board of Control in the Addington administration. In 1804, on the formation of Pitt's ministry, Castlereagh was one of those chosen by the great statesman to assist him in the task he had set himself of waging a war to death against the conqueror of Europe. It is not difficult to account for the unswerving support which the great majority of the peers and people of England gave this and the various following administrations during the great struggle which they carried on so long, at such a cost in blood and money. At the beginning of the French Revolution, when the first germs of that strange fermentation began to float from the salons of Paris and the desks of the philosophers, men were caught and deceived by the high-sounding words of the pseudo-philanthropists of the period, who deluded their followers with hollow platitudes, and seem to have really thought themselves that the miseries of peoples could be healed by phrases. The rights of man and the powers of reason were claimed and extolled, but never a voice was raised to remind the talkers that the rights of men had somewhere a just limit, that the powers of reason might easily be over-rated. Englishmen were flattered by the praises lavished on their governmental and social systems, their laws and institutions, and even by the copying of their national sports; and amongst them was to be even found a section who for a space

* How feeble these just rising institutions were at the time of the rebellion may be gathered from the fact that three years later, in 1801, there were but five convents in Dublin: viz, one belonging to the Dominican nuns in Brunswick Street, one to the Poor Clares in Dorset Street, another belonging to the same order in North King Street, one to the Ursulines on George's Hill, and another to the Carmelites at Ranelagh. How different these so-called "convents" were from our modern notions of what such institutions should be may be concluded from the fact that the total number of nuns in the five was only forty-six (*Castlereagh's Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 172).

hoped that some of the wildest of the dreams of the philosophers of Paris might be realized on the banks of the Thames. How rudely these hopes were blasted, and how quickly the atrocities committed in the name of freedom produced a revulsion in English popular opinion, is well known. From being disposed to give the hand of fellowship to French democracy the majority of Englishmen became its most bitter opponents. The excesses of the French revolutionists tended to defeat their own cause; and not only that, but, unfortunately, the cause of rational liberty in every land. They prevented Parliamentary reforms for many years in England, and gave on the Continent seeming justification to systems of repression which only served to produce the results they were intended to prevent. Macaulay, writing of those public men who were at one time admirers of the revolutionists and afterwards their opponents, says: "It was natural that such men should see in the victory of the Third Estate of France the dawn of a new Saturnian age. It was natural that the rage of their disappointment should be proportioned to the extravagance of their hopes. Though the direction of their passions was altered, the violence of those passions was the same. The force of the rebound was proportioned to the force of the original impulse. The pendulum swung furiously to the left, because it had been drawn too far to the right." *

In 1805 Lord Castlereagh was appointed Secretary of State for War, but in the following year, on the death of Pitt and the formation of the Grey and Grenville administration, he lost his office. The new administration entered office pledged to principles of liberality and bound by past promises to give freedom not only to the black serfs in the colonies of England, but also to the Catholics at home. The first object they made a great effort to accomplish, and did succeed in securing the passage of a stringent law prohibiting the continuance of the traffic in slaves; but the second they were not able to even partly attain, for the prejudices and fears of the obstinate and semi-insane old king, worked upon by secret influences, induced him to require the ministry to withdraw a measure which they had introduced opening commissions in the army and navy to Roman Catholics. This, at his bidding, they did; but when he afterwards sent for them, and required a written pledge that they would never again introduce a measure favorable to the Roman Catholics, they tendered their resignations, which were accepted.

The new ministry was formed under the presidency of the Duke of Portland. Canning, on being invited to join it, for some reason never yet clearly divulged—for the reason assigned, viz., a sense of Castlereagh's incompetence, is ridiculous—made it the chief condition of his doing so that a certain portion of the ordinary duties of the Secretary of War should be transferred to him in addition to his own as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or that Castlereagh's resignation should be obtained and the Marquis of Wellesley appointed in his stead. This request must have had its origin in some personal ill-feeling; but, be this as it may have been, Canning made either of such arrangements an indispensable condition, and expressed a desire that

* Essay on Sir James Mackintosh's *History of the English Revolution.*

his determination should be made known to Castlereagh. Apparently thinking that this had been done, and that his own relation, Lord Camden, had discharged the unpleasant task, Canning sat in council with Castlereagh, and permitted him "to engage in a new expedition to Walcheren of the most important, extensive, and complicated nature, under the full persuasion that he enjoyed his liberal and *bona fide* support."* When Castlereagh discovered the manner in which he had been treated, and that the man whom he had regarded as a faithful colleague had his dismissal in his pocket, he felt naturally irate; but his anger developed a strange fierceness, and he displayed a savage thirst for blood as a salve for his self-respect that can only be condemned. He, through his friend, the then Marquis of Hertford, sent a challenge to Canning; and at the meeting, as the first fire proved ineffective, he, despite the expostulations of the seconds, insisted upon another interchange of shots, when Canning fell wounded. There is nothing more certain than that on this occasion Castlereagh was determined to make Canning pay the penalty of his life for his offence. Both the ministers now resigned their respective offices, but before the end of the year Castlereagh was called to the office which Canning had held. The almost wild courage of the man was shown in this duel, as on another occasion when two large and savage mastiffs belonging to Lady Castlereagh engaged in furious combat, and when, in spite of entreaties and every effort to restrain him, he sprang between them, unarmed, to stop the fight. In doing this he had naturally to sustain the combined attacks of the huge animals; and though after a terrible struggle he attained his object, it was at the expense of hideously lacerated hands and arms, and of wounds from which he suffered long.

Once at the head of the department of foreign affairs, Castlereagh was enabled to give his best efforts to the prosecution of the war against Napoleon, and to the organization of that great coalition before which the "mighty man of war" was at last to fall. At his bidding the purse-strings of Britain were opened as they were at Pitt's, and the hard-earned money of her peoples went to sustain foreign powers in contests which they lacked the monetary means to support themselves. In 1813 it was deemed necessary that England should be more effectively represented at the camp-councils of the army of the Alliance, and therefore, in the month of December in that year, Castlereagh left London and proceeded through Holland to the headquarters of the army—that army which numbered within its ranks soldiers of so many and so diverse nationalities, in whose ranks stood the cultured-looking Italian and native of the south, the coarse and savage, semi-Asiatic Russian, the phlegmatic but stout-hearted children of Holland, the warrior-student sons of Germany; in whose camps floated the banners of so many different peoples, who were all actuated by the one determination, who were banded together by the memory of common wrongs, of mutual injuries, and the united resolution to spare neither blood nor valor to hurl from his throne that man for the satisfaction of whose ambition such hecatombs of human

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh*, vol. i. p. 17.

lives had been made, whose word and will had wrought misery from one end of Europe to the other, whose fame was burnt into the hearts of childless mothers, widowed wives, and weeping children in every hamlet from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the German Ocean, from the Atlantic to the Caspian.

Relentless amongst the relentless, none at the conferences of the monarchs and their great statesmen insisted more emphatically than Castlereagh upon the impossibility of making peace with Napoleon. He more accurately than others there had measured the depth and breadth of the great soldier's ambition, and he would not have allowed any chivalrous feeling of generosity towards a fallen foe to induce him to leave him the hollow satisfaction of being still styled emperor, or to allow him a residence within sight of the shores of that great continent which had been the arena of his triumphs. He therefore refused to sign the treaty by which Napoleon exchanged the throne and crown of France for the mocking one of Elba; but he did, as minister plenipotentiary for England, sign the treaty of Paris on the 30th of March, 1814, and afterwards proceeded to the Congress of Vienna—that congress at which so many acts of restitution were to be made; at which the marvellous talents of that strange being, Talleyrand—now, as he had ever been, and was destined to be even in his hour of death, on the winning side—were displayed perhaps more than ever before; and which was to be so rudely disturbed in its deliberations by the news of dire portent—that Napoleon again trod the soil of France, that the soldiers sent against him had been conquered by their old love and old associations, and had failed to point their bayonets at the breast of him whose genius had brought glory on the valor of France.

Napoleon's final defeat and exile left Castlereagh at liberty to return to England. He returned to be received with well-merited honors, to be greeted with loud acclaim as the man to whom above all others—with one exception—was due the downfall of Napoleon, the proud position held by England on the night when the sun set on the blood-stained field of Waterloo. On the night when he first revisited the House of Commons that assembly presented an aspect only paralleled by that which it exhibited on the occasion when another Irishman entered it and received from its Speaker the thank-offering of a nation grateful to him who had saved it from grievous peril. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, knew the value of popular applause; he had fully measured it, for he had seen how fickle a people can be in their bestowal of praise or blame; but even he could not be blind or deaf to the honors paid him, and the iron-hearted, iron-minded soldier had bent low before the representative assembly of England when it thanked him for the deeds he had done. So with Castlereagh; callous and cold though the man may have been, the proudest moments of his life, as men value their lives, must have been those wherein he passed up the historic chamber of the senate of England, and saw tier after tier of members—supporters of the opposition as well as of the government, Whigs as well as Tories—rise to do him honor; when cheer after cheer rang forth, and the vaulted roof echoed and re-echoed back the applauding shouts

which greeted the "Irish adventurer." Well would it have been for him if the dark clouds of remorseful memories had not overshadowed his mind, and if a never-ceasing dread of popular vengeance had not so acted upon his imagination as to make him, once the excitement of the great contest in which he had acted so great a part was past, incapable of dealing temperately with popular discontent or wisely with popular agitations. Within almost the shortest possible space the feeling of admiration entertained throughout England for Castlereagh changed to one "of deep hostility, almost of disgust." * The manner in which this change of feeling was brought about is well known. During the continuance of the war the nation had freely paid such taxes as its governors demanded, and had uncomplainingly accepted from the hands of Castlereagh and his brother ministers burdens which still hang upon it; but once the war ceased, a strong impression began to prevail that with the cessation of strife should come a relaxation of the demands of the tax-gatherer, and when once the people were enabled to direct their gaze and attention from foreign battle-fields to their own more intimate concerns an equally strong impression had come to prevail that Parliamentary representation and popular taxation should proceed *pari passu*. With these feelings and impressions Castlereagh was in no way fitted to deal wisely. Accustomed in Ireland to treat popular wishes in an autocratic manner, and actuated by an unreasoning dread of popular power, he was incapable of meeting agitation in any way but by measures of stern repression and merciless coercion. The popular expressions of feeling had already produced much effect, and a large number of members of the House of Commons were decided in their opposition to the reimposition, in time of peace, of the war taxes—a step which the ministers had absolutely the audacity to propose. The representatives of the people were determined that, if they were to be deprived of their liberties, they would not continue to oil with their hardly-earned savings the wheels of the huge military machine which only could do this. Therefore it was that the budget, when brought forward, was minutely criticised, and that the votes in Committee of Supply were often hotly contested. In one of these committee debates Castlereagh spoke of the people of England as displaying "an ignorant impatience" of taxation. These words roused at once an almost uncalled-for bitterness of feeling towards him. In every city, town, and village men heard the words with wonder, and marvelled at the quick forgetfulness of the statesman in pursuance of whose policy England and Englishmen had made such sacrifices.

At this period the action of the corn laws, benefiting the few at the expense of the many, superadded to the distresses consequent upon the long struggle just terminated, naturally tended to produce not only poverty but its too often close followers, discontent and rebellion. "The people were starving. Misery and insurrection filled the land." * At Brandon, at Bury, at Norwich and Ely the starving people assembled, bearing banners calling for "Bread or blood." They plundered the shops, and drove in terror from those towns all who had anything to lose. The aid of the

* Knight's *History of England*, vol. viii. p. 52.

* Ibid., vol. viii. p. 55.

military was invoked; blood flowed on both sides; eventually the mobs were dispersed and order restored. Then Castlereagh set to work to punish in the only way the ex-Irish secretary seems to have known. A special commission was issued, and the judge and the hangman went circuit together. Thirty-four persons were convicted and sentenced to death, but "justice" was satisfied by the hanging of six. In other districts of England distress equally terrible and disorder equally lamentable prevailed. The iron-works were closed and their workers idle. The coal-pits were closed and the colliers pauperized. Glory abroad had begotten poverty at home, and yet Castlereagh could taunt the people with their "ignorant impatience." Now came the writings of Cobbett to tell the laboring classes that they had more rights than their masters gave them. His *Register*, penetrating to every village, entering every cottage, read in every ale-house, denouncing those who wronged them, demanding the rights of freemen for the workers, set on foot an agitation of enormous extent for Parliamentary reform. As usual in times of popular excitement, the most extravagant talkers had the largest followings, and those whose schemes promised most to those who had least could boast the greatest audience. Socialistic ideas were openly promulgated, and a small sect for a period took them as a creed. A London mob rushed from a "reform" meeting in the Spafields to plunder the gun-shops in the Minories, to call for the surrender of the Tower. The crowd was dispersed; then came the trial and the hanging.

Castlereagh and his colleagues, deeming themselves unable to cope with the existing disorder and disloyalty without additional powers of repression, asked Parliament to pass an act suspending the operation of the Habeas Corpus Act. This enabled them to arrest any man whom the worthless hired spies whom they sent over the country chose to "suspect"—to arrest any man, to imprison him without trial, without even the formality of an accusation, and to turn him out from the jail-gates, after, it might be, a lengthened imprisonment, without compensation or satisfaction. In Nottingham, Leicester, and Derby the year 1817 witnessed tumults. Order was restored by the military, and then came the visit of the twin upholders of the law. Trial, sentence, and execution followed, and five men hanged told of the "ignorant impatience" of the people. A lunatic named Brandreth raised a mob in Derbyshire. The crowd was dispersed by the Hussars; the gibbet claimed three of their number, and eleven were transported for life. Canning and Castlereagh, and the other leading ministers, went in daily fear of assassination, and this fear prevented their dealing wisely with the discontents of the people. It might not have been well for England that the reformers should have succeeded in their cause just then; heated as were the angry passions of the people, fallen as they had, in too many places, into the hands of bad leaders, their success would clearly not have been an unmixed good. The days of Brougham's overshadowing leadership had not come, any more than those of Bright or Gladstone. The great middle class of England, the merchants and manufacturers of her great seats of commerce, had not as yet realized the position as-

signed to them in the body politic —a position which they were to fill with such credit to themselves, such benefit to their native land, afterwards. In 1819 occurred the "Manchester massacre," when the troops charged and dispersed a reform meeting; and six corpses, borne shoulder-high through the streets of Manchester, spoke again of the "ignorant impatience" of the people. The old king died in 1820, and the worthless *roué*, George IV., ascended the throne. It was in the previous session that Castlereagh obtained the passage of the so-called "Six Acts," or "Gagging Acts"—measures which tended to make him still more unpopular with the discontented. That he acted rightly in not yielding to mob violence none can doubt; but that he could have dealt with the disturbances more wisely, more gently, yet equally efficaciously, none can doubt either. He would have been more fitted for his high position had he, in his dealings with popular discontent, looked to the cause as much as to the effect. Soon after came the silly though atrocious "Cato Street conspiracy." The project of the conspirators—the proposed murder of the members of the ministry while at a cabinet dinner at the house of Lord Harrowby—is well known. Their intentions were divulged to the government and the would-be assassins arrested. Castlereagh on this occasion displayed his old spirit and entire contempt of danger; for while even the Duke of Wellington counselled the step actually taken—*i.e.*, the arrest of the conspirators at their place of meeting—Castlereagh "was for going to dinner in face of it all, at the hour invited, and letting each gentleman arm himself if he thought proper."* Shortly afterwards began the trial of the queen of George IV., who was only as fit to be queen of England as her husband was to be its king, yet who was a favorite with the crowd because she was the enemy of a government which it disliked. Disorder and repression, turmoil, worry, and confusion, perpetual fear of assassination, told severely on Castlereagh. Racked by the gout and, it may have been, regrets, few would have recognized in the Marquis of Londonderry of the Parliamentary session of 1822 the Lord Castlereagh of that of 1815. Delegated to attend, as representative of England, the Congress of Verona, the man could hardly help comparing what his own position would be there with that which he occupied at that of Vienna. At the one he represented a nation; at this a ministry. At the one he was supported by the magnificent army of Wellington; at this he was to face those who knew that that army was dispersed and dissolved. Retiring to his seat at North Cray, in Kent, on the rising of Parliament, suffering much and grievously, bodily as well as mentally, the mind of the great statesman at length gave way beneath the burden of his thoughts, and he died by his own hand on the 15th of August, 1822.

Four days afterwards his remains were removed to be interred with such honors as England reserves for her greatest dead. But through the streets of London the funeral-car was followed by a cursing mob; and when the shades of evening were darkening the narrow streets about Westminster, and when the

* Rush, *Residence at the Court of London*, vol. i. p. 289.

massive gates of the grand old abbey had opened and were about to close, there mingled with the solemn notes of the great organ pealing through its ancient aisles a hideous cry of execration from the crowd outside, and the requiem of Robert Stewart was the expression of the hatred of the people to whom he had betrayed his native land.

---

## ITALY'S REPLY TO THE *RES ITALICÆ.*

ROME, November 17, 1879.

No one at all acquainted with the character of the Italian people, and especially of the Italian politicians, imagined for a moment that a pamphlet which caused so much sensation in the political circles of Europe, and which flagellated so mercilessly, and yet so majestically, the Italian government, as the *Res Italicæ* of Colonel Haymerle would remain unanswered. Legal Italy abounds in political declaimers. They are, too, a more numerous and less sufferable class than the improvisers who monopolize the market-places on fair-days. A mercy it is for the commonwealth that public banquets are almost equally as numerous, whereat their effervescent eloquence is vented and applauded. The press of the *Reptile Fund* has prevented many an explosion, too. But a subject like the *Res Italicæ*, dropped among the legal Italians at a moment when, there being no particular form, dogma, institution, or prerogative of the Catholic Church signalized for common attack, they were patriotically devouring each other, was indeed a windfall. And, to speak of General Mezzacapo in particular, I am disposed to the charitable belief that, in view, and because, of this very subject, he will live hereafter "ignominious and contented," for he has already produced no less than two replies to the *Res Italicæ*. Probably with the desire of affecting a heftiness of style beseeming the occasion, he gave a Latin title to his first emanation, naming it, *Quid faciendum?* It is considered a categorical and summary reply to the work of the matter-of-fact and irrefragably logical Austrian; because Sig. Mezzacapo is an ex-Minister of War, and he will probably be minister again when the nation makes another gyration in the vicious circle of its ministerial crises. The title of Mezzacapo's second effusion is also weighty: *Siamo pratici!*—let us be practical. But he was far from being practical in either essay. Both might be written for any occasion but the present. He does not answer Colonel Haymerle's statements and conclusions, for the redoubtable reason that they are positively unanswerable. But something was to be said, and this is the sum and substance of what he said in both essays: "We must fortify with all solidity the passes on the Austrian confines and everywhere; begin without delay the strategetical railroads of the confines. The grist-tax will be abolished in ten years—they who eat *polenta* will not die in the meantime. The new railroads of a purely economical and political character will be deferred. It is better to pay taxes to prepare for war than to pay the indemnity of war after a defeat. Soldiers, cannons, fortifications, and then again fortifications, cannons, soldiers—behold everything." I have used the words of the Hon. Petrucelli della Gattina, but the sentiments are those of General Mezzacapo, and he simply wasted many pages of the *Nuova Antologia* to give them expression. The utter impracticability, not to say madness, of Mezzacapo's project will appear; and it is also needless to devote even a modicum of argument to proving how stupidly irrelevant his emanations are to the *Res Italicæ*.

The League for the Redemption of Trent and Trieste met the assault of Colonel Haymerle fairly. In their *brochure*, *Pro Italia*, they regard the *Res Italicæ* as a glove of challenge thrown at them by Austria. Their reply is a tissue of insulting recriminations *à la* Garibal-

di. The Garibaldian General Stefano Canzio, leader of the Italian Carbineers for the redemption of Trent and Trieste, has been most explicit in replying to Colonel Haymerle's pamphlet. At Voltri, where the Carbineers had met on the 14th of October to practise target-shooting, he published the following order of the day: "Italian Carbineers! reunited in arms; remembering that the blood of the Italians is irrevocably consecrated to the redemption of Italy; remembering that this holy enterprise is not finished as long as Austria has in Italy a Bosnia and a Herzegovina which are called Trieste and Trent; despising the vain artifice of a decrepit diplomacy and its cowardly falsehoods—prove before the world, by the beat of every Italian pulse, that you will not desist from the cry of war, that you will not lay down the arms of Varese, of Calatafimi, of Volturno, of Bezzecca, as long as there is a gem wanting in that magnificent garland of seas and mountains with which nature and history crowned your Italy. Italian Carbineers! let this oath which twenty battle-fields prove unchangeable be your reply to the boasts with which the enemy deludes himself and his own terrors. And let the reply be of blood.—The president,

"S. Canzio."

There were three hundred of these Carbineers at the encampment of Voltri. After rations on the last day of the rifle-shooting the general delivered an address in which he complimented the young men on their proficiency in the use of the carbine. He regarded the carbine as the only pen with which the Italian people can reply to the intimidations of Austrian diplomacy. If official Italy fails in its duty of defending the dignity of the nation, the people, the Italian Carbineers, will pick up the glove which comes from beyond the Alps. The people know neither policy nor opportunism. The Italians are ready. "I drink," he concluded, "to the fortune of those first heroes who will soon range themselves there on the Julian and Rhetian Alps, with the carbine, to write the first page of the Italian pamphlet in reply to the Austrian one of Haymerle. Long live Trent and Trieste restored to Italy!"

Of this domestic demonstration the Italian government took no notice—a modest circumstance in its own way, but not without significance when placed beside others of the same *laissez faire* order.

So much for what may be considered the categorical reply of Italy to Colonel Haymerle's work. But it is strictly unofficial. A review of the indirect reply embraces a general outlook in Italy. United Italy is a chronic invalid, and, as such, has need of periodical diagnoses, each succeeding diagnosis being more necessary and interesting than its predecessor. The first disorder coming under observation is political isolation. Symptoms—a nervous uncertainty at home; slights abroad. Witness conduct of Bismarck while at Vienna. He visited every foreign ambassador but the Italian! Petrucelli della Gattina published a little philippic on this incident, from which it is not out of place to cite: "Bismarck had already edified us by the esteem he has for us, when he delayed thirty-two hours when Victor Emanuel went to Berlin, and when, speaking of the cession of Venice after Sadowa, he said, 'Let us throw this bone to Italy.' Now he has crowned with the effrontery and boorishness of a *hobereau*—though he has become a Most Serene Highness—the measure of his impertinence by passing by the palace of the ambassador of Italy without visiting him, though he went to that of Turkey and of the Vatican!" Italy meets with equally uncomplimentary deference in France and England. This brings me, by a most natural transition, to the affair of General Cialdini. A royal decree of November 2 has finally accepted his resignation as Italian ambassador to Paris. The king has nominated him extraordinary ambassador to the court of Madrid, to represent him at the wedding of the King of Spain and the Archduchess of Austria.

The cause of General Cialdini's resignation is no longer a secret. Some months ago he received instructions from Cairoli, President of the Cabinet, and Minister of Foreign Affairs *ad interim*, to confer with M. Waddington, and obtain, if possible, for Italy a representative part in the international cabinet of Egypt. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs informed Cialdini that such was impossible in consequence of a prior understanding with England. He added, besides, that, even in the hypothesis of no such understanding, the interests of Italy in Egypt were not of sufficient impor-

tance to establish a claim to a representation in the international cabinet. Cialdini communicated to his government the result of this interview. He received an answer that he must insist with M. Waddington, representing to him, moreover, that Lord Salisbury had not only acceded to a similar request from General Menabrea, the Italian ambassador at London, but had even met him half way, saying: "The Italians are very competent in juridical matters. It is the portfolio of justice we must reserve for you." "Having received this despatch," said Cialdini, in an authenticated conversation with a representative of the *Figaro*, "I returned to M. Waddington, and, after a long interview with your Minister of Foreign Affairs, I became convinced that Lord Salisbury could not have been very frank with General Menabrea, and that an understanding really existed between France and England relative to the exclusion of Italian representation from the Egyptian ministry." Cialdini, in a confidential note, apprised Cairoli of his convictions. He received in turn a severe reprimand—in substance, that he should not have represented to M. Waddington that his refusal to admit Italy into the affairs of Egypt was of a nature to compromise the good relations existing between France and Italy. At this stage of the affair the *Libro Verde* of Italy was published, and, contrary to all diplomatic usages, the private despatches of Cialdini were published also. He resigned at once.

The more trifling this incident appears, both in cause and results, the more serious is the humiliation of Italy. It is certainly mortifying to a nation which aspires to sit at the banquet of the great nations to be told frankly, deliberately, that its exclusion has already been resolved upon. It is doubly mortifying to perceive that it has been hoodwinked, nay, trifled with. Mark the mockery in Lord Salisbury's flattering speech to Menabrea: "The Italians are very competent in juridical matters. It is the portfolio of justice we must reserve for you." On the other hand, there is something pitiable, bordering on the contemptible, in the ungainly efforts of Italy to enter the great international circles. They remind one of the struggles of a *parvenu* to be admitted into distinguished society.

Let us glance at the internal condition of the country. It is now a generally-acknowledged fact, supported and attested by the ministers themselves in their yearly discourses to their constituents, that Italy holds the primacy in crime. This is indisputable, and it is more harrowing than edifying to enter into statistical details. But she has of late acquired another primacy, and it is that of misery. There is not a nation under the sun whose poorer classes groan in more abject misery than the Italians, where the commonest and meagrest necessities of life are procured with more terrific toil and hardship. And yet there is not a people under the sun more exorbitantly, remorselessly, and brutally taxed than these miserable creatures. They are a long-suffering people, too, otherwise at this hour a stone would not be left on a stone to mark that such a foul fabric ever blackened the face of the earth as Italy, One and United. The revolutionists have built up their fabric on a hecatomb of social peace, contentedness, and prosperity. Within the month of October 5,000 unfortunates embarked at Genoa for South America. *Fanfulla*, the court fool, wonders at this exodus, "spite of the precautions of the government to prevent emigration." But among the precautions of the government the *unum necessarium*, bread, is not included. During the past seven years 40,000 families that were once in easy circumstances had their property confiscated for unpaid taxes. It is the nature of Italian taxes to increase and multiply. "In 1863," said the Hon. Rizzari three years ago in a Parliamentary inquiry into the condition of the working-classes "the general and local taxes amounted to 662,000,000. To-day (in 1875) they have reached the enormous figure of 1,824,000,000—that is, an increase in twelve years of 1,162,000,000 of francs" (yearly). "To this incredible increase," adds the *Civiltà Cattolica*, "which has arisen in the four successive years to the sum of *two milliards*, owing to the new and multifold taxes decreed by the state, the province, and the municipalities, we must add the forced circulation of paper money, which of itself, owing to the premium in exchange, amounts to a weighty impost upon each and every citizen; because from calculations made we deduce that, during the fourteen years that we have had paper instead of gold, the nation has lost in exchange probably more than

900,000,000." The *Opinione*, a respectable liberal sheet, published the following on the 1st of October: "*L'Amico del Popolo* has written that in Misilmeri the entire revenue that could be got out of the income-tax amounted in 1878 to 35,000 francs. In 1879 it was reduced to 34,000. But in the new rolls (for 1880) they have raised it to 240,000! It seems incredible, but it is too true. The same *Amico del Popolo* publishes a correspondence from Siricusa, in effect that the already exorbitant taxes established in 1879 have neither been doubled nor tripled, but simply *decupled!*" The income-tax is the most terrible scourge of the Italians. The government exacts thirteen per cent. on what they *earn*, not on what they *save*. Every living creature that earns over and above eighty dollars *per annum* is the victim of this remorseless, inexorable monster. If a man increases his industry the assessor taxes the increase. It is not enough that a tradesman pays a tax, and a heavy one, too, for the exercise of his profession. The thirteen-per-cent. monster dogs him in his industry, spies him, and if he make a centime more than in the previous year it must have its tribute. I know a dealer in chinaware who exhibited recently at the provincial exposition of Perugia. He incurred an expense of one thousand francs to show his wares to the best advantage for the honor of the city. He was rewarded with a bronze medal. But another reward was also in store for him. He received a note from the assessor of the income-tax, in which he was informed that, owing to the increase he had made in his industry, as was manifest at the exposition, he would in the next year be assessed for two hundred francs more. Of the tax on real estate I cannot treat at present with any definite knowledge of statistics. An instance taken at random from the vast ocean of exorbitances will give the reader a pretty adequate notion of this particular engine of the great national inquisition. A gentleman of Perugia, who is the owner of a respectable residence, informed me that under the papal *régime* the tax on his property—the house—was six scudi, or thirty francs, *per annum*. He now pays *one hundred and twenty* scudi, or six hundred francs!

Shall I mention another impost—that of the confiscations of the property of the church? I will be very brief, for I have the figures before me. From the statistics published by the *Official Gazette* I gather that from the 26th of October, 1867, to the end of October, 1879, the Italian government confiscated and sold at public auction 130,736 lots of church property, from which it realized the sum of 546,697,050 francs, or more than one hundred million dollars! And yet the Minister of Finance announces that there will be a deficit in the year 1880 of five millions, even if but one-fourth of the grist-tax be abolished. But the integral item in the programme of the present ministry is the *total* abolition of the grist-tax. A foreign loan is inevitable, and is already mooted in the political circles. And it is in the face of these appalling facts that General Mezzacapo rises up to preach about "soldiers, cannons, fortifications, and then again fortifications, cannons, soldiers." Behold the reply to Colonel Haymerle's *brochure!*

Meanwhile where are the rulers, and what are they about? They are everywhere in the peninsula but in Rome, and they are discussing the interests of their respective parties, to the total annihilation of the interests of the nation. Rome is a fatal city to the new-comers, and they have already acknowledged the "fatal error" of making it the capital of Italy. The royal family shirk it, the deputies shirk it, the ministers shirk it. Petrucelli della Gattina has for the past few months been writing vigorously in the *Gazzetta di Torino* on the expediency of removing the capital northward. He calls Rome a *Bagno—i.e.*, a galley-prison. Here is his latest emanation on the subject: "Yes, I comprehend, we must fly from that *bagno* government. People die there of the malaria, which the *Times* calls *an old institution* of Rome. We are uncomfortable there; flayed alive by every one who can most easily take a handful of the flesh, of the skin of the *forastieri*. And here we are all *forastieri* for the Romans, hence matter to be passed under the screws, matter from which life and substance are to be squeezed. House-owners, room-letters, hotel-keepers, shop-keepers of every kind run in the ranks. Give it to the *Italians!* Ah! Rome has never belied her origin. She was founded by brigands. She lived in a republic of brigandage. Under the empire of the Cæsars that brigandage was extended over the barbarians, the *forastieri*, the

*Italians* of those times. She grew worse under the popes. And the air has not grown sounder since Rome has been restored to Italy and the *Italians* encamp there. Why delude ourselves? The nerve of the people is clerical. The best are the *avowed clericals;* the most dangerous and fatal the *clerical hypocrites*, masked as Italians. One feels this pressure on all sides, and he that can liberate himself loses no time if he flees. How can we pretend that the ministers will remain there, when the court gives the example? How can the court remain when both branches of Parliament have taken flight? How can the entire fabric of government stand it when heaven and earth conspire to drive it away? Therefore government has its foot in the stirrup. We administer by *express;* we govern in the banquets. We adjourn everything—a general suspension of life for six months. I blame no one. The force of things imposes it. We are all the *galley-slaves* of Rome, whither, in a moment of *delirium tremens* of historic reminiscences, we met, and decreed her the capital."

I observed that the rulers are occupied with the interests of their respective parties, to the exclusion of national interests. At present Cairoli is making desperate efforts to conciliate and unite in favor of his ministry the leaders of the Left. We read of reunions daily. But nothing is accomplished. Each chieftain of a fraction wants to become prime minister himself. Crispi will not adhere, Nicotera is "full of desire" to return to the ministerial bench, and De Pretis is dreaming of a De Pretis Ministry Number Four. They are all Babelites, like the French Republicans; and, like these, apart from their own dissensions, they swear to one watchword, *Ecraisons l'infame!*—meaning the clericals. In a recent speech on the extension of the elective franchise De Pretis said: "I desire the extension of the vote, but I desire it in such a form that the priest can derive no advantage from it. For the priest is the only enemy Italy has to fear to-day. From the ballot-box he may rise to the ministry." This is the speech of a liberal, who swears by liberal institutions, and prates in Parliament about liberty and equality for all.

And what have those dreadful clericals been doing? Their latest public manifestation was the Fifth Italian Congress of Modena, which was brought to a happy close on the 24th ult. They discussed the ways and means of extending Christian charity and the beneficent influence of the church to the pressing needs of the day. They compared views and formed resolutions on the perfect liberty of education. They reasoned on the apostolate of the press and on Christian art. But they carefully excluded the great question of the Catholics participating in the political elections. This was part of their programme. Still, the Baron D'Ondes Reggio pronounced a learned and momentous discourse on the National Conservative party, to form which, with the intervention of the Catholics, an attempt was made last winter under the auspices of the moderate liberals and the immediate direction of Robert Stuart. The discourse showed what was the true aim of that party—viz., the rehabilitation in power of the Right. In effect, the Baron D'Ondes Reggio pronounced the funeral oration of the nascent National Conservatives, for the Catholics of Italy have been enlightened as to their character and purpose.

Still and withal conservativism is fast developing itself among the Italians. What form it will take finally—for its existence is already a matter of fact—and under the ægis of what power it will begin to do its work of saving Italy from the great crisis which is impending, is still a matter of speculation. But conservativism is an existent element, and has become the subject of serious reflection to more than one of the liberal statesmen. One of the most conspicuous of these, Senator Jacini, has just published a work of considerable import, entitled *I conservatori e l'evoluzione naturale dei partiti politici in Italia*—the conservatives and the natural evolution of the political parties in Italy. Needless to observe in the outset that Signor Jacini desires a conservative Parliament and a conservative government—generally. Particularly does he desire a conservative government for the solution of the famous Roman question. Of this in particular would I speak; and in giving a notion of this most important and really creditable and portentous chapter of Jacini's publication, *brevis simulque clarus esse laborabo.* The chapter in question seems to have been added as a

codicil; but, like many codicils, it is the principal, not the accessory, of the entire document. He begins by intimating that "a *foreign* question presents itself to us, most delicate, most difficult, which we would willingly put aside, if by putting it aside we could suppress its existence." He compares it to the question of Northern Schleswig, in which Bismarck, despite his victories, was not content until he obtained from Austria the formal abrogation of article 5 of the treaty of Prague, and to the uneasiness of Gortchakoff, who finally procured, in 1871, the abolition of that clause of the treaty of Paris, 1856, which forbade Russia to build fortifications and men-of-war. The author holds that "to assume a distraught and thoughtless air before a disagreeable problem, and to profess living for the day unmindful of the morrow, may lead to popularity for those who love that atmosphere; but it is not a proof of good sense. We allude to the question of the independence of the Papacy, considered in its relations with Italy." Putting aside the relations of church and state, which are internal, he comes to the independency of the Papacy, which is a foreign question, superior to that of parties. The Papacy is a supernational, universal power, which, in virtue of its great political influence over the whole Catholic world, must be independent, and this in the interests not only of Catholic states, but of others having Catholic subjects. As such the powers, Catholic or non-Catholic, enumerate it in their diplomatic relationships, and such has it been recognized by Italy in the Law of the Guarantees. But the Papacy protests against the condition created for it by Italy, and declares that it is not free and independent; and the states of Europe, in their good-will for Italy, have carefully abstained from declaring formally "that the Italian government is right, or the Sovereign Pontiff wrong." The author remarks with some significance that it was probably not the work of chance that the visits paid by Savoy to the emperors of Prussia and Austria were returned at Milan and Venice, and not at Rome!

The author proceeds to examine the question coolly. The Italian government occupied Rome in 1870. No European state offered opposition. That is something. It gave the pope the Laws of the Guarantees, and has faithfully observed them. But these laws have no international vouchers. They may be modified or revoked at pleasure by the Italian state. The states of Europe have said nothing. But the long and short of it is, the question is still suspended in mid-air, and the Law of the Guarantees is a *carte blanche*, launched abroad by Italy, which may or may not at a future date, owing to unforeseen complications, be taken up by some power not friendly to Italy, and payment demanded. At present the *carte blanche* seems to be in friendly hands. Therefore a friendly, formal, and definite solution of the question is desirable—for Italy finds itself in the same predicament as Prussia relative to the treaty of Prague, and as Russia in view of the treaty of Paris, though both had violated the article of the treaty which concerned them before its final abrogation. Jacini then proposes several solutions of the question which would at the same time provide for the perfect independence of the Papacy: 1st. That the Papacy end by accepting the Guarantees and coming to a direct understanding with the Italian government—a solution desired by many, but impossible in the present pontificate; hence hope deferred, and the question still open, in one sense at home, in another abroad. 2d. The institution of the Papacy is falling under the blows of rationalism and indifferentism. Jacini observes that they who reason thus condemn themselves to wait for a long time. They do not see that the mind satisfies but one need of man—that of thought. But men must *believe* and *hope*. Between science, which offers nothing in the end, and faith, which offers everything, there can be no choice. Besides, the genius of the Italian nation is Catholic, and, though the Papacy may be susceptible of (external, disciplinary) modifications, it is always the pivot of the Catholic Church. Besides, the rationalists are greatly in the minority, and in the greater part of Europe there is a notable movement in favor of the Papacy. 3d. That the Papacy transform itself in such a manner that the Pope become like a constitutional king compared with the absolute king; in which case the Bishop of Rome would *reign*, but would not *govern*, hence not much need of Guarantees. But where is the principle of such a transformation? The Old Catholics have failed signally. 4th. That Italy become

a nation so profoundly institutional that the Papacy will exist like other denominations under the common law. "Vain ideal," says Jacini. 5th. The Italian Catholic party, having become, through legal means, the most powerful party, will subordinate internal legislation to the church, and make of Italy a theocratic state; the Pope will make the king his lieutenant—an utopia, to realize which the nature of the Italians must be changed. The idea is absurd for many reasons, says Jacini. 6th. Let the principle of the independence of the Pope founded upon territorial sovereignty remain. It is not a question of numbers. It is sufficient that the Pope be sovereign in Rome. Rome is the capital of Italy, says the author, hence it is a waste of time to discuss such an expedient. 7th. Let the principal powers subscribe to the Laws of the Guarantees, and thus make of them an international document. In this case the Pope might protest *pro forma* in the beginning, but would end by submitting, seeing that his independence would be secured. "But in this case," adds Jacini, "it should be ourselves who would refuse. We would grant to the other powers the right to interfere in our affairs, to see if we faithfully maintain the obligations assumed in the Law of the Guarantees, albeit some of those obligations would only affect the internal conditions of our state. They would even have the right to exercise a comptrollery over the manner in which we spend our money; because if we spent it badly we would be unable to pay to the Sovereign Pontiff the appanage promised." 8th. "The last solution imaginable would be that we take from the Law of the Guarantees those dispositions which refer to the extra-national position of the Papacy, and consider it apart; and, as to the yearly stipend, that it be converted into a corresponding capital, constituted in inalienable possessions, upon which the Italian government would engage not to levy any impost, or constituted under some other form, independent of the action of the Italian finances; and that the part of the Law of the Guarantees thus considered separately be consecrated through the means of a formal diplomatic responsibility."

Jacini concludes: "We confess that, in the present state, this last solution, or, to speak more exactly, this simple amelioration brought to the situation of the actual fact, seems to us worthy of consideration. We are not so hasty as to imagine a definite solution of the problem of the Papacy. The grand institution of the Papacy has never been immovable, but has been always in the way of formation and progress, in which is revealed its prodigious force. Its external form is flexible, and renews itself on the models of political and civil societies. The government of the church was simple, severe, democratic in its beginning; unitarian with the last of the Cæsars; feudal, federal, and fractional in the middle ages; constitutional with the Councils, real deliberative assemblies; finally absolute and concentrated with the great modern monarchies." I will cite no farther. Jacini reasons here like an ignorant Protestant. He confounds dogma, ecclesiastical discipline, and temporal sovereignty in one paragraph. I pronounce no judgment on his "amelioration," number eight, because it is incompatible with the justice of St. Peter, and with the last solemn declaration of Leo XIII., made last February to the Catholic journalists, that the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff is necessary to his perfect independence.

## THE BEATITUDES.

### BEATI PAUPERES SPIRITU.

CHILDREN of nature, counted wise,
Honor, and wealth, and fame,
And ministries of comfort, prize,
Sin fearing less than shame.
But ours the Master who made choice
Of poverty and pain;
And, being Truth itself, his voice
Cannot have spoke in vain.

There are who rob themselves of ease,
Of wealth, and even of will;
Their souls his sorrows better please
Than of earth's good their fill.
For all they leave he will restore
His All in heaven—no less;
And here, than kings or princes more,
Doth peace their souls possess.

### BEATI MITES.

Two passions, in a world of sin,
Smoulder, a dangerous fire,
Each striving in its turn to win—
Anger and low desire.*
Either, in breaking forth, will make
The hardiest spirit weak;
None are exempt but, for His sake,
Who join the blessed meek.

Upon their hearts' unruffled calm
Heaven's lights are mirrored clear,
Choice graces fall on them like balm,
Nor storm nor cloud they fear—
A foretaste of the perfect peace
Awaiting them above,
Where all unruly motions cease,
In order and in love.

### BEATI QUI LUGENT.

In the wide world of human woe
The fount of tears how deep!
Whether for my own sins they flow,
Or I my brother's weep,

* *Irascibile, concupiscibile.*

Or on the Father's house afar
Muse with half-hopeful eye,
And scan the perilous wastes that bar
The arduous road on high.

Ah! blessed is the holy tear
God's hand will charm away,
From every face to disappear
In joy's unending day.
And blessings upon weeping wait,
Even in the exile's life,
The joy to come anticipate,
A truce amid the strife.

---

## THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1879.

It was a peaceful if not altogether a quiet year. The nations have been concerned chiefly with their own affairs. Nor have they been at all empty-handed. It is now manifest enough, if ever there was reason to doubt it, that nations great as well as small have abundant occupation in strictly attending to their own business, in stopping up the leaks in their vessels of state, and curing the disorders of their bodies politic, without going abroad to watch over other interests, or, as a distinguished statesman once put it, to "meddle and muddle." To the clash of arms has succeeded the cooler yet not less effectual play of diplomacy. Beyond the minor wars of England in Africa and Afghanistan, the questions that have chiefly occupied the minds of statesmen have been of a financial or social nature. The latter especially are of the deepest interest to mankind at large, since they are human rather than dynastic or national; and to these, therefore, we devote special attention in this annual review. There will be a new emperor of Germany or of Russia, and new chancellors and policies, probably, within a few years; but the Russian people and the German people will remain to play important parts in the history of the world, and to shape that history for better or worse. It is the condition and future of these, the peoples, that most deeply interest the minds of thinking men, and not the immediate glory or success or failure of this or that monarch, of this or that statesman. It is a good sign that questions of this kind have been uppermost in the councils of the nations during the past year. They may not always have been discussed with becoming calmness or in a right spirit, or decided, if at all, even temporarily in the best way. But it is well that they are discussed at all; that they are forcing themselves, never more strenuously than now, on the attention of the rulers of nations; for on their adjustment or equitable solution depends in a very large degree the future of the world.

The days are gone, or, more properly speaking, are going, when the peoples allowed themselves to be regarded by rulers as personal property, to do with as they pleased—to convert into military machines and set to murderous work for a royal fancy, or whim, or at the whisper of a royal favorite. The peoples are surely but gradually encroaching on the thrones and calling rulers to proper account. When asked to fight nowadays they want to know why, and require very good reasons before entering into a contest. They begin to question more and more why so much of their blood, and time, and means should be expended on military armaments that are at once a grievous burden to themselves and a menace to their neighbors. They see much poverty and

misery round about unrelieved, while money is being poured into the treasuries, an enormous amount of which goes annually to build ships and armaments of war, and set millions of men at constant drill who might be at the desk or in the field. And they are questioning into these things. It only needs the sense of the radical wrong of this state of things to take possession of the minds and hearts of the people in order to bring about a revolution in certain departments of government. This revolution may not come in a day or in many years; accident or the will of strong men may retard or turn it aside for a long period. But it is there, working and shaping itself; it will not die; and its growing expression forms one of the most significant features of the past year.

Right in the face of this comes its direct opposite. While these problems are troubling the brains of men on the one side, on the other Europe never presented so alarming an aspect as it does at the close of the year 1879. It never possessed such large and effective armies and navies, furnished so completely with all the appliances of war and instruments of destruction on which the ingenuity of man continues to exhaust itself. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Disraeli described Europe as an armed camp. If that was Mr. Disraeli's description a quarter of a century back, what must Lord Beaconsfield's thought be to-day? The military forces of that period could in no sense compare with the tremendous armaments that now cumber Europe. In his speech at Guildhall recently the British premier, striving hard to give an upward tone to public confidence—and not without some measure of success—said: "Although Europe is covered with armed millions of men, we still hope, and I will venture to say believe, that peace will be maintained." And on what grounds did the British premier base his hope and belief? On two: 1. "We are of that opinion because it seems to us that peace is the interest of all the great Powers," which is only stating a truism; and 2. "So long as the power and advice of England are felt in the councils of Europe, peace, I believe, will be maintained, and maintained for a long period." Such are the highest grounds that one of the leading European statesmen can give the world for the maintenance of peace: self-interest and English influence! But self-interest is apt to change its objects, and English influence is by no means a permanent quantity.

So far, however, it is beyond question, though not beyond cavil, that England has maintained the position in Europe that Lord Beaconsfield's diplomacy secured for her at the Berlin Congress. The year has witnessed the faithful, and in the main peaceful, carrying out of the provisions of the Berlin treaty in Europe. The Powers have acted together and held to their agreements regarding the division and settlement of the provinces set up and taken from Turkey. The one great feat yet to be accomplished is the reform in Turkish government and affairs which England took upon herself. That is as far from completion as it ever was, and the attempt to force it through is as likely as not to open up the whole Eastern question afresh—a method of settlement to which Turkey would seem not averse, though it would probably end in her final disappearance from the European stage as even the shadow of a Power. Indeed, that disappearance may be regarded as a certainty of no remote date in the politics of Europe. It is impossible that a Power which is of its nature alien to Europe and politically dead should be allowed to linger on in rottenness and decay on one of the fairest European provinces, that the enterprise of an energetic race could soon elevate into the heart and the seat of a great commercial empire; at a period, too, in history when European commerce is crippled and active hands are idle for sheer lack of employment and of outlets for their energy. So soon as the Powers can come to an agreement Turkey in Europe is doomed. She only continues her lingering death by their sufferance and the rival jealousies of her physicians. The *coup de grace* will be given by some hand. Reform in Turkey is impossible, for the simple reason that the Turkish administration will not permit it to be possible. Turkish administration is a home of traditional corruption. The attempt to purify such a body is as feasible as to quicken a corpse by letting blood into its veins. We on this side of the ocean know something of the difficulty of converting to honesty men schooled in corruption, who know no other method of securing their emoluments and making "an honest living" than by corrupt administration and prac-

tices. But in Turkey the attempt is hopeless, for the simple reason that there is no ground on which to work, and the Turk seems not to be alive to the necessity of it.

The spirited foreign policy of the Beaconsfield administration has brought England into a prominence in European affairs which it had not enjoyed since the days of Palmerston. This spirited policy has met with unrelenting opposition from English statesmen of the Liberal school. It is not for us to decide whether the line of policy has been well or ill chosen. Englishmen will sooner or later decide that question for themselves. So far as appearances indicate, the English people have in the main cheerfully accepted the new order of things, and the government has on all crucial questions been sustained thus far by increasing rather than diminishing majorities. This is significant when it is borne in mind that two years ago a Berlin Congress was scarcely dreamed of, and the resolute interference of Lord Beaconsfield in European affairs did not even present itself to the minds of Englishmen who had already been schooled in the non-committal policy of the Liberals. The whole tone of English public opinion has been changed since the Berlin Congress, to the amazement of statesmen like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, or the Duke of Argyll. Whether by good fortune, by the jealousy of other Powers, or by a secret sense of the real power and vast resources of the British Empire, making it a very dangerous foe once it actually entered on a struggle, certain it is that up to the present England has maintained its newly-acquired eminence unimpaired. It counts as a great factor in the councils of Europe, whereas previous to the congress it was practically rated as an indifferent or second-rate power, by position and of its own will outside the range of European politics. Few men, for instance, thought of comparing it with Russia, as few men, previous to the downfall of the empire, thought of comparing it with France. The Franco-German war destroyed at once the pre-eminence of France and what was called the Napoleonic legend. The death of the ill-fated Prince Louis Napoleon during the year has formed a fitting closing chapter to the Napoleonic legend. The war between Russia and Turkey revealed the weakness of Russia and gave vent to the powerful social forces that were seething under that historic tyranny. Then England stepped in, and Lord Beaconsfield insists on maintaining what his opponents insist on calling an unnecessary and aggressive attitude. On this attitude he stakes the peace of Europe at a time when Europe is armed to the teeth. It is a dangerous, a trying, and a costly eminence, but an eminence, it seems to us, that ought to be welcomed by men who have the cause of freedom and the advancement of humanity at heart.

We do not stop to argue or anticipate all that may be said about the cruelty and traditional rapacity of this great Anglo-Saxon Power. Looking abroad over the world, we behold all nations in turmoil. Men are struggling up to something, they scarcely seem to know to what. There is a vague unrest everywhere, that in Russia, Germany, Italy, France, and other nations expresses itself by social tumult, often by disorderly excess. The peoples are not satisfied with their condition. They are looking for something new. They seek a new order at any cost, and the first step towards that new order seems to them to strike at the existing order of things. It is this wide-spread feeling, added to great sufferings on the part of vast masses of people, that gives its strength to the leaders of the spirit of anarchical revolt which aims at overthrowing everything that is.

Looking around us, then, we see freedom and free institutions, where they exist at all, borne along and sustained by and among the English-speaking peoples. On this side of the ocean we hold our own and keep to ourselves, though our ideas and principles travel farther than we think, and have their force. On the other side, in the very midst of the conflict, stands England alone, the sole representative of freedom and free institutions. As we contrast with the governments of South America, so does England with the governments of Europe. She, like ourselves, has discovered and utilized the secret of combining freedom with order, which is just what the nations desire. This is at least true of her in her home government. Her people are not compelled into a military service. They may worship God as they will, and no man inter-

feres with them. The Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the chief of any religious body, may issue his orders to those who accept the rule which he embodies, and no man interferes. The people have a voice in their government. As soon as an administration ceases to be acceptable to the people it is sent about its business, and no power can keep it in its place. In a word, there is free government in a free state. It therefore seems to us in every way desirable that such a Power should lead and not lag in the family of European nations; and it would be a calamity to mankind were its influence to wane.

While we rejoice at seeing the only great European Power that respects freedom and free government thus forcing its way into the thick of European affairs, we cannot shut our eyes to the sharp contrasts it offers at home in its dealings with the Irish people. Here all its statesmanship and love of freedom seem at fault. In its own household it nourishes a political enemy on the sourest and direst physic, where a little kindly and generous treatment, the mere carrying out of its own political principles, would convert that enemy into a strong friend and the right arm of the British Empire. The Irish people have in an eminent degree faith, loyalty, reverence, intelligence, and valor—all the qualities that go to make a people great and assert their right to the free pursuit of happiness in this world. It is these very qualities that have preserved to them a national existence through a long history of unexampled trial and oppression. It is these noble qualities that make them rightly restive at injustice and an unjust and inadequate system of government. At the door of the Power that we recognize and regard as the pioneer in the Old World of freedom, free government, and free ways, we see a sad example of the very opposite. What have we witnessed this very year? The crooked concession, after a tremendous political tumult, to Irish Catholics, who form the bulk of the population of Ireland, of the right to form a Catholic university! Such is a specimen of the freedom granted by England to Ireland. If such absurd and outrageous restrictions exist in the matter of free education, what is to be thought of legislation generally in Ireland? Is it possible to think that those who are now agitating for a reform of the laws regarding the tenure of land and the rights of tenantry have no ground of complaint? Mr. Gladstone recently expressed himself in favor of home rule for Ireland in local matters. What that means precisely does not appear. What the Irish want is such freedom in Ireland as the English enjoy. That they have not. They are not allowed even to conduct their own affairs. The concession of such freedom is the only cure possible for the radical disease that afflicts the Irish people, and that shows itself in a thousand varied forms. England, if it only has the courage and the conscience to take it, would find the right road the safest, quickest, and best, as well as the cheapest. Adequate concessions to reasonable demands would cure discontent and put an end once for all to periodic revolt. The surest way to win Irish allegiance is to give the Irish people what they want and what they are entitled to—civil independence. That does not mean separation. It means union of the closest kind; the union of mutual respect and esteem, and of common interests.

Returning to the larger field of European politics, it is strange to us to see so many of our leading public journals in this country siding with Russia as against England. What would they have? That Russia should have the preponderance and be a greater Power in the world's affairs than England? As soon as Russia, or any other Power, shows itself as liberal and enlightened as England, we will bid it God-speed in all honesty and sincerity; but not before. At the same time we refuse to wait on the event. What kind of a power Russia is has been made startlingly manifest during the past year.

The year will ever be memorable in Russian annals as one in which revolt against the administration showed itself in a manner at once as lawless as it was desperate and sustained. The Nihilists, whose name had come to us vaguely and transiently before, secured for themselves an important and suggestive chapter in universal history. They rose up with a cry of despair, and hurled themselves, not in a body, but in isolated ones and twos and threes, against the whole form and system of Russian government. They had nothing to appeal to. There is no representation of the people in this

government that rules over the vastest empire that Europe knows. Petitions were treated as sedition. There is not a vote in all Russia. The government is by appointment, and the appointments centre in the person of one man—the czar. There is no parliament, no public discussion, no liberty of thought or action. The press dare not lift its voice against the evils that prevail. If it dare it is choked. There was only one appeal left—to violence; and violence was resorted to. One victim after another fell beneath the dagger or the pistol of the assassin. Officials of all kinds were slain. The emperor himself escaped only by what looks like a miracle of God's grace. Seditious pamphlets and papers were showered among the people, regardless of threat or prohibition. When the secret printing-presses were seized, those who worked them—many of them girls—fought against the gendarmerie to the death.

What was the result? The government laid large districts under siege, as though at a military occupation. The Russian people were subjected by the government to the most degrading kind of surveillance. Wholesale arrests followed. It was found that the conspiracy had spread to all ranks, even the military and naval. The police themselves were not above suspicion, and the very hot-beds of sedition were the seats of learning—the colleges and universities—which are ordinarily regarded as the focus of the intelligence of a people, where it centres and whence it radiates. Officials, officers of rank in the army and navy, common soldiers and sailors, university students, school-teachers, girls of every condition of life, merchants, peasants, men from all ranks, were members of the conspiracy. They were sent to prison in batches; tried in batches; condemned in batches. Some were executed, thousands sent into exile; and the prisons are to-day even glutted with this human harvest. Not a few committed horrible suicides to end their miserable existence. Such is the picture that Russia presents to the admiration of a world.

It is not in a free nature to accept or welcome such rule. The excuse that Russia is not prepared as other nations for representative government will no longer hold. Has she been tried? Has an attempt been made to extend representative government to her? The emancipation of the serfs under the present emperor was little more than a sop to a starving people. It effected nothing practically. The system of government, which is essentially and formally tyrannical, was not altered a jot by it. There were more than serfs to be emancipated. There remained the whole Russian people in a state of practical servitude. To them no helping hand has been extended. The czar has steadily refused, or perhaps, more truly speaking, has never dreamed of parting with his absolute power, or sharing a portion of it with the people whom he governs. Nihilism has not found its strength in the ranks of the serf-class that was, but in all ranks of men, who see other peoples endowed with liberties which have persistently been denied to their natural and lawful aspirations. Russia to-day is many centuries behind the most laggard of European peoples, and it has been kept so by its rulers. It is infinitely less free than the new principalities that it lavished its blood and treasure to free from Turkish rule. Russia has a vast army, a vast police, and a czar; and there its government ends.

The latest empire, Germany, differs from Russia in this: that it has at least the show, and something of the reality, of representative government. To be sure, Prince Bismarck's administration has been defeated at the polls time and again, yet he continues to conduct the government. In a really representative system he would have been dismissed from power long since. He was, as far as votes went, often dismissed; but he refused to abandon his position. And even to-day, with the successes that attended him at the recent elections, he is compelled to seek a majority in alliance with either the Centre, or Catholic, party or the National Liberals, both of whom are opposed to him on points of vital principle. The tendency of events in Germany ought to teach, and probably has by this time taught, him a lesson. It is this: that mere military glory and diplomatic prestige are not enough to ensure a man perpetuity in the government of a civilized people. Military glory is costly as well as transient, and diplomatic prestige is fallacious, or disappears often with the man who achieved it. Germany has already felt in the keenest way part of this truth. It costs

her now more to keep the peace than it cost her to make and win her wars. Her treasury is diminishing, her commerce is dwindling, but her armies and armaments are ever on the increase. As has been well said: "You can do everything with bayonets but sit down on them," and the truth of this Germany realizes. Unless the German people are prepared to fight for ever, as they plainly are not inclined to do, they must follow out Prince Bismarck's plans, and, at an already insufferable cost, maintain themselves as the leading military Power in Europe. They must for ever stand by their arms, and watch all their borders with a force prepared to meet and overwhelm any force sent against them. This is, to say the least, not a cheerful outlook for a Power that has made for itself many bitter enemies, yet is anxious to tread the ways of peace unmolested.

Prince Bismarck seems at last to have realized something of the weakness of his position. He has made an effort to be more conciliatory. This does not mean that he is a whit more honest than he ever was. He believes in winning; his God is success; and provided he attains the object of his worship, it troubles him little how he comes by it. He is just the man to ride into heaven on the devil's back, if he could. Early in the year he made a dead set against the Socialists. He devised a gag-law for the press, and even for members of the Reichstag, that if carried would have deprived the German people of the last vestige of their liberty. Thanks to the steadfastness of the Catholic party in the Reichstag, the measure was defeated, at least in the intolerant form in which it was first drawn up. The very idea of such a scheme shows the kind of government that Prince Bismarck would favor had he his own way, which, thank Heaven! he has not, at least altogether. It was in the debates on these subjects that the National Liberals weakened. Many of them sided with the chancellor; in other words, they expressed themselves ready to part with the liberties of the people at the bidding of the prince, which speaks volumes for liberalism that has no true principle at bottom. That lost them the confidence of the people and over a hundred seats at the last elections. On the other hand, the Catholics continued their steady gains, and came out stronger this year than ever. Between them and the National Liberals lies the turning vote in the Reichstag.

The long-looked-for reconciliation of the German government with its Catholic subjects has not yet come. All that has been ostensibly effected by the protracted negotiations with Rome is the substitution of Herr von Puttkammer, a conservative and at least a professing Christian Protestant, for the atheist Dr. Falk as Minister of Public Worship. But Catholics are as far as ever from being free in Germany. The sees are still vacant and their bishops dead or in exile. Take the diocese of Posen, for instance. The number of vacant parishes there is now 113, and the Catholic population in this single diocese deprived of all pastoral care is 150,000. This lamentable state of things is characteristic of other dioceses in like degree; so that the Catholics have yet to thank the government for small mercies. And where lies their hope of redress? Not in their right, not in the sense of justice on the part of their rulers, but simply and solely in their political strength. Prince Bismarck is troubled by no sentimentalism unless it tells on his own side. Small compunction afflicts his conscience at the sorrows he has wrought on German Catholics and the havoc he has made in the Catholic fold. He set out just to do that, and he resolutely did it. He is simply amazed and disappointed that his most strenuous efforts have proved ineffectual. He did not enter on his anti-Catholic campaign at all in the spirit of a disciplinarian, and with a view to uniting and strengthening the Catholic body. He set out with the fixed purpose of destroying that body in Germany. He sees and recognizes his failure. If he relaxes and veers now, it is only because the wind sets in the Catholic quarter and the Catholic vote in the Reichstag is worth purchasing. He still wavers between the Centre and the National Liberals, and is probably making bids to both.

Meanwhile the deficit in the national treasury is deepening; but the war estimates are increasing. It is now a race between Germany and France which shall have the larger and stronger army and the strongest lines of defence. It is a matter of money as well as of military skill, and in money France has an overwhelming advantage. She is rich and growing richer; Germany is poor and

growing poorer. France has done much in the way of military reorganization ; the fashion is to say she has done wonders, but it is just as well to wait till the wonders prove themselves. There has been not a little tinkering with the service and high appointments during the year, and, in consequence, if France were called upon to-day to fight the chances are that she would display as lamentable a state of military disorganization in high places as she did at the opening of the war with Germany. However that may be, with her money and resources, and such reorganization of military affairs as has been really effected, France undoubtedly presents a far more formidable front to Germany to-day than she did under the empire, with all its goodly show but rotten-heartedness. And this is felt in Germany. We hear fewer of those peremptory orders that were so frequently addressed to France for some time after the war. We hear no threats of new invasion now. Instead Germany is strengthening herself at home by drawing closer her lines of defence, and abroad by alliance, as with Austria. She tries to conciliate Alsace-Lorraine by granting a species of home-rule to the inhabitants, thus aiming at winning their love and allegiance in the event of a future contest.

A curious and important episode of the year is the formal falling-out of Russia and Germany—that is to say, of Prince Gortchakoff and Prince Bismarck. At the Berlin Congress Prince Gortchakoff confessed that Russia had made concessions in the interests of peace which he had never dreamed of making. In other words, he was compelled to make them by the coalition of the other Powers, and the head of the coalition was his old friend Prince Bismarck, who played the part of the "honest broker" to perfection. Germany got nothing and asked for nothing ; and men wondered where the "honest broker's" percentage was to come in. It now begins to appear. The broker had a friend, Austria ; and by some manner of means the friend contrived to get a great deal more than he had any right or reason to expect. He got much of what Russia conceived to be hers by right of conquest.

Prince Gortchakoff never forgave the honest broker for being so honest as this. The honesty was altogether too one-sided for his liking, inasmuch as Austria, without shedding a drop of blood or expending an ounce of treasure, was rather better rewarded than Russia after the latter had wasted her strength in an exhaustive war. The monkey stole the chestnuts after all. As this became more apparent the anger of the Russian chancellor, on whom years are beginning to tell, grew in intensity. He gave the cue to his press, and a furious onslaught against Prince Bismarck and all things German suddenly sprang up in the Russian newspapers. Prince Gortchakoff even went so far as to court open alliance with the French. France, thanks to the incapacity of her Foreign Minister, Waddington, had notoriously cut a very small figure at the congress. Indeed, it had practically nothing to say in the settlement ; far less did it receive any of the good things that were being passed around in the shape of territories and principalities. It was all England, Russia, and Austria. Everybody else had to regale themselves as best they could on humble-pie. So one day, not very long ago, Prince Gortchakoff called to him a reporter of the *Soleil*, with whom he had a very instructive interview. The Russian chancellor was anxious above all things to see France restored to her proper place in the councils of Europe —a plain intimation, if any were needed, that in Prince Gortchakoff's opinion France had been deprived of her proper place in the councils of Europe. Such a restoration would be of the greatest possible benefit to Europe, as it certainly would not be to the detriment of France. Russia and France were natural allies (how these politicians can swallow unpleasant recollections when it suits them !), and much more in the same strain. The English of all this fine talk was that, as Germany had deserted Russia, Russia would seek for an ally in the natural enemy of Germany.

This was interesting news for Prince Bismarck, who is scarcely the man to let the grass grow under his feet. Count Andrássy, for whom he had played the part of honest broker to such excellent purpose, was just resigning his office and a new man coming in. So the prince hurried to Vienna, and, after a few busy days, returned with a certain agreement in his pocket, to which the Austrian emperor, Andrássy, and Andrássy's successor had subscribed.

What the agreement precisely was

has not appeared. It is stated, on what professes to be good authority, that the German emperor signed it with much reluctance. Whatever may have been the exact agreement, it is certain that Prince Bismarck's hurried trip to Vienna at so critical a time—his first visit, by the bye, to the Austrian capital since Sadowa—was not a mere pleasure-jaunt. Public opinion fastened at once on what is doubtless its real significance—an alliance, defensive if not offensive, between Germany and Austria. And here comes in the far-seeing broker's percentage. To strengthen Austria is to weaken Russia, whose onward march threatens both the Austrian and German empires. A hard and fast union between the German-speaking peoples is also a check to the Panslavic wave, while two such powerful empires as Austria and Germany could afford to laugh for a long time to come at a union between crippled and impoverished Russia and still disorganized France. At the same time they would have an ally in England, which, in the incautious words of the Marquis of Salisbury, received the news of the alliance as "good tidings of great joy."

That is the great diplomatic feat of the year. Of course alliances of this kind are just as liable to be broken as to be made, and Prince Bismarck is just the man to find excuses to break his engagements when they prove irksome or inconvenient. The rupture of the Triple Alliance is a case in point. In the present state of Europe, however, an alliance between Austria and Germany seems natural and in every way desirable for both parties. As has been shown, it strengthens Germany against Russia and France. On the other hand, it helps very materially to secure Austria in her newly-acquired possessions, while it strengthens her against Russia on the one hand and Italy on the other. Italy, or a noisy faction in Italy, continues to shriek for *Italia irredenta*, whatever that conveniently vague term may be said to cover. It certainly embraces the Italian provinces that have grown into the possession of Austria. The meaning and force of this cry for the "lost" provinces was set forth in very awkward clearness by Colonel Haymerle, of the Austrian embassy in Italy. The matter has been sufficiently dealt with in this magazine to need no repetition now. Various replies to the Austrian pamphlet have appeared. General Mezzacapo has contributed two, which seem to have met with favor as insisting on the strengthening of Italy's army and navy and natural defences. *Arma virosque* chants this new Virgil to his native countrymen. What a condition Italy is in to go on multiplying her armaments may be gathered from the letter of our Roman correspondent which we publish this month. It presents a most deplorable and disheartening picture of the condition of public affairs in a country which in four years has experienced six changes of ministry. The land is cursed with grinding poverty, grinding taxes, systematic conspiracy which the government half favors, and naturally, for the very throne that Humbert occupies is built on as vile a conspiracy as was ever hatched. In addition there is a lamentable lack of industry among the people; a *laissez-faire* method about the conduct of their estates by the great landholders compared with which the landlord system in Ireland is patriotic activity itself, and a distribution of the franchise that is simply no distribution at all. For such a country to accept General Mezzacapo's advice is to commit suicide; and to dream, single-handed, of fighting Austria is to assail the moon. At the same time nations who have something to lose—France, for instance—are apt to fight shy of a beggarly ally, however picturesque may be his rags and enticing the tones of his voice.

France has presented a most interesting spectacle during the year. There is certainly no lack of serious business to occupy the minds of statesmen in France. The Republican party, as it chooses to call itself, has had no effectual opposition to its schemes. The elections returned to it an overwhelming majority in both Chambers. All was plain sailing for the government so long as the Republicans themselves were agreed as to what was best for France.

And what were the great measures that these patriotic gentlemen found best for France? A change in the school system, so as to exclude all Catholic teachers. That is the gist of the *Loi Ferry*. A change in the army, so as to remove the generals and officers who were, or were considered to be by M. Gambetta, inimical to the republic. A similar change in the police, in the

maires, and in officials generally. Amnesty to the Communists. A return of the Chambers to Paris—such are the main heads of the year's legislation in France.

Discussion of the Ferry bill in all its phases has been so wide-spread that but slight allusion needs to be made to it here. It passed the Chamber of Deputies, and was rejected, in its seventh article, by the Senate. All France raged over it, and continues still to rage over it. And there the matter stands still undecided.

An anti-Catholic scheme of education which is condemned by such un-Catholic journals as the London *Times*, *Daily News*, *Standard*—all the London dailies, in fact—*Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, *Economist*, New York *Nation*, etc., needs but little treatment at our hands. It stands self condemned beforehand by the sense and conscience of all honest and liberal-minded men; and statesmen who choose to risk their place on a scheme so universally condemned by free public opinion deserve to lose it.

The only thing now that we would call attention to in connection with it is that it is the one measure that served to unite Catholic Frenchmen of all parties. The lesson ought to serve them as well as their opponents. It showed them what their strengh is, if only they choose to sink party lines; and is a hint as to what they might do in other matters, if they have the will. If Catholics are the most numerous in France, and if they are in earnest, why should not they have possession of the government? We all know the answer. It is the old story of the divided bundle of faggots.

The government that showed itself so bitterly and absurdly opposed to everything Catholic was proportionately lenient to the exiled Communists, and the cry of plenary amnesty for these condemned criminals has become a rallying-cry with the French Republicans. It is favored by M. Gambetta, the strongest man of them all, and the real power who stands behind the actual government. The *République Française*, Gambetta's recognized organ has strenuously favored plenary amnesty for some time past. France, it is to be hoped, is still a Catholic country. Its traditions, history, and national feeling are Catholic or nothing. The majority of its people, if belonging to any religion, are Catholic. Yet this Catholic country rejoices to day in one of the most bitterly anti-Catholic governments that exists—a government that with one hand drives Catholic teachers from the schools of France, while with the other it welcomes the exiled members of the Commune. And what these exiles are may be told in the words of a journal that will certainly not be accused of Catholic leanings. "Amnesty for the Communists," says the New York *Herald*, November 29, 1879, "is now rather an issue forced for the embarrassment of the government by republicans of advanced views than a real division of opinion." And the *Herald* goes on to explain the situation: "These men argue their case a great deal upon the example of the clemency shown in this country after our great civil war toward the men who had been in arms against the government. They hold our history up as presenting an example which France should magnanimously follow in extending full forgiveness and restoration to political rights to those who helped to make Paris a mere shambles with their fierce social passions while the public enemy was yet at its gates. The brave men of the Southern Confederacy who, in a spirit of heroic manhood, faced our armies in many hard and well-fought battles, can scarcely feel proud of the comparison thus instituted between them and the vile, bloodthirsty, and cowardly wretches of the Paris slums; nor could this comparison have ever been honestly made by any man who understood either our war or the Paris Commune. We did not punish as traitors prisoners of war, nor the civil officers of a government re-recognized by foreign powers; but in every case in which Southern men in the pretended service of the Confederacy were found guilty of such common crimes as murder, incendiarism, or piracy we hanged them. The cases of the Communists are parallel to these, if to any in our history."

Yet these Communists are the very men whom Gambetta—who before many months will probably make the attempt to become President and master of France, welcomes back in his paper, while he declares that Catholicity, or, as he calls it, "clericalism," is *the* enemy of France. He drives from the schools the priests, the sisters, the religious, who enabled their pupils to gain most of the

prizes offered in Paris and elsewhere to open competition, while he welcomes back as men well deserving of the Republic "those who helped to make Paris a mere shambles with their fierce social passions while the public enemy was yet at its gates, . . . the vile, bloodthirsty, and cowardly wretches of the Paris slums."

And what has been the action of the returned Communists under such distinguished patronage? Some of their number, hardly back from a deserved penal exile, have been elected to municipal offices under the republic, and named for seats in the legislature. True, their appointments, as in the case of Humbert, one of the editors of the vile *Père Duchêne*, have been annulled; but on what ground and for how long, if their return and complete amnesty are so strenuously advocated by Gambetta, the prospective President of the French Republic?

Let it not be thought that we disfavor a republic for France. By a republic we understand the truest form of popular government. But before giving in our adherence we first want to see this form of government established in France. We cannot so regard the actual government, which exhausts itself in petty spites against the common religion of the French people, and suffers its leading members and most ardent supporters to attack the Christian religion in the most revolting manner with impunity, while it threatens a Catholic bishop or priest for daring to stand up in his pulpit or private office, and denounce such assaults upon the Christian religion. We cannot regard as a true republic a government that claims the monopoly of education, and absolutely forbids parents to educate their children as they wish; which drives religious teachers from thousands of schools to which they have proved their title by all possible tests; which closes all free universities and prohibits free teaching; which, in a Catholic country that undertakes to guard public worship, cuts down the miserable salaries of the prelates and clergy whom it professes to employ in the dissemination of Christian doctrine and office of Christian worship. If this be republicanism and freedom commend us rather to the open persecution of the German government or the avowed tyranny of the Russian czar. The gorge of a free man rises at the revolting impudence of a set of atheists who legislate God and God's worship out of a great, historic Christian nation.

A similar attempt is being made in Belgium. It is singular, and significant as it is singular, that the first legislative step of a misnamed liberal government on entering into power in a Catholic country should invariably be to drive Christian teaching out of the schools. Religion, according to them, should have nothing at all to do with schooling. We need not here rehearse their worn and flimsy argument. Surely, if religion or religious teaching is good anywhere it is good in the school; and a child will learn that two and two make four, or that the world is composed of land and water, none the less readily for being taught at the same time that God made him and that Christ died for him. It is complained that the atmosphere of a Christian school is enervating; there is too much crucifix and pious picture. We can see nothing enervating in teaching a child to bow its head to the image of its crucified Redeemer, and nothing to blush at in doing reverence to the picture of the Mother of God. With nonsense of this kind we have no patience. If these people who call themselves liberal can show that the teaching in Christian schools is inferior to that in purely secular schools, they have a fair argument and just ground of complaint. In France, however, just the contrary is proved. The pupils of the Christian schools have invariably carried off the chief honors at public competition. The schools themselves and the system of education have been tested and approved in the highest manner by competent authorities of every creed. They were the most favored by the parents. But all is to be changed; religion and the religious are to be thrown out, not because the parents or children so desire, but because M. Gambetta, or M. Ferry, or M. Humbeeck thinks it very much better that the Christian religion should have no place in the schools of Christian people. Catechism should not be taught in school hours. Indeed? Children may very easily learn many worse things than their catechism. They can certainly learn nothing better.

It is needless to call the roll of the nations and touch further on their internal affairs. The matters already touched upon are those which chiefly move all

civilized peoples over and above affairs of purely local interest. To those who watch the years and the tendency of events one great fact is always growing. It is this: The peoples of countries that claim to be civilized are to-day, more than they ever were, striving up to freedom and right government. As the tendency of things goes, men, generally speaking, will, not many years from now, be more clamorous for human rights than they ever were before. They will be so clamorous that governments dare not withstand their demands. Even Russia will, doubtless, by that time have a very different constitution from what it has to-day. The masses are surging around the units, and if not led by them will absorb and destroy them. The reverence for the queen bees of society, the sufferance of established drones, will disappear, save in so far as these satisfy certain public needs. Every man of intelligence and right feeling will demand a certain voice in the government that legislates for him and his fellows. "You rule me," he will say. "Why? What return do you make for my service?" The government of pure autocracy is destined to pass away with the spread of education and intelligence, as it has passed in England and among ourselves, the very representatives of free government to-day. Cynics say that the government of plutocracy succeeds to that of aristocracy; but the plutocracy of its very nature is shifting and has no permanent rights outside of the individual. It is of its nature temporary and open to many changes. The real danger in the changing order is that the advancing tide may sweep too far. Some authoritative voice must say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." The power of God, and the sense among men that God speaks somewhere, can alone give authority to such voice.

What we mean is this: the tide of democracy is rising in all lands, and is destined to rise. In other words, the people are coming into the power that was formerly held, and allowed to be held, by the few. But the people are just as likely to "govern wrong" as the monarch, unless they are ruled by right principles. And where are they to find these right principles? In the religion of the divine Saviour and teacher of humanity—nowhere else. The highest human, purely human, authority in this sphere is fallible, and has always proved itself so. The laws of men, excellently adapted for one age or for one clime, are ill-adapted for an after-clime or another people. That is the teaching of history. The laws of Christ, which constitute the very foundation and safeguard of morality, are alone eternal, adapted equally, and equally necessary, to all climes and peoples, for they have their seat in the human soul that God himself breathed into us. They are of his essence, and we are of his creation.

Laws founded on this Christian law can alone satisfy the hearts and aspirations of men. Outside of that is human tyranny, or disturbance, or anarchy; revolt on the one side, oppression on the other. History teaches that lesson. A striking instance is afforded by the freest of European governments which we have singled out to eulogize. The English government to-day, after the intimate relations of seven centuries, is in dangerous conflict with its neighbor, that ought to be its co-worker, Ireland; and why? Simply because from first to last it has persistently dealt with it on anti-Christian principles. It has substituted the law of human force for the sweet and binding law of Christ. It has systematically terrorized and wronged instead of honestly attempting to win. And so it has been with most conquering powers, particularly those that have within three centuries separated themselves from the heart and seat of Christendom.

But where are men to find the authoritative voice that is to speak in the name of Christ? Where but where Christ himself has placed it? In the contradictions and delirium of the sects calling themselves Christian? Not there. God is not the author of confusion. Early in the past year the Holy Father, Leo XIII., devoted his first Encyclical Letter to this question of questions—to the government and tendency of peoples. He did not disguise their duty from rulers, while he called their attention to the inevitable tendency of peoples and of the times. The tide of what is called democracy is swelling. But the aspirations of the people are right and just. They may very easily be carried in a wrong direction through lack of comprehension on the part of rulers and through deception on the part of leaders. If the rulers would stand fast they must

unite, but unite to govern rightly; and there is only one right government, as we have said—that based on the law of Christ. This law has but one authoritative voice in the world: the voice of the successor of him to whom Christ confided the primacy of his church, to which he gave the promise of inerrancy. Men may not accept this rule, but outside of it they will find nothing but change and turmoil. Nor does this rule, or spiritual guidance rather, mean interference with the offices of civil government. It means simply an unfailing guide in questions of morals and of divine faith. If men refuse to reject it, why, on their heads be the penalty. Man is free to take or refuse. The Pope does not command those who refuse to accept him as the spiritual head of Christendom. He simply says: I will help you, as far as I can, to make men more Christian. I will teach them to be obedient, to be true, to be chaste, to be honest, to be Christian. I am not your enemy, but your friend. Go your way; only let Christians be Christians. Give them room to worship God, and to teach their children to worship him. That is all I ask.

We cannot conclude without a word to our own people. The past year has been one of general prosperity crowning many a year of financial disaster. We are at peace. Let us keep so. We see the Old World, from which we or our sires came, convulsed with social tumult, threatened with war, and impoverished by bad harvests and the necessities of governments, which, anxious for peace, must ever be ready for war. Our fields teem with rich harvests; our soil with every kind of production. We have still unoccupied tracts capable of giving sustenance and employment to a continent. We are a nation, occupying territories such as were never given by heaven to nations before. Our creeds are many, yet we live at peace. No man personally encroaches on the other. We have our problems before us, religious and social; but the government of the country, if we are only content to stand by it, is equal to the solution of such problems. We are free, and heaven blesses us in corn and wine and oil. We are self-sufficient and competent for all emergencies, if we are content to look to ourselves. Our government, state and national, is at once strong enough and free enough for all honest men. Let us not be misled by the dishonest and wicked men who make a profession of politics, and turn what ought to be the highest civic privilege into a school of chicanery and deceit. We are strong enough, and the Constitution is strong enough, if only we adhere to it. There is no need of "a strong man" to rule us. A free and manly people feel no such want. If we are honest and true to what has been handed down to us, that is enough. But if we allow ourselves to be pulled like puppets our liberties as well as our national existence are indeed in danger.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PEARL. By Kathleen O'Meara, author of *Life of Ozanam*, *Are You My Wife?* etc., etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

Those who have already read this charming story as it appeared in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be pleased to see it published in book-form. It is a story that will repay reperusal; for it is not only full of a growing interest to the last chapter, but is, moreover, a very close, keen, and clever study of men, women, and manners as they exist in the better form of French and English society. It is not what would be strictly called a pious story; it will be more welcome on this account to those who from a long experience fight shy of that peculiar and not encouraging class of fiction; but it only needs the author's name to assure a Catholic reader that *Pearl*, while often depicting life that is as hard and selfish as it is outwardly refined and brilliant, is never coarse, is essentially high and pure in its purpose, is

based on right Christian morals and on the best instincts of human nature.

It is a novel of English and French society of the period when Napoleon III. was still flourishing in France. The French circle is that assertive one that moved around the imperial adventurer's throne, faintly touched with the benedictional presence of a most amusing couple who are allowed to shiver in the austere outskirts of the Faubourg St. Germain. This pair frequent the Napoleonic circles, because they find a welcome, life, and fun there. But they always do it under protest, and with fear and trembling lest by any chance the news should penetrate to the centre of the Faubourg, to their final excommunication from that sanctified precinct. All this is very clever, and touched with the delicate *fine se* of a clever and witty woman. The English people met are of the conventional type.

*Pearl* we think superior to any story Miss O'Meara has yet given us, for the reason that it is more rounded and full. There is a break nowhere. The interest deepens constantly with the progress of the story. The dialogue has the crisp brilliancy of the French. The situations, as the playwrights say, are wrought out with much naturalness, yet with great power and strength. The contrast of character, too, is very complete. The two sisters, Pearl and Polly, offer excellent foils to each other, as do Léopold and Darvallon. The Count and Countess de Kerbec, our friends of the Faubourg, are completely distinct from M. and Mme. Léopold, yet one group is every whit as amusing as the other. As for Mrs. Monteagle, with her biting tongue, terrible common sense, yet jewel of a heart, she is a creation. Even the minor characters are drawn with the firm hand of one conscious of her power, who knows just how far they ought to be obtruded on the main action of the story.

The life depicted is, as we said, hard and selfish enough under its brilliant glitter; still there are hard and selfish people in the world, and it is necessary sometimes to be introduced to them. Miss O'Meara uses her characters very cleverly. She does not write at them or abuse them, or do anything with them but just let them have their own way. She allows them rope enough, and they all hang themselves in the most becoming manner possible, without the faintest consciousness that they are committing moral suicide. In contrast with these stand out the nobler characters, and the proofs to which they are put are shown in scenes as strong, as tender, and as pathetic as few stories indeed can furnish.

The author's natural kindness of heart causes her to relent at times and find excuses for the meanness and selfishness of some of her characters, as in the following beautiful apology for the worldly Mme. Léopold, who was bound to make the best possible match, in a worldly sense, for her son and daughter:

"When *ces chers enfants* were in question nothing was too much for Mme. Léopold's audacity. In this instance, however, she really believed what she said—that Pearl was in love with Léon—and it had kept her awake many a night wondering whether Léon was in love with her or not. A circumstance that told heavily against him was that he had never spoken about Pearl to his mother. Now, a French son tells his mother everything. She is the confidant of his wildest follies, of his debts, the troubles of his heart, his conscience, and his betting-book; she knows it all; he will hide many things from his father, but he hides nothing from his mother. And the mother, on her side, repays this confidence by boundless indulgence and sympathy that never fails. She is never horrified, never shocked; nothing throws her off her guard; she would bite her tongue through rather than check the flow of filial confession by an exclamation of disgust, a word of dismayed incredulity, by a glance of cold rebuke. In this the French mother, more than any other, resembles the priest. The mantle of maternity is made of sacramental threads, making every mother rich in strength and mercy; but nowhere is this truth so manifest as in France. The French mother, with a heart pure as the morning dew, can gaze unshrinking into a heart as black as night, and listen, apparently undismayed, to the darkest revelations, never recoiling, never despairing; seeing through all present corruption the beauty of innocence that once was there, of repentance that may yet be there. No wonder this deep, strong, all-embracing compassion in the mother calls forth a full response from the son. Léon Léopold had never concealed anything from his mother. . . . He knew that she had

pity and indulgence for every enormity of folly he could commit, except one: she would never forgive his marrying foolishly—marrying, that is, any one she did not approve of. . . ."

This is the mother who bursts into her daughter's room one morning with a letter in her hand.

"'I want to speak to mademoiselle. Wait in my room a moment,' she said, and the maid went out and closed the door.

"'What is it, mamma?'

"'My child, kneel down and make an act of thanksgiving: the Marquis de Cholcourt asks you in marriage.'

"'Oh!'

"Blanche clasped her hands and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"'Here it is: a letter from Darvallon to your father, saying M. de Cholcourt has charged him to make the demand.'

"'Est-ce possible!' murmured Blanche, her hands locked together on her knees, and her eyes fixed in happy bewilderment on her mother's face.

"'My child, the bon Dieu is very good to us!' said Mme. Léopold, embracing her with emotion.

. . . . . .

"'What answer has papa sent?' she said at last, when her power of speech returned.

"'I have not seen him yet; he is engaged, but he sent me in the letter at once. My child, you don't think he can hesitate—that there can be any answer but one to such an offer?'

"'Oh! of course not, mamma.'

"'Then what is it?'

"'I am thinking what we are to do about the other. I suppose there is no use in our going to this ball now?'

"'It will be awkward. And, as you say, there is no longer any object in our going.'

"Blanche thought for a moment, and then, looking up, 'After all,' she said, 'one never knows what may happen. I think we had better go.'

"'Chèrie! you are a wise little woman. Then let us go.'"

It need not be added that "the other" speedily got his *congé*. Yet if the French style of marriage produces no worse mothers than even Mme. Léopold is, is it to be considered so irredeemably bad, and is worldliness in this respect confined exclusively to France?

FOUR MONTHS IN A SNEAK-BOX. A Boat Voyage of Twenty-six Hundred Miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and along the Gulf of Mexico. By Nathaniel H. Bishop, author of *A Thousand Miles' Walk Across South America* and *Voyage of the Paper Canoe*. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1879.

In a previous number we had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Bishop's *Voyage of the Paper Canoe*, certainly one of the most interesting and instructive books of travel ever published, and which, we are happy to say, has met with well-deserved success. It has been not only favorably received in this country, but republished in Great Britain and France. The present volume is a companion to it, being an account of a voyage from Pittsburgh down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico as far as the mouth of the Suwanee River in Florida, where the author's previous voyage in the paper canoe also terminated. The two together give a complete account of almost our whole Atlantic coast, and of the principal water-way of our inland commerce.

Doubtless many of our readers imagine that there is not much to be said on these subjects with which they are not already well acquainted. Are they not laid down on all our maps, and is not the whole country inhabited by a civilized people, with whose way of life we are well acquainted? Surely they cannot have an interest like that of Mr. Stanley's voyage down the Livingstone River, through nations which had never looked on a white man's face before.

Such an imagination would, however, be very ill-founded. Very few have any correct idea at all of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, beyond a mere vague knowledge of their general contour. Their peculiar structure, with sheltered sounds and inlets, making navigation in a small boat, like those which Mr. Bishop used, possible, is a thing with which hardly any are acquainted, except those who actually live along them at points between the few seaports on their line. And the ordinary maps are so inaccurate that even a study of them fails to give the knowledge which can be gained by the examination of the beautiful and ac-

curate Coast Survey charts with which Mr. Bishop's books are illustrated, and which, combined with his descriptions of them, make his books amply worth perusal for the sake of their geographical information alone.

Neither are we as well acquainted as we may imagine with the character and habits of the people along the routes followed by the author. Those who have made the voyage down the rivers whose course he followed may, indeed, have casually noticed many things which he describes; but a voyage on a steamer in its hurried course, touching only at the principal landings, is not like Mr. Bishop's deliberate journey, stopping at out-of-the-way places, and keeping pace with the odd and primitive boats which are only seen for a moment in passing by the ordinary traveller. It is impossible to know a country by journeying on steamers and railway trains, and stopping at hotels.

And this work of Mr. Bishop's has the merit of the former one in not being a dry description, needing study and a previous interest in its subject to get through with it. It has all the charm which a journey like his would have, without its necessary discomforts and annoyances. One feels in reading it as if seated by the side of the author (were that possible) in his queer little craft, free from all the cares and responsibilities of civilized life, as well as from those which must actually have weighed on the mind of the solitary voyager. One realizes and shares the pleasure of his adventures, so vividly described, sees all the strange places which he visited, and gets acquainted with all the strange people whom he met, without any misgivings as to how the acquaintance may result. There is no one who would not like to make a journey of this kind, if it could be done in this way; and it can be done, by the help of this charming book, by one's own fireside, with no trouble except that of turning over the leaves.

Perhaps most readers will be rather puzzled by its title. A paper canoe is a curious enough vessel; but what in the world is a sneak-box? The name is probably familiar to few who have not been to the place where sneak-boxes are principally made—that is to say, Barnegat on the New Jersey coast. For the benefit of those who have not been there we would say that a sneak-box is a sort of float used by sportsmen for sneaking round after ducks, and is the very beau-ideal of a boat for such a cruise as the author made. It is at once a boat and a little house, in which one can not only row and sail, but carry plenty of provisions, bedding, and cooking utensils, and sleep snugly at night. Moreover, one need not be particular, as in a canoe, about sitting a quarter of an inch to starboard or port, but stand up and move round in it with comfort, though it is only twelve feet long, four wide, and one deep.

We invite all our readers to step into the sneak-box and take a tour with Mr. Bishop. There will be plenty of room for any number of them. Only they must be careful to step into the middle of it, not on the sides, which are decked over, otherwise they will go into the water. Many a man has tried the wrong way of getting aboard, and emerged much wetter and wiser than before. Once fairly seated in it, we know they will enjoy their voyage, and thank Mr. Bishop for a treat like that which Jules Verne would give, and all the more that the journey is made to regions of reality instead of those of romance.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. With Introduction, and Notes Explanatory and Critical. For use in Schools and Classes. By the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, Professor of English Literature in the School of Oratory, Boston University. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1879.

Mr. Hudson is certainly a devout and intelligent lover of Shakspeare. His dissertation on the tragedy that he has illustrated with numerous and well-placed notes is full of interest, thought, and observation. He is in earnest with his subject, and his earnestness rewards the reader. Anything that tends to make readers study the depth and meaning of Shakspeare is of value; but so intelligent a study as this of Mr. Hudson is an addition to English literature

THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXX., No. 179.—FEBRUARY, 1880.

## WHAT IS THE UNKNOWABLE?

THE UNKNOWABLE, considered as a denomination of some kind of subject of discourse, has become very familiar to us of late years. Those who use this term intend to affirm that beyond a certain limit which they assign to the knowledge of which the human mind is capable, it can neither rationally affirm nor deny that some being which can be named, and which some men affirm and others deny as existing, does really exist. Nevertheless, the manner in which this expression is used as a substantive term irresistibly suggests the idea of some boundless unknown reality, which is really in itself intelligible and knowable, but which is not knowable by the human mind on account of the limitation of its faculties.

There is something similar to this in Catholic theology. St. Thomas proposes the question, whether the existence of God is in itself knowable. He decides that it is so, in itself considered, but not in respect to us. That is, the essence of God is in itself an intelligible object, but the human mind, because of its finite nature, is not naturally capable of extending itself to this object. The essence of God is, in respect to the natural cognition of created intelligence, The Unknowable. This is the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, Catholic tradition, and theology, of which St. Thomas is only the interpreter and expositor. What we propose to do now is to make an explanation of the sense and reason of this doctrine, by philosophical arguments derived from St. Thomas and his school. Afterwards, we will show in what sense, and by what way, the existence and nature of God are knowable in respect to the natural faculty of created and specifically of human intelligence, and how it is possible to know the essence of God by intuition, supernaturally.

In doing this, we must take our departure from certain principles and fixed doctrines of ideology which have been presented in some previous articles.

What knowledge is cannot be defined. We know it by consciousness. But as to the way of it, it is effected by a union of the known with the knower, a presence of the object in the subject.

What is known is received in the

Copyright: REV. I. T. HECKER. 1880.

knower, according to the mode and measure of this recipient. It cannot be received in its physical being, but by images which are representations. A sensitive faculty can only receive sensible images, representing single and sensible objects. Imagination and reflection in this order of sensible apprehension can only reproduce images of sense-cognition. Self-consciousness alone is without a medium or representative image, because self is immediately present to itself and needs no *re*-presentative medium.

Intellectual cognition is by intellectual images or ideas, in which the objects correlated to the intellect are perceived, by virtue of the self-consciousness of the subject; who becomes self-conscious by his actual, spontaneous exercise of his innate faculty; and is conscious of himself as informed with the ideas or species, infused or received, which present before his intellectual vision objects which are in their real being external to himself, but ideally are within his own individual being.

The intelligent spirit who is separate from all dependence upon matter and perfect in himself, that is, pure spirit, has purely spiritual essences, and the pure universals as they are in their necessary and eternal reality, unshrouded by material clothing, as his proper object of cognition. He perceives himself in his spiritual reality as a man perceives his own hand by ocular vision, and by the same his own face when reflected by a mirror. In his own essence and properties and attributes he perceives all universal and necessary truths, which are in himself inasmuch as he is a participated and diminuted resemblance of the divine essence. He perceives all other spiritual beings by virtue of their likeness to himself, and in his own intellect which as a mirror represents them all. Corporeal beings are known to him by ideas or species infused by the Creator, which invest him with an ideal similitude to material objects sufficient to bring him into contact with the real things themselves.

The human intellect being joined with a sensitive organism, its proper object is the universal as the intelligible reason of the single, corporeal objects of sense-cognition. It has the necessary limitation of all finite intellect, and the further limitation caused by union with the body whose form it is.

The operation of every active force follows its essence and is determined and limited by it, as to its intensive and extensive power and its mode of acting. Cognoscitive beings have their cognition proportioned to their nature. The divine cognition follows the divine nature according to a proportion of equality. So, also, the purely intellectual cognition of the pure spirit, and the mixed cognition of the being, man, who has a mixed nature, composed of the spiritual and the corporeal. The intelligible or knowable in itself is therefore relatively the unknowable to any intelligence which does not equal it and is therefore by its nature incapable of expressing it in and by a proper idea or species, which expresses subjectively its objective reality by an adequate representation.

These preliminary statements will enable us to understand the reason given by St. Thomas why the created intelligence, as such, and specifically the human intellect, cannot by its natural faculty see the essence of God by intellectual vision. As, by ocular vision,

only single bodies can be perceived, and by the human intellectual vision only the universal abstracted from the sensible, so by the angelic intellectual vision only finite, spiritual essence can be perceived, and whatever its native faculties or infused species can represent which does not transcend the limits of the subject in whom this power of intellectual vision resides.

The essence of God does transcend, and infinitely transcend, all created essence. Therefore, St. Thomas teaches, a created intellect cannot have cognition of the essence of God by its natural faculties:

"Cognitio enim contingit secundum quod cognitum est in cognoscente. Cognitum autem est in cognoscente secundum modum cognoscentis. Unde cujuslibet cognoscentis cognitio est secundum modum suæ naturæ. Si igitur modus essendi alicujus rei cognitæ excedat modum naturæ cognoscentis, oportet quod cognitio illius rei sit supra naturam illius cognoscentis" (*Summæ*, pars i. qu. xii. art. 4).

"Cognition takes place inasmuch as that which is cognized is in the cognizer. But the cognized is in the cognizer according to the mode of the cognizer. Wherefore the cognition of every cognizer is according to the mode of his nature. If, therefore, the mode of being of any object of cognition exceeds the mode of the nature of a cognizer, the cognition of that object necessarily surpasses the nature of that cognizer."

Now, since the mode of being which belongs to God alone, infinitely exceeds the mode of being proper to the most perfect intellectual creature, the cognition of the essence of God surpasses his faculty of intelligence:

"Solius autem Dei proprius modus essendi est ut sit suum esse subsistens" —"It is the proper mode of being of God alone that he should be his own subsisting being." "Relinquitur ergo quod cognoscere ipsum esse subsistens sit connaturale soli intellectui divino, et quod sit supra facultatem naturalem cujuslibet intellectus creati: *quia nulla creatura est suum esse, sed habet esse participatum*"—"The conclusion is, therefore, that to know that which is itself its subsisting being is connatural to the divine intellect alone, and that this cognition surpasses the natural faculty of every created intellect: *because no creature is its own being, but every one has a participated being*" (idem).

It would be well if every one who undertakes to write on this most sublime and abstruse subject would first master and then follow the reasoning of the Angelic Doctor. All orthodox writers conform themselves, of course, to the doctrine of the church which teaches that beatified men are raised to that condition in which they become capable of the intuitive vision of God by his essence, only by an act of divine grace. But they frequently use language which leads their readers to suppose that it is the union with the present corruptible body, the same cause which hinders us from seeing angels and souls, which causes the essence of God to be invisible to men. When they speak more distinctly and correctly, and say that not even disembodied spirits and angels can see God by their natural power, they often speak as if this were on account of some limitation which God has set to the nature of his intelligent creatures by an arbitrary decree. They do not say that God cannot create a being capable of this intuitive vision by his nature. They at least express a doubt regarding the possibility of such a nature being created. Therefore they fall entirely short of the fundamental philosophy, in respect to divine and created intelligence, which St. Thomas presents in such a luminous

manner, but which they have failed to apprehend. Even those who distinctly affirm the impossibility of a natural intuition of God as a necessary predicate of the subject —creature—so far as our reading extends, seldom clearly state the metaphysical reason given by St. Thomas.

It is, however, this reason, and this reason alone, which makes the intrinsic repugnance of the idea of innate power to behold the divine essence to the idea of created and participated intellect, clearly manifest. St. Thomas frequently repeats it, and constantly refers to it as the occasion offers, in terms which are brief and concise, and therefore need attentive consideration, but which express the truth most lucidly and conclusively to a mind which gives this requisite attention to the logical connection of his ideas. One denomination which the Angelic Doctor frequently gives to the being of God is that of *esse irreceptum*, equivalent to self-existing being, being in the absolute sense, necessary being, or essence which as essence, and by reason of its essence, actually exists in plenitude, or infinite, eternal perfection of being.

The being of creatures, on the other hand, is defined as *esse receptum*. This denotes that their essence does not exist by virtue of what it is essentially, but by virtue of an act which gives it real being. The creature has being, but is not necessarily in being; its being or actual existence is received, participated, derived, and finite. By virtue, therefore, of the essential nature and mode of cognition, it can take cognizance only of being similar to itself, that is, participated and received being, but not of *ipsum esse subsistens* or *esse irreceptum*, by an immediate act of cognition.

There is a twofold reason why the human intellect in its present state cannot have immediate, intuitive cognition of God. One is derived from man's specific mode of being as an incorporated spirit, substantially united with a gross and corruptible body which keeps in abeyance and holds in bondage, so long as its natural laws are in their normal exercise, the intrinsic, innate faculty of separate operation which sleeps within the soul in a merely potential state. In this condition, the human spirit cannot see that which is spirit. It comes nearest to this vision in intellectual self-consciousness. But the soul is only self-conscious by its active exercise of its powers coming into action spontaneously; not by direct view of its own substantial entity. We infer that it is a spirit, because it has attributes and produces effects which cannot be ascribed to corporeal substance. Because man is a corporeal being, and his spirit is the form of a body, his proper, immediate object is the sensible, that is, the phenomena of bodies. From the sensible his intellect abstracts the universal, and by virtue of these ideal concepts forms the ideas of substance, of body, of spirit, and of whatever other entity is thinkable. The imagination follows after the reason, and strives to clothe the ideas or concepts with a figure which is similar to the sensible appearances of the visible world. But it fails to represent the spiritual as it really exists. It is impossible for us to get any other imaginary representation of a spirit than that which clothes it with a human similitude. Therefore, when angels, demons, or the spirits of human beings

which have departed this life appear to men, it is always under some visible form, manifested to the senses or produced in the imagination, unless, by an extraordinary and unusual miracle, God chooses to elevate the mind to a preternatural state for the time being.

This is the first reason why man cannot see God. He is a pure spirit, and therefore invisible to man, who cannot see any spirit, even his own, while he is living his corporeal life. The second reason is, because even when the human spirit passes into a separate existence, and becomes capable of an inferior degree of that cognition which is proper to angels, it cannot perceive that which transcends the faculty of even the highest and most perfect of created intelligences.

This is all distinctly taught by St. Thomas in the same place from which the foregoing citations have been taken.

First, in regard to human cognition, he says:

"It is therefore connatural to us to cognize those things which do not have their being except in individuated matter, because our soul, by which we cognize, is the form of a certain matter. This soul, nevertheless, has two cognoscitive powers, one, which is the act of a certain corporeal organ, and it is connatural to this to cognize things as they subsist in individuated matter; whence the sensitive faculty takes cognizance only of single objects. The other cognoscitive power which it possesses is intellection, which is not the act of any corporeal organ. Wherefore it is connatural to us to have by the intellect cognition of those natures which indeed do not have being except in individuated matter, yet are abstracted from it, and after this manner cognized by the consideration of the intellect; whereby, in an intellectual manner, we can cognize this kind of things in their universal aspect, which is above the sensitive faculty."

Then, in regard to the cognition of purely intellectual beings or pure spirits, he says:

"To the angelic intellect, however, it is connatural to cognize natures which do not exist in matter; which is above the natural intellective faculty of the human soul, according to the state of this present life in which it is united to the body."

Nevertheless, since these pure spirits although subsisting by themselves as complete and substantive forms, without any exigency of nature to be united with bodily substance or aptitude for such a union, and therefore competent to cognize the purely spiritual object of cognition; are not their own being, but have a received, participated being, they cannot cognize the essence which is its own being, is unreceived, uncaused, self-existent. As we have already quoted St. Thomas in a foregoing paragraph, "cognoscere *ipsum esse subsistens*" surpasses the faculty of every created intellect, as such, not only every intellect actually existing, but of every one possible in the nature of things.

Ocular vision, or any other sensitive faculty, is by its nature restricted to single corporeal objects. It is impossible that the abstract and universal, or that any concrete spiritual existence, should be visible, audible, or tangible to the senses. A mere power of sense-cognition, or a being who has no power of a higher nature, cannot possibly pass beyond its own natural limit. Yet this sense-cognition can be elevated and made to subserve intellectual cognition, if the subject exercising it have also an intellectual faculty. For the sensible object contains

within itself that which furnishes the real foundation to the universal concepts of the mind whose connatural object is the intelligible ratio of the sensible. The human mind is of this species, and such is the nature of its specific cognition. On this line, it might progress for ever without getting beyond the sphere of knowledge which begins from sense. But no extent of experience among sensible objects, no degree of mathematical or metaphysical science, would ever give the human mind direct insight into substance as it is in itself, or enable it to perceive immediately a soul or any kind of spirit. Yet, as it is generically similar in its spiritual part to pure spirits, and capable of an existence and operation separate from the body, it can be elevated to a state higher than the present one, in which it becomes naturally capable of a mode of cognition similar to that of angels. The purely intellectual being, the spirit, or angel, cannot, however, rise to any higher natural order of cognition, because he has only God above him. The highest kind of *esse receptum* is in the pure spirit, and he is therefore capable of knowing all being which exists by communicated, participated being, and has above his faculty only *esse irreceptum.*

The divine being, in its essence, is to him the superintelligible and the unknowable, by virtue of the principle that all intelligence is recipient of the intelligible according to its own mode of being, and the supreme genus of created substances is not a species under a divine genus. The divine being is not in the category of genus. Being, essence, or any property or attribute, cannot be predicated of God and the creature in the sense of generic similitude, but only in a transcendental sense.

In what way, then, can God be known, naturally, by the human mind, since he is not knowable by his essence? To this question St. Thomas gives the following answer:

"I answer that it must be said that our natural cognition takes its beginning from sense. Wherefore our natural cognition can extend just so far as it can be conducted by those things which are sensible. Our intellect cannot, however, from the sensibles proceed to such an extent that it can perceive the divine essence; because sensible creatures are effects of God which do not equal their cause. Wherefore the whole virtue of God cannot be known from the cognition of sensibles, nor, consequently, his essence be perceived. But because these sensible objects are his effects depending from their cause, we can from these things be led so far as this, that we can know so much of God as that he is, and that we can know concerning him what attributes necessarily belong to him inasmuch as he is the first cause of all things, surpassing all the effects of his causative power" (Ib. qu. xii. art. 12).

From the effects which are known to us, the existence and nature of the first cause are inferred and concluded by acts of discursive reason. This is the only way in which we can know even the nature of our own spirit and of other human spirits, or form a concept of what pure spirits may be. It is an abstractive mode of knowledge, the only possible mode for an intellect whose operation must begin from sense and consider the intelligible in the sensible.

All our conceptions of spirits and of God are consequently analogical. The explanation of analogy in the elementary treatises on Logic is frequently obscure and inadequate. The analogy of attribution in virtue of which one thing receives a denomination from an-

other which is generically diverse from it, on account of the similarity in the effects of the two analogues, is by no means similar to transcendental analogy. The body is healthy in the proper and principal sense of the term. Food and exercise are healthy in an analogous sense, attributed to them because they have an efficacy to sustain and increase the physical conditions resulting in bodily health. But the analogous sense in which the transcendental predicates of being, unity, truth, goodness, beauty, are affixed to things generically diverse, is one which is equally proper to them all, in all their generic diversities and specific differences. When the mind ascends to the rational conception of God, which is the most transcendental of all conceptions, by means of ideas derived originally from the consideration of creatures, and frames the terms or names by which it expresses the attributes of the divine being, such as existence, unity, truth, goodness, and beauty, these names are attributed in their proper sense, in respect to that which they signify, to God. "Quoad significatum proprie de Deo dicuntur" (*Summa*, qu. xiii. art. 3). They are not, however, in God and in creatures in the same mode, and therefore it is constantly affirmed by St. Thomas that the same predicates cannot be applied to God and creatures univocally, but must be applied analogically. Being is diversely attributed to a substance, to an accident, to an ideal object. That is, it is predicated of these diverse subjects, not univocally, but analogically, yet in a proper sense in each case. The being of God, the *ipsum esse subsistens*, and the being of the creature, the *esse participatum*, are likewise in a proper sense called by the same name of being, but analogically, not univocally.

This is most important, because the lesser and more equivocal analogies of attribution give no foundation for demonstration, and all our demonstrations of the attributes which belong to the divine essence are founded on analogy, all our mental conceptions of God are analogical. Transcendental analogy is clearly explained by Suarez as follows:

> "It must be observed that, speaking generally, one thing can be named by attribution to another in two ways. One is, when the denominating form is in only one of the extremes, *intrinsically*, in the others only by an *extrinsic relation*. The other is, when the denominating form is *intrinsically in each member*, although it is *absolutely* in one, whereas in the other it is in *dependence* upon something else" (*Met.* ii. 28).

Health is not *intrinsically* in food, but the transcendentals are intrinsically in every subject of which they are predicated, although some are entities which exist in and by themselves, others only in a dependent and relative manner.

The self-existing being is alone absolutely and by essence The Being, The True, The Good; all creatures depend from him, are his effects, have received from him a participated being. Yet being, and the transcendental properties of being, are in them all intrinsically and properly, and therefore they furnish to the human mind concepts by which it can truly though inadequately apprehend and demonstrate the attributes which necessarily belong to God.

It is not necessary to enlarge on this topic, or trace out the demonstration of the first cause from created effects. This has been

done in a former article, and the argument is common and familiar.

Leaving the consideration of the method by which the human mind ascends from the sensibles to a rational knowledge of God, we turn our attention for a moment to the explanation which St. Thomas gives of the purely intellectual method by which the angels obtain their higher and more perfect cognition of God by their natural intelligence:

"Ad primum ergo dicendum quod iste modus cognoscendi Deum est Angelo connaturalis, ut scilicet cognoscat eum per similitudinem ejus in ipso Angelo refulgentem" (ut supr.)

"The mode of knowing God connatural to the Angel is by a similitude of Him which shines forth in the angelic nature itself."

The purely intellectual creature, the pure spirit, has received a nature which is the most elevated and perfect possible essence, as to its genus, which God can create; and is a diminuted likeness of the divine essence itself. It is a participated intelligible and intelligent light, derived from the uncreated light. In this highest of natures, the work and effect of God's power reflects and shows forth the existence and attributes of the first cause much more resplendently than all the inferior works which compose the sensible universe. Nevertheless, it does not and cannot represent the pure essence of God as it is in itself. And this divine essence is not therefore the object of direct and immediate cognition to the angelic intelligence.

The possibility of a supernatural elevation of created intellect to an intuitive cognition of the divine essence is only known by the revelation which God has made of that order of grace, in which this vision of God has been proposed to angels and men as their ultimate beatitude.

It being once known by revelation that God has actually elevated created nature to this sublime height by supernatural grace, it is evident that there is in intellectual nature a possibility, or passive potency, for receiving this transformation into the likeness of God, who alone by his nature has immediate cognition of his own essence. This intrinsic capacity for being elevated above its connatural mode of intelligence may be sought for, and perhaps found, in the very principles which constitute intellectual nature. We must, at least, say: that no repugnance can be shown between the nature of created intellect, and a passive receptivity by virtue of which it is a proper subject of this transformation. It may be that a positive proof of non-repugnance can be discovered, or even a reason of congruity, showing how it is most suitable that intellectual nature should be so elevated by grace.

St. Thomas, without any hesitation, advances this proof, derived not merely from doctrines of faith, but also from reason. In his argument, he contrasts intelligence with sense-cognition, and shows that the latter can never be elevated above material objects, because its most perfect operation respects only single objects, and these wholly material, without any mixture of a perception of their immaterial relations, or of anything apprehended in the abstract and universal. Intellect, however, does, in man, abstract the concepts of spiritual beings; as the soul, or the pure angelic spirit; from its immediate sensible object. Hence, there is an inchoate faculty for re-

ceiving a more perfect cognition of that which it abstracts from the sensible, by an immediate perception of the same essence, separate from the sensible. The intellect of the angel, likewise, can; from his own individual nature, as a finite, concrete essence which has received being from the being who exists by his very essence; abstract the idea of being in itself. And this makes him capable of being raised to a more perfect, to an intuitive cognition of that being, of which he possesses the knowledge naturally by abstractive contemplation.

This may be illustrated by a comparison. A man may have moral certainty respecting some truths; for example, certain results of the calculus; from the concurring testimony of the competent that they have been mathematically demonstrated. It may be impossible for him to understand the demonstration, because his intellectual and reasoning faculty does not suffice for this purpose. Yet there is in his intellect an intrinsic, latent capacity for the knowledge of these truths by mathematical demonstration. Again, there is in man a cognition of universal truths and of spiritual essences by the mode of abstraction from the sensible. This same capacity of knowing by which he has the inferior and imperfect cognition belonging to his inferior condition, has a latent and dormant potency of being raised to the mode of knowing proper to the separate spirit. So, the capacity of knowing God in his effects, and by these effects knowing that there is an essence transcending all created and finite essence, makes the created intellect capable of elevation to a mode of intelligence by which it knows immediately and perceives clearly what that essence is. Only, it must not be forgotten, that whereas every elevation and increase of intelligence, which raises an intellect no higher than the level of some superior order in the creation, is within the bounds of nature; elevation to the intuition of the divine essence is supernatural.

St. Thomas proves by another, somewhat different argument the possibility of a created intellect receiving the power to behold the essence of God. After having shown that to assert the contrary is against the doctrine of faith, he says that it is also contrary to reason. For there is no desire of nature which is vain, that is, having for its object an impossible good. But there is in human nature a desire of knowing the cause of known effects. The essence of God is the cause of all created essences; it is the cause and first principle of the intellectual nature of the intelligent being. The intellect which knows other things and itself, cannot help being advertised of the existence of an essence from which its own being has been received, that this essence is intelligible in itself, although, in respect to the natural capacity of the subject, superintelligible and therefore unknowable. The natural desire of knowing all things in their ultimate cause and reason of being, necessarily, therefore, presents before the intelligent being the intimate essence of the first cause as included in the general object of its spontaneous tendency toward all being and all good; that is, toward its own ultimate and perfect beatitude, which consists in its own highest operation, to wit, its intellectual operation.

"Inest enim homini naturale desiderium cognoscendi causam, cum intuetur effectum. Si igitur intellectus rationalis creaturæ pertingere non possit ad primam causam rerum, remanebit inane desiderium naturæ" (qu. xii. art. 1).—"There is in man a natural desire of knowing the cause of the effect which he beholds. If, therefore, the intellect of the rational creature cannot attain to the first cause of things, a desire of nature will remain always without an object."

At first sight, and taken by itself, this passage with its context seems to teach, as some theologians hold that it does, that the innate demand of intellectual nature for its own perfection in its intellectual operation, and for the attainment of the beatitude which is consonant to its innate tendency, and is the only end for which it could be made by the divine wisdom and goodness a participator in spiritual being, requires its elevation to the supernatural order. A closer examination, and a comparison with other passages in which the very succinct and condensed argument of this one is more fully developed, shows, however, that this is an extension of the thesis of St. Thomas beyond his own intention. He presupposes the actual destination of man to ultimate, that is, the highest possible beatitude in God, by the most perfect possible union with him, as it is taught by revelation. His immediate thesis is, that this beatitude must consist in his highest intellectual operation, which requires a knowledge of God proportionate to the state and mode of being. There is a *desiderium naturæ* to know everything in its first cause, and if the beatitude of heaven did not contain a knowledge of God as its first cause, in proportion to the union with God in the most perfect love, and the exaltation of the united subject to its own ultimate perfection, this desire of nature would be frustrated.

That this interpretation is correct is probable merely from the consideration of the language in the sentence quoted: *Si pertingere non possit ad primam causam rerum.* This is general, and includes that cognition of God which St. Thomas afterwards proves to be connatural to angels and men. The argument from reason, therefore, contains some implied premises not distinctly expressed. If the intellectual creature could not attain to the knowledge of the first cause, there would be in it a natural desire necessarily frustrated, which is absurd. If the intellectual creature raised to the most perfect beatitude did not therein exercise an intellectual operation consonant to this most perfect state, the natural desire of knowing the first cause would not attain a satisfaction proportionate to the mode of beatitude, and would, therefore, be frustrated of its completion. There is no knowledge of God intrinsically and essentially superior to that which the angel naturally possesses, except the immediate cognition of God by his essence, the *ipsum esse subsistens.* "*Unde simpliciter concedendum est quod beati Dei essentiam videant*" — "Wherefore we strictly conclude that the blessed see the essence of God." All the part of the suppressed argument which we have supplied is drawn out by the Angelic Doctor in subsequent articles, from which we have already sufficiently quoted. And in the course of his reasoning, he answers an objection to the effect that the angel ought to be able to see that essence which is in itself the most intelligible, viz., the divine essence, by his natural power,

because his intelligence is perfect and has no defect. St. Thomas concedes that the intellect of the angel is perfect in the sense that it has no defect of *privation*, or does not lack anything which it ought to have, and rejects the inference of the objector, by a distinction between this defect of privation, and the negative deficiency which belongs to the angel as a creature. He says:

"'Sic quælibet creatura invenitur deficiens, Deo comparata, dum non habet illam excellentiam quæ invenitur in Deo" (art. 6).—"In this sense every creature is found to be defective, compared to God, because it lacks that excellence which is found in God."

The angel, in his purely natural state, suffers no privation, lacks nothing which he ought to have. His intellectual operation, in which his life, his perfection, his enjoyment principally resides and is actuated, lacks nothing; and there is no imperative reason or demand in his nature for grace or elevation, in order that his existence may find an end and object proportioned to his essence as an intellectual creature. Otherwise, his naturally deficient condition, belonging to him as a creature; what is sometimes called the metaphysical evil intrinsic to every creature as such; would really be a state of privation, with a natural exigency, and a natural right to the supernatural means necessary for the attainment of his end. Regeneration and glorification must, in this case, be the necessary sequel and complement of the first movement of the creative act which gives separate and substantive existence to the intellectual creature. Thus Gioberti, who saw clearly what is involved in this particular theory, openly and plainly presented it, and set forth an ideology in harmony with his theology, entirely contrary to the ideology of St. Thomas.

St. Thomas, as we have abundantly proved, admits no privation in the natural condition of a pure and perfect spirit, but only a negation of that excellence, that mode of cognition, that eternal quiescence in the sovereign good or ultimate beatitude, which belongs to God alone, and which consists in the highest possible intellectual operation, the vision of the divine essence.

In order that any created intelligent being may be made actually susceptible of that action of God upon him which makes him in act a contemplator of the divine essence, St. Thomas teaches, and the church teaches, that he must be made *deiform* by a supernatural grace and elevation, in consequence of which he is actually *deified* by union with God. It seems incredible, on the face of it, that this sublimation and deification of a creature should be his natural destiny by the mere fact of his being created intelligent, so that the wisdom, the goodness, or, as some say, the justice even of God should make it unbefitting his divine perfection, and therefore morally impossible, though within the physical scope of his omnipotent power, that he should withhold from such a creature the gift of elevating grace and the opportunity of attaining this highest beatitude.

The divine revelation, which alone gives us the knowledge of the possibility and the actual concession of such a gift, teaches that it is a grace, a gratuitous gift, a pure boon of divine love, which no creature can claim as a right, or merit as a reward. It is most con-

gruous to infinite goodness to bestow it, but not incongruous to withhold it even from innocent beings and from those who have all possible perfection and integrity of natural justice. This is a logical inference from the doctrine of the church that all supernatural gifts are graces and gratuitous favors which are not due to nature, even by a natural exigency. "Doctrina Synodi (Pistoiensis) de statu felicis innocentiæ . . . quatenus . . . innuit statum illum sequelam fuisse creationis, *debitum ex naturali exigentia* . . . falsa," etc. (Auctor. Fid. cens. xvi.)

There is a natural exigency in every creature, when it is constituted in its own specific and individual being; that is in possession of all its due properties, attributes, and powers; for that environment, that relation to objects extrinsic to itself, that concurrence of divine power with second causes, which are suited to it, and needful to it, that it may exercise its functions, fulfil its purpose, and attain due perfection and completion. The intellectual being has an exigency in its nature for all the means necessary for the union with its connatural object of intellection and volition, which may enable it to put forth its highest intellectual operation, and elicit the corresponding acts of will toward the desirable good apprehended by the intellect. This is true of the passive potencies of nature, which remain in a dormant state until their object; which must act upon them before they can come into act, and with whose action their own active power must concur in vital acts, as of cognizing and loving; is duly presented. For instance, there is in the infant an exigency of nature that his sensitive organs should grow into their perfect state, that his dormant intellect and reason should have the sensible object so presented that the intelligible which is in them may be seized and perceived and understood in a rational manner. If there were in the very nature of the intellectual being a passive potency of this kind, an existing capacity and need for some supernatural action of God upon it, to bring it into contact with its object of innate, natural tendency and desire, viz., the divine essence itself, grace would be a sequel of creation, and would be due to every intellectual nature, by a debt of exigency, in order to bring it out of its native state, not of mere negative deficiency as a creature, and by comparison with God, but of privation, and lack of the essentials of its own due and proper perfection. Left to itself, it would be a merely inchoate being, a specimen of arrested and frustrated development, like a blighted plant, a stunted child, an inconclusive mode of syllogism in logic.

We have seen already that St. Thomas does not admit that the lack of natural power in angels to see the essence of God is a privation. It is a negation of an excellence belonging to God alone. How can a creature be deficient in the natural order, by lacking a divine excellence? If he is incapable of attaining the term of his nature, of being intelligent and happy to the full extent of his natural exigency, he is in a state of privation; all nature is *ipso facto* in a state of privation; without an end; demanding the supernatural as its complement. Grace, then, is no more grace, except in the sense in which all nature is an effect of God's gratuitous benevolence

We must, therefore, seek for an interpretation of all that St. Thomas says in the *Summa*, and more fully and strongly in his work *Contra Gentes*, of the *desiderium naturæ* which would remain a *desiderium inane*, if the faculty of the beatific vision were not conceded; which will not furnish premises for a conclusion so contradictory to the conclusions of sound theology and philosophy.

This interpretation is given by the best theologians and the soundest expositors of the system of the Angelic Doctor, and is as follows:*

The passive potency for elevation, by grace and the light of glory, to the disposition requisite to make an intellectual creature actually capable of the manifestation which God makes of his essence to the beatified, is not like a dormant faculty which awaits only its proper actuation to spring into active exercise. It is not like the potentiality of reason which sleeps in the soul of the infant, or the dormant powers which are held in abeyance in the human soul by the bond of union to the gross mortal body. It is only an aptitude, what is called in scholastic language a *potentia obedientialis*, by virtue of which we predicate of every intellectual nature *non-repugnance* to an elevation above its connatural mode of knowing. In matter there is an essential repugnance to the reception of thinking and knowing power. In a merely sentient nature there is a repugnance to elevation to the order of intelligent cognition. In the creature there is a repugnance to the reception of qualities and powers which make it equal to the divine nature, and to the communication of the *ipsum esse subsistens*. But the intellectual being, inasmuch as he is a spirit, is in some way cognate to spiritual essence however transcending his own specific essence; there is a cognoscitive attitude in him toward being in its utmost latitude. As there is in matter a passive aptitude for all possible variation, multiplication, and extension, indefinitely; as in sense-cognition there is a similar aptitude to augmentation in its own line, and in natural cognition an intrinsic aptitude for indefinite increase; so there is in intellectual nature an aptitude for elevation to the cognition of the adequate object of intelligence, which is obscurely presented as an inadequate but connatural object by the natural mode of cognition, and as the inadequate, connatural object of that desire of nature which tends spontaneously toward all good in general.

According to the philosophy of St. Thomas, the proper perfection and proper good of a specific nature or any individual consists, not in the reception of all modes of being for which it has an aptitude, but in the reducing of its real passive potency and active power into act, so that there is no privation of anything needed that its reason of being may be completely verified in reality. The good of a being is identical with its proper perfection; and the beatitude of a rational nature, its attainment of its proper object by the highest act of intellectual operation, followed by complacency in the will, is identical with its rational perfection. There is no real passive potency in the created intellectual nature for the vision of the divine essence. The absence of such a potency is not a privation. Therefore, there is no exigency in this nature for this

* See the treatises of Suarez and Mazzella.

vision, that it may become naturally perfect and naturally blessed, to the full extent of its proper specific capacity and determination.

The interpretation we have just given of the doctrine of St. Thomas is the only one which makes it agree with other statements, found in other parts of his system of philosophy and theology.

"By the name of beatitude is understood the ultimate perfection of rational or intellectual nature. . . . Now, the ultimate perfection of rational or intellectual nature is twofold: *one kind attainable by virtue of nature itself*, and this is called in a certain respect beatitude or felicity. Wherefore even Aristotle says that the most perfect human contemplation, by which man can in this life contemplate the most excellent intelligible object, which is God, is the ultimate felicity of man; but there is another felicity superior to this which we expect in the future life, namely, that *in which we shall see God as he is*; and this felicity, indeed, as has been shown already, is above the nature of any created intellect whatsoever" (i. p. q. lxii. art. 1).

Again, he says that, as an end, this fruition of God is above the faculty of created nature, and that, consequently, "man, by his natural capacities alone, *does not have sufficiently an inclination to that end*" (iii., dist. xxiii. qu. i. art. 4, qu. iii.) Once more, of the elicited, active desire of supernatural beatitude which is in the human soul elevated by divine grace, he says: "He desires some special good, *which he does not naturally desire* (non naturaliter appetit), as, for instance, the vision of God, in which, nevertheless, according to real truth, his beatitude consists" (De Voluntate, q. xxii. art. 7). Applying these principles of philosophy to the consideration of the state of infants dying unregenerate, and deprived of the beatific vision, he concludes that they are not made miserable by the loss of supernatural beatitude, because there is no proportion between their nature in its actual state, and this beatitude which is proportioned to the capacity and desire of human nature when raised to the plane of a supernatural destiny.

"We must know, that one who is reasonable is not afflicted because he lacks something exceeding the just proportion to himself; as no wise man is afflicted because he cannot fly like a bird, or because he is not a king or an emperor; though he might be afflicted if he were deprived of that for the possession of which he was in some manner fitted. . . . But these children were never proportioned to the attainment of eternal life, which was neither due to them from the proper principles of nature, exceeding, as it does, the entire faculty of nature, nor within the scope of their own proper acts, they being incapable of such acts as can alone obtain so great a good, and therefore they will not suffer any pain whatever from the lack of the intuitive vision" (ii. sent. dist. xxxiii. q. ii. a. 2).

Not only does St. Thomas in this manner show how it is agreeable to the wisdom and goodness of God to leave a great number of human beings in the lapsed condition of human nature for ever; but he positively affirms that a condition similar to this in respect to a perpetual lack of supernatural means for attaining a supernatural end, otherwise, a *condition of pure nature*, might be established in the first intention of Almighty God.

"In this manner the lack of the divine vision would belong to one, who should be in his natural conditions only, even without sin" (De Malo, qu. iv. a. 1, ad 14). "God could have formed in the beginning, from the slime of the earth, when he formed the first man, another man also, whom he would have left in the condition of his own proper nature" (ii. sent. dist. xxxi. ad. 2, qu. i.)

It is a straining of the sense of

St. Thomas, and other theologians who follow him, to interpret them in the sense of the Augustinians, whose system was never derived from that of the Angelic Doctor. The consent of the competent expositors of his own school is the surest criterion to employ. This consent, and likewise, in general, the consent of theologians from the earliest ages down, can be proved to sustain the doctrine of the possibility of a state of pure nature. This is affirmed by Suarez, of whom it is wont to be said, *in eo, tota schola loquitur*—the whole school of theology speaks by his mouth. "This assertion (the one we have ascribed to him), in my opinion, is the common one of theologians, though they may more suppose it than make it a matter of formal disputation by distinguishing various states of human nature and mutually comparing them" (Prol. iv. de Gratia, c. i. n. 16). This remark refers chiefly to theologians preceding the controversy with Baius and Jansenius. The great subsequent theologians, with few exceptions, in precise and accurate language maintain that doctrine which accords with the interpretation we have above given of the teaching of St. Thomas. It is the only one which sets forth clearly and distinctly the absolutely gratuitous and supernatural character of the order of elevating grace and beatitude in the intuitive vision of God, as above all exigency of created nature. In the words of Cardinal Franzelin: "It is evident of how great moment is the genuine notion and solid vindication of a possible state of pure nature for declaring and defending the true ratio of the supernatural order which in our times is under many forms distorted and disputed" (*Scrip. et Trad.* p. 553). In our opinion, the importance of this clear and philosophical elucidation of the order of nature as distinct from and subordinate to the supernatural order cannot be overestimated; and the bearings of the whole question, in many directions, upon science and religion, are disclosing themselves in manifold respects not usually fully considered, even by the best writers who have hitherto made it the subject of discussion.

The future condition of the vast multitude of human beings excluded for ever from the kingdom of heaven, who have done nothing to deserve the privation of any good demanded by the exigencies of rational nature, cannot be understood in its aspect towards the certain truths of rational theology on the one side, and, on the other, towards the doctrines of the faith, without this true and real ratio of the supernatural order. Moreover, it is probable, and becoming continually more and more a matter of common belief, that the universe is now or will become replenished with countless species and multitudes of living, intelligent beings, who are neither angels nor men. There is not the slightest reason for extending the limits of the supernatural order beyond that part of the rational creation whose vocation to the dignity of adopted filiation in and through God the Son has been revealed. Nor is there any necessity, *à priori*, for imagining any trial or probation, any risk of evil, any disturbance of the moral order, any conflict whatever, or impediment to the harmonious and perfect development of natural principles according to natural laws, in view of the end prescribed by creative wisdom.

This end, in the actual order of Divine Providence, is only touched by the summit of the whole order, the highest class of intelligent beings; who have returned to their first cause and principle, the divine essence from which all creation has proceeded, in the most perfect manner possible; by the highest intellectual act which can be elicited by a created nature, the beatific vision of God. At the apex of this summit is the sacred humanity of the Word, whose hypostatic union with his divine nature accomplishes the ultimatum of the deification of the creature in a real divine filiation, and the ultimatum of beatitude. In this act, the whole creation has its supreme reason of being, according to the divine purpose of communicating the good of being for the greater glory of God, the only motive for the free act of creation. All the subordinate parts of the universe have their bearing and relation toward this ultimate end, in a linked series, from the highest to the lowest. It is therefore true that beatitude in its highest sense; as the quiescence of motion toward the centre of rest; as the attainment of an intellectual term of contemplation beyond which there is no thinkable or imaginable term specifically higher within the limits of metaphysical possibility, that is, within the aptitude of a creature to receive a divine action elevating its nature to a likeness of the divine nature; is only made actual in the beatified sons of God. It is, also, true that, in the attainment of this term metaphysically final, the *desiderium naturæ* is so completely filled, that no *inane* is left in the *desiderium naturæ*. Supposing the intention of God to bring the creative act to this metaphysical ultimatum, there is a hypothetical exigency in nature, and a corresponding debt due to the universal order which has been decreed, that all the means for the fulfilment of the decree should be provided, and that it should be efficaciously and infallibly accomplished. It is most congruous to the divine wisdom and goodness, that power and love should thus be exerted to their utmost limit; and when it is known by revelation that God has so determined, this congruity can be shown by probable arguments derived from reason. From this point of view it was that St. Thomas proceeded, in proving, by analogies and reasons taken from natural principles, the possibility of the intuitive vision of the divine essence. One of these arguments is that from the *desiderium naturæ*. It is most congruous to the nature of God to make an equation between this desire of nature and its adequate object. The entire reasoning of St. Thomas is directed to prove that whoever admits the possibility of this equation must admit the possibility of the vision of the divine essence, because this alone is the adequate object of the intellect; which is turned toward being in its utmost latitude, that is, the intelligible in the whole extent and comprehension of its intelligibility; and which has no determined limit fixed by its essence. Made more universal, the proposition is that there is a potential and virtual infinity in finite essences. We know, however, that this virtual and potential infinity cannot be reduced to act in an infinite mode. There must be positive determinations in all existing things, material or spiritual. The will of God fixes these limits, and reduces to act the possible which is infinite, under such

determinations as suffice for the fulfilment of his creative plan. From the point of zero; which is the starting-point of creation; to the divine idea comprehending all the infinity of the possible; there is an infinite series, having no necessary point of ultimate ascension in the scale of being. It is not incongruous to the divine wisdom or goodness to fix anywhere the limit of the whole universe; or of any part or individual in it; provided that in the communication of being actually made, the due ratio of the ordination of the creature to the creator is established. This ratio requires an end; which can be no other than the glorification of God in the excellence of his work; and which is attained by the constitution of some nature capable of fulfilling this end, with the means which are congruous. Just so soon as our mind can verify in the creature a sufficient reason of being, it verifies something which is a term of divine power congruous to the divine wisdom and the divine goodness. Intelligent creatures who can know and praise and love God as manifested in themselves and other effects of his creative power, and enjoy for ever in the perfect state which is congruous to their nature the desirable good which is proportioned to their natural faculties, together with an environment which is suited to the nature of such beings and sufficient for the order in which they are constituted —this is enough to present to our mind an ideal universe which contains a sufficient reason of being. It is a possible state of pure nature, which God might have created and left without any higher elevation, without any incongruity to his divine perfections. The *desiderium naturæ* in such a world would not be altogether *inane*, for intelligence would attain to the knowledge of things in their highest causes, sufficiently for its due perfection and therefore for its due beatitude; and the whole universe would be made to give praise and glory to God, through this intelligence. We may take this as probably a *minimum* term of divine power, power co-ordinated with wisdom, justice, and goodness, or what is called *potestas ordinata*. An absolute *maximum* is repugnant to the essence of the finite, and no real term of even omnipotent power. Only a *maximum* in certain respects is possible in the concrete reality. This is realized in the actual order by the elevation of intellectual nature to the deiform and deified state of beatitude, and of the humanity of Christ which contains the microcosm of all nature, to the hypostatic union. In this order, the generic and specific *maximum* is attained, since there is no kind of cognition above the intuition of the divine essence belonging naturally to God, and no species of union higher than the hypostatic. Yet, even in the hypostatic or personal union of the human with the divine nature, the incommunicable *ipsum esse subsistens* is not imparted to the human nature, which is essentially having an *esse receptum*. Consequently, the comprehensive cognition of the divine essence in its total intelligibility is not imparted, nor the comprehensive cognition of the potential and virtual infinity of actual and possible creatures. From this height of being and beatitude to which the human nature of the Word is raised, down to the lowest of angels and souls in the kingdom of heaven, there is a graduated series of degrees in the order of glory

and beatitude, and the number of the beatified is determined, not infinite. In respect to intensity and extension, the total sum of created and participated beatitude is capable of indefinite increase. The creature remains for ever in its state of deficiency in respect to God, who is, as his own intelligible and intelligent essence, incomprehensible by any finite intelligence. The aptitude of the intellectual nature in respect to the cognition of God cannot, therefore, ever attain an absolute *maximum*, or the *desiderium naturæ* founded on this aptitude ever attain a term which does not have an infinite *inane* remaining unfilled; just as the actual universe must always remain in the centre of infinite space with an aptitude for further extension. What constitutes the due perfection of nature is, therefore, not the reduction of its total aptitude of increase into actual being, but the stable possession of its own proper being as determined by God, without evil of excess or defect. The beatitude of a rational nature is identical with its perfection of nature, and consists in its highest intellectual act proportioned to its mode of being. The humanity of Christ possesses what is due to it, in virtue of the dignity of his Person, and in view of the merits of his obedience. The Blessed Virgin, St. Michael the Archangel, and those angels and saints who fill every rank in the sacred hierarchy, from the highest to the lowest, possess each what is due to their respective dignities. The beatitude of each is proportioned to his personal merit, and to the degree of the light of glory which gives him the last disposition and proportion to the reception of the beatific vision. The ratio of the beatitude of any individual must be determined, therefore, at last, by his intellectual proportion to the intelligible object, for which he has not only a mere proportion of indefinite aptitude, but a proportion of real potency in act, or ready to be reduced to act as soon as the subject is brought into due relation to its correlative object. Beyond this, it has no actual, elicited craving desire and need of nature, determined to some object as its end; and as the desirable good in which it must rest, or else remain in perpetual unrest and vain striving.

By analogy, therefore, it follows that an intellectual nature which is not proportioned to the essence of God as its connatural object of cognition by elevating grace, does not long for the beatific vision, or suffer loss of its due beatitude by the lack of it, or exist in a state of privation, when it is confined to the order of nature. This is the reason, and the only satisfactory reason, why God does not in justice owe it to himself to elevate intellectual nature to the plane of the supernatural; and why the very fact of existence does not give every rational being a natural right to the opportunity and means of attaining the beatific vision. For the same reason, God does not owe it to his goodness, or his wisdom. It is an act of pure, gratuitous goodness and love on the part of God which has placed the ultimate beatitude of angels and men in the beatific contemplation of his essence; and has raised the universe through the supernatural order, by the hypostatic union of created nature to his own nature in the Word, to the summit of dignity.

This being a gratuitous gift in respect to all creation taken uni-

versally; without a shadow of a claim of condignity or congruity on the part of the creature; it remains the same in the actual plan of God, in respect to every species and individual taken singly. It is only by the concession of grace, and in virtue of a free offer and promise on the part of God, that any particular species or multitude or any individual, among the whole number of intellectual beings, has any right to aspire to the beatific vision, or is capable of meriting anything in the order of grace either by condignity or congruity.

There is room, therefore, in the universe; even in the present and actual order, in which the ultimate end and ultimate beatitude determined, are supernatural; for any number of species and any multitude of individuals, who are left in the state of pure nature, and who find their perfection and beatitude within their own connatural sphere of being. This idea is entirely consonant to the general principles of St. Augustine, as well as to the doctrine of St. Thomas, to the dogmas of Catholic faith, and to sound metaphysical and physical philosophy. It is necessary to a really synthetical and adequate system of theology; and most fruitful in themes and conclusions which satisfy the reason, and enable it to "justify the ways of God to man," and to fill up the ascending series in the works of God from the lowest term to that highest term, in which the equation is established between created intellect and its adequate object, in ultimate beatitude.

---

## LOST SEEDS.

I.

'Tis an old Navajo legend
That each seeming-wasted seed,
Though on earth its germ unfolds not,
Finds its perfect life, in deed,
In the after-world where spirits from their earthly thrall are freed.

Fair the yellow-tasselled maize-fields,
Soft the music of their leaves
In the west wind gently rustling,
Full the harvest of their sheaves
When the lingering ghost of summer through the crimson forest grieves.

Sweet the flowers of the woodland
Nestling low amid the shade,
Strong the giant redwood lifting,
Towering, sunset-crownèd head;
Each to earth some beauty giving ere the day's hours all are sped.

Much men praise their lavish beauty—
Blossom frail and golden ear—
Marking not the dark seeds scattered
Finding not perfection here,
Seeking in the earth's deep bosom sunshine of another sphere.

For, so runs the Indian legend,
Lies the after-world of life
'Neath our earth, in sunny prairies
Death-freed souls find but through strife,
Troubled wandering through morasses all with gloomy shadows rife.

In this happy land of plenty
Golden maize-field faileth ne'er,
While the Indian's singing arrow
Bird and bison findeth e'er;
And the blossoms never wither, ne'er the painted leaves grow sere.

In these fertile fields Elysian
Bloom the lost seeds of the earth,
Softly sinking ever deeper
From their upper life of dearth,
Changing for a joy unfading sunny hours of short-lived mirth.

II.

Come unto the human bosom
Scattered seeds of thought divine,
Seeds that lift no least green leaflet
To the glad day's warm sunshine—
Lying deep in heart's recesses like rare jewel in the mine.

Golden fields of unstained glory
Glitter in the noonday sun;
Tender flowers of gracious duty
From the shade have sweetness won;
Generous strength wears sunset splendor when its earthly day is done.

But the little dark seed bearing
Naught of flower that men can see
Is not lost, if yet unheeded,
Sinking ever silently
Deeper in the heart's wide garden, ripening for eternity.

Freshened by the dews of heaven,
Fed with life-blood from the heart,
All unseen the folded pinions
Ever gather strength to start
When, in God's eternal gardens, burst the prison bars apart,

Where the hidden seed wins beauty
More than earth's, since all-divine;
Perfected through years unconscious,
Fair its fruit and blossoms shine—
Pure as jewel's perfect crystal won unshattered from the mine.

III.

So, O poet! though as wasted
Fall thy songs upon the earth,
Though men listen not their music,
Holding them as little worth,
Sorrow not for thought unheeded, so it be of heavenly birth.

Sinking deep in some heart's garden
Thy unnoticed thought shall lie,
Nourished by the soul's devotion
Till earth's bonds asunder fly
And the music of thy singing echoes through eternity,

Mingling with saints' adoration
Earth-forgotten words of thine.
Thy lost thoughts are found in heaven,
Blossoms there thy seed divine;
Fairer than earth's golden maize-fields perfect fruit and blossom shine.

# FOLLETTE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

### JEANNE.

"AH! did I not tell thee? He is a hypocrite. I warned thee not to trust to his smooth ways," said Jeanne when Follette told her what had happened in the garden.

"And to think of his saying that Jules would not wait for me; that he would be ashamed to let his friends see me! What did Jules say in his letter, granny?"

"He said there wasn't a woman in Paris fit to clean thy little wooden shoes. Never mind Victor, child."

But, though she made believe to despise Victor and his wicked prophecies and threats, in her heart she feared him. It was clear that Gripard wanted this marriage, and Follette, for all her boasted independence, was in his power. And Gripard knew it.

"Leave her to me. I will manage her," he said to Victor, and he sent for the rebellious *petiote*.

"So thou thinkest to set my wishes at naught and to rebel against me, eh?" he said, considering her with a vicious twinkle in his green eyes, and leaning both hands on the top of his stick.

Follette made no answer, but stood before him, looking stubborn and shy, but very pretty with her downcast eyes and pouting lips. Gripard thought she was going to cry.

"It is only a fit of naughtiness, eh?" he went on. "I will overlook it for thy mother's sake. For thy mother's sake, little one, I have a fondness for thee, and I would like to see thee settled before I go to my reward. Victor is a steady lad, and I can trust him to take care of thee and the place when I am gone. Thou shalt have a bright new gown and a kerchief, and anything else that pleases thee, and I will make a feast for thy wedding, and thou shalt make merry with thy friends. Come, give me a kiss, and thank God for giving thee such a good uncle."

But Follette did not move.

"Uncle, you are very kind, and I am grateful," she said; "but I can't marry Victor. I hate him, and I know he only wants to marry for the sake of getting your money."

"My money!" cried Gripard. "What! Eh? Who says I have money? I have no money to leave anybody. I have this house and the bit of land about it, and I shall leave that to thee when thou art married to Victor."

"Then leave it to Victor himself, uncle, for I will never marry him. I won't marry any one but Jules."

"Dost thou dare so to defy me, ungrateful minx? But I will let thee see. I will starve thee into obedience."

"How can you be so wicked, Gripard!" said Jeanne, breaking in on the discussion, and taking her stand by Follette's side. "Why should you force the child into marrying against her will? And

why shouldn't she marry Jules, if she likes? What harm has the lad done that thou shouldst be set against him?"

"Hold thy insolent tongue, old fool!" said Gripard. "If she marries that rascally spendthrift she shall have my curse, living and dying, and naught else of mine."

"O uncle!" Follette cried out piteously.

"Take care whom you hurt with it," said Jeanne. "The curse of the wicked man falls on his own head."

"Get thee out of my sight for a preaching old idiot," said Gripard. "You are no better than a pair of spies on me, pilfering the house for that fellow Jules."

"What is there in it to pilfer, my uncle?" said Follette.

"Don't answer me. Saucy little minx!" And he struck the floor; but suddenly some object outside the window caught his attention, and, checking the current of his anger, turned it in another direction. He stood up, staring after the object with an expression of terror on his face. "What brings that dwarf prowling about the place?" he said. "It's your talk about my having money to leave. That's what it is. The crooked imp is on the watch to steal into the house. I can't stir out but I meet him dodging me. That hump of his is a good hiding-place for what he pilfers."

"For shame on you, Gripard!" said Jeanne. "His hump is a visitation from God."

"I'd like to strip him and feel what it's made of."

"Victor can tell you. He beat the poor creature till he nearly died of it," said Jeanne.

"Served him right if he had. He stole my potatoes," said Gripard with a savage chuckle.

"Gripard, where do you expect to go when you die?"

"Get out of my sight!" said Gripard.

Jeanne left the kitchen, and Follette was following her when the old man called her back. "Get thee upstairs to thy room, and stay there till I send for thee."

Follette, thankful to escape anywhere out of his presence, went up to her little garret. She heard Gripard mumbling to himself and striking the floor with emphatic taps now and then. This was his mode of conversing when he was alone and in a particularly bad temper; his stick served as listener and interlocutor, answering with taps of dissent or approval.

Poor Follette was terrified at heart, though she was putting a bold face on it. It was very well to talk of going away, but she knew that Gripard might prevent her, as Azeline Tarac's father had done when Azeline wanted to go to service to escape from her stepmother, and was stopped by an order from M. le Maire, forbidding her to leave the parental roof without her father's consent until she was of age.

"And I am not seventeen yet!" thought Follette, as she sat on the end of her little bed and looked dolefully out of her lozenge-paned window. It occurred to her that she might run away and hide. But where? If she could have gone to Jules it would have been easy. But Paris was too far off; and even if she could make the long journey Jules was too poor yet to marry her. When would he have money enough saved? As the question rose in her mind she remembered Victor's wicked words, and a cold chill seemed to go through her heart. Was it possible he could forget her and come to feel ashamed

of her? And if he did, would she forgive him and go on loving him all the same, as she had boasted to Victor she would? She recalled that last day when they had danced together at the fair, and he had looked so proud of her, and called her his little queen, and talked of the trinkets he would buy for her in Paris, and made plans for the future when she would be his little wife. And to think that after that he could ever forget her! The young blood rushed in a strong current of trust through her heart, that a moment ago had been chilled by fear. Jules had said he loved her, and promised to work for her and wait. How ungrateful to let a doubt enter her mind! Follette cast it out with a pang of self-reproach. But it was not so easy to dismiss her fears as to what Gripard might do. She was in his power, and he had set his mind on the marriage, and Victor had wormed himself into his confidence and would not flinch before anything to gain his own ends. He kept the old man in a perpetual fidget of late about some thieves that were in the neighborhood and on the look-out for the houses worth robbing.

"Luckily, we have nothing in the place to rob," he would say; "but some foolish folk have set it abroad that you have money in the house, and, for all I swear it's a pure invention, people won't believe me in the village. But it don't matter; I tell them the thieves are welcome to try. I'll give them a welcome if they come." And he would laugh in his frank, boyish way, and Gripard felt it was everything to have such a true-hearted, stout-armed lad to stand up for him.

"He shall have Quatre Vents and the *petiote*, and I'll sleep easy in my bed," thought the miser.

Jeanne kept her eyes and ears open, and felt it would go hard with Follette between the two.

"If I were only a few years younger, and could stand by thee, little one!" she said. "But the time is short for me now. That's what frets me."

"You're not going to die this ever so long, granny," said Follette, with the sanguine incredulity of youth about death. "You'll live to see us married and happy, and come and live with us. When did Jules promise to come back and see us?"

"He said, if things went well, he would come back before the year was out."

"And they are going well. He said they were?"

"Yes, yes; but it takes a deal of money to come all the way from Paris, child, and it would be a foolish thing to spend it only to see us. But never fear. Let us trust in the good God, and he will bring things right."

And so they threw their hope into a common stock, and agreed to stand together against Gripard and all the world.

But when, next morning, Gripard called in Jeanne, and told her to sit down and hold her tongue, that he wanted to speak to her, Jeanne knew that a storm was coming, and her courage oozed out at her fingers' ends. She took her knitting from the drawer in the kitchen-table, and knitted away in silence until Gripard, after a long pull at his pipe, opened speech:

"This is Friday. Next Sunday the bans will be read, and next Monday three weeks we'll have the wedding. I'm going to see the curé by and by. I'll go into Tarbes to-morrow and buy a Bayonne ham and sausages; you can buy

the sweatmeats and oranges; and let there be no stint. There are a few bottles of old wine in the cellar, and we'll drink them up. I'll be half ruined; but I won't have it said that my sister's child was married under my roof without proper respect to her memory. We'll have to live on half-rations for a month after the wedding; but never mind that. And see about a pretty gown for the *petiote*—you know the colors she likes—and get her anything else she wants for the wedding. I've saved up a few *louis* to marry her decently. You can invite the neighbors when the bans are published."

Jeanne heard him to the end, and then laid down her knitting—always a strong sign of emotion with the old woman.

"It's no use making believe like this, Gripard," she said; "if you mean kindly by the child, leave her alone or let her marry Jules. M. le Curé and M. le Maire, with the prefect and the bishop to boot, will never get her to say *yes* to Victor. And as to making merry for such a wedding as that, you had a deal better keep the money to bury her."

"I'd give it to-morrow, and welcome, to bury *you*," said Gripard; "the child would never have stood out against my will as she's doing, if it wasn't for you and your mountebank of a grandson. Do you never mean to die, eh?"

"I'm not in a hurry, any more than yourself, though I haven't a very pleasant life of it in my old age," said Jeanne, who, once roused to fight for her boy and Follette, had grown brave to recklessness.

"You're a deal better off than you deserve," retorted Gripard. "Where would you be if it wasn't for me? What's to become of Follette if I die before she gets some one to earn for her and take care of her, I wonder?"

"Gripard, you're a hard man, but I never knew you to do an unjust thing; and if you were to leave your money away from your own flesh and blood you'd be as wicked a man as lives."

"My money! my money! What have I to leave but Quatre Vents and the pots and pans that you keep scrubbing the face off till it's a wonder they hold together? What do you talk of my money for? If it wasn't for that villain Blondec—"

"Allons donc, mon ami," said Jeanne, with a quiet laugh and a nod, "that little joke does for the rest of 'em; but there's no need to keep it up between us two."

Gripard had been so long accustomed to see her assent to the old fiction about the bankrupt that he had almost come to think she believed in it; and now to hear her throw it in his teeth with a jeer drove him frantic. It was as if all his secrets were suddenly threatened with public exposure. He seized his stick in the middle, and raised the knob end at her as if he were going to strike with it. But the old woman never quailed; she kept her blinking eyes fixed on Gripard with a mocking glance that seemed to magnetize him; he dropped the stick, and, after a moment's pause, "If you say that again I'll wring your neck!" he hissed out.

"You'll be none the better for that," said Jeanne. And she folded her knitting, and put it away, and went out of the kitchen.

Gripard sat mumbling to himself and polishing his stick awhile; then he took out a brown check pocket-handkerchief as big as a

young sheet, held it straight before him, spat into the middle of it, folded it up tight like an umbrella, and stuffed it back into his pocket. This outburst of feeling seemed to relieve him; he lay back in his chair, and, after a few subsiding grunts, resumed his pipe and smoked away, taking long, deliberate puffs.

Jeanne's rebellion was a serious check. He had never doubted but that he would bring Follette to surrender; but now that Jeanne had gone over to the enemy, openly hoisting the rebel flag, Follette's obstinacy would not be so easily managed. Gripard pitied himself very much. It was hard on him to be defied under his own roof, and held at bay by a doating old woman and a child, both of whom depended on him for their bread and salt.

Follette lay awake that night thinking how she could escape from the dreadful fate that threatened her. If she stayed on at Quatre Vents her life would be unbearable; for even if she was strong enough to hold out against marrying Victor, he and Gripard would persecute her to death between them. The only chance she had was to run away and hide from them. Alone this would have been impossible; but Jeanne would come with her.

Next morning, when they had the house to themselves, she and Jeanne talked it over. Jeanne at first thought the plan impracticable; but Follette overruled all her objections, and at last convinced her that it could be done.

"We will steal away quietly, first to Barache, and then to Tarbes," she said; "and, once there, I will find plenty to do. I can spin, and you have made me so clever at my needle that I shall get work at once. And you will find a dairy to look after, granny; and we'll be so happy in a little room together!"

But Jeanne puckered her old brown face into deeper lines as she shook her head.

"Victor would find us out, little one; and he would carry thee back, and it would be worse for thee here than ever, for Gripard would never let me set my foot in the place again."

"I wouldn't come back with Victor. He would never find us out; but if he did I'd let him kill me before I'd come away with him!"

"And how about getting to Barache, child? We could not walk there and carry our box, and we dare not borrow a cart."

"I have thought of all that. I know some one who will find us a cart and never tell anybody."

"Who's that?"

"Nicol. He's very clever, and he'll keep our secret. When we are once at Barache we can go on by the railroad to Tarbes," continued Follette, elated by the genius for management that she was developing, and seeing that Jeanne, too, was impressed by it. "You have lots of money for the journey, and ever so much more if we didn't get work at once, haven't you, granny?"

"Yes, child; I've enough to keep us for awhile."

"How much have you, granny?"

"I don't know to a coin; I haven't counted it since Jules went. But there's none too much for what we may want. I had all my savings with your grandfather—I had wages in those days—and it came to a good sum; but I've had to take out a good bit for one thing or another. When Jules went I had to buy him a lot of things!"

"But there's plenty left for us two, granny?"

"We must get M. le Curé to write to Jules, if we go," remarked Jeanne, not heeding Follette's question. "You could not put the letters together and write to him yourself, could you, little one?"

"Oh! no," said Follette, amazed at the unreasonableness of the supposition; "writing is much harder than reading, and I can scarcely read yet."

"Is it on the 23d that Victor goes to Cotor?" inquired Jeanne.

"Yes. That will be next Thursday, and that will be a good day for us to go," said Follette. "It's the day of the *lessive*, and I wouldn't be missed early in the morning."

"Well, we'll hear what Nicol says about the cart first," said cautious old Jeanne; but her heart was already turned towards the adventure.

Follette was quite merry that day; she went about her work with a light heart, and once or twice had to check herself on the point of bursting out into a song. She was very cheerful at the evening meal, talking to Jeanne about the last *lessive* and her spinning, and the village gossip she had picked up through the day. Gripard noticed what good spirits she was in, and inwardly resented it as an exhibition of naughtiness intended to show him that she meant to defy him more than ever now that Jeanne had made common cause with her. He made believe not to notice her naughty behavior, and bade Victor read an old *Constitutionnel* to him, although he had read every line of it himself in the morning.

Jeanne sat watching him over her knitting. There was nothing tender or touching in the starved old mummy, pinched into his threadbare coat patched with many shades of brown, but Jeanne's eyes had a yearning fondness in them as they fixed upon the hungry-looking man leaning on his stick. He was her nurseling, and, for all his hardness and ill temper, her heart went out to him tenderly. He might have had a very happy old age, if he had been a different man; but he was Gripard, and, such as he was, she was loath to leave him, to steal away, without a word of blessing or farewell, from beneath the roof that had sheltered her for over sixty years, and where she had known such happiness as is inseparable from youth and innocence. Her faithful heart was full, overflowing with memories that were not all bitter. As she was leaving the kitchen she laid her horny hand on Gripard's shoulder, and said with unaccustomed gentleness: "Bon soir, mon garçon." His only answer was an imperceptible shrug, as if to shake off the caress.

An hour later the house was quiet as a grave. Follette wasted her candle looking over her clothes and admiring her gold ear-rings, which she took out and put in her ears, and viewed in the glass; but at last she went to bed, and was soon fast asleep.

She was up next morning with the lark, dressed herself in the twinkling of an eye, and stole downstairs as soon as she spied Nicol in the distance. The kitchen was pitch-dark, except where a ray of dawn came trickling in through a slit in the shutters. Gripard's door was closed, and all was quiet within. He seldom got up until the kitchen was swept and the bowls set for breakfast; but somehow the silence sounded preternatural this

morning. Follette unbolted the door and let herself out into the gray dawn, and then paused, looking up and down the road to see if any one was abroad; but all was perfectly still. Quatre Vents stood somewhat isolated; the nearest cottage was Mme. Bibot's, and that was ten minutes' walk down the road to the left; the mountains rose to the right, weird and ghostly in their blue and brown shadows stretching away into the gray distance. The little river was the only thing awake, and it went tearing along over the stones as if it had loitered through the night, and was in a hurry to arrive somewhere before the sun woke up and found it out.

Follette tripped on to a point where a cairn behind a clump of trees made a screen for her, and waited there till Nicol, in answer to a sign, slipped off the big horse and drove him into the middle of the stream, and then came across to her. A long conversation went on between them. First Nicol seemed reluctant and incredulous, but by degrees Follette brought him to believe and acquiesce, and from this it was not difficult to induce him to lend his help.

"Jeanne has the money, if you can only find some one to trust you," she urged. "Don't you know anybody who would?"

Nicol's pride was nettled.

"It's not that," he said; "it is that I'm afraid to trust them." Then presently he laid his finger alongside his nose with a peculiarly knowing expression. "I have it," he said; "but you'd have to set out early—as early as this. I'd take you by a by-road to Barache, and nobody would meet us in the forest at this hour. You could bring out your box over night, and hide it somewhere about. There's more things hid in the forest than folks know of," he added, with a peculiar wink.

Follette said there would be no difficulty about starting by dawn, and it was agreed that Nicol should have the cart ready waiting for them at a certain point on the following Thursday. If he found he could not succeed in getting it he would let her know somehow.

"You are a good friend, Nicol," said Follette; "I only wish you could come away to Tarbes with us."

"If I had money to pay for the railway I would," he said.

"You would like to come? Well, I'll tell Jeanne; she is very good, and she'll be very thankful to you for helping us to get away. Perhaps she'll give you money to come after us."

The dwarf looked at her with a strange gleam of joy in his deep-set eyes, but he only gave a little chuckle and a shrug, and then turned away. Follette crept round by the cairn, and got back to Quatre Vents without meeting a living thing. Jeanne's room was in the front of the house. The curtain of her casement was down. The kitchen shutters were still up; Follette opened them and let in the light, and set about her morning's work. Then, at seven o'clock, she set the bowls on the table, and the jug of cold onion-soup—a variation of the carrot brew—and when it was all ready Gripard came out from his room, and Victor, who had been out in the garden, came in. Follette did not wonder at Jeanne's not being down so early this morning; she had, no doubt, lain awake, worrying about their departure. When something was on her mind she could not sleep. Follette could

not understand this, but she knew it was true, and concluded that Jeanne was now in the heavy sleep that sometimes followed these long watches. She ran lightly up the stairs and opened the old nurse's room. It was dark, but not so dark as to prevent Follette from seeing something that made her dart forward with a cry.

Jeanne was lying in a heap on the floor, close to the open door of a cupboard in the wall. Follette called her by her name, but there was no answer; then she took her hand, but dropped it quickly with a scream that rang through the house, and brought Victor flying up the stairs in an instant, and Gripard hobbling up behind.

"What's the matter?" said Victor, as Follette met him at the top of the stair with a white face and eyes dilated with horror.

She clung to him trembling, and pointed to the prostrate figure. Victor drew near to it, and a glance at the face told him how it was.

"Dead!" he said in a low voice.

Follette broke out into sobs and began calling on Jeanne.

"Take the little one away," said Gripard; but Follette fell on her knees beside her lost friend, and rocked herself to and fro, wailing passionately.

Victor went to the window and drew back the curtain.

"Elle est morte! bien morte. Ma pauvre vieille," said Gripard, standing over the body; and as he looked at the dead face of the faithful servant his hard eyes grew moist. But suddenly the moisture dried up, and a strange gleam came in its place. "What's that she has in her hand?" he said, stooping down.

"It's her stocking," said Victor; "she had just pulled it off when the fit took her. Come away, patron. I had better go for the commissaire de police at once."

"Hold a bit!" said Gripard; "it's not that she has. Both her stockings are on, and they are blue, and this is a white one. There must be something in it."

Follette looked up, and, choking down her sobs, "It's her money; all her savings were in that stocking," she said, recognizing the moth-eaten receptacle of Jeanne's hoard that she had seen more than once, and looked on reverently as a sort of gold-mine.

"Ha! Her money? She had money?" said Gripard; and the gleam in his eyes was horrible as he bent down to take up the old stocking. But the cold fingers had closed on it and held it with the rigid grip of death; he felt it here and there. "It's empty; she must have taken out the money and put it somewhere else. Where did she put it, *petiote?*"

"It is in the stocking." And Follette began sobbing again as she remembered their last talk together.

"No, my little one, there is nothing in it; think a bit where else she could have hid it. There's a good child—uncle's own *petiote*. Come, help us to find it."

He patted her on the shoulder and stroked her head, while his hand shook with a hungry tremor. Follette lifted her head, and a thought darting through her like a terror checked the flow of her tears.

"Somebody has stolen it," she said, "and Jeanne found it out when she went to count the money last night."

"Stolen it! Sacre!" exclaimed Gripard, starting back and glancing here and there with enraged, covetous eyes.

"Nonsense! Who could have stolen it?" said Victor in a tone of contempt. "It must be hid somewhere about."

"Then look for it and find it, d'ye hear?" said Gripard, darting a look of fierce suspicion at him.

Victor grew a shade paler, but he answered coolly: "I can't find it till I've looked for it. Hadn't we better lift this on to the bed first, and send for some one to do what's wanted?"

Follette had risen from her crouching attitude beside the body, and seemed possessed by a new energy that enabled her to keep down her sobs and rise above her grief. Almost with the first mention of the fact that the money was gone the conviction came to her that Victor had taken it, and that the shock of the discovery last night had killed Jeanne.

"The money was in the stocking yesterday," she said, looking straight at him; "Jeanne told me it was, and that she meant to count it over last night and see how much was in it It used to be full up of gold and silver."

"Did she count it often?" inquired Gripard.

"No, very seldom; it was difficult to get it up."

"That proves nothing," said Victor; "it may have been stolen three months ago, though she only found it out last night."

"Jeanne believed the money was there yesterday. She told me so in the morning."

"Then perhaps she took it out after counting it, and hid it somewhere about," said Victor. "What's that hole in the bottom of the cupboard? Here's a board taken up!"

He bent forward to look into the hole, but Gripard pulled him back rudely.

"Stand aside! I will examine it myself. Lift the body on to the bed, will you?"

Victor, sulky and reluctant, dragged the dead weight up with his powerful arms, and flung it on the bed, that had been undisturbed all night.

"There, that will do. Go now and fetch Mme. Bibot for the child, and then you can go for the commissaire de police."

Follette would have preferred to stay with him; but he insisted on her going away, and, pushing her gently out of the room, he bolted the door and began his search. The hole where the stocking had been buried was empty, and, except the cupboard and a chest of drawers, there was not a spot in the place where anything could have been concealed. It was clear that the money had been stolen. But by whom? Suspicion naturally fell on Victor, and with amazing rapidity a whole mass of evidence rose up and stood arrayed against him in Gripard's mind. Who else had access to the place? And why had he been so bent on getting away to that orange merchant? And why had he kept putting off and off the marriage with Follette? Clearly because he knew that the event would lead to discovery, for Jeanne was certain to want money to buy presents for Follette, and would take out the stocking.

"The scoundrel! The hypocrite! He deserves to be hanged, and, with God's help, he will be hanged!" muttered Gripard, as he stood, tired and baffled, in the middle of the room.

"My poor old Jeanne! She was a worthy creature. I little dreamt what a thrifty soul she had. To have hoarded her money all those years, and kept it so secret, and

denied herself a bit of hot food and a warm gown in her old age!"

He came close to the bed, and looked at the brown, wrinkled face, heavily seamed by eighty years of toil and hardship, and pinched with scanty fare, and he bethought him of the days when the old nurse had been a comely young woman, and nursed and cared for him like a mother. She was the only mother he had known, and he had repaid her love and fidelity with heartless ingratitude. Gripard would not own this to himself; but as he stood by the dead woman he felt that it was true, and he was moved to make some amends for his undutiful conduct.

"She shall have a decent funeral," he said to himself; "people sha'n't say I buried her like a pauper."

With this reflection he went down-stairs, and found Mme. Bibot trying to comfort Follette, and all Bacaram assembling outside Quatre Vents and commenting on the sudden event which had occurred within.

The commissaire de police arrived, and the doctor, and the usual *procès verbal* was drawn up; and then M. le Curé was sent for and everything was settled for the funeral. It was to be a decent one, Gripard said.

"I won't have her buried like a pauper, though she died one," he declared; "for it was not her fault. She was a good soul, and she will be better off in the next world than many that say longer prayers. She kept a quiet tongue in her head, and she saved her money."

Gripard was as good as his word. Jeanne went to the grave with such marks of respect as these virtues entitled her to in his opinion. Doubtless it was the discovery of the stocking, and the tangible proof it afforded of her having had money saved, that inspired the respect he now entertained for poor old Jeanne; her life-long devotion, her patient, self-denying fidelity, her fabulous economy in his service, all dwindled to nothing beside the fact that she had saved her own money, and had a little hoard of gold hid away under the flooring up-stairs.

It made a new bond between him and the dead woman to know that they had unawares had a joy in common; that both he and she had shut themselves in of night and taken out their hoard, and counted it up, listening to the musical chink of the metal as it rang in the silence, dropping from their fingers back into its hiding-place. It placed Jeanne in a higher light altogether, this discovery that they had been fellow-worshippers at the same shrine, and that she who had seemed a mere drudge, moiling and toiling, and rising up to moil and toil again, had had her little golden calf, and worshipped it in secret as he did his. But this did not banish from his mind the fact that the calf had been stolen, and that vengeance was due to the thief. He had not forgotten this for a moment, but he was terribly perplexed how to bring the theft home to the thief. Victor might have found out other secrets as well as this of Jeanne's, and, if so, Gripard trembled to think of how completely he was in the young man's power. "I can send him to prison, but he may denounce me to that gang of thieves, and I will never know a day's peace while I live," he thought.

In proportion as the discovery of Jeanne's secret had raised her in his estimation, Victor's share in it

had lowered him to the very mire. Honesty, the miser's special virtue, was the solitary one that Gripard possessed, and his uttermost contempt was reserved for those who sinned against it. His love of money and all money's worth made him look with horror on the smallest offence against the rights of property. A man who robbed was in his eyes as guilty as the man who murdered, and deserved the utmost rigors of the law.

The day of the funeral, when the noise and stir of the pageant was over, and Follette was upstairs crying in her lonely garret, Gripard called Victor in from the garden.

"Shut the door," he said; and, when Victor had shut it, "Draw the bolt. Sit down; I want a word with you. Look ye here: I don't want to be hard on you, but I can't have Jules robbed of his due, although I don't love the lad. Tell me where that money is, and I'll say no more about it."

"I never set eyes on it. I can't tell you where it is," said Victor, looking him fearlessly in the face.

"Do you take me for a fool? If you didn't take it who did? Answer me that," said Gripard.

"I'd rather not," replied Victor quietly.

"Ha! Then you own that you know who took it, eh?"

"I own nothing. I did not see any one take the money."

"No more did I; but that won't prevent my swearing, ay, and proving, that you took it, unless you can prove to me that some one else did."

Victor compressed his lips tightly, as if he were making a desperate resolution to keep silence.

"I'll send you to the galleys," continued Gripard. "It's a case of robbery complicated with breach of trust, a monstrous crime that calls for the maximum of penalty, and you shall have it to the last lash!"

Victor turned his light-blue eyes on him without the least fear or anger; then, as if yielding reluctantly to some force that was put upon him, "Patron, I would rather not tell you anything," he said. "You will be the happier for letting this miserable business drop; you won't do any good by—"

"Very likely! I am to let you pocket Jules' money, and say nothing about it! I'm to be an accomplice in your wicked, abominable dishonesty! Whom do you take me for, eh?"

"I will speak if you insist; but I would first remind you that you have never known me steal a lump of sugar or tell a lie, and you've known me all my life. You'll own that much, patron?"

"I'll own nothing. There's many a fellow died on the gallows who never stole a filbert till he got the key of his master's till. Who took Jeanne's money?"

"Since you won't trust me, I will tell you." He stooped forward, and, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "*Follette took it.*"

Gripard gave a start and let fall his stick. Victor picked it up and handed it to him.

"You're mad," said Gripard. "Follette?"

"Follette," repeated Victor in the same low tone. "Who else could have known about it? Doesn't your own reason tell you it must have been she? I never knew Jeanne had a louis d'or to rub against another."

"No more did I," said Gripard, startled out of his suspicions. "But what would the *petiote* have taken the money for? She couldn't spend it unknown to Jeanne?"

"It was for Jules she stole it. I saw her giving him something at the fair; they went off under the trees together. I wondered what it could be; but it's clear enough now. Jeanne had taken money out of the stocking, no doubt, to get clothes for him and to help him on his journey, and then she put away the stocking, and most likely never thought of looking at it since until last night."

Gripard set his teeth and clenched his hand. "I'll lock her up and keep her on raw turnips and water till she owns it!" he said.

"Don't be hard on her, patron," said Victor pleadingly. "After all, she saw no great harm in it. As you said just now, the money would have been Jules', and Follette knew it."

"She knew nothing of the sort. Jeanne might have left the money to any one she pleased; and there is no doubt but she would have remembered the master that fed her and kept her when she was past work. She knew I was beggared by that—"

He stopped short; there was no one now to gainsay him when he repeated his old grievance against Blondec; but the remembrance of Jeanne's protest after the years of faithful silence came back to him with strange power and froze the fiction on his tongue. He left the sentence unfinished, and never again pronounced Blondec's name.

Victor thought it was the vehemence of his emotion that choked the old man's utterance.

"Ill luck go with the money, patron!" he said in a cheery tone. "Don't make bad blood worrying about it; it's gone, and no amount of fretting will bring it back. Follette was egged on by Jules, be you sure. I wouldn't be too hard on the poor child. One of these days, when we are man and wife, she will tell me all about it. Meantime, don't you worry; there's nothing so bad for rheumatism as worrying."

"It's a horrible thing to think of the child being so wicked," said Gripard. "The little viper! And I trusted her so!"

"It was all Jules' doing," persisted Victor; "and you may be sure he made a good hole in the stocking before Follette took him what was left. He was a spendthrift from the hour of his birth, and Jeanne didn't know how to say nay to him. He'll have no luck."

"That he won't!" said Gripard, soothed by this reflection, as also by Victor's assumption that the stocking could not have been full when Follette stole the contents.

It was curious to see how completely and unhesitatingly he adopted Victor's theory concerning the robbery altogether, and how entirely the accuser became at once justified in his sight. He not only dismissed all his recent suspicions, but Victor stood higher than ever in his esteem, a pattern of shrewdness, sagacity, and unimpeachable honesty; the only flaw he now saw in his favorite was a disinterestedness and good nature that bordered on softness. They had a good deal of confidential talk after this, and Gripard promised to say nothing to Follette for the present.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## IRISH POVERTY AND NATIONAL DISTRESS.

THE severe and steady depression in trade that has made itself manifest for some time, combined with the unprecedented rainfall and stormy weather of the past year, will make 1879 memorable in history. Ireland in such a case has naturally suffered more than England, and it is a question whether the sufferings and privations of the peasants in the provinces of Connaught and Munster will not be as great as in the years of 1847 and 1848. Under these circumstances the Irish people have been holding a series of meetings to consider their position and seek some way out of their difficulties. The bishops, the clergy, the poor-law guardians, and the county members have severally met and passed a series of resolutions to the effect that the laboring and able-bodied classes should be given government employment, and that works of a reproductive character likely to be of a permanent benefit to the country should be inaugurated.

It is hard for those who are completely unacquainted with the history of Ireland to realize the present condition of its suffering people. The proprietors of the leading Dublin paper (the *Freeman's Journal*) with great forethought, before the distress had assumed so severe a form, employed a commissioner to travel throughout the length and breadth of the land, and give the public information as to the real state of the country. Although their proceeding was ridiculed by many as objectionable and unnecessary, time has proved the wisdom of the step, and few now, even amongst the most unpatriotic of Irishmen, venture to deny the fact that the present winter will be the most trying season known since the years of famine. It is important to bear in mind that the peasants of Connemara and other parts of the west and south are habitually inured to sufferings that would be considered intolerable elsewhere; that they are broken down by poverty, and in a measure naturalized to famine. When, therefore, the cry of hunger and distress is heard from Connemara, we may rest assured that the people must be at the last extremity. Whole districts are in fact suffering the pangs of hunger; the oats reaped in the midst of brown deserts of bulrushes and heather have proved poor and greenish, the potatoes so rotten that they are scarcely worth the labor of digging, the turnips of diminutive size, and the meadows a desolate and sodden swamp. Many tons of hay have been soaked into common manure, and it was a comparatively frequent occurrence to see the haycocks standing in a lake in the month of October. The peasants, who travelled twenty or thirty miles to fairs, soaked with rain and faint with hunger, found themselves unable to sell their cattle, and were obliged to return to their cabins with pockets more empty than when they started. The Mayo or Galway working farmer who has this year produced nine hundredweight of marketable grain per acre, or who has saved half a ton of healthy potatoes per acre from his crop, or a ton of fair hay to the acre, from his uplands, may feel

thankful when he compares notes with his neighbors. The danger of actual famine exists, of course, in proportion to the extent to which the potato has been depended upon as the staff of life, and is more to be feared in Connemara and Kerry than elsewhere. The danger, however, is not to be underrated on that account.

Mr. Mitchell Henry, the well-known member for Galway, in a speech at a meeting held at Athenry declared that the Irish people would neither go into the workhouse nor would they emigrate; that the government was bound to save the lives of the people; and that, in reply to the sneer that Irishmen were beggars asking money from England to protect them from starvation, he would say:

"Every one pays taxes, but Ireland pays a rent to England. England is our landlord, and she exacts a pitiless amount of rent. The imperial taxes paid by this country amount to eight and a half millions every year. Now, twenty-five years ago Ireland paid only four millions, the taxation of Ireland has been therefore doubled in twenty-five years. From what does Ireland derive the means of paying these taxes? From nothing else but the labor of her people in the fields. We have no manufactures. We have no mineral wealth. The whole matter upon which we depend is the produce of the harvest. That being so, what must happen to every field if you take away a crop every year from it and never put manure on it? We know the field would become barren. This money raised annually by the people of Ireland is taken over to England. Besides the taxation we pay three millions in local rates. We pay another three millions in absentee taxation; for five million acres of land of Ireland are in the hands of companies and landlords who never come near the country or spend any money in it. A quarter—that is to say, twenty-five pounds out of every one hundred pounds raised from the produce of your labor in the course of the year—is taken away in taxation and absentee rents. England, though twenty times as rich as Ireland, pays only ten pounds out of every one hundred pounds in taxation. As long as this lasts no wonder that this country is poverty-stricken and the people ever on the verge of starvation; no wonder that, as I have often said in the House of Commons, two bad harvests do not intervene between Ireland and starvation."

Grattan, at the time of the Union, said that every enslaved country had to pay for its subjugation, and that if Ireland consented to the Union she would be made to pay. It is known that Ireland did not consent, but that the Union was passed by means of a systematic course of bribery and corruption without parallel in the annals of history, and Ireland has been compelled to pay since that fatal measure. Robbery invariably follows conquest, and Ireland is no exception to the rule. Happy would it have been for England, and happier still for Ireland, had the measure been rejected. Ireland's wealth has been taken and added to the wealth of England, which has impoverished the former country, whilst the latter is wearied by the importunity of the Irish, and yet unwilling to comply with their just demands.

That the land of Ireland should belong to the Irish, and not to a body of persons whose feelings and sympathies are completely at variance with the masses of the people, is a theory reasonable, but unfortunately difficult of attainment. The tenants have, as a rule, paid rents (often the most exorbitant rents) with punctuality and precision; but now, in the face of bad harvests and American competition, it is impossible for them to do so without facing ruin, and they have throughout Ireland asked for an abatement of rent. If, at the time of the famine in 1846, the tenant had been em-

powered by law, as he now is, to purchase his holding, numbers of farmers would be owners of the soil without having any rent to pay, and the lands that were sold in the Encumbered Estates Court would not have been bought up by land-jobbers, who ruined the country by doubling the rents.

The Bishop of Elphin, in an admirable letter to Dr. Phillips, thus expressed himself:

"The tenure by which land is held in Ireland must ever remind us of invasion and conquest. The tenant is a mere serf; his very existence and that of his family, depending as it does on the fruits of his labor, is at the mercy of his master. Who will pretend that such a state of oppression is in accordance with the law of nature or the law of God? It is rather a public legalized violation of both. It was established in times of cruel persecution, and it is still maintained most unwisely and most unjustly by the English government in the supposed interest of a class who represent the policy of those evil times. Surely no just, thoughtful man, no matter what his creed, no matter the number of broad acres he may own, can wish to perpetuate a system so hateful and disreputable. It is not in the nature of things, it certainly is not consistent with the spirit of our times, that peace, contentment, union of classes, or prosperity can exist amongst us so long as the tiller and the child of the soil is deprived of its fruits and treated as an alien. It must ever appear a cruel, revolting injustice to keep millions of acres waste and unoccupied, and to keep the greater part of the arable land of the country undrained and unimproved, not yielding half its natural produce, whilst countless families have been, for want of land to live on, obliged to become exiles from their country and seek elsewhere the means of subsistence refused to them at home. The land laws are the chief cause of the failure of the crops, of the disease of sheep and cattle, of the periodical famines and the permanent distress of our people; and whilst they are maintained by the state there must be deep discontent as well as misery in the country. The great object of every meeting should be to obtain by every constitutional means the repeal of those baneful laws, to substitute for them a land tenure which, whilst recognizing and maintaining the just rights of landlords—*i.e.*, the rights consistent with the public welfare—will fix the tenant in the soil either as its owner at a fair price or as a tenant at a fair rent. It is only by one or other of these means that the tenant will reclaim or improve the soil; that landlord and tenant, Celt and Saxon, will live together in peace and mutual confidence; and that law will be respected and cordially obeyed amongst us. As it is only by the legislature that such changes in the law can be made, the members who represent our counties should be expected and required to advocate them in the House of Commons and press them with untiring earnestness and perseverance. If the Irish members unite in doing their duty in this respect our system of land tenure, old and vicious though it is, will be soon removed; and I feel great pleasure in expressing my belief that in advocating and effecting this reform the most influential landlords will unite with the representatives of the tenant class. We cannot censure landlords for using rights conferred on them by law, if they use them with moderation. Education and traditional prejudice make them view those rights as justly belonging to their class, and even as conducive to the public good. We must not blame individual landlords for the unjust and ruinous character of the land laws; we must lay the blame on the legislature and the government, and it is to them we must go with moderation as well as firmness to look for the necessary reform. Neither the just and humane conduct of a certain class of landlords nor the good intentions of the executive are a remedy for the constant and inevitable evils of the Irish land laws, which crush the energies of the people and waste the soil of the country."

Thousands of acres in the west of Ireland are capable of reclamation, and yet, with the exception of what has been done by Mitchell Henry, no one reclaims land. The industry of the peasants is not the reason, for they labor hard; but the product of their industry is swamp-

ed by the system under which they live. They cannot and dare not of themselves improve. Their great security is to have nothing worth securing. In this way, and in this way alone, do they drag on a miserable existence.

In the neighborhood of Clifden the stranger will come across an immense tract of territory formerly belonging to the Martin family, whose roofless castles and towers are still to be seen in solitary grandeur. Half a century ago this family was rich and powerful, and surrounded by a comparatively happy tenantry. With the downfall of the Martins came the downfall of the peasants. The lands passed into the hands of an English insurance company, who wrung the last farthing from their tenants and did nothing for the people. Later on the property was divided, and fell into the hands of speculators and land-jobbers, both English and Irish, under whose *régime* the people fared little better. The poor-law valuation of the one hundred and fifty-nine thousand acres which fell to a London tradesman is about seven and a half per acre. Famine and misery desolated this fair region in 1847; villages disappeared and cattle grazed in districts that had been thickly populated. Rack-renting became general; agents were compelled to wring the last farthing out of the tillers of the soil; and in the present time we find a mere remnant of the old tenantry still clinging to the desolate homes of their ancestors.

It is sad to contemplate such a picture; sad to think how some of the fairest portions of God's earth have been desolated; sad to think how many of the human race have been hurried to a premature death by the absence of a landlord's kindliness and forbearance.

Of the four million acres of unproductive land in Ireland it is calculated that, without interfering with the fuel supplies, about two million acres are capable of reclamation. The best method of reclamation is an open question, and many difficulties stand in the way of any attempt to deal with the matter. Many of the proprietors, for instance, are so tied down by feudal, worn-out restrictions, by entail and rights of primogeniture, that, under prevailing privileges, even a used-up turf-bank cannot be parted with by its so-called owner.

John Stuart Mill, writing in the year 1864, represented the condition of affairs in Ireland as serious, and, with characteristic common sense, suggested the remedy for our periodic distresses when he deliberately wrote that England's best chance of making Ireland peaceful and prosperous was the establishment of a peasant proprietary among her laboring population, and that in such a plan lay its "only choice between depopulation by starvation or emigration." Emigration the Irish people will not have, and the feeling against such a project becomes intensified instead of diminished.

The Archbishop of Cashel, in a letter to Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M.P. for Tipperary, has spoken strongly on this point, and his words exactly express the feeling of the mass of his countrymen. Emigration being held in disfavor, it is hard to see what future lies before many of the peasants in the far west. The cultivated area is small, the land is bad, and the population large. The holdings, which are about ten acres or less, have often to feed two

or three families, although there be but one nominal holder. Even were the land rich and properly tilled it is a question whether it would be able to support the population. As it is, the people principally live on the earnings made by the male portion of the community, who migrate annually to England for the harvest, in addition to which they gain something by fishing. The present year has been disastrous for the farming class both in England and Ireland, and the earnings in England have been bad; the fishing has likewise been bad, the prices of cattle have been low, the potatoes wretched, and it has not been possible to dry the fuel. The people are therefore poor, with a prospect not only of greater poverty before them, but the possibility of a fuel famine.

In Connemara there are no resident proprietors and there is no money. Periodical subsidies of food, clothing, and money are excellent in their way, but there must be something radically wrong when there is nothing but two bad harvests between the people and starvation.

What, then, is the remedy? Emigration is generally recommended, but emigration is precisely the remedy that Irish people will not have. The London *Times* suggests it on a large scale, and hints that Zululand is a very suitable place to transfer the surplus population of Ireland. The Irish will not, however, suffer themselves to be driven a second time from their native soil, nor is it a wise measure for Englishmen to encourage. Those Irish who, in the miserable years of 1847 and 1848, were driven from their native land and compelled to find new homes in America, carried with them a bitter hatred to England—a hatred that it is scarcely possible to extinguish, and which, if not restrained and kept within bounds by the loving influence of the church, would long since have broken forth into a spirit of the wildest revolutionary excess.

The suggestion of draining away the bone and sinew of the country, and leaving behind the old and infirm, is a suggestion inspired by those who are actuated with no love for the Celtic race; whilst the suggestion of rooting the people in the soil they love so well, and to which they belong—for it is their home—is one eminently calculated to improve their present condition. Some persons have asserted that it is the priests who are alone really adverse to emigration, as they are unwilling to lose their parishioners and the fees for births, marriages, and deaths; but such a theory is not borne out by facts, and probably originated in the brain of some very narrow-minded Orangeman who was completely unacquainted with the aspirations and desires of the Irish peasant. Three most important declarations have appeared from three separate bodies—viz., the Irish hierarchy, the Irish members, and the Local Government Board—which are given below, and which all tell the same story:

THE DECLARATION OF THE HIERARCHY.

"The archbishops and bishops of Ireland assembled in Dublin on the 24th Oct., the Primate of all Ireland in the chair, having exchanged views regarding the present condition of the suffering classes of their respective dioceses, came to the unanimous conclusion that a very serious crisis is now impending, and that the distress with which the great body of the people are threatened is likely to be so deep and wide-spread that mere private efforts for its alleviation will be totally inadequate. It was, therefore, agreed:

"1. That it is the urgent duty of the government to take effectual measures to save the people from a calamity which has come upon them through no fault of their own.

"2. That, with the sad experience before us of the operations of the Poor-law Act for the relief of the masses during the famine of the past generation, we consider its provisions unsuited and insufficient to meet the necessities of the impending crisis.

"3. That some scheme of public employment which would at once relieve the present pressing wants of the people, and be productive of permanent benefit, should be promptly devised and carried into immediate operation throughout the country; such scheme to embrace arterial drainage, the reclamation of waste lands, the construction of earthworks for trams and railways, the plantation of mountain and marshy districts, as well as the improvement of tenants' holdings.

"4. That a deputation, consisting of the Primate, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Elphin and Limerick, wait on the lord lieutenant to request his grace to submit those views to her Majesty's government.

"5. That we applaud and cheerfully bear testimony to the generous conduct of many landlords in our respective dioceses towards their distressed tenantry, and that we appeal to others to promptly imitate their example. That we beg of public administrative bodies, as well as private individuals, to continue, and, where possible, to extend, the employment of the laboring classes.

"6. That, whilst making this appeal for the relief of our people, and resolving to use our utmost efforts to bring it to practical results, we feel it equally our duty to exhort our flocks to act under their trials with Christian patience and charity; to help each other to the utmost of their ability; to respect the rights of others; to pay their just debts to the fullest extent of their means, and to obey the laws; whilst using, at the same time, all peaceful and constitutional means to improve their condition, especially by the reform of the land laws, which are a main cause of the poverty and helplessness of our country.

"(Signed)

"✠D. McGettigan."

THE DECLARATION OF THE IRISH MEMBERS.

The following is the declaration of the Irish members to the premier in reference to the state of the country, appending to it the names of seventy-one of the Irish representatives which were affixed to it previous to its transmission, by Mr. Shaw, to Lord Beaconsfield:

"*To the Right Hon., the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., First Lord of the Treasury:*

"We, the undersigned members of the House of Commons, representing Irish constituencies, feel it our duty to bring before your lordship, as head of the government, the serious state of the country.

"Farming, our main industry, has now suffered from several successive bad harvests, and the depression has been intensified this year by the almost complete stagnation of the cattle trade. There can be no doubt but that the distress will be severe and wide-spread during the coming winter and spring, and that in several extensive districts the almost complete failure of the potato crop and of the fuel supply, combined with the absence of employment, will involve a considerable number of the small farmers and laborers in absolute destitution.

"We would most earnestly urge on the government, through your lordship, the necessity of taking immediate steps to prevent and mitigate, as far as possible, this calamity.

"We believe this can be best done by affording assistance to works of a permanent and useful character; promptness is absolutely necessary, as delay will only result, as on former occasions, in ill-considered and unproductive expenditure.

"If the law does not give government power to meet the emergency, we would urge the desirability of summoning Parliament for a short winter session."

REPORT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

The following is the official report made to the government by the Local Government Board as to the condition of the country:

"Local Government Board, Dublin,
"28th October, 1879.

"Sir: The Local Government Board for Ireland have the honor to forward to

you herewith, for the information of his grace the lord lieutenant, copies of reports which they have recently received from their inspectors respecting the state of the potato crop, the general harvest, the sufficiency of the supply of turf which may be saved by the peasantry for their wants during the next winter and spring, and the condition and prospects of the poor in their respective districts.

"The board also enclose an abstract of those reports, arranged in provinces and counties.

"In regard to the potato crop, it will be seen that there is not much variation in the reports, and that it is described almost everywhere as deficient in quantity, inferior in quality, and affected by blight, and that, upon the whole, there will not be more than half an average crop.

"The general harvest appears to be inferior, and the crops deficient and below those of last year. The oat crop, however, is everywhere reported to be good and plentiful. This applies to all the four provinces, the exceptions in which the general harvest appears to be fair being parts of Donegal and Londonderry, in the province of Ulster; parts of Cork and Limerick, in the province of Munster; and parts of Wicklow, in the province of Leinster.

"The supply of turf appears to be everywhere greatly deficient, and much suffering and sickness is anticipated from this cause. A considerable quantity of turf is stated to have been cut this year, but it could not be saved owing to the continuous rain.

"In parts of each of the four provinces it is stated that coal can be easily obtained at reasonable prices, but this will not benefit the poor in many districts in the western and midland counties where turf is the only fuel used.

"In regard to the prospects of the poorer classes during the coming winter and spring, it will be seen that in Ulster considerable distress and destitution, as well as increased demands for relief, may be expected owing to the failure of the turf supply and to scarcity of employment; that in Munster much suffering and want is anticipated, and unusual demands for relief are expected during the winter months, owing to the want of employment, which is attributed to the straitened circumstances of the farmers in consequence of the banks and loan companies having refused to make further advances of money, and to the low prices obtained for cattle and butter.

"In Leinster a large increase in the demands for relief is anticipated, the farmers not being in a position to pay laborers, and employment consequently being scarce. In Connaught also a serious amount of distress and increased demand for relief is expected during the coming winter. On the coast this is partly owing to the decline in the employment of kelp-burning, and in other parts of the provinces it is due to the reduction in prices obtained for cattle and pigs, and to the farmers being deeply in debt to money-lenders and shopkeepers, and to the stoppage of their credit.

"The following statement gives the proportions in which the increase in the numbers receiving workhouse relief has taken place in each province, the percentage of increase being greatest in Ulster and least in Leinster:

| Provinces. | Relieved in Workhouse on | | Increase. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Oct. 4, '79. | Oct. 5, '78. | Numbers. | Per-cent. |
| Ulster..... | 10,261 | 9,072 | 1,189 | 13.1 |
| Munster .. | 17,966 | 16,209 | 1,697 | 10.4 |
| Leinster.. | 14,975 | 13,581 | 1,391 | 10.2 |
| Connaught | 5,480 | 4,848 | 632 | 13.0 |
| Total.... | 48,682 | 43,733 | 4,909 | 11.2 |

"The want of employment and the deficient supply of fuel are the two principal features in the accompanying reports which the board submit for his grace's consideration, and both subjects are of vital importance at the present time, as affecting the prospects of the poor during the coming winter, and the circumstances of many of the rate-payers in distressed districts. By order of the board.

"B. BANKS, *Secretary.*

"To T. S. BURKE, ESQ., etc., etc., Dublin Castle."

The report of the Local Government Board was a great disappointment to those who had persistently refused to believe in the cry of distress, and had reiterated the assertion that the harvest was good, that the farmers had money in the bank, and that everything showed signs of prosperity.

The declaration of the seventy-one members of Parliament is re-

markable from the fact that Whigs and Tories have in this instance made common cause with the Home-Rule party and raised a voice in behalf of their fellow-countrymen.

It was natural that the Irish bishops, impelled by the sufferings of their flocks, should raise their voices on behalf of the people; but for the whole body of Irish members to coalesce in a similar undertaking is an event of the highest importance.

It is impossible to suppose that so many people, placed in such responsible positions and differing so widely on matters of politics and religion, should be agreed to deceive the public. Though the agitators have been loudly and vehemently denounced, they have said nothing more calculated to arouse anxiety and fear than has been said by the bishops, approved of by the Irish members, and ratified by the government officials of the Local Government Board.

If their language has been extravagant and rash, it is evident that the whole country must have combined to be extravagant and rash. What the people seek to obtain, and what in the long run they must obtain, is to live in their own country under good laws and an impartial rule, when there will be no necessity to obtain leave from London for every measure of local improvement.

The necessity for a reduction of rents throughout the country has been proved by the fact that very few landholders have refused to make substantial concessions. Whether they would have done so had the voice of the people been less loudly manifested is an open question, but it is more than probable that the mere request for an abatement of rent, independent of concerted action, would not have been generally acceded to. It is a notorious fact that agitation has frequently succeeded in obtaining for the Irish what they wish when all other measures have failed. The motto of O'Connell was Agitation, and though many persons disagreed with the theories he promulgated, they were compelled to admit that in this instance he was right. Agitation brought about Emancipation, the repeal of noxious tests and of the penal laws; agitation brought about the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland and the Gladstone Land Bill; and agitation in the present instance will probably bring about an immense change in the whole system of land tenure in the country. The study of the policy of past years with regard to the production of the soil reveals some remarkable facts. In the year 1846, when the country had eight and a half millions of inhabitants, it exported £6,000,000 worth of cereals; and now, in the year 1879, it has been obliged to import £8,000,000 worth of the same produce to feed a population much less than what it had been. The state of the agriculturist has for many years been gradually diminishing, and the tension upon the incomes of the agricultural class has for many years been great. They have borrowed at a usurious rate of interest for some time, and at length find themselves unable to borrow and unable to pay. The ordinary machinery of the poor-law is totally inadequate to bear the strain likely to be put upon it. The act known as Gregory's Act, which is still in force, prohibits outdoor relief being given to the holder of any farm which exceeds a quarter of an acre. The majority of farms held by cottier tenants

exceed a quarter of an acre, and are therefore cut off from assistance. The workhouse is the only alternative, and the workhouse is held by the people to be but the stepping-stone to the grave.

Works of a reproductive character are, therefore, a necessity, if we do not wish to see the population of the country decimated by famine and emigration. Foreign competition has so completely interfered with the production of the land that every effort is necessary to suggest a remedy. Landlords, tenants, and peasantry should take counsel and combine, in order to ascertain how the production of the country may be increased, and every individual who has a spark of patriotism and love of independence should aid as best he can. It is well known that no attempt has ever been made to remove a social or political inequality in Ireland without its being denounced by many Irishmen and most Englishmen as revolutionary and dangerous. Catholic Emancipation was called revolutionary, the Land Act robbery, and the disestablishment of Protestantism revolution, robbery, and confiscation. So it will be, in all probability, in the present instance. Honest men will feel, however, that there is a force and energy in the Irish character, and that, suffering as the people are from a deep sense of oppression and wrong, they yet desire to direct this force and energy in the proper direction. Whilst denounced by their opponents as communists and revolutionists, they are determined to proceed in the path on which they have entered, and never rest until they have achieved the alteration of some of the most objectionable features of the whole land code. Sir William Gregory, the late Governor of Ceylon, himself a landed proprietor in the County Galway, used the following language in a letter addressed to the chairman of a meeting held at Gort in the month of October last :

"I wish I could believe that these meetings would have the effect of shaming into justice those landlords who have been continually raising their rents till scarcely enough margin remains for the existence of the tenant. For such men no language can be too strong ; but to confound indiscriminately in a chorus of abuse such men as these with the owners of land who have lived amongst their people, who have helped them in their difficulties, who have been their friends and advisers, and who up to this period have been loved by them and trusted, is an injustice as gross as it is mischievous ; for it tends to promote alienation between the tenant and the landlord, the evil effect of which will be felt far more by the former than by the latter. By all means let the rapacious landlords be exposed ; and I cannot suggest a better course than the publication of exorbitant rents in the newspapers. The statements made by the parish priest of Roundstone at the Clifden meeting would create amazement, if generally known in England. . . . I most cordially concur as to the expediency of studding Ireland with owners instead of tenants. We cannot, it is true, effect the establishment of a peasant proprietary by a stamp of the foot, but there should be a fixed policy on the part of the government ever tending in that direction, and a few years would show a marked change in the happiness and spirit of the people."

Sentiments of this character from a man of so much ability and so much experience as Sir William Gregory are remarkable, and are deserving of careful study by those who endeavor to grasp the question of Irish politics. In most countries throughout Europe a peasant proprietary exists in some form or other. What exists in France could exist in Ireland, and all that is necessary to effect it is for the gov-

ernment to allocate a sufficient sum of money. Such a policy pre-eminently commends itself, as it would strengthen and consolidate the state by making the bulk of its people have each a personal interest in its welfare and stability. The whole settlement of the land question in reality rests with the people, and the more in earnest they show themselves the more likely are they to obtain what they desire. The question of land monopoly and the condition of the tenant farmers is so critical that it has become pre-eminently the question of the day, and any government that desires to take office will be morally compelled to take some steps in the matter. The large number of meetings held throughout the country are evidence of the determination of the people to accomplish their desires, and the prelude to unceasing agitation in favor of a broad, comprehensive, and equitable adjustment of the relations of landlord and tenant.

The difficulties of transferring and the uncertainty of acquiring land, the enormous expense accompanying the sale of small portions, the absence of compulsory registration of title, the toleration of absurd deeds, and the encouragement of accumulation both by law and custom, all tend to shut out the cultivators who wish to purchase, and to maintain and aggravate monopoly. Tenancies at will are almost universal in Ireland; five out of every six tenants may be said to be tenants at will. It is obvious, therefore, that one of the first steps towards rooting the tenant in the soil would be the abolition of such tenancies.

Even in years that were prosperous the majority of tenant farmers in the western portions of the country were only able to live with comfort and decency. Luxury has been ever unknown to them, and it is no exaggeration to say that what the ordinary English farmer would designate abject poverty was the Irish farmer's lot even in the years of prosperity.

If, therefore, with thrift and economy they were barely able to live in good times, it is painfully evident that they cannot now both live and pay the same amount of rent as before. A crisis of distress and want is at hand—a crisis brought about by a succession of bad harvests culminating in a calamitous failure of crops this season and low prices for stock and agricultural produce. To Connaught belongs the glory of originating the movement on behalf of the oppressed—a movement which has been taken up by the whole body of Irishmen, both in their own land and in that of the stranger; a movement which will increase and intensify until the hideous scenes that have brought desolation into many a home may be reckoned as events of the past. The movement is great, patriotic, and rational, because it aims at the attainment of a desirable and necessary object by reasonable means. The moral elevation of the whole race of Irishmen is at stake, and this elevation must be attained by the fostering of a truly national spirit, and the creation of a strong, enlightened, and liberal public opinion. The cause is noble, the aim commendable; for it is the cause of suffering humanity, and one that appeals to the sense of justice, fair play, and benevolence with the weapons of reason, argument, and facts. God grant that it may prosper!

## THE REPUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE picturesque little town of X—— in Brittany is situated on the brow of a hill surrounded by fine old trees, bounded by an extensive marsh. The town is composed of a long, irregular street of whitewashed houses, in the centre of which stands the ancient church, built of gray stone.

In the year 1794 the proprietor of the castle of Rieux, about half a league from X——, was Monsieur Vander, a quiet, reserved man of fifty years of age. It was thought by some that he was a republican because of the haste with which he became the possessor of the estate to the exclusion of the Dowager Marchioness d'Ouessant, the last lady of Rieux, a refugee in England. But others declared that he was a secret partisan of the exiled princes, and that the castle was only in his hands in trust, that he might preserve the valuable property for the rightful owners. And the latter opinion, being the more generally received, secured to Monsieur Vander considerable respect, for the peasant Bretons were strongly opposed to the republican government.

Monsieur Vander received no one at the castle, and visited no one unless it were sometimes Jean Martin, formerly beadle of X—— when the church was open, and Dr. Chambert, the surgeon of the town.

Citizen Chambert had several points of resemblance to Monsieur Vander. He was cold, stern, and severe. His republican principles were so well known to every one that, as the Bretons had given to the soldiers of the Convention the title of the *Blues*, he was usually called the Blue Doctor. His political opinions rendered him very unpopular, but his skill in his profession saved him from public hatred.

There was also another cause which greatly softened the ill-feeling of his neighbors towards him: he had a daughter who was loved and respected by everybody. Her name was Celestine. She was only fifteen years of age, but her child-like smile and the angelic candor of her brow made her appear even younger.

At times, however, when she was alone and gave herself up to the dreams of solitude, her great blue eyes, her finely-arched eyebrows, her graceful head, her rosy lips half concealing her ivory teeth, her whole features so delicately formed, gave the impression of a more mature age. From her infancy the precocious melancholy which often clouded her radiant brow had seemed to many of her neighbors to forbode her early death, and when she passed they took off their hats and cried: "Good-morning to our demoiselle." Then, turning round, they looked with admiration at the elegant elasticity of her walk, and, crossing themselves devoutly, exclaimed: "God bless her! There will soon be an angel more in heaven."

In the meantime she was an angel on earth. There was not a poor cottage in the neighborhood which she had not entered. Everywhere she went carrying aid and consolation. Suffering seemed al-

most to disappear under the aspect of her sweet, gentle countenance, and the cries of grief changed before her presence to murmurs of joy and blessing.

Celestine had a young friend, the daughter of the former beadle of X——, Louise Martin. Louise, as beautiful, perhaps, as her companion, had a good heart but a bad head. Her great pride would have been ridiculous in the daughter of a simple peasant, if she had not been better educated than her companions. She had not lived more than four years with Jean Martin, who, being a widower, had brought her one day from a distance, he said, without further explanation.

During the first few months after Louise's arrival Celestine and she became very intimate. They confided to each other their joys, their childish griefs, and all their secret hopes for the future.

Citizen Chambert regarded this intimacy at first without objection. But after the rising of the royalists in 1791 Jean Martin was suspected of having taken part with them, and Celestine was forbidden to see her friend again, which cost her many tears, but she quietly obeyed.

Celestine was not the doctor's only child; she had a brother, who had left his father's roof two years previously. Pierre Chambert was a tall, strong, distinguished-looking young man, with a high bearing which made him from childhood a favorite with the doctor, who resolved to make a soldier of him. About five years before our story commences the little town of X—— presented a rural picture full of life and happiness. There was an excellent curé at the presbytery, and the lady of the manor was as compassionate as she was wealthy, and anxious that there should be no unhappy ones in her domain.

There were in the neighborhood also a dozen country houses inhabited by Breton squires whose hearts were loyal though their heads might be weak. Madame de Rieux, widow of the Marquis d'Ouessant, ruled all this plebeian nobility, and Pierre Chambert was admitted to her house. Monsieur Vander, a distant relation of the family of Rieux, was the steward of the castle. He, Dr. Chambert, and the Abbé Gozon, then curé of X——, formed a little circle to themselves. The worthy curé took charge of the religious education of Pierre and Celestine, whom he loved as his own children. Monsieur Vander, formerly a military man, taught Pierre the use of arms. At sixteen he was a simple-hearted, fervent Christian youth, devoted to those whom he considered his benefactors, robust, brave to excess, skilful in the use of arms, and so good a hunter that his equal was not known for ten leagues round.

The Revolution came, when the good curé was obliged to fly; the family of Rieux crossed the sea, and the dozen or fifteen country squires joined the army of Condé. Only Monsieur Vander had remained at X——.

As to Pierre, the flight of his companions, and above all of the curé, had filled his heart with sorrow. Accustomed to live in the midst of the humble squires, who were loyal as their swords, and only able to judge the new government by its deeds, he began to hate it His father, sincerely imbued with republican ideas, often tried to win him to their side; but the youth would listen gravely and reply:

"The republic has forced away

the family from the castle, who were the benefactors of the country, and has deprived us of our friend the curé, whose whole life was but a long series of beneficent actions. Have we not lost by the republic all that was noble and good among us? I cannot love it."

So one day he took his gun and went away without saying adieu to his father. Celestine, who was then about thirteen, wept and begged her brother not to leave home; but he was inflexible in his resolve.

"Celestine," said he, embracing her tenderly, "you know that in a few months the conscription will come, and they will force me to be a republican soldier; but I prefer to die for God and the king. Is not that a nobler cause, sister?"

Celestine did not reply. In the depths of her heart his words found an echo, but she did not wish to acknowledge that her father was in the wrong.

"Sister," urged Pierre, "other motives also oblige me to go. There are things happening here that you do not see and that you could not understand. Monsieur Vander is not what he appears; Jean Martin does not remain at home during the nights; and the hour is coming when the woods of X—— will resound with fire-arms, but it will not be the joyous sound of the chase."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Celestine.

"One day—it was the last time I saw our good curé—in bidding me adieu he embraced me fondly and I felt a tear roll down my cheek. 'Pierre,' whispered he in my ear, "unhappy times are coming. Civil war and its horrors often break the ties of family. But whatever happens, my son, remember the divine precept, and do not make an enemy of your father.' This counsel I wish to follow, and so I must go."

Celestine bowed her head sorrowfully.

"You, dear sister, who know so well how to give blessings and consolation to the unhappy, you will remain with my father and be his comfort and protection. As for me, better that I should forsake him than be forced to fight against him."

"Go!" cried Celestine, who trembled at the idea—"oh! go quickly, brother."

Pierre gave her a last embrace and disappeared by the road to Vannes. It was getting late. Celestine took the road to her father's house. In passing the church, which was shut and deserted, she knelt upon the threshold and in a low voice cried:

"Almighty God! permit not this horrible fear to be realized. Both of them are good and are following the voice of their conscience. If one or the other is deceiving himself and is doing wrong in thy sight, take my life in expiation, O God! but permit not that an impious fight should bring them together, and that—" Here her voice was choked by sobs.

"May God hear your prayer, my child!" said a grave, sad voice close to her.

Celestine rose up instantly. A man with a large cloak round him was kneeling at her side; she recognized the Abbé Gozon.

He was a fine old man. The expression of his countenance was both firm and gentle. He was bare-headed; the moonlight, shining upon his bald head, seemed to surround his white locks almost like a transparent halo. Celestine was calmed by this unexpected apparition, and knelt before the priest

according to her former custom, imploring his blessing, which having pronounced upon her, he said:

"My child, what I feared is, I suppose, taking place. Your father, whom I regard always as my friend, although an abyss now separates us, could not stifle Pierre's convictions; their opinions wound each other, and perhaps—"

"But Pierre has just gone away, father."

"God be praised! One cannot say to a man, Change your belief, though one can command him in the name of religion to fly when he is surrounded by temptations to crime. I wished to see your brother, Celestine; that was the reason of my being here where I am interdicted."

"Cannot you remain a short time among us?" asked the young girl. "We sorely need you, father, and the country is quiet at present."

"Quiet!" repeated the venerable priest, shaking his head. "Would to God it were so! But signs that you would not perceive announce a coming tempest to my more experienced eyes. No, I cannot stay, even if my personal safety were secured. I could not remain longer. Duty calls me elsewhere, my child, and the life of the priest is only a long obedience to the voice of duty."

He took Celestine's hand and pressed it between his own. "You are a good child," continued he. "I may say it, for I can read into your young heart as in an open book. If the political storms could be exorcised by the influence of a pure soul, your father and all who are dear to you would be sheltered; but, alas! it is a mad and furious hatred which sets one against the other the children of the same country. It is a deadly hatred which hardens the heart and closes it to all the feelings of nature. Pray to God, Celestine, pray earnestly; but work also, and remember that in these unnatural conflicts the mission of a Christian woman is all charity, peace, and mercy. Begin now, dear child, your part as a woman, and be, in the midst of our internal disorders, the angel of reconciliation and of pity."

Before Celestine had time to reply the curé of X—— bowed before the cross of his church and disappeared behind the yew-trees of the cemetery.

Celestine, though still very sad, felt her strength and courage renewed. The path which the priest had just traced for her was that which she herself had chosen as soon as she began to understand the troubles of the time. *Chouans* (the name given to the royalists) and *Blues* were equally her brethren. "I will always be on the side of the vanquished," said she, "and God will reward me in granting that one day my father and brother may meet and embrace each other."

The news of the departure of his son was a terrible blow to Dr. Chambert. Until now he had counted on bringing him to his own opinions, but all hope for the future was lost.

"Have I lived," cried he, "to see my son become the tool of tyrants?"

Celestine did not attempt at that moment to defend her brother. It was essential in the task of reconciler which she had imposed on herself that she should exercise great prudence and caution; therefore she waited for a more favorable moment.

That evening the disappointed parent refused to taste the supper which Celestine had carefully prepared for him. He retired early to his room, and passed the night a prey to anguish of mind. The flight of Pierre had doubled his hatred of the partisans of the exiled princes. He accused the Chouans of having seduced his son and drawn him into their dark designs. This suspicion was not without foundation.

Pierre, unknown to his father, had frequently visited Jean Martin's cottage. Jean was too prudent to influence the youth himself, but he had under his roof an advocate who had no little power over Pierre's heart. Louise Martin was a royalist, and gave her opinions with all the ardent impetuosity of her character. When she spoke of the death of Louis XVI., or of the innumerable massacres by which the Convention had dishonored its cause, her eyes flashed and her childlike voice vibrated with almost manly tones. Pierre listened eagerly to the young enthusiast. His own indignation was strengthened by Louise, and he mentally vowed to wage war to the death against the tri-colored cockade, not remembering that these were his father's colors.

Celestine was ignorant of all this. She had strictly obeyed her father, and had ceased for a long time to see Louise. The latter, though she dwelt in the humble cottage of Jean Martin, had habits which were ill-suited to a peasant's daughter. She was dressed as a young lady, and was often seen in the forest paths mounted on a splendid horse, holding in her hand a small gun richly ornamented with silver.

But this conduct excited little surprise among the peasantry around. "Jean Martin," they used to say, "does what he likes, and his daughter also; that is all." And Dr. Chambert, in speaking to Celestine of Louise one day, said: "There is in the blue veins which variegate the delicate, soft, white skin of her beautiful hand the blood of an aristocrat." And he shook his head.

The two years which followed the departure of Pierre flowed on sadly with Celestine in useless efforts to soften by degrees the bitter hatred of her father. She sought on every occasion to say a word in favor of the absent, but in vain; for the bitterness of the doctor seemed to increase rather than diminish. He was in the midst of his loyal countrymen like a spy of the republican army, and more than once he had been the means of bringing the army of the Blues across the marsh close to the castle.

The peasantry were very indignant with him, but his daughter softened their wrath. How often had she taken in and succored the unfortunate wounded Chouans! How many of the wives of those who were in the ranks owed to her generosity the daily food of their family! Her father never attempted to hinder her benevolence, for he adored his child, and often turned from his bitter party feelings to delight himself in the perfection of Celestine.

One morning in September the doctor and his daughter set out on foot to take a walk in the forest of Rieux. Except when carried away by his politics, Citizen Chambert was an excellent man, rather stern, but frank and honest. Celestine was leaning on her father's arm as they proceeded slowly. Insensibly, after having touched upon various subjects, they began to

speak of the Abbé Gozon. The doctor, drawn on by past memories, dwelt warmly on the numerous and disinterested services that the good priest had formerly rendered him. Celestine listened with pleasure, thinking that this justice, rendered to one whom the republic had banished, was a proof that the opinions of her father were becoming more moderate; but the subject soon brought the doctor back to his favorite declamations.

"He was good," continued he, "and virtuous, and his presence was a blessing to the neighborhood. I loved him as a brother. But ought we to regret his loss when the blow which has struck him has thrown down at the same time thousands of villains and tyrants?"

They had reached the centre of the forest near the castle, when Celestine, wishing to change the conversation, pointed by chance to an object she saw at the end of their path.

"What is that, father?" she asked.

The doctor, raising his eyes, stood stupefied. Celestine trembled and bitterly repented of her thoughtless question.

At the centre where four roads met stood formerly a wooden cross, which, being ornamented with the fleur-de-lis, proved offensive to the Blues, who had long since broken it down and replaced it by a common post surmounted by a Greek cap.

But now it was the republican post that lay on the ground, and the old cross marked the centre of the cross-paths. At the top was a white flag, and in the hand of the Christ was a paper with the words in large letters: "God and the King."

"God and the King!" cried the doctor, with a malignant scowl. "Sacrilegious alliance of good and evil, 'of the sublime and the ridiculous'! They must think themselves very strong to dare to carry their insolence to this point."

"They are unhappy, father," said Celestine in a gentle voice. "Cannot we pity them instead of hating them?"

"Pity them!" replied the doctor, with contracted brows. "Do you pity the serpent who plunges into one's heart his venomous sting? Can you pity the wild boar who sharpens his teeth at the trunk of the oaks, or the wolf who waits in the dark to devour his prey?" Then he stopped, and, endeavoring to restrain his anger, continued:

"But I must not frighten you, poor child; you are too young yet to understand the sacredness of the holy cause I have embraced—to see how odious and abominable are the principles they defend. The cowards! they have robbed me of my son's heart. May misfortune befall them!"

Celestine's eyes filled with tears.

"Poor Pierre!" murmured she. "It is two years since we heard of him."

"May we never—" The doctor was going to add, "see him again," but his heart gave the lie instantly to this blasphemous wish, and he stopped. "Celestine," continued he in a calmer tone, letting go her arm, "this cross and this writing are clear and sad warnings. Another insurrection must be going to break out. I have been expecting it. The brigands of La Vendée, vanquished at the Loire, are coming here to seek shelter and proselytes. Return home directly and prepare my travelling-bag; I will start to-night for Redon."

"But will it not be hateful to

you, dear father, to bring the republican army again into this unfortunate country?" asked Celestine.

"It is necessary; but I will go first to the castle and make an explanation with Vander, and you must go straight home."

Poor Celestine obeyed without reply, overcome with grief at the thought of the new contest and of all the misery which it would certainly cause. As she turned the corner of the road she heard the sound of a horse approaching at full gallop. She stood still in alarm. Her father was already out of sight. Presently she saw the horse approaching rapidly, and on it a young girl clothed in full riding costume; it was her old friend, Louise Martin.

She passed on without stopping, merely waving her hand in a haughty way. Celestine returned Louise's cold salutation by a cordial "Bon jour!" She had never seen Louise arrayed in such a costume, and thought her perfectly beautiful. On looking again at her old friend after she had passed she remarked the double-barrelled gun attached by a silk cord to her shoulder, and the white cockade that ornamented her velvet hat. "Where can she be going?" thought Celestine, calling to mind the hint her father had expressed about her; "and who can she be, I wonder?"

The castle of Rieux had not been subjected to any dismantling, thanks to the purchase of it by Monsieur Vander. Above the great door the escutcheon, the only sign which the republicans had left upon it, had been whitewashed over. At the hour when Celestine was returning home alone three persons were assembled in the great salon. Seated in a large arm-chair by the chimney-place, Martin, in peasant costume, was conversing with Monsieur Vander in a low voice. The rich man and the poor cottager seemed on terms of equality, though the opinions of the former were often rudely repulsed by the latter.

The third person wore a large hat pulled down over his forehead, and a large cloak which covered him entirely. Taking no part in the conversation, he occupied himself in looking at the old family portraits which still graced the walls.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door of the salon. "That can only be the doctor," hastily whispered Monsieur Vander.

"I wish he were far enough," cried Jean Martin, rising instantly and taking a more humble posture. The man in the cloak pulled his hat further down over his forehead and retired to a corner.

At the same instant, and before Monsieur Vander had time to say "Come in," the door opened and the doctor appeared. Citizen Chambert had always remained on the former friendly terms with Monsieur Vander; he could enter the castle at any hour, and no quarrel had ever occurred between them. But any one could perceive that under this outward friendliness of manner there existed a mutual coolness.

On entering the room the doctor cast his eyes round and said, "You are not alone, citizen; perhaps I interrupt you"; adding to himself, on perceiving Jean Martin, "That fellow always here."

"Good-day, Monsieur le Docteur," said Martin in a surly tone, and stood further aside.

"Far from interrupting me, dear

doctor," said Monsieur Vander, "your visit gives me much pleasure. I had intended calling upon you this morning."

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed Chambert.

"Yes; I had a favor to ask again."

"I am at your orders. I also had a favor to ask of you."

"That is fortunate," cried Monsieur Vander.

"Fortunate truly!" replied Chambert. "Can I know—"

"Oh! it is a very simple matter. Jean Martin is obliged to go from home, and I am on the point of undertaking a journey which may perhaps be long—"

"Ah!" cried the doctor, with a sarcastic smile.

"And I wished to beg of you," continued Vander, "during our absence to receive into your house—"

"The young citizen Louise, I suppose," interrupted the doctor.

"*Miss Louise*," said Martin emphatically.

"You have guessed rightly; it is Louise Martin, in whom I am interested more than I can say."

"Citizen," coldly replied Chambert, "I must refuse, and you will understand my motives; for I myself intend to leave home this evening, and I came to beg you to give shelter to my daughter till my return."

Jean Martin slowly crossed the salon and came in front of the doctor. He was a remarkable-looking person, this Jean Martin. He was under middle size, but he made up in breadth what he lost in height. His broad shoulders would have been well fitted to a man of six feet, and his whole appearance was a model of muscular strength. He had a habit of casting his eyes down and stooping in a careless way; but when excited by any angry feeling he threw back his head, and his flashing eyes and fierce expression made him appear a formidable foe.

However, in approaching the doctor on this occasion, he merely fixed on him a defiant look. "Monsieur Chambert," said he—"or *Citizen*, as it is your wish to be called so—I should like to give you a little advice."

"I give you permission," replied the doctor with disdain.

"My idea is that you are treading on dangerous ground, good master."

"I am not your master, Martin. If I were, my first command would be, Go away."

"Then you would make a mistake, my good sir. As for me, on the contrary, I say to you, *Stay!*"

"What does this wretch mean?" exclaimed Chambert, addressing himself to M. Vander.

But the latter only replied by an impatient gesture.

"It means," continued Jean Martin, drawing himself up to his full height, "that you speak to a captain in the service of his Majesty the King of France; that, in fact, you are not my master, because I am yours; that you have too long played the part of spy of the republic in this country, and that your deeds of this kind are at an end and you are my prisoner."

In those days of strife every one carried arms. Chambert seized his pistol, but Jean Martin stopped him by thrusting one of his against his breast.

"No bloodshed," cried the man with the cloak, who thrust himself between them and separated them. "Martin, why this violence? Chambert, give me your arms, and I give you my word that he will do you no harm."

He who spoke thus raised his hat at these words and held out his hands to the doctor. "Abbé Gozon!" exclaimed the latter. "I ought to have guessed it: I am in a nest of Chouans."

"Friend," answered the priest, "you are in fact between a servant of God and a defender of the throne; therefore you are safe." He made a sign, and Jean Martin returned his pistol to his belt.

Vander had remained a passive spectator of this scene, but now, coming forward, said: "My dear Chambert, I beg your pardon for what has happened, but what Martin says is true: you are his prisoner."

"What, you also against me?"

"Yes, I more than any one," continued Vander. "I have not changed my calling. I am, as formerly, the servant of the house of Rieux—nothing more."

"But by what right am I a prisoner?"

"Excuse me, the law is positive. Martin has pronounced a sentence painful but true: you occupy among us the office of a spy, my dear doctor."

"I acknowledge it," interrupted Chambert. "I do more—I glory in it."

"Each one takes glory to himself; but, in all conscience, your confession sufficiently justifies Captain Martin; and but for our excellent curé, who chose to throw aside his disguise rather than permit—"

"Do you think me base enough to denounce him?"

"I do not say that. But never mind; you wish to be free?"

"What are your conditions?"

"Oh! a very little thing: you will render me the little service that I asked of you at the beginning of this interview."

"That is to say—?"

"You will receive into your house Louise Martin, promising on oath—I believe in your word—promising to treat her as your daughter, and, above all, not to go to Redon."

Chambert began to reflect. At this moment the outer gate of the castle was heard to open, and the sound of a horse's tread in the courtyard.

The hesitation of the doctor was at an end. "Neither one nor the other will I promise," replied he. "In leaving here my first act will be to set out for Redon; and, more than that, I will not suffer that my roof, which shelters my daughter, be sullied by—"

"Silence!" cried Martin in a threatening voice.

"Silence indeed, Monsieur Chambert," said M. Vander, suddenly dropping his formal tone. "If I have guessed that which you were going to say, you will do well to recommend your soul to God before finishing aloud your thought."

The Abbé Gozon approached the doctor again. "Doctor Chambert," said he, "we were formerly friends, and I hope that you still retain your esteem for me."

"My esteem and my friendship, Citizen Gozon," said the doctor, giving his hand.

"Well, then," replied the curé, "listen to my prayer. Consent to remain neuter in this contest and give a home to Louise Martin."

Before the doctor could reply there was a slight noise at the door, but no one noticed it. "Never!" exclaimed Chambert. "I am a republican, and I will serve the republic unto death."

"Then you refuse once more to receive Louise?" said Vander in a slow, stern voice.

"I refuse."

Vander pulled the bell, and several armed peasants appeared at the threshold of a side door. But at the same instant the large door suddenly opened wide and Louise Martin rushed into the salon. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her whole manner was haughty and imperious. As she entered M. Vander, Jean Martin, and the curé himself took off their hats respectfully, which she did not deign to acknowledge. "What signifies this, gentlemen?" she exclaimed in a stern voice. "Since when has my father's daughter need to solicit shelter?"

"Dear lady—" humbly murmured the captain.

"Peace! I have already made known to you my wishes. You know that I had decided to follow the royalist army and to fight among the faithful supporters of the throne and altar. Is it a conspiracy that you have formed against me, gentlemen?"

"Mademoiselle," said Vander, "if it is a crime to have wished to protect your precious person—"

"Is she, then, the daughter of a king?" demanded Chambert.

And, indeed, to see the imperious gestures and majestic self-possession of this child of fourteen, before whom the three men bowed themselves, such a question was very natural. If Louise was not of royal race, at least she must be of very illustrious birth that her caprices should be received with such respect.

The priest, however, felt that his sacred office rendered him independent of all social distinctions.

"My child," said he in a firm tone, "you forget how young you are."

"Pray what matters that?"

"It matters much; besides, even if you were a grown-up woman, your place would not be in the midst of the camp. Are there not sufficient men to shed their blood in this deplorable contest?"

Louise, as she listened, raised her eyes with a satirical smile.

"Father," she replied, "I am a girl—I know it to my sorrow. But my cousin De Rieux died in exile, and I am the last representative of one of the most illustrious houses in Brittany, and, by the Blessed Virgin, my holy patroness, I say, Away with my sex! for I *will* carry the sword. Do you not see that I cannot let the heritage of the Rieux fail merely because I am a woman?"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Captain Martin with enthusiasm.

"May God have pity on you, poor deluded child!" replied the curé, "for your heart is full of pride"; saying which, he gravely retired.

De Chambert, having been born on the Rieux estate, was involuntarily touched by the remembrance of all the benefits which this noble race had for ages conferred upon the country, and took off his hat in his turn.

"Citizeness," stammered he with confusion, "I refused a home to Louise Martin, but Louise de Rieux—"

"That is enough," interrupted the haughty girl scornfully. "I do not wish to say what I think of you, for Celestine, your daughter, was my friend, and Pierre, your son, is a worthy soldier of the king; but if you had accepted the offer that these men have had the weakness to make you I should have refused it myself. Go, sir! Go, continue your noble part. It is not far from here to Redon—and you are free."

"Free!" repeated the doctor with amazement.

"Our demoiselle has said it," muttered Captain Martin with resignation.

"Let it be according to her wish," added M. Vander. The doctor bowed profoundly to Louise and slightly to Vander, but in passing the abbé he again gave his hand.

"She is a noble child," he said in a low voice.

"Dr. Chambert," replied the curé, "thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true woman, and those only."

As to Jean Martin, he watched the doctor to the door with an angry scowl.

"He is going to denounce us," muttered he; "but we shall be far away, and when he returns may he find his home a heap of cinders!"

A month later the war was raging furiously in Brittany with all the bitterness of civil strife.

The doctor had carried out his threat, and went with Celestine to Redon on the very day of his visit to the castle, and when he returned he found his house burnt to the ground.

Celestine wept over the home where she had passed her life and where her beloved mother had breathed her last, but no thought of vengeance entered her head. Her father, however, swore, in his anger, to be the death of Jean Martin. Before long the neighborhood of X—— became a most desolate spot. The little town was almost abandoned, and only a few women and children were seen occasionally in the long, deserted street. These unhappy creatures never reproached Celestine; but when she passed them they no longer gave her their cordial greeting. For was not her father the fatal agent who had brought the army of the republic to this district? Nevertheless, Celestine continued her charitable deeds. All that she could she gave to the few wretched people remaining. They accepted her help without thanks, for even her generous devotion could not diminish the hatred they now felt towards her father.

He had chosen one of the deserted cottages for his dwelling—the one, in fact, which had belonged to Jean Martin, his bitterest enemy; but he was seldom at home, being constantly engaged in tracking the insurgents. Celestine often remained alone for weeks without any news of her father. Whenever she saw him coming she ran out to meet him, rejoicing that her fears on his account were allayed for the time, and hoping to hear that at last there was an end of the unnatural war. But the doctor was usually so preoccupied that he received his daughter with indifference and soon left her again. The royalists were far from gaining the upperhand, but after a defeat they would disappear, to return again, before many days, more resolute than ever. The women that remained at X—— seemed to hear of all that went on, and gave strange accounts of the Chouans being led by a beautiful girl as courageous as the bravest soldier. When Celestine, in her simple curiosity, asked her name they answered:

"People have known and visited her, who were not worthy even to tie her shoes, who called her Louise Martin; but her true name was Mlle. de Rieux, Marchioness d'Ouessant."

Celestine heard with surprise the brilliant position of her former com-

panion; but she remembered the words of the good priest, and desired no other *rôle* than that which he had traced out for her in three words: "*Peace*, *conciliation*, and *pity*."

Loving her friend still, and knowing her danger, she added her name in her daily prayers for the safety of Pierre and her father.

One day Celestine, who had not seen her father for weeks, returning from a lonely walk in the forest, heard the sudden noise of a shot behind her. She turned her head, and saw about fifty royalists crossing the road and flying from their pursuers, the republicans.

They passed rapidly near to her. "Here is a hostage," cried one of them. "Let us seize the daughter of the accursed doctor."

But the fugitives were all men from X——; they passed, and several even raised their hats, saying, "May God bless you!" But some who were strangers stopped; at their head was Jean Martin, attired as captain. "Seize her!" they shouted.

Celestine ran off so quickly that she might have escaped, even though a second discharge from the Blues had not distracted their attention and driven them off in another direction.

Jean Martin was struck with two balls and fell near the feet of Celestine.

"Jesus! Mary!" said he. "This is my death-wound."

The Blues ran off in pursuit of the fugitives. When they had disappeared the captain tried to rise; but he staggered, and would have fallen if Celestine had not rushed forward and supported him. He looked at her with amazement.

"Mademoiselle," murmured he, "did you know that I set fire to your father's house?"

"Yes, I knew it," replied Celestine. "Lean upon me."

"And yet," said the wounded man, "you have allowed the Blues to pass without saying, 'Here he is, kill him,' and placed yourself before me to conceal me; and now you are supporting me as if I were your friend."

"Come," interrupted Celestine, "your blood is flowing; I must dress your wounds."

"And only a few minutes since," continued Jean Martin, "I ordered my men to seize you. Did you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard. But let us make haste; I fear they will be coming back."

"Mlle. Celestine, I thought it was only in heaven that there were angels!"

Again in the distance was heard the faint sound of guns.

"Come! come quickly, if you can," cried the girl, dragging him on.

Jean Martin could not resist her. As they went on he gazed at his young benefactress with gratitude and admiration. Celestine hastened on, carefully supporting him as well as she could. With much difficulty they reached her cottage, and Jean Martin, at her request, laid himself on his own bed, now the doctor's.

Celestine had often helped her father in dressing wounds. Tenderly and skilfully she attended to the wounded man, who no sooner felt relieved than he began to close his eyes. Hardly was he asleep than the Blues arrived. Celestine drew the thick curtains round the bed, and then opened the door to the republican soldiers.

If the captain had awakened during the following hour he would have beheld a strange vision. The republicans seated themselves without ceremony and feasted on the doctor's wine; and when they had satisfied themselves they went away, leaving poor Celestine overcome with grief, for none of them could give her any tidings of her father.

The captain awoke next morning knowing nothing of the danger he had run. His first word was a cry of gratitude.

While Celestine dressed his wounds again she felt a tear upon her arm: her patient was weeping.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "if God hears my prayer I will certainly repay you some day."

"You owe me nothing," she replied; "but if you would kindly make me a promise I should be overpaid."

"What promise?" cried the captain eagerly.

"If by chance you some day come face to face in battle with my father, will you spare him in remembrance of me?"

"I swear to do so."

"Thank you."

Celestine, having finished the dressing, seated herself near the bed with her head between her hands. The captain was then struck with the profound sadness of her countenance. Her noble conduct had deeply touched his heart. He had done her injury, she had returned it with good. He watched, therefore, anxiously the melancholy abstraction of the young girl who had just saved his life. "Oh! yes," whispered he, "if he wishes to kill me he may; but for my part I will protect him as if he were my brother."

When at last Celestine raised her eyes he saw that they were filled with tears.

"Why do you weep?" he asked.

"Alas! I believe you sincere in your promise, but may it not be too late? I have not heard of my father for some time."

"But we will get news," cried Martin. "I will undertake to get news, even if I have to take you to our retreat which we keep so secret. You shall have news of your father; be comforted. And I now feel so strong, could we not start at once?"

He tried to rise, but, enfeebled by the loss of blood, he fell back exhausted.

"Thank you," said Celestine. "You must not move now, but when you are well again we will go together."

Eight days passed, and still the young girl heard nothing of her father; but, thanks to her skilful nursing, the captain was cured.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I must return to my companions. The secret of our retreat has hitherto been our security, but I confide in you as if you were my daughter. Will you come with me?"

"Shall I have news of my father?" asked Celestine.

"I hope so; we will inquire of all our men from the first to the last. I will certainly do my best for you."

"Let us go, then," cried Celestine. "But I suppose it is a long way?"

"Not so long as you think. Come!"

After about half an hour's walk her companion stopped and said he had arrived. He then pushed back carefully the gigantic branches of furze, and knocked three times on a large stone on the ground.

"Death!" cried a voice from below.

"Blue!" answered Martin, giving back the password.

Poor Celestine started back in alarm, but, yielding to the persuasions of her companion, suffered herself to be led down into the cavern.

"The beadle!" cried the guards, recognizing him. "The beadle come back!" And from all sides of the cave resounded a joyful shout.

Celestine cast a hurried glance around her, and saw dimly that the cave was very large; on one side were a heap of arms and a small cannon, while other parts were crowded with men, some lying on straw, others sitting or standing about. But the fierce expression of the men frightened her, and she lowered her veil over her face and clung to her companion.

"Friend Martin!" cried an officer, advancing, whom Celestine recognized as Vander, "we thought that your precious life had fallen a sacrifice. Whence have you come, and whom have you brought *here?*"

"Before I answer so many questions," said the captain, "I must see *Mademoiselle*."

"She is in her boudoir."

Martin then conducted Celestine through the crowd of men to the end of the cave, where he pushed open a little door and entered a small cell where sat Louise alone.

"Ah!" cried she in a dignified tone, "our faithful foster-father. Welcome, Martin! We feared we should see you no more," holding out her hand in an affected manner, which the captain raised to his lips.

"Lady," he said, "behold Mademoiselle Celestine; she has saved my life, and in return wishes for tidings of her father."

"Celestine!" cried the haughty child, with a mocking laugh. "She also is welcome. But is it among us that she seeks for news of the republican doctor?"

"Our men may know."

"Very well," interrupted Louise; "question them as much as you like, and leave us alone."

Martin bowed and retired.

The two young girls had not met since they passed each other in the forest several months before.

Celestine was surprised and grieved to perceive the great change that had taken place in the appearance of her friend. She was still beautiful, but instead of the once blooming cheeks she beheld a sickly pallor, and her sunken eyes were encircled by dark lines, while the disdainful irony of her smile but ill-concealed the deep sadness of her expression. They regarded each other for a moment in silence; then Louise began thus:

"The daughter of the republican doctor remembers at last her former friend."

"Indeed, she had never forgotten her," replied Celestine sweetly.

"Wonderful kindness on her part, certainly. And did not you tremble, Celestine, at the idea of trusting your life to brigands such as *we?*'

Louise laid such stress on the last word that it was evident she seriously considered herself a heroine.

"I am under the protection of Jean Martin," Celestine calmly replied.

"A very poor protection, I can tell you; he is only that which every one here is—my servant. A word from me—less than that—and he would be laid low on the ground."

Celestine did not look up; she felt seized with pity for the poor enthusiast, and answered: